THE TECH.

A scene in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

_Reporter._—"Hullo, hullo! What is all the excitement?"

_Fack._—"Why, the Dolphin went up to Willett’s Point, and has come back all right!"—_Graphic._

_MISS_PARVENU._—"I was almost sorry, mamma, that you spoke so rudely to that poor little Mrs. Wilkins."

_Mamma._—"Well, my dear, pray where is the satisfaction of being in the first society, if you cannot snub those who are out of it?"

A Kentuckian was a guest at a state dinner, and as often as his champagne glass was replenished he would drain its contents with an injured and dissatisfied expression on his face. Finally he turned to the gentleman who sat on his right. "I say, neighbor," he whispered, "ain’t they goin’ to give us anything to drink?"—_Ex._

A New York lady recently engaged an English coachman. Staying rather late at a house on Fifty-fourth Street, she was anxious to get back as soon as possible by the most direct way. "John," said she, "shall we turn to the right or go straight up Madison Avenue?"

"Lor, mum," John replied, "it don’t make no hods to me, yer know."—_Ex._

_SMITH._—"Do you see that villainous-looking man across the street?"

_FOONES._—"Yes, what of him?"

_SMITH._—"He has caused me more misery than any other man on the face of this earth, and one of these days I’ll pay him for it, as sure as I live!"

_FOONES._—"Why—what—who is he?"

_SMITH._—"He is my dentist."

_At_the_Hop.__MISS_HYFLYING_: "I am very sorry, Mr. Dudeling, that I had no dance for your friend; but why did you urge him to take the seventh extra? Do you think they will get to it?"

_Dudeling ’88_: "Well, no, but you know—er—(intending to be highly complimentary) the chance of a dance with some people is better than the certainty of one with others."