She: Ugh! how the wind blows.
He: Yes, it's so cold it makes me shake.
She: Does it? Then you are not like some of the young men I know.
He: Why?
She: I find they are pretty hard to "shake."

"Give me a kiss, my darling, do,"
He said as he gazed in her eyes so blue.
"I won't," she said; "you lazy elf,
Screw up your lips and help yourself."

A MEMORY.
Prone at her feet in bliss he lies,
His cares forgot beneath her eyes; Spread on her knee, of crimson bright
A silken flag, with strands of white,
With fingers deft she decorates,—
One side to Harvard dedicates,
To "90," one.
And now from her and class estranged,
He wonders if it might be changed
To "'91."

--Harvard Advocate.

"Two knots an hour isn't such bad time for a clergyman," smilingly said the minister to himself, just after he had united the second couple.

DECEIVED.
Asleep upon the bank she lay,
Purled at her feet the crystal stream; Faint in the west, the sun's last ray,—
A farewell kiss of parting day.
Perchance of love, this maiden's dream.

A moment to the brook I list,
While gazing on her winsome face. 'Tis not enough; I do insist,
Such lips were moulded to be kissed:
I kissed them, and went on apace.

Alas! she is a sly coquette.
To-day, I heard her counting o'er How she had caught me in her net By simply feigning sleep, and yet — I wish she'd feign asleep once more.

--Colby Echo.

A dude gazed intently at a giraffe for a few minutes, and turning sadly away, sighed: "Oh, if I had a neck like that, what a collar I could wear!" — Ex.