The above sketch represents a machine, of The Tech's invention, for the use of men whose brains have turned to Indian Pudding during an examination, and have forgotten things they were perfectly sure of. The large sketch shows the "kicker" in action, whilst the small one shows the profits which would accrue to the Faculty by the use of such a machine. Let us have one of these, by all means, in Rogers' corridor.

A gentleman who is somewhat deaf is the owner of a dog, which has become the terror of the neighborhood. The other day he was accosted by a friend, who said, "Good-morning, Mr. S. — Your wife made us a very pleasant call last evening."

"I'm very sorry," came the startling reply. "I'll see that it doesn't occur again, for I intend to keep her chained up after this." — Youth's Companion.

"Boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" politely inquired a fashionably dressed lady.

"Yes'm; a load of hay went through this morning," was the urchin's horrid reply. — Atlanta Constitution.