THE COLLEGE WORLD.

HARVARD.—The Juniors have now two full eights in training for their class boat.—Thirty-six men took part in the election of captain of the University eleven. Mr. Brooks, '87, a member of the University crew, was elected.—No Freshmen have as yet appeared as candidates for the inter-collegiate team.—A bust of James Russell Lowell, executed by French, the sculptor of the John Harvard statue, has been placed in the west end of Memorial.—Harvard College paid $28,000 last year as taxes to the city of Boston.

YALE.—The inter-collegiate team is training very carefully. Among the men are Brooks, Yale's champion sprinter, who will re-appear after an absence of over a year, and Ludington, who won the 120-yards hurdle race at the inter-collegiate games last May.—The Yale News publishes the total actual saving of two thirds of the members of the Co-operative Society there, placing it at $2,341.35.—The committee on subscriptions for the new gymnasium have received, up to date, $1,000 for the Undergraduate Gymnasium Fund, two members of the Senior class having subscribed $500 each.—During Pres. Porter's term of office, the number of instructors has increased from 71 to 114; of students, from 755 to 1,076. The number of books in libraries, from 90,000 to 173,000. The buildings have doubled, and finally the funds of the college have increased 75 per cent; i.e., over two million and a half have been given to the college in fifteen years.

CORNELL.—The Faculty has issued the following proclamation: "That, for the present, attendance at recitation and lectures shall be made voluntary for students of all classes.—The Trustees have voted to purchase 4,100 volumes as a foundation for the Law Library.—Ex-President White is now in London.

Our interesting series of articles entitled "The Cruise of the Arethusa," are by Mr. Charles L. Burlingham, of the Senior class, who was a member of the expedition.

TWO NEGATIVES.

She answered, "No." Tears rose to fill
Her bonny eyes; yet something still
Bade me stay on—perhaps the slight,
Soft pressure of her hand, which might
Have been her heart's own sweet "I will."

But ah! how hope died in the chill
Of that hard word! It dimmed the light
Of moon and stars, as, trembling, white,
She answered, "No."

Then loth to leave my love until
Essayed was all my lover's skill,
Her lily waist encircling quite,
I whispered, "Did I hear aright?"
When, softer than a song-bird's trill,
She answered, "No."

SCENE IN RECITATION.

Instructor: "May I take your text-book, Mr. X.?

Mr. X: "Certainly, sir."

Instructor: "Mr. X., would you mind if I cut the leaves?"—Lampoon.

HER EYES.

Merry eyes, whose fringes
Curtain all their tinges;
Are they sad or are they gay?
Prythee tell me which. I pray.
Faith, there's much that hinges
On what they may say.
If they would but meet me,
Frankly, gaily greet me,
I would feel distraught,
Friendly eyes of gray.
But if eyes of gray should grow
Dark, impassioned as the glow
Of the purple in the skies,
Full of all that in them lies,
Blue as is the violet's hue,
Loving, glowing eyes of blue,
Could I know that these were you,
I would straightway tell her true.
But her lashes hide her eyes,
Lest I should her heart surprise.

—Yale Record.