Along the busy, bustling streets
A maiden gayly trips,
And each rude wind with kisses greets
Her rosy cheeks and lips.
The feathery flakes of falling snow,
All soft and fairy white,
Drift ever down as the cold winds blow
In all their wintry might.
Stepping daintily she goes
Through all the muddy swash,
And like a blooming red, red rose
Is her little nose, by gosh!

Red and Blue.

AN ECHO FROM THE 17TH OF MARCH.
Who builds the railroads and canals,
But foreigners?
Who helps across the streets the gals,
But foreigners?
Who in the caucus has dere say,
Who does the votin’ election day,
And who discovered U. S. A.,
But foreigners?

Brunonian.

USE.
In ballades and rondeaus
Do true poets delight,
So that even their foes
In ballades and rondeaus
See a beauty that glows
By day and by night.
In ballades and rondeaus
Do true poets delight.

Abuse.
In ballades and rondeaus
Do verse-mongers delight,
And though every one knows
These ballades and rondeaus
Are the worst of bad prose,
Yet the bardlings still write!
In ballades and rondeaus
Do verse-mongers delight.

Unit.

MOdERN PEDAGOGICS.
A gay young Englishman was he,
And she a Spanish maid;
She’d love the English tongue to learn,
If he would teach, she said.
Full gladly he embraced the chance,
Thoughtless, of course, of sex,
And as each letter was instilled,
She’d smile from C to X.
But ne’er was grammar learned so quick,
For ere the nouns were through,
Before its time was heard, “I love,”
And said in Spanish, too.
’Twas now the maiden he embraced,
And as they told it me,
Once more she looked at him and smiled:
Now was from X-ta-C.

Bowdoin Orient.

SPLITTING HAIRS.
It makes a deal of difference
Where stands a word or phrase.
We say, “My hair is always combed,”
But not, “’Tis combed always.”

Brunonian.

A WAIL.
I madly loved a maiden once:
Would I had been acuter!
For though I wooed her many months,
I found I could not suitor.

Yale Record.

THE REASON WHY.
The Junior burns the midnight oil
O’er work too long delayed.
Why does he burn the midnight oil?
His gas bill is unpaid.

Trinity Tablet.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.
In this world of constant struggle,
In this age of strifes and toils,
The hustlers are the victors,
And the victors have the spoils.

Brunonian.

IN HIS SLEEVE.
He stood upon the chilly deck,
And waved a fond farewell:
Just when he’d see his friends again,
Alas! he could not tell.
He stood upon a chilly deck,
He hid it on the sly;
He’ll meet his friends, ’tis likely,
In the sweet bye and bye.

Brunonian.