As he sat on the sofa beside her, a bit closer than plainly might seem, was required to allow conversation, on the strictly conventional scheme, in a moment of careless abstraction his arm had slipped slightly astray—and encircled her waist—and he somehow had forgotten to take it away.

With an arch little smile—and an effort to act real severe, she inquired—

"Does your arm pain you badly this evening? If it does—you've my pity inspired."

Quite undone with amazement, he queried what the drift of her question might be:

She replied, "Oh! I thought it might pain you, it's so much out of place, don't you see?"

—Yale Record.

"Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth."—Merchant of Venice.

Talk about Venus and all her charms,
Filling the heart with tender alarms,
A more fitting theme is mine by far,
The wash-lady "sassety's" evil star,
The eye of a lynx, face of a sphynx,
A merciless brain, which only thinks
"It's owin' me tin dollars ye are;
It's time ye were payin', mister R."

Ah, there she stands like a Roman sentry,
While the boys skip out the other entry;
But sooner or later you will meet your fate,
And you'll settle that bill, disconsolate.

—Yale Courant.

A maid with a smile as fair as the skies,
A gallant who for nothing e'er tarries;
She casts him a glance with archness replete,
He knows the deep meaning it carries.

"Kind maid, pray answer my query bold;
Were I to impress," said he,
"The seal of love on your waxy lips,
Can you tell me what you would be?"

"Kind sir," quoth she, with coquettish glance,
"Your conduct is shocking, very;
But as for your answer,"—with modest blush,—
"I'm sure I'd be—stationery."—Ex.

—Williams Weekly.

A PARADOX.

Full oft I've been told that contraction
Tends greatly to lessen the size,
So I thought to my debts I'd apply it;
Succeeding, 'twould indeed be a prize.

But now the reverse I have suffered;
My creditors give me no peace,
For I lately have learned to my sorrow,
Contracting debts make them increase.

—Yale Record.

A TRIOLET PARODY.

I did flunk to-day,
Will I flunk to-morrow?
Be that as it may,
I did flunk to-day.

But, base fear, away!
No pain I'll borrow,
I did flunk to-day,
Will I flunk to-morrow?

—Courant.

HOMO QUOQUE MUTABILE EST.

Within his watch there dwelt a face;
It was, he thought, the safest place
For beauty fair and queenly grace,
Within his watch.

"Exams." came on, he had to brace;
Cribs he prepared, the villain base,
To take the precious picture's place,
Within his watch.

—Yale Record.

Mamma, (reading): "And the Lord called Samuel—"

Johnny, (a young American): "What did he hold?"—Ex.