THE TECH.


Sunday-School Teacher: “And now, Tommy, what did the Israelites do when they came out of the Red Sea?”

Tommy (promptly): “They dried themselves.”

She (who is literary) “Of late I have been enjoying the ‘Lay of the Last Minstrel.’ How do you like it?”

Country Cousin: — “Well, Sue, to give it to you real straight, I ain’t taken in much of them minstrel businesses since old Dan Bryant eloped into future bliss.”—Columbia Spectator.

Little Girl (only child): “I’m so glad, mamma, I don’t live all the time at grandma’s.”

Mamma: “Why, my dear?”

Little Girl: “Well, it must be so dull there without me.”

Crasus Beckworthy, Sen. (to Mr. Ruskin De Vere, art critic): “Now, that’s what I call a fine picture; shows remarkable talent. My daughter painted that, sir, and I would n’t take two hundred dollars for it. Why, the paint, alone, cost a hundred and fifty”—Harvard Lampoon.

A Logical Sequence. — Mr. Brown: “Miss Gray, allow me to present my friend, M. L’Oiseau, of the Canary Islands.”


Elsie (seeing for the first time a calf): “Oh! mamma! These must be the little cows that give condensed milk.”—Life.

“A scientist says that the way to sleep is to think of nothing,” read Mrs. Smith, in a newspaper. “If that be true, I should say that you would sleep all the time, my dear,” said her husband. “No doubt, Mr. Smith, for I think a great deal of you.”—Ex.