CONVIVIAL.
We seven met, after the play,
And drank full many a flowing cup.
And then, to pass the time away,
We had a game of seven up.
We seven met again next day,
(That copper was a sneaking pup)
And at the court, 'tis strange to say
The justice, too, played seven up.

—Yale Record.

QUESTION OF SPEED.
"Good-bye," she said, "'tis better so,
I fear you are a deal too slow;
Give me the pleasure born of strife,
I hate your sober Boston life;
I love the happy, eager whirl,
You know I am a New York girl."
He turned to go. Her face o'ercast—
"Ah! wait a minute. Not too fast."

—Lampoon.

MODERN ROMANCE.
I have a treasure, stolen unbeknown,
From my fair lady's room last fall.
It is an impress of her, having grown
Like the fair mold it clung to; at its call
Come thro'ning memories of her fair face.
Is it, perchance, a glove? you ask;
Or slipper molded to her young-limbed grace?—
To guess it were too hard a task—
It is a patent complexion mask!

—Red and Blue.

MY DRYAD.
Long years ago, the ancients say,
Before the golden days had sped,
The trees a secret hid away,
Imprisoned 'neath the bark, 'tis said.
Though we belong to ages new,
Yet this I know a truth to be,—
My lady's kept a prisoner, too;
The secret of the bark is she.
Not hid as in the times before
From sight, is she, in prison dark;
But I, with jealous care, watch o'er
Her picture in a frame of bark.

—Yale Record.

SAD.
"Not better yet, though stronger now,
And pale as death," I heard them say;
Some dying friend? no, not at all,—
The butter at the club to-day.

—Lafayette.

THE WAYWARD MUSE.
I wish I hadn't a muse, oh, dear!
It's the most provoking thing,
For she's always taking the very worst times
For trying to make me sing.
She keeps me awake in the dead of night
To scratch some bit of a rhyme,
And then in a spite, she'll desert me quite
For several weeks at a time.

And when the editor wants a line
It's just as bad or worse,
And I shrug my shoulders and have to decline
For want of a muse and a verse.

So I wish I hadn't a muse, I say,
It's the most provoking thing,
She's always here when I want her away,
And away when I want to sing.

—Brunonian.

BROKE!
For whatever she'd say she'd like to have,
We had eaten, alas! a philopena;
But how could I remember that
When alone at last with my darling Lena
I pressed her (closely) for a kiss;
"Now, Jack, if you dare, each time I scream!"
But she didn't, or make very much objection,
I noticed, e'en in my ecstatic dream,
And I wish I'd not taken so many kisses,
For it was, she averred, the other "Ice cream."

—Red and Blue.

SECONDHANDED.
"You can, I am sure, be my wife," said he.
"Then you have asked mamma?" said she.
"Oh, yes; just twenty-one years ago,—
But how did you ever come to know?"

—Brunonian.

A PRAYER.
Now I lay me out to cheat,
I pray this "pony" I may keep,
Oh, let me pass this old "exam,"
For honors I don't give a—continental!

—Red and Blue.

SIGNS AND OMENS.
Mine leedle dog, he bark all night
So loud he raise der deadt;
Und mine vrow say as some poor man
Inter der soup was gedt.
Und ven der morning baper gomes
Der virst ding meets rmine glance
Vas derrible—now, vat you dinks—
A man was deadt in Vrance. —Brunonian.