

The following are the coaches of some of the base ball teams: Harvard has Keefe; Williams, Haddock; Dartmouth, Viau; Yale, Gruber; Princeton, Foutz; Brown University, Duffy; Wesleyan Murphy and Trinity Welch.

The four teachers in the Union who get \$10,000 a year each are President Jordan, of the Stanford University, California; President Harper, of the new University at Chicago; Dr. Jas. MacAlister, President of Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, and Dr. James E. MacKenzie, principal of Lawrenceville School, New Jersey.—*Ex.*

LANCILETS.

A CONTRADICTION.

"Man wants but little here below,"
So runs the ancient song,
And adds as if to make us sad,
"Nor wants that little long."

"Man has too little here below,"
The Junior moans the song,
And adds in sadly sighing tones,
"Nor keeps that little long."

—*Yale Courant,*

ALAS!

Sweet Ethelinda sewed one day
A button on my vest;
And as she was so near—and sweet—
Her form I gently pressed.
She frowned, she blushed; the button danced
Unsewed about my vest.
She said, "You press the button, sir,
And I will do the rest!"

THE MARCH MEDLEY.

The modern man acknowledges
This paradox so grim,
When he can't "raise the wind" it is
An awful blow to him.

A CONDUCTOR'S REPORT,

Engine one hundred and sixty-eight
Was badly wrecked on Barnesville 'straight,'
She struck on a rock and down she fell,
And tore her tender all to h—l,

ONLY FOR THE TIME.

Socks which dress reform now claims,
Which on wash lines gaily blow
Will, e're Christmas time obtain,
Into long-legged stockings grow.

—*Ink Stings,*

AT THE DANCE.

They were lovers, and fain they would wed;
On his breast she had nestled her head,
He glanced down and fainted,
Her cheeks they had painted
His only clean shirt bottom red.

"A flower of fancy I enclose,"
I wrote, when sending her a verse.
She answered, praising much my thrift,
Because I had not robbed my purse;
But in a postscript added this:
"Your flower I value more than all
The gardens yield, but tell me, dear,
If I shall wear it at the ball."

PLEASANTRIES.

HIS RETAINERS.
"I ask for no retention fee,"
Quoth Counsellor O'Quirk,
"No money, sir, unless it be
Reward for honest work.

I am not of the kind who grasp
A farmer's hard-earned pence
Before there's given a single gasp
Of thought for such expense.

He tried the case and won the same,
And when it did befall
A thousand for his client came,
He just retained it all.

ONLY A LITTLE.

A little drink and a little more
And the drunkard's stretched on the ginmill's floor.
A little rum and a little gin
And the angel's gone, the fiend's within.
A little fib, and the truth has left;
A little "steal"—a brazen theft;
A little bet and you've lost your "tin."
Oh, the littles make a load of sin!
But worse by far, than loss of pelf,
Is little by little the loss of self!

The time of Lent is a time to repent,
'Tis not a time for ease;
And the kneeling part just breaks my heart,
For it bags my pants at the knees.