

THE LOCAL AT WORK AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The income of Oxford last year was \$2,000,000; of Cambridge, \$1,500,000.

Arma, virumque cano is translated by a Shurtleff Freshman, The man with a dog in his arms.—*Ex.*

We have often heard of monopolies, but the other day in the class-room, a student employed a figure new to us: "A second rate monopolization."—*Qui Vice.*

Professor: "What is a key-stone?" Smart Junior, after much hesitation, "An amphibious animal, sir." He was at once promoted—in the air.—*College Message.*

A Burr Oak young lady entered a store lately, and wanted to see the papers for a week back, and the intelligent clerk showed a roll of sticking plaster.—*Tyro.*

See the difference in the synonyms "Cork up" and "Dry up." The latter stops up permanently, but "Cork up" gives hope of another flow of nonsense.—*Trinity Tablet.*

Prof. in Rhetoric. "What is tautology?" Senior: A superabundance of sense."

Prof.—Then there is very little tautology in this class. Excused.—*University Reporter.*

A Freshman complains that his father sends bi-weekly letters, but no checks. A Sophomore friend assures him that this is a proof of unremitting affection.—*Harvard Advocate.*

We boast of a remarkable "chin". Who can furnish us with a corresponding face?—*Central Collegian.* We have two or three students here who could furnish "cheek" for a half dozen schools and local editors.

A "vestal" happened upon the following passage in French the other day: "Ce jour la, vous m'avez embrasse," and rendered it, "That day you embarrassed me." "Very natural that it should," returned the professor.—*Ex.*

Yale boasts of having educated 146 Congressmen, 43 U. S. Senators, 56 College Presidents, 9 Bishops, 14 Ministers to foreign courts, 33 Governors, 23 Lieutenant-Governors, 143 Judges and 9 members of the President's Cabinet.—*Ex.*

A man whose eyesight was not good, was recommended to try glasses. He says he went to the nearest drinking-saloon and took four and the result was that his eyesight was so much improved that he could see double.—*Institute.*

A young man asked for a copy of Homer's "Odyssey" at the library, the other day, and the assistant librarian not finding it, remarked in a reflective and innocent way, "Well we haven't any of Homer's latest works in at present."—*Ibid.*

Professor: "What English word have we derived from *Tantalus*?" Soph: "Don't remember." Professor: "Tantalize, is it not?" Soph; (somewhat bewildered, but with an air of sudden recollection): "Dandelions; oh, yes sir!"

Junior Class. Prof.—"Mr. P—, translate!" Student—"I pass, Professor." Prof.—"I order you up, Mr. P—." Another Student (well versed in the art)—"You can't order up a man after he's passed." Professor promises to think it over.—*Collegian.*

A student who evidently enjoys Hebrew has kindly given directions how it should be read: Turn the book upside down, open at the end, put it in one corner of the room, stand on your head in the other corner, begin at the bottom line and read backwards.—*Argus.*

The Faculty of Harvard College have forbidden the various societies from taking part in public amusements where an admission fee is charged. The movement does not meet the entire approval of the students, as it interferes with the interests of boating, base ball, etc.

"Miss —, why did you keep addressing me as 'landlord' the other evening at the 'Philal' banquet?" Smiling she answered, "Because you bored me." Junior subsides and regrets that he ever gave up chopping logs in order to gain a college education.—*Lawrence Collegian.*

Prof.—Are you prepared this morning, Mr.—? Senior.—Yes, sir; kind of prepared. Prof.—Please explain what you mean by kind of prepared? Senior.—Well, I thought that between myself and yourself we might make a recitation. Prof.—That will do, sir.—*Targum.*

History Class—Student—"Professor, are kings and queens always the highest?" Professor—"Certainly, why do you ask such a nonsensical question?" Student—"Because I noticed that in a game of Railroad Euchre, the joker— Professor: "Leave the room, sir!"—*Niagara Index.*

One of our Sophs lost his Trigonometry lately. The finder reports that he found the following written on the fly-leaf:

*Volo hunc librum esse in Inferno;
Ego mathematicas vehementer sperno.
In quis ullus bonum ego nunquam cerno.*—*Ex.*

Professor—"What is Eternity?" Student—"Eternity isn't time!" Professor—"Yes; but what is it?" Student—"Well, it is—you see—now, suppose you had an eight day clock that went forever; why that would be eternity." Professor concludes to waive the question.—*Niagara Index.*

Senior, to his innocent Freshman room mate.—"Well, how did you like Charlotte Cushman as Lady Macbeth?" Fresh.—"O, pretty well; but do you think that kind of play is as good as a tragedy?" Senior looks slightly surprised, and then smiles sweetly, but does not venture an opinion.—*Volante.*

A student marks his book with a lead pencil, in order, he says, to be sure not to study the same part twice.—*Dal. Gazette.*

A scientific who studied Physiology last term, but is studying Geometry this, when asked what a figure of four sides was called, replied "a quadrigeminal body."—*Westminster Monthly.*

Professor: "Nero used to station men in various parts of the theatre to applaud him. The noise of the clapping of twenty-five hundred pairs of hands was enormous—" Class experiments. Professor continuing, "and when any one clapped at the wrong time he was put out of the theatre!" Class subsides.—*Trinity Tablet.*

Scene, Museum.—A new student looking at a skeleton.

Student—"Say, professor, who was this fellow when alive?"

Prof.—"My good fellow, he was a theological student, who attempted to board himself on twenty-five cents a week, and the sequel is the unhappy spectacle before you.—*Ex.*

Tutor to Soph.—"Do you understand this statement?"

Soph.—"No, sir."

Tutor.—"You may demonstrate at the board that the statement is not a correct one."

Soph.—"I accept the statement, sir." Beautiful example of childlike trust.—*Univ. Reporter.*

The following story Mr. Thackeray used to tell of himself. When at a dinner at a hotel one day, he heard one waiter say to another,

"Do you know who that is?"

"No," was the reply.

"That is the celebrated Mr. Thackeray.

"What's he done?"

"Blest if I know."—*Volante.*

A lady of our city, a short time since, was speaking of the lack of learning and general information among our young ladies, as an instance she said, "when Miss — was in the High School, there was to be a tableau, in which she was to take part, and she borrowed a Bible of one of her classmates to find out what sort of a costume Queen Elizabeth wore." Such ignorance is deplorable and unpardonable.—*Ex.*

Scene, Math. Room.—Mr. Smith at the board endeavoring to eliminate x, y and z from the equations. Professor comes and stands by Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith grows nervous and "puts it up tighter." Professor inquires blandly; "What do you want to get rid of now, sir?" Mr. Smith fearfully bored, replies: "Want to get rid of u, sir." Class applauds.—*Virg. Univ. Mag.*

When you meet men at the beginning of the term, the Freshman says, "Had a good time; mother did not know me when I got home." Sophomore remarks, "Rather dull; haven't seen a card or a billiard cue for four weeks." Junior laments, "Oh, yes; had a good time; but leaving my—; don't speak of it." Senior says, "Quite pleasant, thank you."—*Ham. Lit. Miscellany.*

Slightly sarcastic was the clergyman who paused and addressed a man coming into church after a sermon had begun, with the remark: "Glad to see you, sir; come in; always glad to see those late who can't come early." And decidedly self-possessed was the man thus addressed in the presence of an astonished congregation as he responded: "Thank you; would you favor me with the text?"—*Ex.*

At the tea-table of one of our neighboring families, a few evenings since, the age of horses was being discussed. One of the young ladies remarked that her pony was twelve years old. Upon hearing this, the waiting-maid, a German girl, and new hand at the art, expressed her opinion as follows: "Oh dat aint old, we got a horse wats twenty years old—he is an old mare."—*Institute.*

The Business Manager of this journal added the names of 240 new subscribers to the list last March.—*Omaha High School.*

Would that we had that Business Manager here! At what price can he be secured? Doubtless, however, the *High School* would be loath to lose such a pearl among Managers. We can only say to ours, "Go thou, and do likewise."

An ambitious prep on waking found his eyelids stuck together so firmly as to require a full half-hour's soaking before he could appreciate day-light. As soon as he realized the fact that his room-mate had taken advantage of his sleeping condition to put a little mucilage on his eye lashes, he broke forth in an exhaustive review of the Billingsgate dictionary, and after enumerating all the forcible and appropriate adjectives and epithets therein contained, he wiped the perspiration from his brow, and sat down saying "he would have to give the subject up for lack of a proper education."—*Ex.*

MET HIS FATE.—A New Orleans Judge riding in the cars recently, from a single glance at the countenance of a lady by his side, imagined that he knew her, and ventured to remark the day was pleasant. She only answered: "Yes."

"Why do you wear a veil?"

"Lest I attract attention"

"It is the province of gentlemen to admire," replied the gallant man of law.

"Not when they are married."

"But I am not."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, no! I'm a bachelor."

The lady quietly raised her veil, disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law. He has been a raving maniac ever since.—*Mute Journal of Neb.*

The *Hesperian Student* says the *Iowa Classic* is the dullest of its exchanges, The *Classic* is printed on very bad paper, yet we would be fully as loath to lose it as the *Student*. The latter is written chiefly by professors, and is no exception to the ordinary class of college papers so conducted. A little variety would be an improvement; we find five articles signed with the same initials.—*Dalhousie Gazette.*

The *Hesperian Student* comes out in a new dress. Variety and life are characteristics of its pages.—*Targum.*

Comment on the above is perhaps unnecessary further than to state that we ventured to criticize the *Gazette* rather severely in a recent number of the *Hesperian*. We also leave to the judgment of our readers the decision as to which is the best authority, the *Dalhousie Gazette* or the *Targum*.

Through all his electioneering campaign Mr. Greeley sat at public dinners and suppers where wine and spirits flowed freely, but he never passed the bottle or touched the liquor himself. The waiters who knew his temperance principles were puzzled what to do when they came to the row of glasses fronting his plate. Usually they were directed by a look or gesture of the master of ceremonies to pass him by in silence; but on one occasion an Irish servant would not abide an apparent breach of hospitality.

"Hadn't ye better take something, sir, to get up an appetite like, after your long ride, sir?" the hospitable Hibernian whispered to the startled sage. "A little brandy and wather wad do ye good—, it would upon me sowl, sir."

The heartiness of the appeal struck the philosopher. He recognized the ring of true hospitality in its tones, and his heart relented at the idea of depressing such sterling virtue by a continued refusal.

"Brandy and water?" said the guest. "Well, Pat, I'll take half of that to oblige you. Give me the water and let some one else have the brandy."

George Washington was the Father of his country. He never told a lie. He knew how to use his little hatchet on his father's gooseberry bush. Naughty George! When we were young our loving parent would use the gooseberry bush on us. But we are not the "Father of our Country." Fact!—*Niagara Index.*

We have had a striking example of what they call "travelling on cheek." Six young men lately engaged a 'bus, and stepping lightly in, they soon drove up with rapid pace to the Seminary. Alighting, each ransacked his pockets, and the sum total of their assets amounted to fifteen cents. Niagara hackmen are generally a little sharper.—*Niagara Index.*