First Junior: "Say, old man, why are your skates so poor?"
Second Junior: "Because they are strapped."—Courant.

BEGGING TENNYSON'S PARDON.
Broke, broke, broke,
By this cold grey fate, ah me!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The chips that have gone to thee.
O well for my friend on my right
That he makes countless shekels at play;
O well for the banker, too,
That the chips go a-flowing his way.
And the little game goes on,
And the others get their fill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the cash for my washlady's bill.
Broke, broke, broke,
Yes, the others all win, you see,
But those dainty cardlets, that cold straight flush,
Will never come back to me.
—Record.

BUT THEN.
The sun can only set at eve;
The airy fairy hen
Can sit at any time of day,—
But then—
At day alone the sun can give
His golden light to men.
The candle shines whene'er 'tis lit—
But then!
—Harper's Bazaar.

THE SLEEPY MAN.
He'd sleep and snore in N. H. 4,
He'd nod in Fine Arts 3;
Ere history had scarce begun
He'd slumber peacefully,
Until, forsooth, this sleepy youth,
Who cribbed exams. ad lib.,
Received a "spike," for, baby-like,
A-sleeping in his crib.
—Lampon.

A VISION.
The theatre crowded; radiance, beauty, light.
It is "The Winter's Tale" she plays to-night;
A dual rôle. The actress is a sight—
They tell me that.
They tell me, yes, or I could ne'er tell you;
For here before me is a screen of blue
And pink, a hopeless barrier to my view—
A woman's hat!—Tablet.

A Fly Ball—the policeman's.—Lampon.

EXPERIENCE.
Poets may sing their plaintive wails,
Historians tell their fearful tales,
Of wasted lives and broken hearts,
And the anguish of love's poisoned darts;
But they tell of nothing half so bad,
Nothing so harrowing or sad,
As the story read at a single look
At the stubs in a college man's old bank-book.
—Williams Weekly.

SOLEILARE.
Such a picture of contentment
Makes she in the fire's glare,
That I almost feel resentment
Toward the game of solitaire.
As spectator I am present,
Waiting for the game to end;
Meanwhile, what can be more pleasant
Than myself to reverie lend.
So while slowly cards are falling,
Fast I close my weary eyes;
Soon sweet sleep my sense enthralling,
Brightest dreams before me rise.
In any dream they come before me,
Those sweet features that I love;
Those bright eyes deep spells cast o'er me,—
Eyes blue as the skies above.
Quick from sleep do I recover
At her cry in deep distrust,
To find at last the game is over,
And she'd simply murmured, "Bust."
—Williams Weekly.

"How much is this silk a yard, sir?"
A blushing damsel asked
Of a gay and gushing salesman
Who admiring glances cast.
"Only a kiss," he answered,
With an audacious air,
As he unfolds the fabric
Before the maiden fair.
"If you please, I will take ten yards, sir;"
For awhile his heart grew still,
Till the cruel creature added:
"Grandma will settle the bill!"—Record.