En Grande Tenue.

We sat together over ices cool,—
And Love seemed playing on her rosy cheek;
Blind Cupid led me on to play the fool,
I pressed my suit with honeyed words so meek.
A violent thrill perturbed her graceful frame!
Could answer to my love thus be expressed?

Ah, no—deceived! The maid I could not blame;
She'd dropped some sherbet on her snow-white breast.

Tom Triangle; or, Love and Geometry.

My chum at college was Tom Triangle. He was a clever fellow, though perhaps more given to theaters and other methods of having a good time than to long hours of study. Often as I sit musing in my study, do the merry hours come back—not like things dead, but fresh and breathing; and I can see the pleasant faces and hear the uproarious laughter of my companions through the fragrant smoke of Havanas, and oftentimes shining through the smoke I can perceive the face of some professor or tutor gleaming with immortal indignation.

Tom was a good-natured fellow as a rule, but "nemo sine vitii," there was one exception to his good humor; he would permit no jokes on his name. His name was, in fact, rather unfortunate, and as one of his friends remarked to me once, "it neither looked well written, nor sounded well spoken, and was altogether such a nuisance to its owner that he wished it almost anything else." Tom didn't mind any other sort of jokes on himself, but his name was evidently a sore subject with him,—why, no one knew. This humor of his was usually respected, as he was well liked.

One day, however, a classmate more waggish than wise, said,—

"Tom, I've a problem for you."
"State it," said Tom.
"If the angles of a right triangle are equal to two right angles, what are the angles of a Tom Triangle equal to?"

"Sir," replied my chum, "if you must push your investigations so far beyond the books, I'll demonstrate a Tom Triangle to you."

This Tom immediately proceeded to do, and when he had finished, his unfortunate classmate looked as if a tornado had struck him instead of only a few of the angles of a Tom Triangle.

Every two or three weeks I noticed that Tom grew very gloomy and abstracted, sighed, and muttered indistinctly of destiny, and read Ovid de Arte Amandi et Remedio Amoris. I suspected him. He said hard things of women in general. My suspicions were confirmed. Tom had been struck by the arrows of love. I determined to probe him.

"Tom," said I one evening, as he was lying stretched out in an easy-chair, lazily watching the smoke curl up in blue rings from his pipe, "Tom, have you ever been in love?"

Tom said nothing, but his pipe glowed brightly, and he gazed fiercely at the ceiling.

"My dear fellow," said I, not seeming to notice the threatening storm, "were you ever in love?"

"Yes," cried he, starting up like a shell from a mortar, and upsetting a chair on my pet corn. "Heavens! What is the meaning of this!" exclaimed I, rejoiced at my good shot, though suffering acutely in my foot.

"Confound the sex!" cried Tom, stalking across the floor.

"Calm yourself, my dear fellow, and let us know about it. It will relieve you greatly to share your sorrows with a sympathizing friend."

"It's a villainous world," said Tom, "and women have made it such."

"Heaven help you, Tom; you must be losing your senses to utter such treason against beauty and loveliness."

"All nonsense. Eve put her foot in it in the Garden of Eden, and since then all the rest of the sex have followed her example."

"Well, come, and tell me all about it."

"Be it so, then. I confess Ned, I was a little excited. Your random shot struck," said Tom, with his hand on his heart.

"Oh, pooh! Laugh off your sorrows; be a philosopher; but let's have your story. What impertinent jade has thrown cold water on the fire of love, and raised such a smoke in the kitchen?"