BASEBALLIC.

I went to see Maria,  
About a week ago;   
I fondly did aspire  
To her hand—a week ago. 

The field was clear before me,  
And I made a three-base hit  
By flattery and taffy  
As together we did sit.  

Such happiness was fleeting,  
And as I my love did swear,  
Sounded her father's footsteps  
As he tiptoed down the stair.  

But M'ria heard him coming,  
And thus she coached me out:  
Now, Bill, you've got to run for home,  
Your innings up—watch out.  

And as a festive bootjack  
For my cranium did glide,  
She yelled, "Of with his arm, now;  
Slide, Bill—you've got to slide!"  

—Courtant.

SHORT METRE.

A witching, blushing damsel she,  
The fairest in a "tony" choir  
Which chanted forth rich melody,  
To heart and soul inspire.  

In vain each dude used all his arts  
That one sweet smile might on him fall;  
She beamed and smiled on one alone,  
A youth scarce five feet tall.  

And when remonstrance was applied  
Why smiles on him alone should rest,  
She said, "A cute short metre him  
Had always pleased her best."  

—Yale Record.

Mrs. Bascom: "Mr. Bascom, this is the third time within a week you have come home too drunk to walk up-stairs. What does it mean?"

Mr. Bascom: "It means, my dear (hic), I mush color my nose before Dumpsey colorsh'sh meersh'm. Got $50 bet on it."—Ex.

A WRECKED TRAIN.

At unusual speed we were dashing along,—  
The ponderous train was behind,—  
When all of a sudden a something went wrong,  
And—a wreck of the wretchedest kind!  

'Twas not on the rails of the Central N. J.  
That occurred this disaster terrific;  
And equally wrong if, perchance, you should say  
On the ties of the Union Pacific.  

Ah, no! gentle reader; quite off in your guess;  
'Twas a wreck worse than these to descry:  
The train was the train of Belinda's new dress,—  
The passenger on it was I.  

—Williams Weekly.

A young man who was aged 28  
Came home one night rather 18;  
It would not be right  
To say he was tight,  
Though he was not quite sure of his g8.  

—Courtant.

Instructor in Rhetoric: "Mr. A, what's an epithet?"

Mr. A. (confidently): "An inscription on a gravestone."—Burr.

In the Chemical Laboratory: "Professor, what has become of Tom Appleton; wasn't he studying with the class last year?"

"Ah, yes; Appleton—poor fellow! A fine student, but absent-minded in the use of chemicals. That discoloration on the ceiling,—notice it?"

"Yes."

"That's him."—Ex.

"See, father," said a son, with the proud consciousness of duty done, "I have saved $500 from my year's allowance."

"Good!" exclaimed the old man; "you are a wise young fellow, Charley."

"Yes, father, and I wish you'd add $500 to it; I've got to pay some debts."—The Epoch.

"How do you define 'black as your hat?'" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Darkness that may be felt," replied the youthful wit.

"Is this scold enough for you?" Xantippe used to inquire of Socrates after a three-hours' curtain lecture.