they got “credit” on all of their examinations. Let it be recorded to their credit that they have stuck manfully to the conditions, but their friends are still supperless.

A few of the fourth-year Civils accompanied Mr. G. L. Blodgett to Fitchburg, on Saturday, Jan. 16, to witness the working of the electric signals and apparatus there. Mr. Blodgett has been lecturing before the Civils and Electricals on the application of electricity to railway working, for two or three weeks.

Conversation overheard on a Tremont Street horse-car: —

First Irishman: “Soy, Pat, and whot the divil is a cyclorama?”

Second Irishman (after a moment’s thought): “Sure, Tim, me boy, that’s only the new dude name for a gas-house.”

Active preparations are going on in the assaying laboratory for the reception of the third-year men at the beginning of the term. As a mere matter of form, bottles for silver residues are placed in each desk, for it is a well-known fact that silver residues are not abundant after a semi-annual vacation.

A repetition of Mr. Putnam’s lecture on Sanitary Plumbing was given before the Civils and Architects on Friday evening, Jan. 9, the attendance at the preceding lecture being so large as to exclude the Institute men. The lecture was principally on the different kinds of traps, their various failings and merits being discussed and shown by experiments.

BLOOD WILL TELL.

Miss Albion (on a visit here). — So our great-grandfathers were brothers? Indeed, I did not think you had such things over here as great-grandfathers.

Mr. Y. Doodle. — Well, you see I was so anxious to claim relationship with you that I looked the old gentlemen up.

Miss A. — And what did you find?

Mr. Y. D. — I found that they were greengrocers — Life.

Of Uncertain Age.
A maiden of uncertain age
Of ancestry was wont to brag;
When that attention would engage,
The conversation would not flag.
“One of my ancestors,” said she,
“Came on the Mayflower,” “Can it be?”
As one。“It is a distinction great.
Why, 1620 was the date.”
“Pray tell me,” slily asked another,
“Was it your father or your mother?” Ex.

The buzz-saw has an off-hand manner.—Puck.
Was n’t it a bit suggestive to print in a policeman’s obituary notice the line, “He sleeps his last sleep” ? — Ex.

An awkward compliment. — Lieutenant (to elderly lady): Madam, really, to-day you look as fresh and blooming as a rose of twenty years.
— Dutch Paper.

Mrs. Parvenu explains that she thought Mamalade such a pretty name when she saw it on Delmonico’s bill of fare, that she gave it to the baby instead of Mary Ann, as first proposed.—Ex.

Lieutenant. — “There is nothing like presence of mind. One day in battle, a soldier near me had four of his teeth knocked in by a rifle ball, which would have surely passed through his spinal column and killed him had he not, with rare presence of mind quickly swallowed the ball.” — Fliegende Blätter.

AT THE CONCERT.

Miss Stockinbold. — “What are they playing?”

Enthusiast. — “Siegfried’s death, you know, by Wagner.”

Miss S. — “What did he die of? It must have been fits!” — Life.