THE current volume of the Atlantic Monthly promises to be one of the most interesting which the publishers of that excellent periodical have issued. The volume is to contain Longfellow's dramatic poem, "Michael Angelo,"—probably the last unpublished work of the dead poet; the sketches for a novel which were left by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and a series of papers by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The last are of peculiar interest in connection with the Atlantic, for, as The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Dr. Holmes made himself and the magazine famous. The various other features of the volume are of more than ordinary interest and value. The February number contains, in addition, an undoubtedly just criticism of Herbert Spencer's theory of education, and a timely article on civil-service reform.

The Columbian Spectator publishes the names of its eleven editors and denies that any outside influence is brought to bear upon the journalistic work of the paper.

The Varsity has a charming way of taking its property wherever it finds it. It rarely credits its clippings from the college journals; even the prolific Ex. is not recognized in its columns. As a result, several unsuspecting journals have credited to the Varsity notes and items which could claim a much higher parentage.

The Bowdoin Bugle and Amherst Ohio are out. Both are complimented.

There is very little likelihood that Columbia will send a crew to Lake George.—Acta.

An old bachelor says we are safe from ever having a woman for President, because no one of the sex would ever confess to being over thirty-five years of age.—Ex.

Political Economy is studied by more men than any other one elective subject in college. —Crimson.

It is proposed to form an intercollegiate baseball league to include the Maine college nines. —Colby Echo.

LITTLE AH SID.
Little Ah Sid
Was a Christian kid,—
A cute little cuss, you'd declare,
With eyes full of fun,
And a nose that begun
Right up at the roots of his hair.

Jolly and fat
Was this frolicsome brat,
As he played through the long summer day,
And braided his cue
As his father used to
In Chinaland, far, far away.

Once, o'er a lawn
That Ah Sid played upon,
A bumble-bee flew in the spring.
"Mr. lacen buttlefly!"
Said he, with winking eye;
"Me catchee and pull off um wing."

Then, with his cap,
He struck it a rap,
This innocent bumble-bee,
And put its remains
In the seat of his jeans;
For a pocket there had the Chinee.

Down on the green
Sat the little sardine
In a style that was strangely demure,
A n'id said with a grin,
That was brimful of sin,
"Me mashee um buttlefly sure."

Little Ah Sid
Was only a kid;
Nor could you expect him to guess
What kind of a bugr
He was holding so snug
In the fold's of his loose-fitting dress

"Ki-ya! Ki-yip-ye!"
Ah Sid cried, as he
Rose hurriedly up from that spot;
"Ki-ya! Suk-a-kan!
Damn um Melian man —
Um buttlefly velly much hot!"

San Francisco Wasp.