Rutgers is to have a school of electricity and an improved scientific department. The college has received $15,000 by a recent act of Congress for experimental stations.

There is an advance of five per cent in college attendance in the United States this year over last.

Professor Webster, of Rochester, has been called to the presidency of Union College.

Columbia Law School has a membership of 461. Two hundred and twenty-nine of them are college graduates, representing fifty-six different institutions.

The new cage at Princeton, already finished, is not to be used until paid for.

At Harvard there are 271 men training for the various athletic teams.

The Cornell Sun complains of the attitude of the Faculty in dropping the athletic men at the examinations.

The question of a newspaper of frequent issue and a literary monthly, is being agitated at Columbia.

650 out of the 900 students at the University of the city of New York are in the medical department.

The alumni of Williams College have decided to raise $100,000 for the creation of a memorial building to the late Mark Hopkins, to stand on the college grounds.

Three thousand students attend the University of Cairo, Egypt.

The Columbia College Library is said to be the best managed in the world. Writing materials are furnished for the visitors, and light meals are supplied to those students who are too busy to leave their work.—Ex.

Columbia has a total of 1,662 students in all departments.

The Senior Class of the College of Liberal Arts, of Boston University, have voted to hold no class-day exercises this year, but to add a number of valuable books to the library instead.—Ex.

She wandered down the pathway trim,
Where gilliflowers their sweetness shed,
And as she went the daffodils
Bowed every stately, golden head;
And where she trod—on every print
Of both her little feet, they say,
Sprang rosemary and cuckoo-pint,
To make her garden gay.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Bright did your garden blow;
But far most fair of all things there
Was your sweet self, I trow.

Beside the wicket-gate he stood,
A golden youth and debonair,
Where clematis and southernwood
Sprang in the quiet summer air;
And dreamily she opened wide
Her pretty eyes of brightest blue,
Then pulled a rose or two—and sighed—
And turned away—(they always do).

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
That lamb was sure to go.

Her yielding hand in his he pressed,
His voice was whispering soft and low—
And then up bounced that little pest,
Her silly sheep, and bothered so.
He pressed between, he shoved and pushed;
So loud his peevish baaing grew,
That down the lawn the household rushed,—
So ended that sweet interview.

She turned, and then in pensive tones
She said, “I’ve kept that lamb too long;
Cook, you may send to Mr. Bones,—
And mind that the mint-sauce is strong.”
—Oxford Review.

He had lent his stylographic pen to direct an envelope. She: “Oh, doesn’t it write beautifully? I declare, I’m in love with the pen.”

He: “I’m in love with the holder.” She saw the “point.”