AN IDYL.
While strolling down the village street
I met a maid of face so sweet,
Whose dress was pretty and so neat,
I stopped: now wouldn't you?
With a gentle sigh did I entreat
That she to me a kiss would treat,
And thus my happiness complete.
She did: now wouldn't you?
But turning 'round, with glance discreet,
Saw I her dad, with club to beat;
And as I wished not thus to meet,
I ran: now wouldn't you?
—Harvard Lampoon.

A REVERIE.
'Twas in the gloaming
By the fair Wyoming,
That I left my darling many years ago;
And memory tender
Brings her in splendor
With her cheeks of rose and brow of snow.

But where in thunder
Is she now, I wonder?
O my soul be quiet and my sad heart hush.
Under the umbrella
Of some other feller
I think I see her paddling through the slush.
—Inside Track.

YE THREE GLADDE THYNGES.
I.
Of gladde thynge two there be,—
Ay, three!
Ye Wine, we singing,
Sip;
A Maide's redde Lip;
Ye Musick, sweetlie ringing;
To which gaye Dancers trip.

II.
Of sadde Thynge, too, there be,—
Just three!
Ye Ache of Swelling
Crowne;
A darke Eye's Frowne;
And vaine Regrets upwelling
Which Singing will not drowne.
—Trinity Tablet.

FRESHMAN.
The greenest of green young man,
That ever was seen young man,
Simply unbearable,
Awkward and scarable,
Ought to be hazed young man.

SOPHOMORE.
Too awfully wise young man,
A mustache his prize young man,
Most egotistical,
Fine and sophistical,
Carry a cane young man.

JUNIOR.
Would be an editor young man,
Bulldozing his creditor young man,
Happy-go-lucky,
Witty and plucky,
Always in love young man.

SENIOR.
A pride of the college young man,
Cram full of knowledge young man,
So soon to leave us,
How it will grieve us,
Our handsome and witty young man.—Es.

AT THE RACES.
Far up in the grand-stand,
The world seems far away.
I wager a glove with my brown-eyed love
On the races Derby day.

The bay, the brown, and the chestnut
Lead the field as they canter by.
She picks the brown (at six-one down);
"They're off," the talent cry.

To the stretch the black is leading,
Then a battle of spur and whip,
Till the black and bay have died away;
The brown has won "by a lip."

"The brown has won," she turns her eyes
With the light of the western sun.
I hesitate as I read my fate,
Then whisper, "The brown has won."
—Trinity Tablet.

THE PROPER CAPER.
Take a "trot" horse
Into class—why, of course,
To see a stern tutor
Become very cross.
And show what respect
In his "nibs" you repose,
By reading your "pony"
Right under his nose.
—Columbia Spectator.