It is because Harvard is a university,—ahem!—while Yale, etc., are only colleges. Necessity is the mother of invention: go in, Lamoon!

**Technicalities.**

The new play, "Marked for Life," probably treats of the horrors of vaccination.

**THE EASTERN QUESTION.**—The disposal of Turkey may now be considered as settled.

**Lost.**—An umbrella belonging to a Freshman with a dog's head.

"Lay off your overcoat, or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I am afraid of," returned the man. "The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and I have n't felt it since.

**Professor.**—Mr. S——, can you tell me what the reciprocal of the sine is?

**B. to F.**—Of course-he-can't.

The food which Mr. Smith is giving us this term is so easy to digest that we are afraid we shall all die-jesting.

In New York, the other day, there was a procession which required an hour and a half to pass a certain point. The point was a beer saloon. —American Cultivator.

C is a very peaceful letter, and yet it always makes Ross cross.

Why is the present Freshman class so poor? They have n't any Nichols.

When a man becomes deaf he has one consolation — there will be no hear-after for him. "Longfellow wears his frock-coat buttoned to his chin." Who sewed that button on his chin?

The matrimonial fruit-basket — the cradle. —Exchange.

"Women barbers should have pretty mugs." So quoth a Chicago paper.

A Freshman, pressing his suit, was V-toed by the governor.

New-Yorkers prefer to be buried in Greenwood, because that burns less readily than dry wood. — Exchange.

"This is two two," as the man said when his aesthetic wife presented him with the second pair of twins. — Exchange.

The latest Patent Office Report has the names of two new patent medicines, —"Miller's Constitution Searcher" and "Palmer's Hair Food."

**Beyond the Gate.**

'T is night:

Two lovers lean

Upon the gate;

A nearing form is seen, —

It is their fate.

A piercing shriek from her

The welkin rent;

It was, as you infer,

Her pa-ri-ent.

The lovers sought to scoot,

Alas! too late;

He's hoisted by a boot,—

Beyond the gate. — Exchange.

Mrs. Partington recently went to a chemist's for some more "venom extinguisher." She said the "cockroaches enumerated so fast" that she was forced to "get something to asperse them."

**Left.**

"Meet me," she said, "by the orchard wall, To-morrow night, as the sun goes down."

And this is to-morrow, and here am I,

And there's the wall, and the sun's gone down. — Exchange.

The man who asserted that he saw Governor Rice going up Columbus Avenue plumb full, afterwards explained that he referred to a Highland horse-car.

Why are two cats hanging on a clothes-line with their tails tied together, like Gen. Grant? Ans. —They "propose to fight it out on that line if it takes all summer."

We recently heard a clergyman say that he could not be induced to do a certain action by all the wealth of the Roth's children! — Fact.

Lesson in political economy: "Is time money?" "Yes, sir, it is." "Prove it by an illustration." "Well, if you give twenty-five cents to a couple of tramps, it is a quarter to two." — Exchange.