Technics.

*First Industrial Chemist.*—"You ought to like match-dyeing."

*Second do. (who is an habitual gambler), suspiciously.*—"Why?"

*First.*—"Because you will probably die matching."

Lives of all our worthy Profs. remind us
Most of them were at the M. I. T.,
And, like us, barked shins and mangled trousers,
Swarming up the trunk of Wisdom's tree.

If we manage to get through as they did,
And obtain the coveted degree,
How we'll sit, on lower boughs paraded,
Swinging heels with like complacency.

The chemist who always uses abbreviations,
is said to have directed a letter to "H₂O-town, Mass.," the other day, and never understood why it did not reach its destination.

*AFTER THE DINNERS.*

Oh, what a deuced horrid head—
Ache! This thing really can't be borne;
It's no use tossing here in bed;
I must get up and take a Seid-Litz powder, or a horn!

Those punches must have been a *dem*
Sight stronger than my usual cup;
And yet, I drank but few of them.
It must have been that cursed lem-onade that used me up!

I won't go on another "bat,"
And use my dress-coat for a mat.
I'll throw away this banged-up hat,
And cut the "rosy" most emphatically dead,—perhaps.

*Freshman.*—"What does P. P. C. mean?"
*Chum.*—"To take leave."
*Fresh.*—"Who ever heard of a man with P's and C's taking leave. It ought to be 'F. F. D.'—'For frantic departure.'"

*Professor:* "What is the nature of the action when potassium is dropped into water?"

*Intelligent freshman:* "The potassium is decomposed!"

*AFTER THE EXAMINATION.*—*1st. Fresh:* "Well, how do you find yourself?"

*2d. Fresh:* "In bad condition."

*HOW THEY DO IT.*—*Unlucky student (who has just broken an evaporating dish):* "Are you sure this is an 18-inch dish, Mr.—?"

*Assistant:* "Well, its the largest size, anyway."

*Instructor:* "How did you translate *billet-doux*?"

*Freshman:* "A letter with a two-cent stamp on it."

*ANOTHER VICTORY.*—A merchant, walking home, one night, through a dark forest, was met by a highwayman, who, aiming a revolver at his head, exclaimed,"Your money, or your life." The money was promptly handed over, and another victory was scored for "arbitration."

*Malicious.*

"See, Samuel, how beautiful the flowers are now. Everything is as if born anew; the little shower has made all nature young again. . . . Samuel, what are you holding the umbrella aside for?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*