WON THE POT

That little hand!
I hold it firm in mine,
And scan its outlines fine.

My eyes expand,
And grow with love intense and strong;
I gaze upon it, fond and long,
That little hand!

That little hand!
It is so smooth, so pure and white,
And covered o'er with diamonds quite,
In beauty grand.

Oh, how I love it! See me press
It to my lips in fond caress!
That little hand!

That little hand!
There are no others fair as you!
I lay you down, and gladly too,
With manner bland.

It was a diamond flush and straight!
Soon may I hold its charming mate!
That little hand!

—Columbia Spectator.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

I'd always liked Polly, you know,
But didn't dare speak out,
For fear she might say no—
Girls sometimes do say so—
But leap year's here, you know,
And that's how it came about.
I'd always liked Polly, you know,
But didn't dare speak out.

—Yale Record.

FOOLED AGAIN.

"He's left Ninety-three
And will join Ninety-four."
Says the News in heartrending strain.
But alas, he has gone to that beautiful shore,
And will never be with us again.

The reason, you ask,
Why he's gone, alas?
Well, the reason is this—nothing more:
He's gone to sleep with the rest of his class—
It was Seventeen Ninety-four.

—Yale Record.

WINTER'S JOYS.

A youth, a maid, a little sled,
A hill of smooth white snow;
A slip, a slide, and off they glide,
And down the hill they go.
A hidden stump, a sudden bump,
A “free for comers” show,
The splinters fly, the couple cry,
And down they fall.

—Oberlin Review.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST AGAIN.

I sacrificed an overcoat
To take her to the play;
I hocked a spare umbrella, too,
To buy her a bouquet;
But when I called to get her
On the 'fore-appointed day,
She wasn't feeling very well,
But came downstairs to say
She had an awful headache,
And would I take her sister May.

—Columbia Spectator.

MY LILY.

My love is like the lily,
So beautiful, so fair;
She bears herself so daintily,
With such a queenly air.

But, as I am a poor man,
To love her is a sin.
Alas! the lily toils not,
And neither does she spin.

—Oberlin Review.

A PHILOSOPHER.

A man had a very bald head
Which exposed him to all sorts of weathers.
"I want an Egg Shampoo," he said,
"If I cannot grow hair I'll grow feathers."

—Brunonian.

THE THREE UNITIES.

A tennis court, the place for sport,
A net and rackets two.
A summer day, the time to play,
A maid with eyes of blue.

The ball she serves. Alas! it swerves—
Goes bounding down the hill.
"A fault," I call; but yet with all
Her faults, I love her still.

—The Inlander.