

When a St. Louis girl is very much in earnest about anything she says she will "bet her boots" on it. The auditors walk round her feet, and when they have returned and rested say that if she has not wagered her all on the result, she has betted a great share of herself—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Years hence the watchman prowling 'round,
Saw almost buried in the ground,
A skeleton, and near it found

A calculus.

The doctor said 'twas heart disease,
And you may call it what you please,
But I, who have my own ideas,

Say calculus.

—*Student Life*.

One day last week, a man with a short overcoat and long rubbers entered the ticket office of the C. P. R. R., and stepping up to the box, said: "Are y-y-you the t-t-ticket m-m-man?" The agent nodded. "W-w-well, I want a t-t-ticket for—t-t-ticket for P-P-P-P—d-d-d-d—n it; I'll w-w-w-walk."—*Besom*.

"See here, Parker, what's the difference between a ripe watermelon and a rotten cabbage?" asked one letter-carrier of another the other day. "You've got me there. I don't know," he returned with a look more puzzled than an illiterate man at a cross roads guide board. "Then you'd be a mighty nice man to send after a watermelon, you would," remarked the quizzer as he moved on.—*Cin Breakfast Table*.

EXAMINATION ODE.

Once upon a morning beauteous,
Lingered I, in mood most dutious,
Over Virgil's antique lore,
While professor tried our knowledge,
Setting many a nerve on edge,
Saying ne'er we'd enter college,
If we whispered more—

Only this, and nothing more.

If we whispered more,
Quick he'd send us out of door,
To return, ah, nevermore,—

Only this and nothing more.

Not a single secret hisper,
Not a soul did dare to whisper,
While we conned the pages o'er,

Listening all with rapt attention,
As each victim's name he'd mention,
Using every keen invention,
Our tired souls to bore,—

Only this and nothing more,
As he racked our spirits sore,

Ah, relenting never more,—

Only this and nothing more.

—*Oberlin Review*.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

Every Senior at Trinity is required to write a poem 100 lines long.

The number of pupils in the Agricultural College at Ames is about 200.

Davenport, Iowa, schools have 2,000 pupils in German. Another inexcusable crime.—*Lit. Notes*

Columbia College has now 1,340 students. The senior class is signing a petition for the abolition of "cram week"

The public schools for white children in Maryland will receive from the school tax, this year, \$102,625; the colored schools will receive \$25,000.

There are 30,000 young men in our colleges and universities; 60,000 commercial travelers, and 500,000 young men employed in operating railroads in this country and Canada.—*Standard*.

Texas University has invited Jefferson Davis to give commencement address. Mr. Davis has favored the appointment of Mr. Minor, colored, to the presidency of a college. There were several white men among the candidates.—*Literary Notes*.

Brown University has graduated two thousand five hundred and ninety, of whom one thousand five hundred are now living, and thirty of them are college presidents. Brown has contributed to Denison one of these thirty presidents, and one professor.

Of the three hundred and seventy-five members in both houses of Congress, one hundred and ninety-one are college men—ninety-six of the one hundred and thir-