WHICH?
He handed her an ice, and took
Two kisses from a waiter.
She said, "Not any, thank you, now;
Perhaps I'll take one later."
—Red and Blue.

AT THE WHEEL.
I bet on the black,
But it turned double ought.
I lost my whole stack,
When I bet on the black.
Now, car-fare I lack;
You see I was caught.
I bet on the black,
But it turned double ought.
—Harvard Lampoon.

A LITTLE MAID.
A little maid, a little maid,
I love her sweet and winsome grace,
Her brightly laughing, roguish face.
She is not staid,
But nestles coyly in my arms,
And then still more
in my heart she charms;
She is not stayed.
—Tufonian.

THE LIMITS OF OUR FAITH.
Come Ingersoll, Tom Paine, Voltaire, if you have nothing new
To prove the Bible contradicts, we'll show you how its true.
In Revelations, you may find, in chapters 12 and 8,
The awful contradiction, that we shudder to relate.
To reconcile these two ideas is quite beyond our power:
"A woman in heaven"—and could there be "silence for half an hour?"
—Brunonian.

THE RECORDS PROVE IT.
My lazy friend thinks quite absurd
All talk about "Minerva’s bird."
He says he’ll take
A lark.
He argues, too, concerning fame,
That he who cannot write his name
Will always make
His Mark.
—Brunonian.

A RECEIPT FOR COMFORT.
If on a wet morning you're rather unwell,
Or, in the vernacular, feeling like—
Pray, squeeze a sound lemon in some handy glasses,
And drop in some sugar,—this receipt surpasses
The doses of doctors less learned than lucky,—
Then pour in plenty of Eau de Kentucky.
Add to this some water, which ought to be boiling,
Avoiding of course enough of it for spoiling.
Mix well; you will find it an excellent beverage.
Now to smoke with it have graded an average
Of Turkish, Virginia, Perique, and Havana,
With traces of Cavendish grown near Savannah;
A briar well seasoned will aid your devotions,
Which soon will exalt you from petty emotions,
For, Presto! see colds, cares, and creditors vanish,
In fashion well known as a walk a la Spanish.
Repeat the dose often, and, connoisseurs say,
You'll find yourself monarch of all you survey.
—Columbia Spectator.

A MODEL HOTEL.
One night Jack was drinking champagne on the sly
With the usual joyous effect;
And his voice, which in consequence got rather high,
His wife did not fail to detect.
She went to the bar and inquired for the cause,
But the bar man was prudently dumb.
And Jack says he likes a hotel whose by-laws
Make the bartender keep “Extra Mumm.”
—Brunonian.

A LOVELY SCENE.
We stood at the bars as the sun went down
Behind the hills on a summer day;
Her eyes were tender and big and brown:
Her breath as sweet as the new-mown hay.
Far from the west the faint sunshine
Glanced sparkling off her golden hair;
Those calm, deep eyes were turned towards mine,
And a look of contentment rested there.
I see her bathed in the sunlight flood—
I see her standing peacefully now:
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,
As I rubbed her ears—that Jersey cow.
When winter lingers in the lap of spring
("Tis shocking to narrate),
He’s very apt—the horrid thing!—
To linger there quite late.
—Harvard Advocate.

OUR LANDLADY’S SOUP.
The soup was in an awful stew
To get done in a minute.
But the oyster said, with sarcastic grin,
“I believe I am not in it.”
—Unit.