REVERIE.

In my easy-chair I sit,
Gazing idly toward the ceiling,
Thoughts and memories o'er me stealing,
To my lazy mood most fit.

Scenes present themselves unbidden,
Which, when summer days were speeding,
Thoughtless then and never heeding,
Memory stored in recess hidden.

Now they pour in countless throngs
From the darkness, still preserving
Primal forms, in line unswerving;
For the past my spirit longs.

Those were days of careless ease,
Passed in tennis, reading, rowing,
Or sailing, when the strong wind blowing
Raised the water into seas.

Crash,—what now disturbs my dream?
From my lap a text-book falling
Calls me back to duty galling,
Harsh indeed the contrast seems.

FATE.

The fairest flower upon the vine,—
So far above my reach it grows
I ne'er can hope to make it mine,—
Smiles on the sun, a peerless rose.
The wind is whispering soft and low
Fond praises of its loveliness;
It's sweetness I can only guess,
But never know.

On beauteous lips,—as far away
As is the rose,—a kiss there lies;
And on those lips that kiss must stay,
Tho' I may look with longing eyes.
A cruel fate hath willed it so,
Not mine that crimson mouth to press;
It's sweetness I can only guess,
But never know.—Ex.

The Bard was asked to compose a little poem upon his childhood, and this is what he produced: "How dear to my heart is the school I attended, and how I remember so distant and dim, that red-headed Bill and the pin that I bended, and carefully put on the bench under him. And how I recall the surprise of the master, when Bill gave a yell and sprang up from the pin, so high that his bullet head smashed up the plaster above, and the scholars all set up a din. That active boy, Billy, that high-leaping Billy; that loud-shouting Billy, that sat on a pin.—Ex.

"But I pass," said a minister, in dismissing one theme of his subject to take another. "Then I make it spades," yelled a man from the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, assisted by one of the deacons with a full hand of clubs.—Ex.

A race "as was a race": "Yaas," said an old settler, "we ran hosses in Texas." "Then you take an interest in the noble sport?" asked the stranger. "I was engaged in a hoss race some years ago in which I took a right smart interest." "Running race?" "Hit war." "Mile or half track?" "Hit was a fifty mile track, stranger. Texas is a big State." "A fifty mile track! I never heard of such a thing. And did you win?" "You bet." "How much did you win?" "I won the hoss, stranger."

Of two girls and a balky horse: The horse had stopped and refused to budge, seemingly aware that the two young lady tourists were novices at driving. "Jennie, what in the world shall we do? The outrageouse brute refuses to budge." "Laura, there is an awful wicked word that I have heard men use, but—" "O my, we couldn't, but—" "O, say, I'll tell you what won't be wrong; I'll say one-half and you the other: "Gosh!" "Darn it!" "Gosh!" "Darn it!" "Gosh!" But the horse stood still. "He doesn't appear to understand us, Jennie," said Laura, despondently. "No, the horse doesn't, but the Devil does, Laura."—Ex.