The peacefulness of the neighboring suburb of Chelsea was roughly invaded the other day by the Junior Chemists and Chemical Engineers, who, under the leadership of Dr. Norton and chaperonage of Mr. Smith, were making one of their perennial excursions. The rough sea voyage safely over, the party blew down to the lampblack works of Mr. Samuel Cabot, and under the guidance of Mr. Cunningham of last year's class were soon begrimed in artistic manner. The establishment of the Low Art Tile Co. was next visited, and here the various processes in tile and soda fountain manufacture were scientifically viewed, and a Chelsea bakery stowed carefully away. The return trip was made by horse-car as safer, and during the journey the peculiar actions observed in Course Ten's most dignified member, together with his lack of memory next day, might lead one to imagine that the air of this charming suburb is more invigorating than commonly supposed. The class will petition Dr. Norton to make a brewery the objective point next time. Let up hope there will be a return trip.

TOUSER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Bow wow! bow wow! I fill the air
With canine melody,
And pray the evening breeze to bear
My gallant bark to thee.

—Brunonian.

THE TWO MAIDS.

Two maids, as fair as maids can be;
Fair twins, both blonde are they,
But both coquettes and shallow-souled,
Dressed up in style to-day.
They paint sometimes when color fails;
Delight in laces fine;
Two maids, two ready-mades are they,
These russet shoes of mine.

—Williams Weekly.

IT WAS TOO MUCH.

A great man in New England lived
Who never made a slip,
He ne'er said "and et cetera,"
Yet spoke of "the la grippe."

—Blue and White.

The Very Best Way.

A tall young man of thoughtful mein,
And earnest, intellectual face,
On whose broad brow could well be seen,
Of grave and studious thoughts the trace,
Of our small group of six or eight,
(In tones quite void of frivolous taint)
Asked "if someone would clearly state
The best way of removing paint."

"I recommend some alcohol."
"Naphtha is best, I have been told."
"Benzine is way ahead of all."
"Steam cleansing is as good as gold."
Then chemicals and patent soaps
Were added to the list to try.
On each some "wise head" based his hopes
To make intrusive paint-spots fly.

At last, the questioner replied,
"Although, no doubt, each one would do
The work, if properly applied,
Still, now I've thought the matter through,
I think the quickest way will prove—
'Speed is the thing' is now the cry—
Whene'er you wish paint to remove,
Sit down on it before it's dry."

—Improving on the Bible.

While skating—I skate very well—
With Helen—so does she—
I saw a man that tripped and fell;
That tripped and fell upon his crown.
I cried. "A certain man went down."
A skillful pleasantry.

But then, demurely smiling—
I'm clever, so is she—
But then, with laugh beguiling,
She raised to me her charming face,
And capped my joke with saucy grace;
"Uncertain, sir, was he."

—A DELICATE HINT.

(To a young woman who thought he loved her.)

A picture there is in my watch, dear,
Inside the hunting-case,
A picture of one I love, dear,
With a sweet and intelligent face.

This face it is ever before me,
Not only in mind but in dreams,
Its presence, too, never can bore me,
So much like an angel it seems.

So you think that this is yourself, dear,
Ah, no! you're mistaken there,
'Tis a photograph of me, dear,
With my lovely golden hair.

—Blue and White.