Dr. Kruss, a chemist of Munich, has succeeded in decomposing cobalt and nickel, both of which have hitherto been supposed to be elementary substances.—*W. P. I.*

The number of volumes in the library at Yale, 200,000; Harvard, 165,000; Syracuse, 75,000; Brown, 66,000; Tufts, 25,000; B. U., 6,000.—*Beacon.*

Johns Hopkins has just one "co-ed."

It is an old joke, but we cannot refrain from springing it again, that no anaesthetic known to the materia medica can compare with Ganot's Physics. We defy any man to read it one hour and keep awake, or to give a coherent synopsis of what is in it after he has read it. Morphine, opium, and laudanum are not to be compared with it.—*Ex.*

Yale has accepted the challenge of Cornell to a four-mil race on the Thames River, at New London. Psotta will stroke the Cornell crew.—*Crimson.*

University of Pennsylvania will erect a dormitory, at a cost of $125,000, which is to be the largest in the United States.

February 20th was the one hundred and sixth anniversary of the founding of Phillips Exeter Academy.—*Yale News.*

The Juniors, who do satisfactory work in Chemistry, both in the class-room and laboratory, will be excused from taking an examination in that subject.—*The Dartmouth.*

Clark University is to be a university in fact as well as in name. Its students will be college graduates who desire to carry still further their studies and investigations in the mental and physical sciences; and the facilities and methods will be fully equal to those of the best German universities. No undergraduate courses will be included, unless future experience may render it advisable, and the work will be university work in the fullest sense.

"Waiter, bring me some hock. Hic-haec-hoc !" Waiter doesn't move. "Didn't I order some hock?"

"Yes, but you afterward declined it."—*Ex.*

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"Ha, ha, ha!" die Auster sagt.
Als sie kommt der Schale heraus;
"O, seid mich! Ich bin gewagt,
Lebe wohl, mein kleines Haus!"

Aber, ach! sie spricht zu bald,
Sie rette nicht die Jupe;
Sie finde dass der Tag ist kalt,
Denn sie füllt—ach!—*in die Suppe.*

A STUDY IN YELLOW.
Dreamy she lies in her porcelain palace,
Soud-ja the princess, the fair young barbarian,
Soft shine her eyes from her sweeping jet eyelashes,
While from the window behind, golden sun-rays
Filtering through the thin screen of pale rushes
Glow o'er her soft clinging robes of light amber.
See her slim hand, long-nailed, henna-tinted,
Eagerly turning the crisp, pictured pages!
Deeply absorbed in the dainty book, mark her;
What tale is't, a romance all peopled with houris,
A poem, a soft sigh of somne eloquent poet?
No—what entrances, charms this young princess

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.
"Tempus fugit" said the Romans.
Yes, alas! 'tis fleeing on;
Ever coming,
Ever going,
Life is short, and soon 'tis gone.
But as I think of next vacation,
Poring o'er these lessons huge,
Ever harder,
Ever longer,
All I say is, "Let her fuge!"—*Ex.*

TO HER MIRROR.
Ah, lucky mirror! whose clear depths
Show forth my lady's features fair,
On you she often looks and smiles,
Seeing her face reflected there.
But I could ne'er her mirror be,
For smiled she on me, happy swain,
My heart would hold her image fast,
And never give it back again.

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