THE TECH.

"Say, Dan, let's go in and get a kilt suit." — G.

THE WIDOW.
Her smiles are tempered by her sighs;
Her garb scarce covers her glory;
The tender glamour of her eyes
Enshrines her and her story.

No greenling girl, no spinster tart,
She's all things that become her;
Her life, her beauty, and her heart
Are in their Indian summer.

The golden fleece — A plumber's bill.—Puck.

RISING YOUNG SCULPTOR (to country uncle).
"... Now, for instance, uncle, in this rough block of marble I can behold a form of exquisite beauty!" COUNTRY UNCLE: "Well, Geawge, ain't there danger of your spillin' it in cuttin' it out." — New York Graphic.

Mr. Keely announces "that, if he lives another year, his motor will be complete." Hope is eternal, but not the stockholder's money.

STABLE KEEPER. "By the way, shall I put in an extra buffalo?" ENGLISH BLOOD. "Could n't you let me 'ave an 'orse, you know? Er-er — rather not drive a buffalo first time, you know." — Spectator.

"Now, darling, will you grant me one favor before I go?" "Yes, George, I will," she said, drooping her eyelashes and getting her lips in shape. "What is the favor I can grant you?" "Only a little song on the piano, love. I am afraid there is a dog outside waiting for me, and I want to scare him away." — Philadelphia Call.

"Do you see that young man going along there?" "Yes; what of it?" "He's got a girl on the brain." "Ah, judging from appearances, she must have a soft seat." — Ex.

Oscar Wilde asserts that his poetry will be read when Shakespeare is forgotten. Possibly, but not before.—Philadelphia Chronicle.