Hostess: May n't I present you to Miss Burton, Mr. Fullalove? Fullalove, '87 (disconsolately): Thank you, very, very much, but it's no use: she told me positively she wouldn't have me. — Lampoon.

If a pretty girl's mouth is an osculating circle, is kissing it a method of differential calculus?

"Yes, Bob," said one editor to the other, mournfully, "I was a remarkably pretty child when I was about five or six years old." "Is that so, old fellow, really, — why so was I. Let's go off on a toot together." [Exeunt.]

Readers of the Mechanical News for May 1 will recognize a familiar style in an article signed A. W. W. It is supposed to be a sly hit at our fire apparatus.

Of the Harvard Freshmen, ninety-nine per cent part their hair in the middle, thirty-eight per cent use oil of bergamot, ten per cent go to recitations without gloves, sixty-seven per cent chew tobacco, seventeen per cent eat hasheesh. — Princetonian.

Traumerei.

Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of Mechanics and of Heat,
Of unsuccessful or successful Dutch,
Might never meet me more.

FORMULE MADE EASY.

\[ e \] is a constant, reminder of duty;
\[ v \] is deflection, from study, for beauty;
\[ i \] is the incline, the which you run o'er,
When \( M \) is the moment with her you adore.

At the Windsor:
"You're a liar!"
Whack!!
[No further particulars up to the time of going to press.] — Life.