NO HOPE.
Oh, she's young, divinely fair,
With her sunny golden hair,
And her eyes of azure fringed with lashes long;
And her cheeks with health's rich glow,
And her lips like Cupid's bow,
Seem a never ending theme for joyous song.
But, alas! my ardor's cooled,
And my heart by reason ruled,
When I gaze upon the barrier betwixt this maid and me.
And my love I dare not tell,
And must break its golden spell,
For I am but a Freshman, while a Junior's girl is she!
—Lehigh Burr.

SUPERIORITY.
Though I honor him sincerely,
Yet this strange thing must be:
I shall always feel above him,
For he rooms just under me.
—Wlliams Weekly.

THE REASON WHY.
Why is it that when two girls meet
They always kiss each other?
Men are content with shaking hands,
And oft think that a bother.
The reason, if you think it out,
Is plain as plain can be;
The girls have nothing better to kiss,
The men have, don't you see?
—Blue and White.

MULTUM IN PARVO.
It's strange that a mosquito,
Measuring just a centimeter,
And whose weight would scarcely balance in the scale a
millogram,
Can a man of twice a metre
High, and weigh a hectolitre,
Drive to fury like a lion, though he may be like a lamb.
—Lehigh Burr.

CECILIA PLAYING.
Her execution wins unbounded praise,
But now that I have heard her,
I must discard the euphemistic phrase
And call it simply murder.
—Williams Weekly.

ANOTHER DONE.
"Another done," said I one night,
As, with a thought of prospects bright,
I solved a puzzling rule of three,
And marked upon it, Q. E. D.,
After a long and patient fight.
The night was fine, the moon was bright,
And seemed to tempt me with its light;
But I was firm; there still must be
Another done.
A sudden knock filled me with fright;
Some one was banging with great might
Upon the door; I turned the key,—
Alas! my tailor did I sec.
Ah me, you see I was quite right,—
Another dun!
—Williams Weekly.

TO THE SENIOR WITH CAP AND GOWN.
Oh Petticoated Senior!
Is this a dress reform,
That you do wear the female skirt?
Or, is it to keep warm?
Oh Petticoated Senior!
When laughed at, do not frown,
For your headdress much resembles
A wineglass upside down.
Oh Petticoated Senior!
Our curiosity's fired:
You wear a night-robe all day long,
Dost wear a dress suit when retired?
Oh Petticoated Senior!
Can you, in that rig, dance?
Or, when you tread the mazy,
"Do you wear pants?"
—Amherst Student.

A LOGICAL DEDUCTION.
Marriage is a lottery, so 'tis said.
The ministers, who loving couples wed,
Are guilty, as is very plain to see,
of showing favor to a lottery.
—Blue and White.

COSTLY KNOWLEDGE.
Conditions confront one and tutors are dear;
Alas for my sad situation!
I must save all my cash, and spend it I fear
In gaining a hire education.
—Trinity Tablet.

ANOTHER VERSION.
"Where are you going my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.
"May I go with you my pretty maid?"
"The cows would adopt you, sir," she said.
—Polytechnic.