According to the last census, there were 70,000 more women than men in Massachusetts.

So this is what we may look for at Boston assemblies five or six years hence.

**UN BAL MASQUÉ.**

A pair of flashing eyes keen glances darting
From 'neath the ambush of a velvet screen,
And curving lips with dimples shyly starting,
Half hidden by the mask, yet faintly seen.

A shaded seat from prying eyes safe guarded,
A coyish lifting upward of the mask,
A stifled sigh my ardent look rewarded;
The kiss I longed for I had not to ask.

My wits are made the fool of all my senses,
Gone daft o'er witchings of a pretty mask.
Alas for me, in spite of vain pretences,
Forgetting it will prove no easy task.

—Yale Record.

Dressed in her waterproof and hood,
As if intent on doing good,
Goes Phyllis, modest as a nun:
Alas, she’s far from being one!

—Advocate.

**DEserted.**

As now and then I pass the place
Where oft I used to see your face
Demurely bending o’er a book,
With just, perchance, a sidelong look
As I passed by,
The window still does seem to wear
The pleasant, sunny, cheerful air,
That it was always wont to bear
When you were there.

My dear.

—Lehigh Barr.

**A SPRING EVENING’S IDYL.**

A fond adieu, a star or two,
Some lips with rapture meeting;
A lover’s sigh, a love-lit eye,
A heart with fond hope beating;
A creaking gate, an hour quite late,
A watch-dog’s hearty greeting;
A quick advance, a pair of pants
That sadly need reseating.

—Dartmouth Lit.