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No. X.

Miscellany.

JUST THREE.

Three tomcats, one night when the world was at rest,

Were tuning away on the garden fence:

Each sang in the measure that suited him best,
And the music they made was simply immense,
For the cat, as you know, sings its rhythmic song.

From the sun's latest glow through all the night long,

Though the neighborhood all be groaning.

Three boarders were walling and gnashing their teeth,

And hurling their furniture out of the room

With furious oaths, at the trio beneath,

Whose melody deepened the midnight's gloom.

But the cat's life is charmed, and through all the long night

They sang unalarmed amid shots left and right,
Till the people with rage were foaming.

Three cats with a smile of content stole away

Through the morning light, ere the sleepers came down;

Three landladies mourn and desire their pay

Of those who will never come back to the town;

For three boarders rose early to count the cost

Of the furniture they out of the window had tossed—

Then they all slid away through the gloaming.

—*Chronicle*

SHAKSPEAREAN PROGRAM.

A clever bit of literary light work, is the following Shakespearian bill of fare, said to have been prepared by Archbishop Trench:

"Ladies, a general welcome."—"Henry VIII."—I., 4.

"Pray you bid those unknown friends to us welcome, for it is a way to make us better friends, more known."—"Winter's Tale"—IV., 3.

ROAST TURKEYS.

"Why, here he comes swelling like a turkey cock."—"Henry V."—V., 1.

PEA FOWL.

"A very, very peacock."—"Hamlet"—III., 2.

ROAST FOWLS.

"There is a fowl without a feather."—"Comedy of Errors"—III., 1.

CAPONS.

"Item, a capon, 2s. 2d."—"I. Henry IV."—II., 4.

DUCKS.

"Oh, dainty duck!"—"Midsummer Night's Dream."—V., 7.

BOAR'S HEAD.

"Like a full-acorned boar."—"Cymbeline"—II., 5.

YORK HAMS.

"Sweet stem from York's great stock."—"I. Henry VI."—II., 5.

TONGUES.

"Silence is only commendable in a neat's tongue dried."—"Merchant of Venice"—I., 1.

FRENCH RAISED PIES.

"They are both baked in that pie."—"Titus Andronicus"—V., 3.

MAYONNAISE OF SALMON.

"Epicurean cooks sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite."—"Anthony and Cleopatra"—II., 2.

MAYONNAISE OF LAMB.

"Was never gentle lamb more mild."—"Richard"—II., 1.

BRAISED LAMB AND BEEF.

"What say you to a piece of beef and mustard, a dish that I do love to feed upon?"—"Taming the Shrew"—IV., 3.

DESSERT CAKES, JELLIES, AND CREAMS.

"The queen of curds and cream."—"Winter's Tale"—IV., 3.

BITTER ALE.

"And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbor; drink, and fear not your man."—"II. Henry VI."—II., 3.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

She came tripping from the church door, her face flushed with emotion by the just-uttered discourse, and her eyes bright with loving expectation. He shivered on the curbstone, where for an hour he shivered impatiently, with a burning heart palpitating in his throat, and frozen fingers in his pockets. They linked arms and started for the residence of her parents.

After a few moments' hesitating silence he said:

"Jane we have known each other long. You must know how I feel. You must have seen that clear down at the bottom—O, Moses!"

He had slipped down on the ice with so much force that his spine was driven up into his hat, and his hat was tipped over his nose, but she was a tenderhearted girl. She did not laugh, but she carefully helped him to his feet and said:

"You were saying, John, when you slipped, that the foundation—O, goodness!"

She slipped herself that time, and saw little stars come down to dance before her eyes, but he pulled her up and went on:

"Yes; just as I said, clear down at the bottom of my heart is a fervent love, on which I build my hope. That love has helped me to stand face—thunder!"

He was down again, but scrambled up before she could stoop to help him, and she said, breathlessly:

"Yes, yes, John. You remember you just said a love that helped you to stand

and face thunder. And that you founded your hopes on—this pesky ice!"

There she sat. John grasped the loose part of her saccue between the shoulders and raised her to her feet, as one would lift a kitten from a pail of water by the back of the neck. Then he said, with increased earnestness:

"Of course, darling, and I have longed for an opportunity to tell you my love, and hear those whispers—whoop!"

Somehow John's feet had slipped from under him, and he came down like a capital V, with his head and feet pointing skyward. She twined her taper fingers in his curling locks and raised him to the stature of a man, set his hat firmly over his eyes with both hands, and cried in breathless haste:

"I understand, and let me assure you, John, that if it is in my power to lighten your cares and make brighter your journey through life to—Jerusalem!"

"O, my precious, and thus it shall be my lifelong pleasure to lift you from the rude assaults of earth and surround you with the loving atmosphere of—Texas!"

And there they both sat together. They had nearly reached the gate, and hand in hand, and with the bliss of young love's first confession, they crept along on their knees up the front doorsteps, and were soon forgetful of their bumps on the softest cushion of the parlor sofa.

—*Yale Echo.*

Trilobite, Graptolite

Nautilus pie.

Seas were calcareous.

Oceans were dry.

Eocene, Miocene.

Pliocene, tuff.

Lias and Trias,

And that is enough.

A student's excursion is the latest get up; at a cost of \$300 the student can make a tour of England, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France. The excursion starts June 15th, 1882, from Indianapolis.

The batter takes his stand.

The pitcher with a leer

Projects a curve,

With inward swerve,

And takes him in the ear.

The Freshman class at Cambridge, England, numbers 757 students.