

Professor—Mr. McGinnis, what did the author say on sheep wool?

McGinnis—Cultivated sheep produce kinkled wool.

Matches are made in heaven they say, but those that turn out badly must be Lucifer matches from another shop.—Ex.

Leckie says that he is going to cripple all his little brothers next summer or learn to tackle, so that he can play end on the regular foot-ball team.

Professor—How did Demosthenes end his life?

Hudjins—Committed suicide by bloying his brains out with a Colt's revolver.

John Cadell (in oyster parlor), after eating four plates of crackers, grabbed up a plate, and after walking in the kitchen, said: "Got any more of them thar crackers?"

Fish Bryan says he is not coming back next year if they don't think enough of him to give him a corporalship.

Mr. Sheppard, a prominent lawyer of Texarkana, Tex., recently visited his brother, Cadet Sheppard, who has been very sick lately. We wish him an early recovery.

Lost.—Professor's bird. Supposed to have flown in a scuffle during "Chem." practice. Finder will please return to Capt. Walden and Lieut. Winkler and receive liberal reward.

At the recent meeting of the commissioned officers of the Battalion Miss Alma, the youngest daughter of our President, was elected Battalion sponsor. Miss Alma is a favorite and the corps is delighted to have her as sponsor.



AN ADVENTURE.

Three smart young men and three nice girls—

All lovers true as steel—
Decided in a friendly way,
To spend the day awheel.
They started in the early morn,
And nothing seemed amiss;
And when they reached the leafy lanes
They in like
rode twos this!

They wandered by the verdant dale,
Beside the rippling rill;
The sun shone brightly all the while;
They heard the song-bird's trill.
They sped through many a woodland glade,
The world was full of bliss—
And when they rested in the shade,
Theysat intwos likethis!

The sun went down and evening came
A lot too soon, they said;
Too long they tarried on the way,
The clouds grew black o'erhead,
Down dashed the rain! They homeward
flew,
Till one unlucky miss
Slipped sideways—Crash! Great Scott!
The lot
Were all mixed up likethis!
—Exchange.