ANOTHER DAY.

"Another day," she said, "I will
Be glad your wishes to fulfill.
And then together we, inspired
By autumn's red eve much admired,
Will wander off across the hill.
We'll hold communion, spirits fired
By lofty thought. I'm somewhat tired
To-day. You will not mind until
Another day?"

That other day is waiting still;
I somehow think it always will.
She has the rest she so desired;
I am not there. I made her tired.
Another man my place may fill
Another day.
—Williams Weekly.

THE TRICK.

He was walking, oh, so stately!
One of our renowned eleven,
While the ice was on the pavement,
And the snow came down from heaven.

From a window smiled a maiden
Who had shared his glory with him,
And behold! an exhibition
Far too grand for rhyme or rhythm.

Of his glory to remind her,
Up he raised his feet, you see,
And maintained his reputation,
Making ten yards on a V.
—La Fayette.

A SONG OF SHERRY.

Why cannot I, as Aldrich did,
Amontillado sipping,
Sit musingly, the while my thoughts
In Fancy's spring are dipping?

And then indite some dainty lines
With graceful touches laden,
Unto my "rare old sherry," and
The "sherry-bearing maiden?"

Why cannot I now write such verse,
Fresh as a ripe-plucked berry?
Why not? Alas! I see no maid,
And, what is more, no sherry!
—Harvard Lampoon.

AN OLD WORLD IDYL.

In some far medieval land—a land beyond the sea—
There dwelt a medieval knight, as famous as could be;
He was the all-round champion of many scraps and frays,
In fact, the John L. Sullivan of those primeval days.

His boast was, "By my halldome (whatever that may be),
Where'er you search, you'll never find a knight as brave
as me."
(By which sage observation, we are led to understand,
They were rather weak in grammar, in that medieval
land.)

One evening in the winter he was drinking rather late,
When a stranger sought admittance before his castle gate;
A stranger who had wandered o'er mountain, stream and
sea;
The baron bade him enter (a generous man was he).
The stranger told some wondrous lies—as strangers ever
do—
Of battles and hairbreadth escapes, and perils he'd been
through;
But all unmoved the baron sat—he'd heard such tales be-
fore;
Perceiving which, the stranger worked those ancient gags
no more;
But told of a wild conflict in a great, far-distant land,
Where men went in unarmed and fought like tigers, hand
to hand;
And how they smashed each other, not for glory or for
gain,
But just to get a grip upon an ordinary cane.

Then, as the baron listened to that stranger gaunt and
lean,
He quaked as quakes the Freshman who is summoned
by the Dean;
And vowed that though he'd witnessed full many a bloody
fray,
They couldn't hold a candle to the cane-rush of to-day.
—Blue and White.

BLUE EYES.

(From the German.)

Sometimes you look upon me
With eyes so blue and meek,
In dreams I'm then so thoughtful,
That I can hardly speak.

But should I think at all times
Of those blue eyes of thine,—
Straightway a sea of blue thoughts
Would flood this heart of mine.
—Brunonian.

A WONDERFUL FEAT.

You cannot cut a diamond,
The physicists all say.
But I cut ten of them at once
At whist the other day.
—Brunonian.