Apropos of the recent transit of Venus, the following conversation was heard between two Hibernian ladies:

"Arrah, Mrs. Murphy, it was a narrow iscape we had yisterday!"

"Iscape, is it? Do ye mane the transit of Vanus?"

"Transit of Vanus indade. Sure was n't the comit a passin' the sun an' was n't iverybody a lookin' to see wud it shtrike an' the whole wurruld be burned up aloive? We're safe now, blissid be the howly Vargin! but it was a narrow iscape."

There is a story abroad in regard to a prominent theatre manager. The gentleman is not noted for his classical learning, although the sum total of his bank account may require two commas in writing. On the occasion of an excursion down the harbor he had made himself very agreeable to the ladies. The return was very stormy, but, after many propitiations to Neptune, the party arrived safely at the wharf, and as the manager, with a pale face, assisted the ladies ashore, he remarked that it really did seem good to set his foot once more on vice versa.

A story has just come to hand which brings pleasantly to mind the kindness of the University of Pennsylvania during the Techs' visit to the Centennial. The battalion had encamped on the grounds of the University, and by some mistake a small boy of twelve, who had been allowed to accompany the party, was put one night on guard. He had paced back and forth for some time, when three students from the University approached the line and endeavored to pass. The juvenile guard shouted, "You can't go through there"; but the students only replied, "Oh, yes we can, and we're going." The guard looked them over for a moment. "Well, two of you can go through, but," as he brought his gun down with a slap, "I'll stick the other one."

Students interested in marine engineering will be entertained by two articles in the \textit{Mechanical News} for November. One is a description of the electric launch, which lately made a trial trip on the Thames, and the other an account of "Mr. Fryer's Palace Sea Car," a model of which has been exhibited in the Harlem River, which is simply a three-wheel wagon or tricycle, which is designed to run on the water as a vehicle runs on the land, the wheels being hollow, and serving at once as floats and paddles. The inventor predicts that his water car will travel at railroad speed, and make the passage of the Atlantic in a week or less, carrying only passengers, mails, and light express matter. This idea is recommended to "Richelieu" Robinson and other spread-eagle politicians, who desire to send an army across the seas to beard the British lion in his den and spread consternation among the effete despotsisms of Europe. With a fleet of tricycle ships our navy could quickly cross to England, dodge the clumsy ironclads of Johnny Bull, and, by running the ships overland for a short distance, surround London with the fleet, and "lay the city in ashes" at their leisure. The plan is perfectly feasible, and if Mr. Robinson will but make a few speeches in its favor, success is sure.