Mr. Spaulding Nearsight Blinder, '90 (who mistakes the lady before him for his sister): "Sissy, I'm goin home,—this funeral's no good,—girls are homely, floor's been varnished, and feed 'ud kill a hoss; blawsted beastly bore! Get your duds and trot along."

(They nod her head, and our immaculate Junior doesn't find out for a week that he was talking to his hostess.)

George, can you tell me what makes the cargo?" "Yes, Rollo," said Mr. George, thoughtfully; "the passengers make the cargo." And then there was a long, cruel silence, and Rollo felt uncomfortable, and wished he was home playing mumblety-peg with Thanny.—Record.

AN OLD STORY.
'Tis the usual rotation:
I begin with dissipation,
Then comes expostulation.
I try an explanation,
She talks of detestation,
And resorts to lachrymation;
Then I promise reformation,
And we end with oscillation.

—Brunonian.

TO A COLLEGE ORGANIST.
He plays upon the college nine;
He hears the eager crowd
Applaud his throws and catches fine,
With cheering long and loud.
He runs—half mad with joy we meet
In vehement embrace,
When once we see his nimble feet
Have safely touched the base.

Again he plays—but no applause
Is heard among the throng;
Both reverence and college laws
Declare such acting wrong.
Each quiet in his chapel seat,
We keep a solemn face,
And wonder if his nimble feet
Will safely touch the bass.—Ex.