There are from 1,500 to 2,000 American students in France.

Over 8,000 students are enrolled at the university of Berlin.

The Amherst College football team has gone out of training for the season.

The Yale academic seniors have voted to wear caps and gowns every Sunday throughout the year.

There will be a special cheering section reserved for those Princeton men who attend the Yale-Princeton game.

F. W. Freeborn, of last year's Henley crew, has been elected captain of the Cornell university crew for 1896.

The preliminary debates at Yale to select the men to compete with Princeton in their joint debate began on November 11th.

The management of the Pennsylvania team is liable to a fine of about $2,000 damages for failure to meet the B. A. A. eleven on Manhattan Field.

A movement is on foot to establish a college at Salt Lake City. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., has contributed $50,000, and hopes to secure a quarter-million endowment.

Professor White of Cornell, and Watson, the coach of the Harvard crew, upon inspecting the courses of Poughkeepsie, Springfield, and Troy, have expressed themselves in favor of the first for the annual Harvard-Cornell race.

A QUATRAIN.

When merry maidens press the grape,
Men drink and call the draught divine;
The wine press trod by sorrow's feet,
Is where the angels go for wine.

—Unit.

THE BURNING QUESTION.

It was the glorious Autumn time
And in that season cool,
The college men and maidens
Were coming back to school;
Some asked for friends and classmates,
And loved ones oft, I trow,
But one arch maiden questioned,
"Which cook is moulting now?"

—Oberlin Review.

TO A——

One drop of rain doth make the brook run faster,
One ray of sunshine, the day is more complete;
One look into thine eyes,
And life is far more sweet.

One flake of snow doth make a drift the larger,
One drop of dew will give the rose new birth;
One kiss from thy sweet lips,
And life is full of mirth.

—Harvard Advocate.

"GOOD NIGHT."

Now shadows fall from night's dark shawl,
And mild-eyed stars peep down;
The mournful trill of whip-poor-will
Soft echoes through the town.
Cool dews the sweet-lipped flowers fill,
The gentlest breath of God
In silence whirls thy golden curls
Like breeze-blown golden rod—
Good night!

Good night! Sweet sleep! Yon moon will creep
Into the shadowed West,
And I, dear love, like her above,
Must leave thee now to rest.
Good night! Good-by! Why should we sigh,
When happy thus we part?
To-morrow night, in eager flight,
To thee will fly my heart—
Good night!

—Cornell Era.