“Perplexity must be the father of profanity,” thought the junior who missed an appointment, as he racked his brain for an explanation to write his father.—*Yale Record*.

Mrs. Spriggins thinks that a certain young lady of her acquaintance has no sense of proprietorship, because when the funeral was passing she had her sleigh driven right through the center of the corsage.—*Life*.

In the light of recent events, the old chestnut that “Britannia rules the wave,” seems a trifle idiyachtic.—*Life*.

*A Question of Time*—“Quelle heure est-il?”—*Puck*.

“Did you ever try a toboggan?” asked Tom Reed of the Hon. Frank Lawler.

“No,” replied Frank, scornfully. “I don’t believe in them fancy drinks. I always take mine plain and old-fashioned.”—*Washington Critic*.

**BOUND TO HAVE THE DOLL.**—A very little miss was busy yesterday amusing herself with her doll, when she was observed to pause suddenly, and think intently for a moment. Then, turning to her mother, she said: “Mamma, when I die, can I take my dollie to heaven?” “No, my child; they don’t have dolls in heaven.” Whereupon the little one indignantly exclaimed: “Den I’ll take my dollie to hell, and play by de fire.”—*Buffalo Courier*.

“Here, waiter, what kind of water is this?” said a guest at a country hotel down South. “Dat’s spring water, sah,” replied the waiter politely. “Oh! is it? Well, bring me some winter water. This is warm enough to wash a shirt in.”—*Washington Critic*.

The Koran says there is a devil in every berry of the grape.

Get thee behind me, Sauterne.—*Life*.

“AND THE ACE WILL TAKE THEM ALL.”

Before her kneels the amorous youth,
And uses all his arts.
Says he to her, “In very truth
I’ll love you ever, for in sooth
You are the Queen of Hearts.”
Blushing, she hesitates awhile,
Well skilled in all these arts;
Then, with the best of artless guile,
She answers with a charming smile,
“You are the King of Hearts.”
In comes her father, stern and cold,
And the fond lovers parts;
“Young man, your nerve is quite untold;
Begone, for know, oh, lover bold,
That I’m the Ace of Hearts.”—*Yale Record*.

**THE BARBER’S RESOLVE.**

I’ll shave this year in silence,
In silence I’ll shampoo;
Without a word I’ll cut men’s hair,
And trim their whiskers, too.
I’ll force no tonic on him
Who my skilled razor tries;
A model shaver I shall be—
Hurrah for the next that dyes!—*Puck*.

**PALMISTRY.**

She traced, with dainty finger,
Upon his open palm,
A fortune of riches and honor
Without one touch of harm.
The line of his life was long,
There was intellect, too, she said;
But when she broke at the line of heart,
She gravely shook her head.
“A serious matter already;
And you not twenty-four?
Why, not a vestige of heart remains;
Such lines I never saw!”
He bent his head and whispered,
“I’ll explain that if I may;
I’ve not a vestige of heart, because
You’ve stolen my heart away.”—*Life*.

Oliver Wendell Holmes got mad at his breakfast-table the other day. He opened a Western paper that had been sent to him, and read that “A young man, named Holmes, has been turning out some very pretty verses in Boston recently; and we hope to give our readers the pleasure of perusing some of his work in the near future.”—*Puck*. 