

Roderigo that he hates Othello but needs him for his own interest. Again, he says that those who serve their masters with their lips and serve themselves with their hearts are the kind of men he admires. He is more of a time-serving man with no indication of that inconvenient appendage called a conscience than a malicious demon.

Although he may do more harm and may be more to be feared than an open villain, yet the manner in which he deceived everyone in whose company he was placed is truly worthy of admiration. Even his wife was utterly ignorant of his character until he boasted of his wickedness.

His utter unscrupulousness is his characteristic trait. In his great plot his intention was only to put out of the way Cassio and Desdemona, who he knows are hostile to him. He was not desirous for the death of Othello until he was sure of being his successor.

When Roderigo became troublesome and had lost all his money he kills him to protect himself. The only spiteful thing he committed was the murder of his wife after she spoiled his plans. He would rather do a good deed than a bad one if both would accomplish his ends, because the good deed is more popular than the bad. But if a friend got in his way he would kill him as quickly as he would a worm.

His plottings failed because he considered all men to be of like character. The external peculiarities by which he managed to deceive all were his frankness, sympathy and bluff heartiness. He was always the merriest of all, and seemed to reveal the very bottom of his heart to his friends.

All appealed to him for sympathy, and his advice always seemed good except when judged by his motives. Even Cassio when in his deepest disgrace went to him for sympathy and advice. Othello, whom he is continually wronging, calls him honest Iago on almost every page of the play.

To sum up his character he was crafty, cautious, self-possessed, intensely selfish and utterly without principle. Without this last trait he would be a common enough character; but this one trait changes him from a man who would do no harm purely from policy to a monster of whose deeds we can not think without a shudder.

We've discovered a fellow with "chaos" who deals,—
But don't tell the duffer I told you.
The dullest of mortals his eloquence fees,—
But don't tell the duffer I told you;
He talks of the times when times were not,
When ages had not their starting place got,
And the world was acknowledged uncommonly hot—
But don't tell the duffer I told you.

He talks of an antediluvian age,—
Oh, go ask the duffer who told him;
When ichthyosauruses were all the rage,—
Oh go ask the duffer who told him.
He tells where nature's beauties lie,
And raves of the dark blue cerulean sky,
Of the ages to be and the ages gone by,—
Oh, go ask the duffer who told him.

There's a chaos that leaves his old chaos behind,—
Oh, go tell the duffer I told you;
'Tis the chaos that reigns in a chaotic mind,—
It quite exhausts his mind to speak,
No wonder—the boys are broke up for a week,—
By his mixed-up oration and consummate cheek—
Oh, go tell the duffer I told you.

The lillies of the fields have pistils, and every citizen of Texas is adorned like one of these.

It takes a pickpocket to disperse a crowd.

Prof.—"How do you dare swear before me, sir?" Student,—"How did I know you wanted to swear first?"

Boarding house bread—'tis but a little faded flour.

A young lady home from boarding school was asked if she would have some roast beef, when she replied: "Not any, thank you. Gastronomic satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultima thule stage of delusion consistent with dietetic integrity.

An Irish editor says he can see no earthly reason why woman should not be allowed to become medical men.

"Well, I atric, avic, how do you loike the new school?" "Purty well, muther, but phat makes all the bhoys call me Oirish?" "Faith an' I don't know, cushla; but I've bin taken for Oirish meself, whin divil the hint of it they ever got from me."

Student (not very clear as to his lesson): "That's the way the author says, any way."

Profesoor: "I don't want the author, I want you."

Student (despiringly): "Well, you've got me."

Two students inspecting the Laocoon.

First Student: "Did he drink?"

Second Student: "No, why?"

First Student: "Well, he's got the worst case of snakes I ever saw, anyway."

"I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young tender chicken from an old one?"

"Of course I can."

"Well, how?"

"By the teeth."

"By the teeth!—chickens have no teeth."

"No, but I have."

Fables from the Sophs' scrap-book: "A school girl whose custom it was to masticate annually large quantities of gum one day took too sizeable a piece, and her inferior maxillary was in consequence dislocated. But the co-ed, nothing daunted, pronounced a sentence from a book of Welch legends, and thus effected a speedy cure.

This true tale shows the value of comparative philology, and also proves conclusively that in a school girl "gum chewer," is a sterling quality.

Fable No. 2. A crow was composedly masticating a piece of cheese on the top limb of an antique oar, when a fox, terribly enhungered, saw it and asked for the cheese in a melliferous voice. The crow replied that in the present session it takes a two-thirds majority to vote an appropriation. Thus the fox did not get the cheese.

This fable shows that a knowledge of parliamentary rules is of advantage even in a Nebraska legislature

PRIMER: What do you see in the window?

It is a big boy and a big girl.

What are they doing?

Why they are studying their lesson in French.

Is it not too cold for them in the hall?

O no, it is quite pleasant; they would much rather study here than in a warm room, but they must be very still, or they will bother the classes. They must sit near together and talk very low.

Is French a hard study?

Yes, very hard.