

—How we wish we were a Senior! Such dignity and such learning! The center of all admiring eyes.

—For broken hearts use Spaulding's glue. So says a young lady who affirms that her heart has been shattered many times.

—Great was the elation of a certain Sophomore, when he found it no longer necessary to request the tonsorialist to "spare that upper lip."

—Going up the stairway on the young ladies side of the University, the other day, we noticed a cigar stump upon the hat rack. And has it come to this, fair maidens?

—WANTED.—Female "devil," alias angel, wanted at this office. Work easy—sweeping, washing rollers, and learning the trade. Single "devil" preferred. No swapping gum allowed in office hours.

—Young lady walks up to a Prep and extends a square envelope. He places his *dextram palmam* upon his bread-basket, reaches for the billet with the other, and, with a salaam that would put an Oriental to the blush, incoherently murmuring, backs from her presence.

—One of our noble Seniors, (which august class we all look up to with so much veneration) was seen rushing frantically down the University walk, the other day, at the end of the fourth hour. When asked why he was in such a hurry, replied: "Do you see that carriage with the fair damsel in it? I'm bound to have a ride if I have to hang on behind. For God's sake, don't stop me."

—Our brunette-bearded typo is one of the most moral and serene tempered youths within the pale of our acquaintance. He can contemplate "the wreck of matter," in the form of the most disastrous "pi," with the fortitude of Job. But you just insinuate to him that Bob is reveling in the smiles of "Daisy," and he will discharge a volume of dashes and exclamation points, really appalling.

—The Agricultural boys are a first-class set of fellows. That festival which they spread at the close of the spring term for a number of their friends—among whom we were lucky enough to be numbered—was a splendid affair. And now, if they are ready, as we have heard, to repeat the experiment we are prepared to repeat our part of the programme. This is intended for no hint.

—Here is our business manager's virgin effort at composing. He offered to wager the oysters that no mistake could be detected:

the committee on foreign relations displayed a wonderful degree of diplomatic adility. Here he reaped the reward of his early scholastic efforts. His knowledge of the foreign languages gave him a special qualification for this important position.

—The following spirited conversation recently took place between greeny(?) learning "type sticking" in our office and our little devil:

GREENY: (innocently) You're getting so many new printers around here it would be a good place for starting a bakery; wouldn't it?

DEVIL: A bakery? what do you mean by that?

GREENY: (still more innocently) Why we have such quantities of pi!

The devil concluded not to show "greeny" the "type lice," which benevolent act he has been long contemplating.

—Vaulting ambition frequently o'erleaps itself, according to "sweet Will" of Avon. But that is no reason why that vivacious young acrobat could not "o'erleap," the University fence the other day. The length of his number ten boots seems to be the main cause of the graceful waltz which he performed on his left ear.

—The ladies of the Adelpian deserve praise for their energy in breaking the bands of custom, and participating in the debates of the society. The discussion which transpired on the evening of October 15, was very interesting from this cause. Miss Lamb and Miss Thomas gained themselves much credit, for their elegant addresses, clothed in beautiful language and strong argument.

—One of the young gents, dwelling in the third story, and taking his meals at a private boarding house a half mile distant, recently found his hat locked up in one of the recitation rooms, when breakfast arrived. He solved the riddle by borrowing a little old hat of his chum. He avows that there is but one article of his dress you can steal that will keep him from his grub, and that is his br—necktie.

—Scene—Reading Room, third hour.
SEN. NO. 1: (a brunette, with elegant chinners, who is studying the spiritual theory of the beautiful) Say, did you ever behold a terrestrial being the contemplation of whose features created in your mind a conception of the joys of the redeemed?

SEN. NO. 2: (a canned-strawberry blonde) No; do give us a rest.

SEN. NO. 1: (rapturously) Then, just observe the mouth of that girl at the side of the table! Isn't it delicious?

—Scene—Reading Room, second hour.

MIRANDA: (a bewitching brunette) Law sakes, Mehetible, you haven't combed your hair for a week, from the looks of it!

MEHETIBLE: (a melting blonde) I did too, yesterday morning. Your face is awful dirty, anyhow; did you wash this morning?

LUCINDA: (another blonde) Oh, that's nothing! The calcimine wasn't put on even, that's all.

Here Mehetible mistakes Lucinda for a pin cushion, and a festive season of wig-combing ensued, enlivened with sundry feminine swear words, such as, "you hateful thing," "you hussy," "my stars and garters," "gosh!" etc., etc. A poor Soph, unwilling spectator of the horrifying scene, limps fearfully from the room, as the curtain falls.

—The spectacle of "reason sick" and "outraged sensibilities," even in its mildest form, is the saddest result of primeval sin. Alas, how woful, when it appears in a mind once lofty, and a manhood at once strong, tender, but alack, too trusting!

This is at present pitifully illustrated in the case of a fair-haired prep, who invests one of the dormitories in the third story. In one of his "bad spells" his aimless and unconscious wandering lead him into our sanctum, and from his incoherent, but gentle frenzy, we caught the following pathetic outburst of passion, which may possibly prove a clew to the cause of his complaint:

O, my brain with frenzy rages,
For my darling prairie rose!
Woe me! of what fruition
Were my sighs and bran new clothes?
Alack, for now her lips are breathing
Incense 'neath some other feller's nose!

THE LOCAL AT WORK AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

—It is impossible to have the last word with a chemist, because he always has a retort.—*Ex.*

—There are twenty-one Universities in Italy, the oldest being at Bologna, which was founded A. D., 1119.—*Ex.*

—A convict with a ball chained to his leg said, the other day, he didn't like "Locke on the Understanding."—*Ex.*

—A paper says that the Vassar girls are going to have a wash. That's right. "Cleanliness is next to godliness."—*Ex.*

—Prof.—"Now, class, we will represent the earth by this hat, which—" Small voice from a corner—"Is it inhabited?"—*Ex.*

—A Tennessee girl told a fellow she would give him a kiss if he would catch her. She ran well till she got out of sight of the old folks and then gave in.—*Ex.*

—A Senior being reproached for being smaller than his lady love, quickly remarked: "Man is a little lower than the angels."—*Ex.*

—A Freshman, after a midnight debauch, leaning over a fence was heard repeating the appropriate words of Manfred: "The spirits I have raised abandon me."—*Berkeleyan.*

—The freshman draggeth the clanking chains; the sophomore plucketh the dandelion; the junior squinteth at old Sol, and the senior doeth nothing and looketh busy.—*Ex.*

—A Junior wears on the under side of the lapel of his coat a piece of a corset stay and two hair pins—the mere pieces and remnants of a once happy whale—all he has to remind him of her.—*Ex.*

"No cetin appuls in school ours," reads a sign on the blackboard of a school house in enlightened old Massachusetts, where education is supposed to sit on the top rail and make faces at ignorance.—*Ex.*

—A verdant, on being told that he might elect Greek or Geography, gave it out that "he'd been a Greek all his life, so he'd better try a little jography as the old man wanted him to learn navigation." He'll navigate.—*Niagara Index.*

—The postmaster of Glen Falls would like to have a two minutes' interview with the man who mailed a little animal about the size of a small cat, but having a bushy tail, enclosed in a box to some one in that village. For the box broke open, you know, and the little fellow had the freedom of the mailbag, and—well it must not happen again, that's all.

Of course she did. A middle-aged woman fell as she was descending a pair of stairs, and the first man to help her reach her feet was a banker who happened to be passing. "Did you fall, madam?" he inquired, as he seized her arm. "Fall! Of course I fell! you fool you? You don't suppose I'd sit down here to rest, do you?" she snapped. He didn't say.—*The High School.*

—This long-winded question for debate was handed into one of the societies: "If I have a dog—whose name is Jack, for instance—and if Mr. Lowe, who is a hunter, has wounded some game; supposing my dog Jack devours the game, am I in justice bound to restore?" There was a long pause, when the chairman suddenly announced:—"Hoyle is very explicit on all points in 'I (High), Low, Jack, and the game.'"—*Niagara Index.*

—Darwin has weakened on his theory, or rather taken a new one. He says it takes 10,000 years for an ape to be transformed into a statesman. We don't know much about apes, but it would seem as if they would get discouraged and decide on remaining apes.

—A red-haired lady, who was ambitious of literary distinction, found but a poor sale for her book. A gentleman, in speaking of her disappointment, said: "Her hair is red, if her book is not." An auditor, in attempting to relate the joke elsewhere, said: "She has red hair, if her book hasn't."

—This is the way J. H. Hubbard informs the students of Harvard, through the *Advocate*, that he still lives:

Studeat vita, meribus, et honorem sacridem monere.

O juvenes, te videre rursum gaudeo.

O juvenes, non habeo grammaticam Latinam ergo in gratia et lexiconibus rependo.

O juvenes, erat calidus in hoc loco hic aestas. Les figures de cire in "Trebizonde" liquescerant et requirebantur sed presentia corporalis Shadrachi, Michechi, Abednegonisque ut experientiam furnicem fulgentem Scriptorium Sanctorum.

O juvenes, nescio si in lingua Latinam jocum fecisset. Non possum. Forsan tutor possit. Est linguam difficilem. Desisto.

Every one knows what foolscap paper is; but we doubt whether one in a hundred can tell why it was so called.

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector of England, he caused the stamp of the Cap of Liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the Government. Soon after the restoration of Charles the II., when he had occasion to use some paper for dispatches, some of this government paper was brought to him. On looking at it, he inquired the meaning of it; and, on being told, he said, "Take it away; I'll have nothing to do with a fool's cap."

Thus originated the term "foolscap," which has since been given to a size of writing paper usually about sixteen by thirteen inches.—*Ex.*

—A member of the last Ohio General Assembly did this: He bargained for board at United States Hotel, at Columbus, and arranged that he was to pay 50 cents a meal, and whenever he was absent from a meal he was to be credited that amount. He then hunted up some cousins in the vicinity, an old school-mate, a man who had once courted his (the member's) wife, and several other relations, and sponged on them for the larger part of the session. When he settled up with the hotel on the day of adjournment, the landlord was astonished to find that he owed his thrifty boarder \$75, the amount credited him for absence at meals over that charged for presence at meals. It was a Western Reserve man did it.—*Ex.*

—In a certain class not long ago the question of "the Fall of Man" was brought up. One of the students, after reading that it was decreed for serpents to crawl, asked the professor: "How did snakes and serpents go before the Fall?" The professor called on Mr. F—to answer the question. Mr. F—who was eagerly engaged in pulling the wings off a horse fly at the time, stood up and assured his classmates that "before the Fall of Man snakes went on crutches." The same Mr. F—was quite a joker. He lived in New York not far from Chatham Street, and was quite at home at all Jewish tricks. One day when the professor gave an extraordinary long lesson, Mr. F—asked if he (the Prof.) "wouldn't please check in a pair of suspenders."—*Niagara Index.*