

The bald-headed man awoke with a start
 From his weekly devotional slumbers;
 Then he sank on his knees and fervently prayed,
 "O Lord, send me down the back numbers."

—*Exchange.*

MY CHOICE.

Now-a-days things go by doubles;
 Rowboats, sofas, the canoe,
 Hammocks, dog-carts, all such things,
 And bicycles are built for two.

But for these if you have praises,
 Waste them on some other man.
 My devotion I pledge to the
 Muff run on the partner plan.

—*Exchange.*

THE RETORT CHEMICAL.

Break, break, break,
 O beakers and bottles and flasks,
 In the weary grind
 Of matter and mind
 That marks all our chemical tasks.

For it's twenty-five dollars for "Lab."
 And a "fiver" or "tenner" to boot,
 For filters and tubes
 To buy the young "Rubes"
 In a "confidence," "bunco" -like loot.

The boys come and go like beggars,
 By the spot where the "Prof" holds fort,
 And try to give back
 What they've borrowed, alack!
 But this is the pointed retort.

That flask is speckled and spotted
 With grams and grams of dirt,
 And there's H₂O
 In that bulb I know
 Your retort beyond hope is hurt.

So take them back to your stands, sirs,
 And polish and wash through and through,
 With HNO₃
 In plenty you see,
 And then I'll attend to you.

Then they grumble and scowl and mutter,
 In a way beyond all compare,
 At this merciless dame
 Of an antique fame,
 Who ever sits sphinx-like there.