(Sniggins, '90, while at home after the Semies, calls on Farmer Brown.)

Farmer B.: "So you go to that 'Pyrotechnic' school at Boston, do you? Do they teach you to make fireworks?"

S., '90 (who has not yet heard from J. P. M.): "Well, I don't know but they work the firing racket pretty often."

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

Long years ago, in the days of old, Ere men had learned a thirst for gold, Each poet sang from out his heart, And sang of Nature, not of Art.

But in these days 'tis all for Art — From the head they sing, not from the heart; And as for Nature — the story's old, — Poor Nature's left out in the cold.

—Harvard Advocate.

"Chestnuts!" yelled several persons in the gallery at the minstrel show. "That's right, gentlemen," responded Bones; "if you don't get what you want, ask for it."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The average woman is considered too delicate to shoulder a musket, but nobody questions her right to bare arms.—Life.

A shower of mud fell at Lincoln, Neb., recently — a rain of terra, so to speak.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

REVENGE.

Hello, Charley, have you seen the Prince? No, what Prince — Footprints — Ta-ta. —Lam'poon.

We cannot conscientiously express wonderment that the French and Germans are at loggerheads. The Germans generally are at lager-heads.—Life.