"THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

Last evening my darling and I took a drive
Through the woods where the wind whispered sweetly
And low;
Where the moon shone so bright,
With her silvery light,
And soft was the gleam of the beautiful snow.
I asked her one question as swiftly we drove,
The answer came back in tones soft and low,
But gave no delight
On that cold winter's night,
For chill was the tone of the beautiful's No.

HANDSOME.

Her hands were full, her veil not tied—
Her cheeks were rosy as the dawn.
"May I not hold your gloves?" he cried.
She answered, "When I've put them on."

"AND THE SWINE WERE JOKED."

When swine, possessed by devils fierce,
Ran down into the sea,
Their owners should have shed no tears,
But laughed right merrily.
There was their winter's pork in brine,
They need not sorrow sham;
But rather call their friends and dine
Upon some deviled ham.

THE FOOTBALL PLAYER.

Oh kerosene lamp, I envy your lot,
As your rising smoke I see;
You can smoke aw-ay to your heart's content.
But the captain won't let me.

BOTANICAL.

The beech is the tree for lovers, said she;
The poplar is stately and tall,
And well I love the linden tree,
But the oak is best of all;
'Tis stronger and nobler than the rest,
Its green is of deeper hue—
Now tell me, which do you love best?
And he quickly answered, "Yew."

ANOTHER CONTRADICTION.

Cain envied much his brother,
According to the fable—
But then it says he killed him
Because he wasn't ABEL!

RED AND BLUE.

AN APPROPRIATE KEEPSAKE.

We flirted together a week at the shore,
And strolled on the beach by the light of the moon,
And whispered our love 'mid the breakers' wild roar,
And at parting he gave me a souvenir spoon.

THE RIGHT PLACE FOR THEM.

A drummer who through life had passed,
Came down to Pluto's Inn at last.
He said to his host, "May it please your Grace,
But yours is the most all-firedest place
That ever offered cheer.

Your ventilation is poor, and why
Did you wholly forget your water-supply?
But worst of all, you are very unkind
To be careless of fire, when guests can't find
A fire-escape, I fear."

Then Pluto said: "You have rightly guessed
Our fire precautions are not the best.
Our building plan I'll not defend;
But still it stands, because they send
Poor building inspectors here."

THE JUNIOR'S REVERIE.

I wonder if she meant it:
She said that she'd be true,
And really seemed to like it,
That little kiss or two;
They tell me she's a summer girl;
I can't believe it's so;
Perhaps they're only guessing,
Or is it really so?
A summer girl?—the devil—
Whose love they say grows cold
When first the snow is falling;
I hear she'll be back Sunday:
Ah, well! all is not lost;
She can't be very chilly;
I think there's been no frost.

A summer girl?—poor fool I,
But still I'll be prepared;
A change of tune? I'll act
As if I never cared
For her; aye, or any belle;
It may be, who can tell?
A summer girl can sometimes be
A winter girl as well.

COLUMBIA SPECTATOR.