

## CLIPPINGS.

—A new student who calls a-c-l-m claf, signs his name calf, and pronounces it claf.—*Vidette*.

The only difference between a boy and a barn is that the shingles are applied to the roof of the barn.—*Ec.*

—An eminent physician has recently discovered that nightmare, in nine cases out of ten, is produced by owing the newspaper-man.—*Ec.*

—A "Soph" being asked the origin of the word restaurant, replied: "It comes from *res*, a thing; and *taurus* a bull. A bully thing."—*Ec.*

—It is said where one youth depends on his mental ability for success in life, nine rest their hopes on the cut and gloss of their collars.

—Prof.—"Gentlemen, if this point don't go to O. it must inevitably go to H." Class laughs, and Prof. does not see the point after all.

—Business young lady.—"Won't you take a share in this sewing-machine?" Senior.—"Will it sew on buttons?" Dame, blushing.—"No sir."—*Ec.*

—A near-sighted student of '81, looking without his glasses at the well known engraving, "The Huguenot Lovers," he remarked, "Ah, I perceive, The Huguenots."—*Campus*.

—The man who took off his coat in memorial, the other evening, thinking it was his overcoat, and started up the aisle in his shirt-sleeves, soon became painfully aware of his mistake.—*Advocate*.

—The lecture was getting dry. "Let's take something," said the prof. Then those Seniors rose unanimously, but it was only something to be taken by way of illustrating his remarks, that was all.—*Campus*.

—Forty-seven young idiots, in Los Angeles, California, says an exchange, have paid \$3 each, to be vaccinated with virus from the arm of the handsomest young lady in town. Quite poetical. *Anna virus que*, you know.—*Ec.*

—An Indiana girl at Vassar college writes to her parents: "This is the most stylish hair pin of a boarding-school I ever tumbled into. I can eat four times a day, if I want to, and get a fair whack at the hash every time."—*Campus*.

—A lad reciting some poetry to his mother, gave, among other things, the "Burial of Sir John Moore." "What do you like best in the piece?" asked the mother. "Few and short were the prayers they said," was the boy's reply.—*Bates Student*.

—Scene at Seniors' boarding-club. Phatty (waving his hands frantically over his vast extent of abdomen) —"Oh, had I the wings of a dove!" Voice,— "Dry up! You'd be shot for a turkey-buzzard, before you had gone ten rods."—*Ec.*

—Bulldozing Barber.—"Have your hair cut to-day, sir?" Student.—"No, sir." B. B. (while fumbling among the locks) —"Very long—very straggling, sir, comes clear down to your coat collar." S.—"All right, I'll have the collar moved down."—*Ec.*

—When Englishmen first gaze on Niagara, they exclaim: "By Jove!" Western men say: "Thunder!" people from the rural districts: "By Jimminie!" and the brides,—bless 'em,—say: "O, hold me, Gwage?"—*Wittenberger*.

—Scene in one of the village schools. School marm, having occasion to administer the—a dose of the oil of birch, applies it with the palm of her hand; youngster goes to his seat muttering, "Next time, by golly, I'll put some tacks in my breeches."—*Dartmouth*.

—Prof.—"Mr. R., how is charcoal made?" Mr. R. "A quantity of wood is piled up, and covered with leaves, chips, etc., then it is ignited, and is slowly converted into charcoal." Prof.—"Is anything added to the covering of leaves and chips?" Mr. R.—"I think sir, a little grease is added."—*Ec.*

—"Conny" Sands girl has kicked him; and "Conny" says when he left he don't understand why in the mischief she commenced singing,

"And in parting, leave behind us,  
Footprints in the sands of time."

We give it up, "Con—" —*Monthly Musings*.

—"Ah love!" she murmured, as they wandered through the moonlight, "ah dearest, why do the summer roses fade?" He happened to be a young student studying chemistry, and he replied that it was owing to the insufficiency of oxygen in the atmosphere.

—It was a bashful Fresh that stood before the class officer trying to excuse his many absences from prayers, Prof. questioning him closely. "You see, Professor, I have been sitting up with a friend down street." Prof.—"Is your friend in college?" "No sir." "Who is it then?" "It is a—a—a—a young—guess I'll take my demerits!"—*Undergraduate*.

—We do not know where it originated, but it is too good to die—the story of the Senior who justified himself for studying on Sunday, by saying: "The Lord approved of the man for helping his ass out of the pit on the Sabbath day, much more will he approve the ass for helping himself out."—*College Index*.

—A young lady in Brooklyn, asked her young man why he called her his *Ultra*, and he courteously replied, it was a Latin quotation. "This," said he, "is my knee, and when I add you to it, I have my knee plus *Ultra*, which is Latin for 'I don't want anything more on my knee.' Don't you see, my darling?" She said she did.—*Bates Student*.