A DILEMMA.
Here's such a dilemma!
Now, what would you do?
I am quite fond of Emma,
But then I think Sue
Likes me better than Emma.
Now, here's a dilemma,
For, you see, I like Emma.
Come! what would you do?
Would you make love to Sue
And so solve the dilemma?
Notwithstanding that you
Would much prefer Emma?
Would that really do
Both for you and for Sue?
No—it wouldn't; that's true.
That's a much worse dilemma.
But supposing that you
Were rejected by Emma,
Having first jilted Sue—
What a frightful dilemma!
You wouldn't have Emma,
Sue wouldn't have you!
Behold the dilemma!
Now, what would you do?
—Trinity Tablet.

LES CHAPERONES.
The pale moon shone bright
Through the summer night,
And we on the beach alone
Hid, sheltered from sight
By a great rock's height,
While the moon played chaperone.
The wind to the land,
And down on the sand
The billows fell with a moan,
And her wavy hair
Swept her cheek so fair,
While the moon played chaperone.
In the depths of her eyes
The soft moon lies;
Her fingers entwine my own.
And the time flew fast
Till we stood aghast,
While the moon played chaperone.
But since that night,
When the moon is bright,
We never go out alone.
For the hour was late
When we reached her gate.
Now Mamma is chaperone.
—Trinity Tablet.

A SAD CASE.
My case is bad, extremely sad,
I wonder how I stand it.
A cent or two of cash I have—
My creditors demand it.
I owe a man—a tailor man—
Just twice my yearly money.
But this is naught—it bores me not;
In fact, it's rather funny.
My "marks" mount up to sixty-nine;
Pooh, think you that annoys me?
My chapel cuts have vanished quite,
To-day "ill health" employs me.
But all these woes are joys, compared
To one that's past all joking.
My doctor tells me that my heart
Is far too large for—smoking!
—Trinity Tablet.

PALMISTRY.
A darling little soft, white hand,
Rose-palmed, and sweet to kiss;
No sculptor ever carved from stone
- A fairer hand than this.
Upon my eyelids it would rest,
Or o'er my forehead pass,
Softer than ever rose-leaves fell
Upon the waving grass.
No other hand unto my heart
Could greater solace bring,
Unless, mayhap, it chanced to be
Four aces and a king.
—Life.

A prudent old farmer near Worcester
Had a Shanghai hen and a rochester;
But their perch was up high,
And the hen couldn't fly.
And so the old man had to rochester.

ALL IN THE FAMILY.
Why should I be prudent?
Though income be scanty,
What comes from my "uncle,
All goes to my "ante."—Brunonian.