ON THE TRAIN.
Beside the Mulla, on its bank of green,
Dan Spenser loll'd the day away, and wrote.
The very spirit of his Faerie Queen
Hovered and floated there between
The grasses' swish, the lark's bright morning note.
But I am in this noisy, rushing train,
And, though I try my best to make a rhyme,
When I reach out the needed word again
Slips from my pen; and I, alas, would fain
Wait for another, more convenient time — Ex.

BEDTIME.
After tea, meek as can be,
The Freshman goes to his lonely den;
But his mind will doze, and his eyes soon close,
And he gets to bed by ten
Supper done, "Now for fun,"
The Sophie cries; and by seven
He's down on the pave, where the tough little knave
Never thinks of his bed 'fore eleven.
Tea time past, free at last,
The Junior hastes to see his "cousin";
And Cupid's dart will not let him part
Till the clock rings out a dozen.
His light meal o'er, psychic lore
The Senior toils, nor's done
Till his lamp burns low, and chantecler's crow
Announces the hour of one. — Bravonian.

HOW THE GIRLS KISS.
The New York girl bows her stately head
And she fixes her stylish lips
In a firm, hard way, and lets them go
In spasmodic little snips.
The Boston girl removeth her specs,
And freezeeth her face with a smile;
Then she sticks out her lips like an open book,
And she cheweth a bean meanwhile.
The St. Louis girl never says a word,
And you'd think she was rather tame,
With her practical views of the matter in hand,
But she gets there all the same.

The Baltimore girl, the pride of the South,
In her clinging and soulful way,
Absorbs it all with a yearnful yearn,
As big as a bale of hay.
The Chicago girl gets a grip on herself,
As she carefully takes off her hat;
Then she grabs up the prize in a frenzied way,
Like a terrier shaking a rat.
The Washington girl, so gentle and sweet,
Lets her lips meet the coming kiss
With a rapturous warmth, and the youthful souls
Float away on a sea of bliss. — Ex.

Behind the close-drawn portiere
She was seated in languid repose.
And looked so bewitchingly fair,
Behind the close-drawn portiere,
That I—well, I would tell, if I dare,
How at last in arms she arose
From behind the close-drawn portiere,
Where she rested in languid repose.

Alone and despondent to-night,
I sit by the same portiere;
I have fled from the music and light.
Alone and unhappy to-night,
In a truly deplorable plight,
I gaze at the now vacant chair,
As alone and unhappy to-night
I sit by the drawn portieres.

THE ASHES OF LOVE.
"All is over between us, Mr. Sampson," she said coldly. "The presents you have given me will be returned to-morrow."

He stood there proudly, but his face was ashen.

"Everything shall be returned," she went on, with a queenly sweep of her rounded arm, "with the exception, of course, of the caramels and ice-cream."

And thus they parted.—N. Y. Sun.

"Punched quarters don't pass," muttered the football player, as he viciously slugged the quarter-back on the opposing eleven.

Old lady (to boy at Fourteenth Street):
"Little boy, kin you tell me the quickest way to git to City Hall?"

Little boy: "Yes'm; take de Third Avenue Elewated."

Old lady: "I don't want the Elewated; I can't climb the stairs."

Little boy (thoughtfully): "Well, dey ain't no other quickest way."— Epoch.