"I wonder how these letters here
Became so damp and wet?"
"What are they, Jack?" "O, mostly bills
I haven't paid as yet."
"The answer's plain, I guess, old man,"
Said Fred, with sudden wit;
"Because there's so much due on them
Must be the cause of it."

Unto a little negro
A-swimming in the Nile,
Appeared quite unexpectedly
A hungry crocodile,
Who, with the chill politeness
That makes the warm blood freeze,
Remarked, "I'll take some dark meat
Without dressing, if you please"

—The Bema.

Who is it makes our life so hard,
And doth our peace of mind bombard,
Flunking us when we're off our guard?
Professor F.

Who gives us lessons hours long,
And if we get them slightly wrong,
Next day descends upon us strong?
Professor F.

Who gets us up to be exam'ed,
And says, "'Tis useless to have crammed;
For aught I care, flunk and be —"
Professor F.

MY WAITRESS.
She waited on the table,
A country maiden fair;
Red as a peach her rosy cheeks,
And like the sun her hair;
Brighter than summer moonbeams
On autumn's golden gown,
And many a belle would pay full well
To wear that yellow crown.

I gazed on it with gladness
(Each hair of gold did seem),
Until one day, 'tis sad to say,
I found two in the cream.

—Tale Record.

INCONSISTENCY.
It was the country grocer;
He trusted every one,
And hustled, too, although he knew
His work was always "dun."

—Brunonian.

THE TRAMP'S VERSION.
Since in working and in resting
Life is divided best,
Let others do the working,
And we will do the rest.

—Brunonian.

LOVE'S LABORS LOST.
Maiden fair,
Golden hair,
Over there,
Dearie me!
Throw a kiss
To the Miss.
Oh what bliss
If she see!
Dainty nose,
Graceful pose,
Scarlet hose
(Pardon me).
Why don't she
Look at me?
Can it be
She can't see?
I'll be brave,
Kerchief wave.
"I'm your slave,
Notice me."
Prudish maid,
She's too staid,
Or afraid.—
Dares not sec.

Stands so still;
Oh! when will
My fair Jill
Look towards me?
Jimminy!
Can it be
Clothier's dummy
That I see?—Brunonian.

PREFACE FOR A NOVEL.
No lofty Muse for me this tale
Doth on a lyre diffuse;
I am the liar from whence it is
Delivered to a-muse.—Trinity Tablet.

RECIPIROCITY.
The mighty runner bares his legs—
They're neither weak nor slim.
And why, A. Comstock, should he not?
For, sure, his legs bear him!—Unit.