

CHAT WITH EXCHANGES.

A student wishes to purchase some midnight oil.—*Berkeleyan*. Wouldn't a little day-light oil do just as well?

The *Central Collegian* is a great help in making up a spicy paper, but we think its typographical appearance could be improved by disposing of that "fancy" head letter; "but of course, every man to his own likin'."

Let's have a Presbyterian professor and see if that won't—hem!—*Chronicle*. We haven't the slightest idea as to what is meant, but it calls to mind the fact that all we are in need of is a representative from the Navy (Baptist) Department.

MEDICAL STUDENT AT THE DINNER TABLE.—Well, first there's the mastication, then, if the esophagus be sufficiently lubricated, the consequence is deglutition. Freshman turns pale and gasps for breath.—*Dalhousie Gazette*. What did the rest do—and did the Medic live?

The November number of the *Virginia University Magazine* regrets their inability to present a better appearance typographically and externally. To this, the *Berkeleyan* says: "Cheer up boys! Better good wine in bad bottles than bad wine in good ones." Your words of cheer are certainly commendable.

Those students who received a box of cotton from some young ladies, are totally at a loss to know what they intended to do with it. Will they please inform hem?—*Westminster Monthly*. What who intended to do with it? We infer that the editor wants to know what the ladies intended to do with it provided they had not sent it to the young men. But if that is what he intended, he must have "face" enough for a life insurance agent.

UNHOOKED.—A young lady had coquetted until the victim was completely exhausted. He arose to go away. She whispered, as she accompanied him to the door, "I shall be at home next Sunday evening." "So shall I," he replied.—*Ex*. Pshaw! he's no man at all! What would he do with six "previous engagements" to one entertainment! That was the experience of one of our boys, but when asked if he was not a little bit mad, said: no, that's nothing.

OTHER COLLEGES.

A Soph translates "cantabiter," "can't I bite her."—*Geyser*.

Brutus asked Caesar how many eggs he had eaten that day. Caesar replied: "Et tu, Brute." Brutus got mad because Caesar called him a brute; seized a knife, and stabbed him quite dead.—*Ex*.

An Essex Street man bought a pig Saturday. "What do you feed your pig?" asked a neighbor. "Corn," he said. "Do you feed it in the ear?" "Do you think I'm a fool?" said the Essex Street man sarcastically.—*Central Collegian*.

If there is anything that rejoices the heart of a Freshman it is the first appearance of sprouts on his upper lip. We have known an expectant Fresh grow squint while watching for it. His chagrin may be imagined when, after having asked his "Molly dearest, don't you think my moustache is becoming?" she replied, "Well, it may be coming, but it has not yet arrived."—*Targum*.

We lack a line to fill out the column.

A college genius received a valentine, on which was inscribed in a fair feminine hand, these suggestive words: "Seek and ye shall find." The quotation was made doubly significant by the presence of a fine-tooth comb, which accompanied the missive.—*Westminster Monthly*.

Not all the ablest men in Congress are college men. While Logan, Butler, Pomeroy, Connor, and Voorhees, represent the Alumni of as many colleges, such men as Trumbull, Poland, Payard, Conkling, Sherman, Thurman and Edmunds never received the benefit of college training.—*Ex*.

There is one Senior who evidently believes in a Divine Providence. Before going into a very poorly prepared recitation at the close of the term, he was heard to remark: "Well, I'll have to trust in God and sit by Stillman," and then added parenthetically, "guess the last idea is by far the best."—*Berkeleyan*.

A junior, who had been troubled all the week by the importunities of his washwoman, was disturbed in his sleep by the malignant, moniacal howls of a discontented cat, and rolling over in his bed he muttered, "I'm dead broke now, but I'm expecting a remittance from home every day, and when it comes I'll settle, so now let up old woman."—*Chronicle*.

A landlady on York Street gave a spread to her new Freshman boarders. On the table were all the indelicacies of the season. A member of the incoming class from the West reached for an olive, turned it over and finally tasted. He then skimmed off to the window, relieved his mouth of a pickle, and cautiously beckoned to the aforesaid landlady to meet him in the hall. Then, with a facial expression denoting disgust, he quietly remarked: "Mrs Brown, I do not wish to destroy the hilarity of the party, but that cuss from New Jersey has put acid on the plumbs."—*Record*.

Some of the smaller Southern colleges are assuming their former positions as educational centers, with every promise of future prosperity. Among these may be named Davidson College, in North Carolina, which appears to be supplanting the old University of the State at Chapel Hill. It has now one hundred and fifteen students, a larger number than in any previous year. As for the proposed Central University of Kentucky, over the location of which there has been no little wrangling, it is now definitely decided to establish it at the town of Richmond. Great things are hoped for it when completed.—*Ex*.

A medic at the Camille Verso (translated, high-toned concert) was seen listening very intently to one of the Italian Operas. He leaned far forward and extemporized a third good sized ear directly under his nose. When the last tone of the singers had died away, and the usual amount of cheering had been done, he turned to his girl and said in a philosophising strain: "I didn't catch all the words to that, and I think its come to be a great fault with singers now-a-days, that they don't speak the words distinctly enough. It's the sentiment of a song that catches my eye when I hear it." The girl: "Just so," and the medic was serene.—*Chronicle*.

We lack another line.

STUDENTS DIRECTORY.

Hallet is the University jeweler. For a picture try Young & Chase. To fit up your room call on Davis. Go to Devereaux's for a good cigar. T. C. Kern pulls teeth without pain. If you are sick, send for Dr. Gibson. Monteith gets up a neat fitting boot. Cline is the man to take your pictures. Forcoal and wood go to Van Fossen. Go to Harlows for a good dish of oysters. M. Harris recommends all dental work.

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We publish in this number, an advertisement of the State Normal School at Peru. We hope our students will always speak a kind word for that school.

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