A youthful and chipper member of the Freshman Class was detected reading from a translation in the recitation-room the other day. After being called up and roundly censured he was finally asked why he used a trot, and forthwith floored his astonished inquisitor by ejaculating, "O, it's English, you know!" — Courant.

"Now, John," she murmurs in friendliest way,
"For my sake work hard all the livelong day,
But don't work too much, and don't toil so hard;
Really your face by your struggle is marred."

"Now, darling," he answers, in humblest tone,
"'Tis only by work that you'll be my own.
But at night, I rest and visit my friends,
And this for my daily work fresh strength lends."

"I know all you'd say, but it's not quite right,
For I've known you often to work at night:
'Why, Pa said, one evening out on the road,
I saw you carrying an awful load." — Courant.

Miss Hood: "Three in the bull's-eye, captain! I've outshot you this time."

Captain Angus: "Yes; but what's become of my other arrow? I shot three."

Voice of tramp in bushes: "When you folks get through countin' up, I wish you'd jest come in an' unpin my ear from this hickory-tree; 'taint the bull's-eye, but it's got feelin' in it."

— Beacon.

Understood.

[From "The Tech."
"How do you like your new type-writer?"
inquired the agent.
"It's immense!" was the enthusiastic response. "I wonder how I ever got along without it."

"Well, would you mind giving me a little testimonial to that effect?"
"Certainly not; do it gladly."

So he rolled up his sleeves and in an incredibly short space of time pounded out this:

"After using the automatic Back-action type writer for three months and over it, I unhesitatingly pronounce it pronounce it to be absolutely even more than the Manufacturers claim? for it. During the time been in our possession, I have no than paid paid for it$ in the Saving of time and labor."

— John H. Smith

"There you are, sir."
"Thanks," said the agent, dubiously. — New York Sun.

Some people say that hanging is too good for the former editors of the Arbeiter Zeitung. In that case why not send them to Yale? — Lampoon.

A Possibility.
We were standing in grandma's old kitchen,
I was seeking for something to say;
For grandma, who'd just introduced us,
Had left us, and hurried away.

"That's an old-fashioned chair there! I wonder
What they made it so big for, don't you?"
"Perhaps"—and she blushed just a little—
"Perhaps it was meant to hold two."

— Yale Record.

The Sophomore.
When Phoenix sprang from funeral pyre,
His pinions bore
A Sophomore,
A wild, red creature of the fire—
A bird of night, of aspect dire.
Fair Truth in shame
Concealed her name,
And wisdom, with confusion sore,
Saw Folly don a false attire;
But Bacchus loved the Sophomore.

— Brunonian.

The anarchists complain that there is no bomb in Gilead. — Yale Record.