

words closer together," said the judge,

chester University, perpetated in his class-room, the other day. He had been dilat-ing to some extent on the character and career of Lylwarch Hen, the Norwegin poet, and wishing to illustrate the an-thor's style, he remarked: "I will read you one of his lays." A smile came over the faces of a few students at this, which gradually spread, until the whole class was in , a tumult of laughter before the

brought in a rebel prisoner one day, and said he had found him in the woods; both were lost, and they agreed to get out of the woods, "and if it is so pe we make rebel lines I was to be his brisoners, and if ter were ter Union lines, he is mine brisoner." The rebel confirmed the Dutchman's story, and said : "I was tired totting the gun and wanted to sell

100 The Helena Gazette tells a story of a young man from that city who speut a few months in St. Louis last winter. It says that one cold day he walked into the Southern Hotel, and looking in vain for a stove, asked the clerk if there was no place where he could warm himself. The clerk, smiling urbanely, escorted the "Colonel" to a register, and told him to stand on the grate and he would soon get warm. The "Colonel" was much pleased.