The University of Vienna has 6,135 students now, against 5,007 at the beginning of the year. Among them are over 100 Americans and Australians attending the scientific department.—Ex.

Columbia, at her anniversary, besides honoring our President and Professor Goodwin with the title of L.L.D., conferred the degree of doctor of letters upon Alice E. Freeman, President of Wellesley College, Prof. W. D. Whitney of Yale, and Professor Child of Harvard, and the degree of D.D. upon Rev. Phillips Brooks.

At the Harvard Union Debate, April 14th, it was decided in the affirmative that President Cleveland’s course in the pension vetoes is to be approved.

At a dinner of the editors of the Yale Literary Magazine, the following was one of the toasts:—

Princeton.—Mr. Corwin:

"Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs,
Upon a slimy sea."

—Coleridge.

Two Vassar seniors were seriously injured by an explosion in a mine at Pottsville, Pa., Monday. One of them has since died from her injuries.

Base-ball Notes.—Davidson, the first-base-man of the Amhersts, is the tallest first-base-man in the college arena.—The University of Penn. men consider the Williams nine the finest set of college men they ever played with.—The Yales complain of the rattling and yelling process used to break them up in Washington.—University of Penn. has twice beaten Amherst and Williams, and once tied Princeton.—Wiestling of the Harvards is considered the best base-runner in the inter-collegiate arena.

President Adams of Cornell lectured at the University of Michigan, recently, on the “Drift of Civilization.” It is said that he did not have a full house, because “The Devil’s Auction” was in town on the same evening.

Only to hear her sweet voice once more,
As through the old home it used to ring,
So gentle, so soft, so dear, so clear,
My darling used of old to sing.

Only to see her sweet face again
Mid golden tresses so fresh and fair,
From my sad heart would banish the pain
That for long years has settled there.

No more for me will her sweet voice sing,
No more for me will her fair face smile;
For cold and still in her lowly grave
She lies, by the quaint old churchyard stile.

—Record.

A Question of Grammar.

"They tell me, Miss Grace, that of grammar you know
Much more than the average Miss.
Pray answer this question, "'tis lighter than tow:
What sort of a noun is a kiss?"

And after a moment the lady replied,
Some bashfulness seeming to stop her,
While her blushes to hide to no purpose she tried,
"I should call it both common and proper."

—Record.

A Refutation.

"Hearts are trumps," the poets claim:
He who writes in love’s own game
Has them at his command.

Alas! I know
It is not so:
I held the cards, but lost the hand!

—Dartmouth Lit.

Under the Snow.

I thought my love was false at heart,
And I left her in sorrow one winter day;
As I passed along through the drifting snow
The ring she gave me I cast away.

The ring I found when the snow had gone;
Its mute appeal I could not reject:
Her love, I found, had lain pure as the gold,
Under the snows of my cold neglect.

—Harvard Advocate.