A WONDER OF LOGIC.

Young Brown returned from college,
His head so filled with knowledge
(The freshman year, of course, you understand),
His fond and doting mother
Could scarce believe another
So wise and bright existed in the land.

He quoted logic daily,
And used to prate quite gaily
Of major premise, minor, and the rest;
His father oft perplexing
With syllogisms vexing,—
Though, truth to tell, he rarely came out best.

One morn the son was showing
Th' advantages of knowing
With only two eggs left, there more must be.
"That's one!" The here assented.
"That's two!" He smiled, contented.
"But two and one will evermore make three."

His father answered blandly:
"My boy, you've reasoned grandly;
This logic is the strangest thing I've heard."
One egg he gave the mother,
Himself then took another;
"And you, my son," he said, "can have the third."
—Independent.

Stranger (to boy): "Boy, can you direct me to the nearest bank?"
Boy: "I kin for twenty-five cents."
Stranger: "Twenty-five cents! Isn't that high pay?"
Boy: "Yes, sir, but it's bank directors what gits high pay."—Ex.

"Papa raise the blind, wont you?" languidly requested Maud, as the growing gloom settled heavily over the ninety-seventh page of Armand the Terrible.

Papa was snoring mildly, but, he managed to grunt: "On a queen high? D'ye take me for a chump?" and the tired spirit was again wafted into glorious dreamland.—Ex.

THE WIFE'S ANSWER.

"The fools are not all dead," said he;
Her answer took him quite aback:
"I'm very glad of it," said she;
"I never did look well in black."—Ex.

There was a young lady of Bicester,
And a man came behind her and kicester;
When she said, "How you dare!"
He replied, "I declare,
In the dark I took you for your sicester!"—Ex.

To register the heat or cold,
Thermometers are daily sold,
With numbers in relief right bold,
That readily they may be told
They're graduated by degrees.

Students hope for that time when
(It happens to some college men)
They're registered with ink and pen
Upon the college books, and then
They're graduated by degrees.

There are people every day
Who surpass the common clay;
Yet slowly chances it that they
Are credited, and hence we say,
They're graduated by degrees.
—Yale Courant.

FRESHMAN LOVE.

Day-dreams shroud him over,
Visions fill his brain;
Will he e'er recover
From these thoughts inane?
Duchess, Charlotte Bronte,
Mary Cecil Hay,
Reads, nor seems to want a
Moment spent in play.
Flunking recitation;
Waiting for the mail,
'Tisn't dissipation
Makes him thin and pale.
Ah, could I but borrow
Wisdom from above
To describe the sorrow
Of a Freshman's love.
—Williams Weekly.

History professor: "Mr. Litelbranes, how did Caesar die?"
Mr. Litelbranes: "Oh—er, too many Roman punches, I believe."—Ex.

Mr. Sentimental: "Did you read my poem, Miss Prim, entitled, 'Naught-he loves'?" Miss Prim (indignantly): "No! Aren't you ashamed? I never read poetry on such subjects."—Ex.