Col. John M. Wilson has been recently appointed Superintendent of the West Point Military Academy.

The annual rush at Yale was won by the Freshmen.

The death of Elias Loomis, LL.D., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy at Yale, occurred August 15th, at New Haven, Conn. He was seventy-eight years old. He bequeaths the bulk of his estate, valued at $260,000, to Yale University. This is the second largest gift ever made to Yale.

At the Warren Club (Wilmington, Del.) fall sports, W. L. Condon, present holder of the world's record for throwing the sixteen-pound hammer with four-foot handle, beat his former record by a throw of one hundred and fifty feet five and one-fourth inches.

By the will of the late Pres. F. A. P. Barnard, of Columbia, his whole estate, valued at $80,000, is bequeathed to the college on the death of his wife.

The higher institutions of learning in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, as also Italy, have become co-educational.

At Ohio Wesleyan University the Faculty are obliged to excuse 100 students from chapel exercises to make room for the remainder.

During the last week it has been announced that Frederick Pratt, ’87, of Brooklyn, has presented Amherst with a new athletic field of twenty acres, which is to contain a baseball and football field, with a large grand stand, a quarter-mile track and a 300 yards straight away, besides a number of tennis courts. Mr. Pratt has also presented the college with a number of dies from which the medals are to be stamped.

Through the efforts of Prof. J. E. Denton, Stevens Institute is to have a new foundry and machine shop.

No class will be graduated from the Columbia Law school this year, as the term of study has been lengthened.

“James (piously): ‘What is the gate to heaven?’

James’ Father: ‘Well, it’s not the gait you’ve been going at recently.’

Press me closer, all mine own;
Warms my heart for thee alone.
Every sense responsive thrills,
Rest and peace in vain I crave.
In ecstasy I live thy slave.

Dowered with hope, with promise blest,
Thou dost reign upon my breast:
Closer still, for I am thine,
Burns my heart, for thou art mine;
Thou the message, I the wire,
I the furnace, thou the fire;
I the servant, thou the master—
Roaring, red-hot mustard plaster!

“Tourist: ‘An’ now me letter of credit is cawwshed, can you direct me to some spot in this blawsted country that will equal Pipe-weed-under-Tay-copse-Herfordshire-heath, North Staffordshire, England, for a flip at a salmon?’

Bunker: ‘I seldom fish myself, but I understand that Mud-creek-over-against-Bill-Simmonse’s-mill-pond, Knox County, over-the-left-and-under-suspcion-Maine, United States of America-four-hands’-round, is a fair sporting ground.’

Purple and gold, fit raiment for a king!
Soft purple where the heather scents the air,
Deep gold where yellow furze now doth his share
To spread the royal robes which earth doth fling
With lavish hands, flow’r filled, o’er everything,
Till e’en the very hilltops, sternly bare,
Seem regal thrones. Oh, sweet, how sweet, how fair,
Are now the hollows, where small birds low sing
Their evening songs! But note! along the hills
Mauve mists drift past over a golden sky,
And, sudden, golden wine each hollow fills;
Across the saffron eve gray seabirds fly,
Bathed in the glow that glowing sunset spills
Forth from her sapphire beaker held on high.

“What do you think of champagne at $4 a bottle, Downes?” inquired Mr. Madison Squeer.

“I don’t think of champagne at $4 a bottle,” replied Mr. Upson Downes, sadly; “I think of beer.”