

Physiology examination :

Question, "What is Respiration?"

Ans. No. 1—Respiration is used to keep one from getting cold, and helps a good deal when we are sick.

Ans. No. 2—Respiration is something that breaks out on you when you play football, and your hands will get kind of wet too.

Ans. No. 3—The process of respiration is carried on at all times, but not to as great an extent as others. Its purpose is to keep the skin moist and pliable. If it did not our hands would chap more.

"Oh! I am tired; let us sit on the window sill."

Under the willows on a fine moonlight night.

Matron to storekeeper: "Have you any eggs, Mr. T.?"

Mr. T.: "No, not any."

Matron: "I saw one in your window, so thought that you would have some more."

Mr. T.: "Oh! that is a china egg."

"Rise, please."

Freshman Bible Student: "Say, Tom, if you don't stop I'll kill you in the way which Moses killed Goliath."

One of the Juniors sees such beauty in the clouds that they employ his whole attention.

One of the Seniors mistakes light blue for green. He evidently thinks a *Chure(h)-hill* should be covered with green grass.

Oh, can you hear me singing?  
I've been singing all the day;  
I've kept the woods a-ringing  
With my sweet yet plaintive lay.

You ask why I've been singing  
So sadly all the day?  
Ah, list! the woods are ringing  
My melancholy lay—

'Tis this: I'm sick and tired  
Of solitude so long?  
A mate is what is required!  
That's all, my dear, that's wrong!

Now lift your stately pinions,  
And fly right in my arms!  
Care not for cold opinions!  
I'm waiting for your charms.

He got left.

Which one of our students intends taking the degree of LL. B.?

Student to Mrs. —: "Say! Is this your first year at school?"

Prof. to Student: "Is *Thomas* a noun or a verb?"

Student: "I don't think he is a verb, for he never does anything."

"Can't you spare me one, too?"

Which one of our editors got collared while West?

"Oh! how sweet! (sugar).

The *Daily S*—, three cents a copy.

I'm pretty.

Prof. to Student: "Parse *man*."

Student: "Man is an irregular verb."

Only five minutes more.

"Where, oh where" are the four spontaneous combusters?

Are window-sills comfortable seats?

Personal: One of the *seniors* has just paid a visit to Titus Mills, Upham, ordering building material, and business was so rushing that he *de(nid)* himself many pleasures.

Prof. (to boy with bull's-eye lantern): "Turn up that light."

Prof. at door: "Open that door." No one opens it. "Who's there?" "Me!" Door opens. Prof.: "What boy is that under the bed? Is that you, Mr. T——?" It is Grant(ed) that (he) came out.

Prof.: "What are you up to?" Student: "I'm in the Racket." Prof.: "Yes, I see you are."

Prof.: "Open that door." Voice from Within: "I can't; the boys have possession." Prof.: "Who are they?" Voice: "Can't see; it's dark." Prof.: "Light the lamp." Voice: "Have no matches."

"Was the cake good for a broken nose?"

"Lend me ten cents."

Did the boy on the limits, who was so soft as to stand in the connecting door for half an hour, receive any serious wounds from the Partridge shot?

Prof. (to Mr. R—— in Latin class): "Miss P——, please parse that word."

Group discussing what they want done with their bodies after death:—

1st Voice: "Well! When I am dead I don't care where they put me. I would not mind if they put me out on the ash heap."

2nd Voice: "That's all right; but who do you suppose would pass the ash heap after that?"

Does Uncle B—— attend the S. of T. division *Tues-day* evenings?"

That's not nice.