CONSOLATION.

I cannot read, I cannot write,
My fancies all have ceased to play,
My thoughts run not to words to-day,
Imaginings bring not delight,—
My girl is gone.

The evening comes. I sit alone,
And lonely in my chamber drear,
Unmanly one! I shed a tear.
Without a good-night kiss I moan,
"My girl is gone."
So wastes my heart with grief away.
But one consoling thought is that
Each day my purse becomes more fat.
No oyster bills have I to pay,—
My girl is gone.

On a rugged rock they sat;
He held her hand, she held his hat,
I held my breath, and lay quite flat,
And no one thought I knew it.
He held that kissing was no crime,
She held her lips up every time,
I held my breath and wrote this rhyme,
And no one saw me do it.

—Bicycle World.

KEPT HIS WORD.

A little year had not gone by
Since he and she were wed,
But angry words were coming fast,
And trouble seemed to spread.
And then, "What do you take me for?"
She cried in accents terse;
"You ought to know, my dear," said he,
"For better or for worse."

—Lampon.

REVELLERS BEWARE!

That gobbler gobbles gobbler
Would great injustice seem,
But gobbled gobbler's goblin
Gobbles fierce in gobbler's dream.

—Brannonian.

Yellow and white
Is the rusher at night
When the struggle of day is done,
And black and blue,
In patches, too,
From the end of this famous run.
His ears are gone,
And his nose is worn,
And of skin he has none at all;
Yet he still remains
Careless of pains,
For he knows he was through on the ball.

—Lampon.

A BARRIER.

I know a pretty maiden,
So bright and charming, that
When e'er our glances chance to meet,
My heart goes pitter-patter.
But alas, I cannot woo her;
'Tis a wholly social point,
For she waits upon our table,
And her mother runs the "joint."

—Yale Record.

NOT THE SAME.

Adown the street, 'neath arching elms,
Flies Polly's cart;
And tangled in the floating reins
Lies my poor heart.
With cheeks aglow,
Erect, poised so,—
I'd give a hundred lives
Could I but sit within that cart
When Polly drives!

But ah! the years have flown apace!
Polly's my wife.
Th' ambrosia of youth's golden days
Is hash in life!
With cheeks aglow,
Erect, poised so,—
('Tis thus, you know, with wives),
She runs the household. For myself—
Well, Polly drives.

—Yale Record.

A LA MOTHER GOOSE.

Phillis and I fell out,
And natural it came about;
For once we took a toboggan slide,
And somehow the thing I couldn't guide,
So,—
Phillis and I fell out.

—Lampon.