Conductor: "Smith Street! Smith Street!"

Smith (who is about half seas over, aroused from his nap by the accusation): "Sic, say old man, guess 's my treat last!"

The rule of three — Third person to clear out. — Ex.

_Ambition._

He had his sheep's skin in his hand,
    And musingly he said,—
"I'll now go forth into the world,
    To win me fame and bread.
"I'll struggle hard for human good,
    And by my genius — yea —
Transport mankind from darkness to
    The brilliancy of day."

Ten years have flown, and there he stands,
    On yonder corner — see?
He's kept his word, as sure as fate —
    A lamplighter is he. — _Illini._

We see a notice of Theoretical Blowpiping in the Columbia _Spectator._ An extraordinary kind of blowpiping for the School of Mines.

_Lines to a Bull-Chased Man._

Linger not, brother,
    There on the lea,
E'en though fair flowerets
    Be tempting thee,
Though their aroma, their beauty, their grace,
    Tempt thee to dwell in that sweet-scented place.

Linger not, brother,
    E'en though the view —
N., S., and E.—
    Presents grandeur to you;
E'en though a lake in the distance is seen
With valleys and hills and bold crags in between.

Linger not, brother,
    With dreamy air:
Castles in Spain
    Are out of place there.
Stop not to murmur some beautiful rhyme:
Wordsworth and Keats 'll do some other time.

_Life._