A tom-cat sits upon a shed,
   And warbles sweetly to its mate:
"Oh! when the world has gone to bed,
   I love to sit and *mew* till late."

But while this tom-cat sits and sings,
   Up springs a student mad with hate;
He shoots that cat to fiddle-strings—
   He also loves to *muti-late*.

—Cynic.

It was a Vassar girl just graduated who inquired: "Is the crack of the rifle the place where they put the powder?"—Ex.

A boy who will feign cramps about school-time is indulging in champagne.—Life.

THE ARTIST'S PLT.

A charming young Latter-Day St.,
   Thought she'd like to be taught how to pt.;
   But her *premire étude*
   Was a statue quite nude,
So she straightway fell down in a fit.

—Pennsylvanian.