

THE LAST "KNOCK."

I wandered into Jack's room the other evening again and had a great time. When I opened the door, the tobacco smoke rolled past me in a dense cloud while the room itself reminded one of a London fog in all its denseness.

"More fresh fish to smoke" was the cry that met my ears and ere I could retreat, the door was closed and I was a prisoner. After several vain attempts, I discerned innumerable forms perched in every part of the room—each form adding to the cloudy atmosphere by the use of a poor, vile, heathenish sort of weed.

"Help yourself" informed a kind voice from the bed. "Reddy's' birthday—these are on him!"

"I guess these are on us" moaned a troubled voice away back in a corner. "I bet these specimens cost the buyer about twenty-five cents per hundred wholesale."

"Ah! Go on!" broke in a voice, "if you don't like the company, get out."

"Can't—that's the deficity," moaned the individual in the corner as he arose and made one vain attempt after another to open a door or a window. Finally after one of his fruitless excursions, the troubled youth broke out, "Say, youse lobsters! If you are so air-tight, wont you just please let me look out through the window pane at the pure, unadulterated breeze?" After some serious discussions, the last request was granted.

"Say, I heard a good one to-day on Sam—throw me a cigar first," spoke a Senior, with his heels propped high on the desk, unmindful of the fumes.

After catching a cheroot and missing several, the speaker began, "Well, you know Sam. He had his intended here last commencement in company with her aunt and on one of the days of commencement Sam was detailed to help run