Our friend Hadley, who rooms on Boylston Street, after repeated lectures from his landlady for disturbing the house at unseasonable hours, determines that it shall not occur this time, and carefully removes his shoes as soon as he strikes the public garden.

Her Picture.

Sunlight falls on her pictured face,
Rimmed in a frame of gold;
The self-same pose of a careless grace
That I remember of old.
'T was here we stood long years ago,
She in that very dress!
And I heard this syllable, sweet and low,
From her rose-red mouth, 't was — yes!

So many years! and yet, I'll swear,
Now, standing in this place,
I can smell the rose she hath in her hair,
While I look upon her face!
I feel the clasp of her slender hand,
Gentle, yet clinging fast,
And I almost feel I am young again,
Though so many years have passed;

And yet, could I live over the space
Of those Indian summer days,
Bring back to my life this sweet, fair face
The canvas here portrays,
Were it wise to lose the peace that is mine
For the restless hopes that have fled?
Not so; whatever is — is best;
"Let the dead past bury its dead."  

It is put up or shut up with an umbrella.

Students (after a sumptuous repast, to host): “Our compliments to your kitchen and cellar. We have agreed to have a running match, and the one who comes out last will pay the bill. Will you kindly give us the signal to start?” The beaming host slowly counts one, two, three; the students disappear round the corner and are seen no more. — Fleigende Blätter.