

The students of Chicago University have formed a "Students' Express Company," incorporated under the State law with a capital stock of \$10,000.

No college in all England publishes a college paper. This is another illustration of the superior energy of America. About 200 colleges publish periodical journals.

Within the short period of two weeks, the Princeton glee, banjo and mandolin clubs, consisting of over fifty men, covered over 3,500 miles and gave thirteen concerts in the largest cities of the South.

LANCELETS.

Midnight has past, and all too quick,
The *Chronicle's* Chief Ed.
With temples throbbing, brain quite sick,
Betakes himself to bed.

There is no copy on his fle,
His basket's flowing o'er
With worthless notes that are so vile
They make him thirst for gore.

He lies and thinks, he thinks all night,
Poor chap! he's almost dead;
The editorials he must write
Keep him in constant dread.

If we are late the reason's plain,
I don't mind telling you,
An editor has tried again
To get to bed by two.—*University Chronicle.*

A PASSING SPIRIT.

One night my heart sang strangely, sadly sweet—
In low, soft, mournful cadence thrilled and thrilled;
With all a heart's dull sorrowing replete
It throbbed, and then its moaning song was stilled.
That night my dear love died—ah! who can say?
Might she not come in ghostly wanderings!
Mayhap her grieving spirit passed this way,
And breathed its loving sorrow o'er the strings.

Nassau Lit.

GOLDEN ROD.

When the grain is gold as the autumn sun,
And the "harvest home" has just begun,
Along the dykes where grasses nod
Is seen the gleam of the golden rod.
And by the shore where the cat-tails wave,
The long green reeds the waters lave,
And nature seems at peace with God
When the land is bright with golden rod.—*Sequoia.*

A LOVE KNOT.

A lacing of a lady's shoe
Once loosed itself, as lacings do,
And tying it, in gallantry,
A youthful lover bent his knee.

But soon once more it came untyed,
And then the lady showed with pride
How she herself a knot could tie
Which would both tyme and chance defye.

Long years since then have passed away;
The hair of both has turned to gray;
A lady's shoe is loose again,
A man, now old, stoops down as then.

He ties it as in days of yore
A lady taught him, years before;
And looking in her eyes he sees
Sad tears for ancient memories. —*Es.*

HUMILIATING.

She is most charming, I admit,
And hath a fund of ready wit,
But yet
She naught will say that is not truth,
And tells me I am but a youth
As yet.

When other girls will say "you men,"
She smiles most graciously, and then
Exclaims:
No youth is man unless he thrive,
And reach the age of twenty-five.

* * * * *
It pains.

WHEN I GET TIME.

When I get time—
I know what I shall do;
I'll cut the leaves of all my books
And read them through and through.

When I get time—
I'll write some letters then
That I have owed for weeks and weeks
To many, many men.

When I get time—
I'll pay those calls I owe,
And with those bills, those countless bills,
I will not be so low.

When I get time—
I'll regulate my life
In such a way that I may get
Acquainted with my wife.

When I get time—
Oh, glorious dream of bliss!
A month, a year, ten years from now—
But I can't finish this—
I have no time. —*Vogue*