THE ABOVE SKETCH IS INTENDED TO SHOW ONE OF THE NUMEROUS PRACTICAL ADVANTAGES OF A SYSTEM OF ELECTRIC SURFACE ROADS, AS DELINEATED BY THE MONKEY BUSINESS GOING ON IN FRONT OF THE INSTITUTE LAST WEEK.

NO ROSE WITHOUT ITS THORN.
Do you know, of earthly blisses,
None are half so sweet as kisses,
Pretty Miss!
And, your lips, than other misses',
I would kiss.
Then the village maid looked shyly
Whilst I kissed her—Curse all wily
Maids!—In brief:
She had held a needle, slyly,
'Twixt her teeth!

THAT WAS JUST THE TROUBLE.
"I'm afraid" the Prof. said,
As he shook his gray head,
"You will never be noted for toil.
By the way you prepare,
I'm afraid you don't care,
About burning the midnight oil."
"Why, that's just what's the row,"
But stern grew the Prof.'s brow,
As he waited for the culprit's confession;
"I was up all last night,
With a kerosene light,
Taking part in a torchlight procession."

"And so," he said bitterly, when he realized that she had rejected him, "and so you have been flirting heartlessly with me all the while. Well, thank Heaven I have found you out at last!"
"Yes," she replied, "you have; and what is more, I think you will always find me out hereafter when you call.—Somerville Journal.

PADDLING.
The greater light that rules the day,
Hath seen a day of heavenly pleasure;
His beams have lit the golden way,
To win a maid—earth's fairest treasure.

Old Sol hath sunk to well-earned rest,
In robe-de-nuit of glowing splendor,
Yet lives one glad ray in my breast—
When light thine eyes with glances tender.

The lesser orb that rules the night,
Beholds our light craft gently gliding;
The dipping paddle falls as light
As whispered words of sweet confiding.

Then let me woo with soft caresses,
Draw nearer to thy side and nearer yet,
And even nearer—

Thunder what a mess!
Oh, Grace! good gracious, but this water's wet!

—Columbia Spectator.