They have come in from a stroll,  
And he pauses to take toll  
At the gate;  
But she archly tells him, "No,  
It would not be comme il faut;  
Just you wait!"

He perceives his only chance  
Lies in feigning nonchalance,  
Just to tease;  
So he bids a calm good-night  
In the moon's alluring light,  
Quite at ease.

But he turns back to the gate,  
At her half disconsolate  
Little call.  
"I don't mind," she whispers low,  
"If it isn’t comme il faut,  
After all!"

Harvard Lampoon.

Papa (soberly): "That was quite a monstrosity you had in the parlor, last evening?"

Maud ( nettled): "Indeed! That must depend on one's understanding of the term 'monstrosity.'"

Papa ( thoughtfully): "Well, two heads on one pair of shoulders, for example." — Ex.

A photographer recently located in a Western city. He hung out a sign on which was inscribed: "Babies Taken Without Previous Notice." Next morning he found three infants on his doorstep.

Elijah: "Say, Zeek, I heah yo' brudder married a rich heiress; am dat so?"
Zeek: "Yes; she's wuth 'bout fi' million."
Elijah: (surprised) — "So much as dat?"
Zeek: "It's fi' million or fi' hundred, I dunno wich, but I know it is 'normous 'mount." — Harper's Bazar.

"Step right into the parlor, and make yourself at home," said the nine-year-old son of the editor, to his sister's best young man. "Take the rocking-chair, and help yourself to the album. Helen Louise is up stairs, and won't be down for some time yet,— has to make up her form, you know, before going to press." — The Judge.

Religious Intelligence.— "There has been a revival in our town." "Many people converted?" "O yes; and among them, twenty pupils of the female college." "How do you know they are converted?" "Because they have declared their determination to flirt with none but divinity students hereafter." — Texas Siftings.

From the German.— Carl: "Mother, in the milk-bucket a dead mouse was."

Mother: "Well, has thou it thereout taken?"

Carl: "No; I have the cat therein thrown." — Ex.

"Though one swallow does not make a summer, it sometimes causes a spring," remarked a senior, as he darted from the room after taking a mouthful of boiling coffee.— Yale Courant.

Mr. Isaacstein (giving his little boy Jacob a lesson in percentage): "Now, Jacob, ven you puys some dings for vun toller, und sells him for two toller, how much per cent vas dot?"

Jacob: "Dot vas vun per cent."

Mr. Isaacstein (earnestly): "Ya, dot is right; but remember, Jacob, dere is no money in dot vun per cent pizness." — Life.

"Tommy," said his grandfather, "of what shape is the earth?" "Don' know," replied the urchin. "Well, sir, what is the shape of my snuff-box?" "Square, sir." "No, not that one; my Sunday snuff-box?" "Round." "Well, then, what's the shape of the earth?" "Round on Sundays, and square on weekdays!"

Henry James, the novelist, looks strikingly like the Prince of Wales. It isn't often that two men have such hard luck.— Ex.