WHAT HE SAID.
I kiss your hand, my lady fair;
I dare to hope you'll pardon me,
If, with an impress light as air,
I kiss your hand, my lady fair.
Give me a sword and powdered hair,
And 'tis but simple courtesy.
I kiss your hand, my lady fair,
And dare to hope you'll pardon me.

WHAT SHE THOUGHT.
He kisses my hand,
What a slight upon Cupid!
He's lacking in "sand,"
Kissing only my hand.
It's awfully grand—
But it's awfully stupid.
He kisses my hand—
What a slight upon Cupid!

—Harvard Lampoon.

A PARADOX.
"Tis a curious fact, but a fact very old,—
You can keep a fire hot by keeping it cooled.

—Brunonian.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.
I sat upon the window seat,
And gazed dejected down the street,
And dreamed about my Mary Ann,
Who'd left me for another man.
And as I gazed, there came in view
A pretty dogcart, in which two
Young persons sat, and one was Ann,
The other was the other man.
They sat quite close upon the seat,
He looked down in her face so sweet,
And as the horse came on apace,
His face drew nearer to her face,
Until their noses almost met,
And then their lips drew nearer yet,
Until united in the bliss
Of one long, luscious, lingering kiss.
I raised my window, and leaned out
To check their folly with a shout,
When, gods and godkins! in the cart
They sat at least a foot apart.
I found I had been fooled, alas!
By flaws in that d—d window glass.

—Brunonian.

AN ANCIENT SPORT.
Marc Antony was a sporty boy,—
Or, at least, he tried to be so,
For he went out on a tear down East,
And he tried to play at Pharaoh.

—Red and Blue.

"PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL."
With air sedate and sober mien,
His coat thrown open,—scarcely neat,
With eyes cast down and deep in thought,
He walks along the crowded street.
He neither turns to right nor left,—
Great plans revolving in his brain,—
Heeds not the warning shouts ahead,
Nor mocking gamins in his train.
Before his thoughts the planets pass;
Before his eyes the meteors flash;
He sees them plunge through trackless space—
Then comes a sudden stunning crash.
They dance, collide, and dance again,
While he the horrid jar can feel,—
For he, the grave astronomer,
Has stepped on a banana peel.

—Columbia Spectator.

IT IS DIFFERENT.
There's a very touching poem
That never groweth old;
It is full of tender feeling—
"Silver threads among the gold."
But ah! it never can compare
In tenderness or strength,
In heart-affecting pathos,
In depth, or breadth, or length,
With that strange, unearthly feeling
That came to Mrs. Dred,
When she found a curling golden hair
On her husband's silver head.

—Lafayette.

BLIND LOVE.
[She thinks.]
My darling is wounded and angry, I fear;
He writes to me, "Negligence caused by a tear."
[He thinks.]
By thunder! I wonder if Bessie will care,
I wrote to her plainly I'd been on a tear.

—Brunonian.

A FARE JOKE.
Now here's a rule that's always true
For any time or place;
The man must be a ticket who
Can travel on his face.

—Brunonian.