

LANCELETS.

Lorraine Boulogne(s) to France which she hates Toulouse.

Customer: "Waiter, here's a button in the soup."

Waiter: "Button, sah, yes, sah; I guess dat's all right, sah."

Customer: "It's all right, of course; but I thought perhaps a button-hole went with it."

"Prisoner," said a Nevada judge, "what have you to say to this indictment; are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Before I answer the question, judge, I'd like to ask your Honor if this little spectacled dude is all the lawyer I've got?"

"That is Mr. Ferguson, sir," responded the judge, sternly; "I have appointed him to defend you, as you seem to have no counsel."

"Judge," said the prisoner, sighing heavily, "I'm guilty."

"Remember that in the morning of life comes the hard working days. Hard work never killed a man. It's fun, relaxation, recreative holidays that kill. The fun, that results in a head the next morning so big that a tub could hardly cover it is what kills. Hard work never does."

"One kiss," says a cautious suitor, "is worth a dozen love letters, and it cannot be introduced in a breach of promise suit."

The following notice is to be seen at the entrance of a French country cemetery: "Here are interred the dead living in this parish."

A New Definition.—Politeness consists in the art of kneeling down before people without dirtying oneself.—*Gedankenspalme*.

The number of women who really care to vote is about equal to the number of men who like to put the baby to sleep.—*Puck*.

Rector (with tremendous force): "Do you ask me to believe that even after this shameful treatment, Jacob was put out?"

Sport-loving deacon (waking up suddenly): "Yes, he was, an' Kelly never'd reached second if"—(and the organ played softly).—*Judge*.

Aim well!  
No time is lost by care,  
Haste falls, Beware! Beware!  
A true aim wins, then dare  
Make each aim tell.

Aim high!  
No shaft is e'er misspent  
Which, aimed with true intent,  
Strikes near the mark. Well-meant  
Is victory!

—Walter A. Lese.

As on life's paths we walk  
His fortune is but ill  
Who has not mind to talk,  
Nor judgment to keep still.

—The Judge.

The scholar without good breeding is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.

Flies and youth both like 'lasses, and yet however "fly" a youth may be, he cannot be a fly.

"I have the subject at my finger's end," says the student, as he begins to spur up his "pony."

"Japonicadom" is the last name given to New York high society.

"Sunday is the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week." It is also a good time, and usually accepted as such, for a man to pull off his boots and try all the corn and bunion remedies accumulated during the six preceding days.—*Hartford Journal*.

Maude—"At Miss Dolittle's luncheon to-day the girls were all talking about your marriage, Mamie. They said your husband was old and decrepit, and that you married him for his money." Mamie—"And what did you say, Maude?" Maude—"I said you did not do any such thing." Mamie—"H-have you seen my husband, Maude?" Maude—"No." Mamie—"I thought not."—*Boston Budget*.

EXCHANGE.

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The *Berkleyan* of the University of Califor-