In General.

We've got the snow,—where is the sled?
Keep advertise to re-tail shirts.
If you want a lard-y-da dinner, go to Smith's.
Jan. 1, 1882, was a cold day for Mother Shipton.
Extremely mean ratios are occupying the attention of the mathematically inclined Freshmen.
Visitors in the forge shop generally admit that the work is well-did.
An '85 man has named his razor Husbandry, because borrowing dulls its edge.
It is announced that a brass band has been discovered in the solar spectrum.
There is a 5 foot 4½ man and a 6 foot 4¾ man in '82. We don't believe, however, that the extremes equal the means.
Mr. Faunce recently read to the '82 miners a very interesting and brief paper on the copper of the Calumet and Hecla mine.
We will have our recreation, whether we get it by hook or Crook. Did you see the bodyguard that the city kindly lent us the other evening?

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the milk and sugar
Plenty in the land.

Our Treasurer.

Professor: "Mr. X., can you tell me why the days are longer in summer and shorter in winter?" Mr. X. (with alacrity): "Yes, sir; it's because heat expands and cold contracts."
"Weep, weep, all weep!"

At the last seance held by the third-year class, mittens were seen to dance around the room, and frames moved up and down the wall. The chairman was undecided as to who pulled the strings.

A Freshman was recently overheard to say, referring to the mining laboratory, "This is used for mechanical engineering, and is devoted to the testing of engines."

Freshman to his landlady, whose furniture is rather uncertain: "I am sorry to say that my bed broke down last night."

Landlady: "Why, how did that happen?"

Freshie: "I am very sorry, ma'am, but I forgot myself, and laughed in my sleep."

He had been told that he could easily remember the sector of a circle, since it was like a piece of pie; and he was therefore rather surprised when the answer, "Sector, the sixth of a circle," came back marked with the big F.

Geology class.—Mr. Blunderwood (earnestly): "Professor, will you please give us the proof of the former gaseous condition of the earth?"

Professor (somewhat astonished): "That is what I have been giving for the last half-hour." Confusion of Mr. B. and corresponding glee of his classmates.

One of the Freshmen exerts so demoralizing an influence that he has succeeded in inducing his steam radiator to smoke cigarettes. He attaches the cigarette-holder to the escape-cock by a rubber connector. It is then only necessary to open the cock to have a mechanical Gen. Grant.

At a recent class meeting of '82, a committee of three, Messrs. White, Johnson, and Snow, were appointed to examine the merits of the different photographers in the city, and report as soon as possible. The next class meeting will be held within two weeks, to decide upon their report; and every member is earnestly requested to be present.

The "Laboratory" of the class of '81 held their annual dinner at the Vendome, Saturday evening, Dec. 31. A very pleasant evening was passed, stories from the Great West being highly appreciated. The old year was shown out with the proper ceremonies, and all parted with the best wishes and happiest anticipations for a happy new year.