"From early morn till dewy eve
   Do these poor spirits toil and grieve,
   Alas! unhappy fate."

Bar-keeper. Dot vine vas hard to beat.

Frec-lunch Irishman (soto voce). Unless ye had a club.

Bar-keeper. Oh, if you had a club, dot vas different. You mide beat dot vine at a club. — Spectator.

A Game of Cribbage: Translating German with the aid of a "horse."

A man in De Pawn Univesity spent $225.53 in his Freshman year, and was expelled for extravagance. — Yale Record.

At De Pawn University the college dude is a full-blooded Indian. — Yale Record.

What has the Record against De Pawn University?

You are the closest girl I ever saw, he remarked to his best girl the other evening.

Fresh tells a joke; Soph don't tumble: so Fresh has to stand it.

"And this, I suppose, is what they call the heyday of youth," said the farmer's son as he sweated away at his mowing. — Lampoon.

First belated Sportsman: Is that the sun or the moon rising over the hill?

Second B. S. (perplexed): Really, can't say: I'm a stranger hereabouts. — Lampoon.

The "Flying Yankee" train on the Eastern Railroad made very good time on a run last week. Leaving Portland at 6.15 P.M., it reached Somerville at 9.20, thus making the 107 miles in 185 minutes. Fifteen stops were made, which consumed over an hour; the actual running time being two hours, or an averave of 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour.