Exchange Gleanings.

By the will of the late Edward L. Philbrick, of Brookline, bequests have been made to Harvard and Technology.—Crimson.

Phillips Academy, Andover, is to have a new gym.

It is estimated that Cornell brings to Ithaca about $3,000 per day.

Of the eight men in General Harrison's Cabinet, four are college graduates. Blaine is a graduate of Washington College, Procter of Dartmouth, Miller of Hamilton, and Noble of Yale.—Tale News.

Ten thousand students are at present attending the University of Cairo, Egypt.—Exonian.

Professor Sargent, of the Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard University, is preparing an extensive article upon the physical development of the college men, due largely to gymnasium training.—Crimson.

There are nearly 5,000 students in attendance at the various colleges and universities in Boston.

The football men are preparing for next fall by taking daily exercise in the gymnasium under the supervision of Captain Vermilye.—Williams Weekly.

The swimming lessons have begun, but, for some unknown reason, we poor mortals who already know how to swim, or those whose imagination pictures summer, the ocean, and a man as instructor (?)—these poor mortals, I say, are not allowed to witness the heroic efforts to keep above water of the novices in the art; but we hear encouraging reports; and no doubt before long there will exist a Lasell Life-Saving Station.—Lasell Leaves.

Of the four Scotch Universities, Edinburgh has 3,500 students, Glasgow 2,200, Aberdeen 920, and St. Andrew's 220.

Harvard has offered a cup to the winner of the preparatory school baseball championship.—Tale News.

Inconstant.

I
Sigh,
When I
Descry
Her lissome self,
Like fairy elf,
Held in his fond embrace.
Her laughing, winsome face
Is close to his, and once or twice
He kisses her—O, see! that's thrice!
She once was mine; at least, I tho't she was,
If kisses meant possession; but because
She tired of me—'twas but a whim—
She fled, the dainty witch, to him.
And now, my heart its net
Has cast aside; but yet—
Her lissome self,
Like fairy elf,
When I
Espy,
Sigh
I
—Williams Weekly.

Something Wanting.

On the pebbly, billow-washed sea shore
They were strolling alone on the sand,
Where the moon on the waves of the ocean
Made a silvery path from the land.

And she heard in the splash of the water,
As it danced in the moon's silver light,
One perpetual song,—her heart's echo;
"Ah me! will he ask me to-night?"

Then gently he spoke, and his accents
Seemed noble, and tender, and true;
"Do you love me?" he eagerly asked her;
And she murmured, "You know that I do."

Then she cast down her eyes and blushed sweetly
(Though she gave him her soft hand, ungloved),
And waited to hear his next question—
He but murmured, "I like to be loved."

—Williams Weekly.

"Uncle George," said Rollo, as he boarded a train for the first time, with bags of doughnuts and peanuts in either hand. "Uncle