WAITING.
Come home, come home, nor tarry more,
O best beloved chum;
Down virtuous throat no longer pour
Seductive beer and rum.
No more 'bout tavern's festive board
Thy tongue facetious wag;
Before thou'rt drunker than a lord,
Oh! cease to hunt the "jag."
Oh cease! Oh cease! The latch-key's tick!
Laboriously he cometh.
Now by yon song and mingled "hic,"
Uproariously he bummeth!
He panteth tip each lengthening flight—
The heavy footsteps lag.
Chum, thou'rt in an unrighteous plight,
From having tracked the "jag."
—Columbia Spectator.

FIRELIGHT FANCIES.
The student sits by his fire,
And heeds not the pouring rain,
While many fancies come stirring
Over his tired brain.
And he builds him an airy castle
In the smoke of his cigarette,
Of Maud, so charming and pretty,
And Alice, prettier yet.
But, 'mid fancies tender and pleasant,
One memory will not down;
'Tis the memory ever present
Of the bills that he owes in town.
—Yale Record.

ILL-Omened.
His arms, with strong and firm embrace,
Her dainty form enfold,
And she had blushed her sweet consent
When he his story told.
"And do you swear to keep your troth?"
She asked with loving air;
He gazed into her upturned face,
"Yes, by yon elm I swear."
A year passed by, his love grew cold,
Of his heart she'd lost the helm.
She blamed his fault, but the fact was this—
The tree was a slippery elm.
—Yale Record.

OUR PLEA.
O contributors kind! let us raise a small voice
Now that we have control of the types;
Send us rhymes, if you will, our columns to fill,
But spare us, oh! spare us the swipes.
The red-headed maid and the palfrey of snow,
Are now somewhat hoary with age,
While the sweet summer girl with her hair out of curl—
Her tears we don't want to assuage.
Drop Strephon and Chloë, their hair is quite snowy,
Don't write of the feline who mewed;
And please do not hustle to sing of the bustle—
The ladies think this rather rude.
Pray observe these requests, O contributors kind,
Rack your brains, then, to find something new;
And send us some rhymes that are up to the times,
So we'll all be beholden to you.
—Yale Record.

SOME DIFFERENCE.
In the financial world to-day
All business men combine,
And what are known as Trusts, are made
In sugar, flour, and wine.
These Trusts control the price of coal,
Of whiskey, and of wheat;
They tell how much a man must pay
For what in life's most sweet.
Still 'tis odd, -whene'er one asks
His tailor to combine,
And form a little Trust with him,
He always will decline.
—McG. F. in "Williams Weekly."

CHESTNUTS.
'Twas with her in the skiff, one June,
My thoughts all turned to love;
The usual silver-spangled moon
Was wandering above.
I talked and laughed beside "ma belle,"
To please her I did try;
But when a witty tale I'd tell,
She'd laughing "Chestnuts" cry.
"One story more I'll tell,— my best;
Th' old, it's oft preferred:
My darling"—ah! you know the rest—
What's this, no "Chestnuts" heard?
—Yale Record.

A fashionable dressmaker has received an order from a Western woman for a gown with "one of them vestibule trains that are talked of so much in the papers." —Ex.