The papers announce that a Chicago hotel waiter was "accidentally shot in the pantry." Why will the papers insist on using these medical terms? We don't know just how much to sympathize with the poor fellow. It is to be hoped that the pantry is not a vital spot.

A man in a sleeping-car went through a terrible accident, in which the car rolled down an embankment, without waking. It was noted, however, that as the car struck the bottom, he mumbled, "Don't, Jane, don't; I'll get up and start the fire."

A tailor was startled the other day by the return of a bill which he had sent to an editor, with a notice that the "manuscript was respectfully declined." — Princetonian.

"Bread," exclaimed a Vassar College girl, — "bread! Well, I should say I can make bread. We studied that in our first year. You see the yeast ferments, and the gas thus formed permeates everywhere, and transforms the plastic material into a clearly obvious atomic structure, and then—" "But what is the plastic material you speak of?" "Oh, that is commonly called the sponge." "But how do you make the sponge?" "Why, you don't make it; the cook always attends to that. Then we test the sponge with the thermometer and hydrometer, and a lot of other instruments, the names of which I don't remember, and then hand it back to the cook, and I don't know what she does with it then, but when it comes on the table it is just splendid." — Ex.

A large bear hangs in front of a Chatham Street restaurant, which will soon be served up in juicy steaks.— Tribune.

What, the restaurant?