

Our modest young man will breathe easier when some ingenious chap invents a turkey-carving contrivance that works by a crank, like an apple-parer.

An Irishman, having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed: "This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

"Have you a suit of clothes here to fit a large body of water?" "No, but we can send you a needle and thread with which to sew a potatoe patch on the pants of a tired dog."

A would be suicide wrote these farewell words to his wife. "Dear Mary, when my body is dragged out of the river they can identify it by the linen patch you sewed in the seat of my black cloth trowsers."

Squabbles, an old bachelor, showed his stocking, which he had just darned, to a maiden lady, who contemptuously remarked: "Pretty good for a man darner." And Squabbles remarked; "Yes, good enough for a woman, darn her."

Joseph Cook says that "the innermost laughter of the soul at itself it rarely hears more than three times without hearing it forever." That is to say, the subcutaneous cachination of the ego at the egoic dilemma conforms to the old rule—three times and out.—*Worcester Press.*

The Sopomore class are surveying the campus with Prof. Quinby. After some time spent in attempting to quiet the needle, Prof. Q— remarks that "something seems to attract the needle." "I am considered rather attractive," puts in a Soph. "Brass doesn't attract, Mr. L—," and they whoop it up for that brazen Soph.—

—*Campus.*

—A thick-headed Squire, being worsted by Sydney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming: "If I had an idiotic son I would make him a parson." "Very likely," replied Sydney, "but I see your father was of a different opinion."

LOCAL NEWS.

—Happy New Year!

—Are you suspended for — ?

—Glad to see you in school this term.

—Did you have a good time during vacation ?

—Girls, why are you so rude in chapel? Just look at the boys—they don't whisper and make disturbances.

—We are glad to see so many of the old students in school this term, but sorry that we cannot behold more new faces.

—Prof. Bailey has kalsomined his room, and carpeted his rostrum. Prof. now has the nicest little room in the building.

—It is said that a certain Prep is sometimes heard singing, "Some poor fainting, trembling Seaman I may rescue, I may save."

—It is very strange, indeed, that the boys will come to society alone, after the lecture of Mrs. Soules, and terrible the criticisms of the Palladian critic.

—A student having received an invitation to attend a party on Tuesday eve, secretly enquired of a fellow student: "Does that mean Monday night?"

—There is to be a Teachers' Convention, February 9, in the High School building. Lecture in the evening by Professor Thompson. All students are invited.

—Girls, if you want to sing come to chapel where you can give vent to all your musical talent. Don't go into the music room and sing during chapel exercises.

—Occasionally we see a lonely Cadet wandering through the halls as if he were longing for Spring to return, when he may take his musket and march over the campus.

—Mr. E. P. Unangst has a spelling school occasionally, and if any of the students want to show their ignorance in spelling, they should go out some Saturday eve.