If you will only practice long enough at setting a steel trap, you will be sure to get your hand in.—Ex.

Poor Consolation. Cook (to maid, weeping): "Your parents will not let you marry your sweetheart, you say? Never mind. Such a pretty fellow as he can easily find another."—Fliegende Blatter.

Reduced to a system. Solicitous Friend: "That's an awful cold you've got, my dear boy! Now, what you want is to go right home and take—"

Victim: "Just jot it down in this book, please. I've got one hundred and forty-six other recipes already, and I expect to meet enough friends before night to bring it up to two hundred."—Puck.

"I've got the drop on you," said the snow-shoveller, as he jauntily floored a passer-by with half a ton of the congealed vapor. "Come off the roof!" was the reply, wafted from among the ruins.—Lampoon.

"Do you allow drunken people on the train?" asked a clergyman at the City Hall elevated station in New York.

"Sometimes; but not when they are too drunk," replied the brakeman. "Just take a seat in the middle of the car and keep quiet, and you'll be all right."—Ex.

Postponed.

"Gentlemen," said a college President at a meeting of the Faculty, "we must take means at once to stop the game of foot-ball. It is bringing our grand old institution into disrepute."

Just then a great noise was heard outside, and the President demanded the cause of it.

"News has just been received," explained one of the younger professors, apologetically, "that our men have wrested the foot-ball championship from Princeton."

"Good!" shouted the President, flushing with excitement; "I didn't dare hope it. I think, gentlemen, we had better not be too—er—hasty in the matter."—Life.