

Clippings.

"THARE iz no good substitute for wisdom," says Josh Billings, "but silence iz the best that haz been discovered yet."

A— translated *Verstanden Sie vor vier Monaten*, "Will you stand it for four months? What are you laughing at, anyway?"

"'HAPPY the nation whose annals are uninteresting,'" remarked the Professor one morning. Yes, but it is hard on local editors.

A SCOTCH schoolmaster crossly asked his pupils, "Who signed the Magna Charta?" A little girl tremblingly replied, "Please, sir, it was na me."

COCKNEY English.—Friendly inquirer,— "And how is the good firm of John Smith getting on? Flourishing, I hope." Junior Partner,— "Oh! it's no longer 'John Smith,' but 'Smith and Cow,' and I'm the Cow!"— Fun.

PROFESSOR—"Now, Mr. B—, will you give me an illustration of Real Estate?" Mr. B—"Yes, sir," (holding up a lead pencil). Professor (in great astonishment)— "Upon what theory do you term that real estate?" Mr. B—"Upon the theory that it is stationery."

Two students were coming from the college grocery with a bag of crackers: 1st. *Student*.—These must be the remnants of the crackers which Noah took on board the Ark for his boys. 2nd. *Student*.—(With a look which betrayed no lack of confidence in his biblical information,) yes, Cain and Abel.

If Pinafore has done no other damage to the world, it has at least knocked the sublimity out of one of our most awe-inspiring words. Never again can that word be used with its former effect; never by its impressiveness can it send a thrill of awe through the veins of the hearer. To no purpose now does the orator rise to heights of eloquence from his stately periods, build his lofty climaxes, if he forgets, and, as formerly, caps them with "never." So let us hunt up a synonym for this word, which will hardly ever acquire again its ancient seriousness.

THERE was a young student in Chapel
Who said, "I think that a snug little nap'll
Do me more good
Than a sermon could,"
And his snores softly rose in the Chapel.

There was a young tutor behind him,
For ten seconds glared mildly to find him;
Then he took out a book
With happiest look,
And seventeen marks he assigned him.

—*Yale Record*.

MR. WHITTIER'S "Maud Muller," according to a correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, rests upon the following scanty foundation. The poet and his sister were journeying through York Me., and stopped to inquire the way of a young girl who was at work in the hay-field. Her beauty, and the modesty with which she raked the hay over her naked feet while they were talking with her, touched the poet's fancy, and that night the poem was written. "If I had any idea that the plaguey little thing would have been so liked, I should have taken more pains with it," the correspondent makes Mr. Whittier say. Somewhat un-Quakerish language; but then the theme is not altogether a Quakerish theme.

A FUNNY incident occurred yesterday morning to an able-bodied policeman, which he will remember until that period when he will be required to shake off—not his uniform but "his mortal coil." Observing a wire of the fire telegraph lying across the street he proceeded to break it, in order that horses in passing might not become entangled in it, but the next moment he was coiled completely up, with both ends of the wire in his hands and a powerful stream of electricity being injected into him. He tried to shake the "darned" thing off, but it stuck to him like a leech, and whilst wrestling with the electric fluid, he keeled over in the mud like a broken down gladiator, soiling his new clothes. Just think of it. Solicitous spectators advised him to let the thing go, but this was what he could not do. Occasionally, as he bent double, the poor fellow exclaimed, "Oh! oh-o!" He was being "wired" into with a vengeance, but at a lucky moment the current was broken, and he dropped the wires, vowing that he would never again touch a wire during the rest of his natural sojourn in this vale of tears and electricity.