IN THRALL.
I only see one witching face,
Lit by the tableau's fleeting grace;
The gypsy garb becomes her well,
Sweeter is she than tongue may tell—
Bess, a captive maid.

But when the play is o'er, and when
The stage lamps all are dark again,
I feel a clinging pain; at last
In fancy's bonds she holds me fast—
I, a captive made.

—Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

A MARTYR.
His head was jammed into the sand,
His arms were broke in twain,
Three ribs were snapped, four teeth were gone,
He ne'er would walk again.

His lips moved slow, I stooped to hear
The whispers they let fall;
His voice was weak; but this I heard,
"Old man, who got the ball?"

—Hamilton Literary Monthly.

AKIN TO PAIN.
The game is done, and the darkness
Falls on the vanquished team,
Like balm upon their bruises,
Or plasters or cold cream.

And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That is almost akin to pain,
As I silently count the dollars
That I lost on that football game.

—Red and Blue.

THE COURT JESTER.
I love my motley and my jangling cap,
My antic staff with its familiar leer;
I love to sit with my wise ape and sneer
At fools who call me Fool. I slyly slap
The King himself with some neat jest, and rap
The smirking courtiers who adroitly veer,
Like weather-vanes, with changing winds. They fear
My snapping tongue, as lamed rats fear the trap.

King! I am King—and King and Court my fools;
My lute, my sport; my shuttlecocks, my tools.

Some arch rondeau, to my pet ape, I sing,
And staid dames pale beneath their paint, ho! ho!
And fops look fierce as hens. Sweet ape, we know
Wit rules. My puppets hop, I pull the string.

—Trinity Tablet.

A RONDEL.
"I'd draw the knot as tight as man can draw,
And firm I'd make it fast by every law;
Dearest, you need not speak your fond consent
Your paleness and your blush so finely blent,"
He gently said; "tell me my happy lot:
I'd draw the knot."

But ere he could the eager phrase repeat,—
The phrase his manly fancy found so sweet,—
The modest maiden toward him turned her face;
Her eyes met his a moment's rapturous space,—
She spoke, her firm glance faltering scarce a jot,
"I'd rather not."

—Lampoon.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.
"My prisoner for life,"
Cried the newly made bride,
As she kissed her young lord,
Who sat by her side.

"No! no! you're mistaken,
My dear one," said he,
"It's capital punishment
Surely for me."

—Ex.

THEIR FIRST BREAKFAST.
One sip of coffee hot he took,
He set aside the steaming cup,
And then beneath the table reached
His wedding trousers to turn up.

"Why act like that?" she said to him,
Her face with glow so ruddy;
He merely said, with husky voice:
"Your coffee, love, is muddy."

—The Polytechnic.

MY WISH.
Many men have wished for riches,
While for power some hearts yearn;
Beauty many a mind bewitches,
With wisdom numbers turn.

But I do not ask for great things,
A little boon my soul would please;
It is only that my trousers
May not bag so at the knees.

—Lehigh Burr.

A maid with a Duster
Once made a great Bluster
In Dusting a Bust in the Hall;
But when she had Dusted,
The Bust was all Busted,
The Bust is now Dust, that is all.

—Yale Record.

MUTABLE FEMA."
A lass, alas, is often false!
Of faults the maid is made;
So waste no time about her waist—
Though stayed, she is not staid.

—Cynic.