

HE kissed her, and low sunk her head on his breast,
While loud beat his heart 'neath his still louder vest.
In emotion her bosom full swift sunk and rose,
While she wept it all on his new Sunday clothes.
His heart, once so gleesome, now quickly grew sad,
For these were the very best garments he had.
But soon through his bangs did an idea shoot,
Oh, joy! Without price he was pressing his suit.

A MAN named Darwin stole some sausages, but the missing links were recovered.

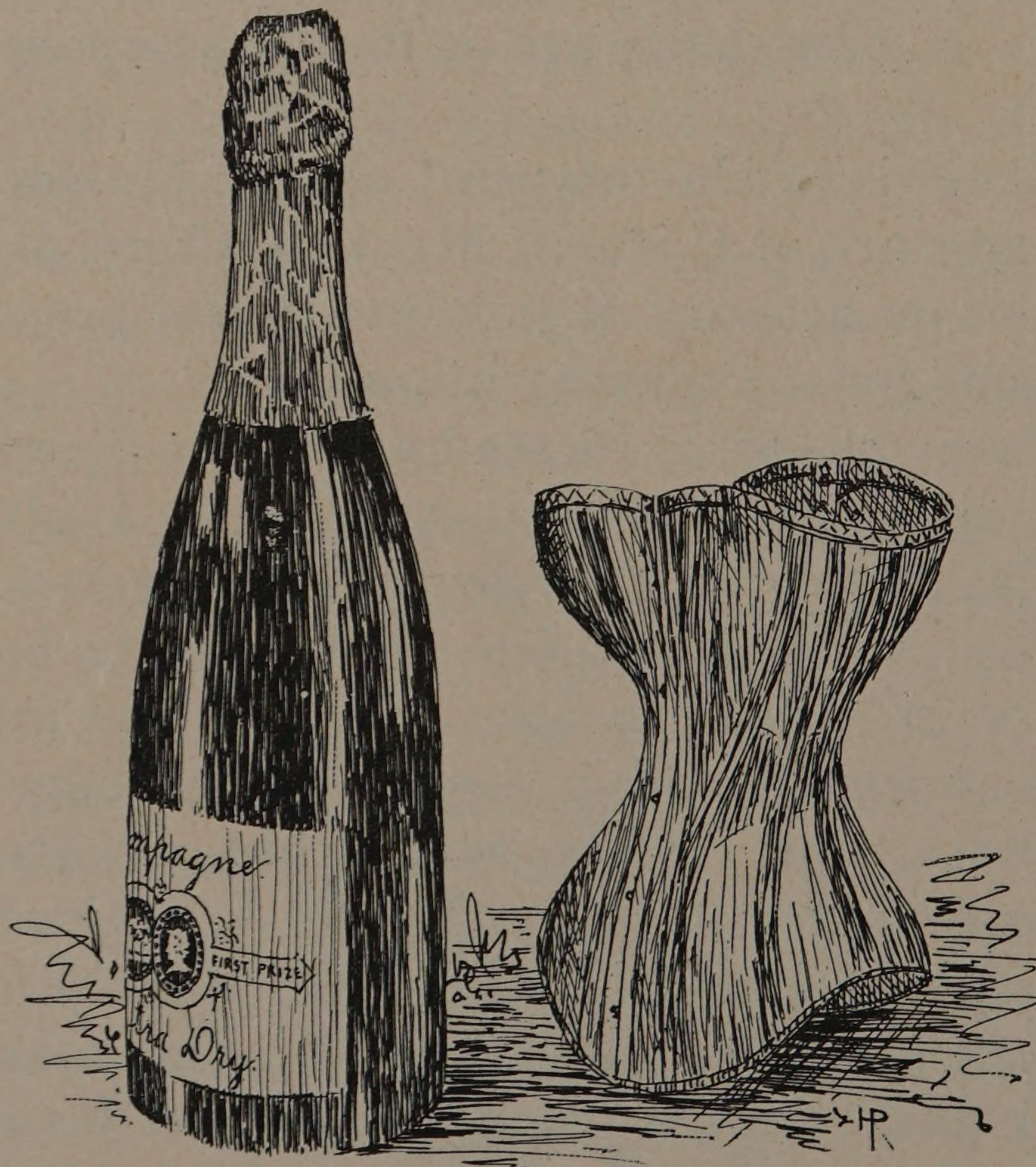
PROF.—What are the primary colors, Mr. Smith?

MR. SMITH—The sun, moon and stars.

PROFESSOR IN CHEMISTRY OF COOKING—What two fruits go best together?

MISS C—A *date* with a *peach*.

HUEY was tinkering with his bicycle one day, and caught his hand in the sprocket wheel, lacerating the latter quite severely. During the Electrical lecture the next day, he roused us out of a sound sleep and explained that he had been traveling "incog."



"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

SHAKESPEARE.