Young Sniggins, '90, has attended a performance of "Adonis," and on returning home, attitudinizes before his mirror,—the giddy thing!

Wife: "You haven't been inside of a church since we were married — there!"
Husband: "No; a burnt child dreads the fire." — Judge.

THE ANSWER.
On my right at dinner sat Mollie;
On my left there was little May Belle,
Who is always so sparkling and jolly,
And who likes me, I fancy, quite well.
The former, somehow, spoke of ages;
"Now what would you take me to be?"
I asked. She replied, "Of life's pages,
I suppose you have turned twenty-three.
Miss Belle on my left was abstracted,
And did not our words overhear,
Nor knew she the answer expected,
As I whispered quite low in her ear:
"And what would you take me for, Mary?"
And then this small maiden perversive,
From out of abstraction, quite wary,
Responded,—"For better or worse." — Life.

While the editor is up-stairs writing an article in which he "points with pride" to the paper's circulation, the business manager is down stairs "viewing it with alarm." — Life.

"Witness, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?" "O yes; that's where I got acquainted with him." — Ex.

Liable to Break.— "O George!" she exclaimed, catching her breath as she gazed out to sea, "there seems to be no limit to old Neptune's broad expanse; and the waves, George, how playfully they gambol along the shore!"
"The waves are very foolish, dear," said George, with a sigh.
"How foolish!"
"To gamble where there is no limit." — Life.