BALLADE OF LEAP YEAR.
I've been to the parties, assemblies and balls,
My face is well known at afternoon teas;
I've taken my steps where'er Fashion calls,
I'm the sort of a fellow one generally sees;
I've ridden on coaches and followed the hounds,
Call McAllister 'Ward,' and old Vanderbilt 'Bill,'
With Dixon and Parkhurst I've gone on the rounds,
And yet at the end I'm a bachelor still.

That evening at Newport—how can I forget,
Aside at the table, from chaperone free,
How I tasted the flattery poured out by Bett
And thought I was happy as ever could be?
But Bettie has vanished, and after her, Grace,
And after her, Alice, and Dora, until
There came Henriette, with her glorious face,—
And yet at the end I'm a bachelor still.

I know I am clever, Clarice told me so
That night at Bar Harbor we sat on the rocks.
Yet she never proposed—I might have said "No,"
Although she was stunning in one of her frocks.
And Nell liked my sketches, and Nora my hair,
And Esther the verses I wrote with a quill,
While Beth was too bashful and Kate didn't care,
And so at the end I'm a bachelor still.

Maybe some day in the year ninety-six,
Or when the old cycle has run to its fill,
I shan't have to mourn as my cocktail I mix,
"Alas! at the end I'm a bachelor still."

RONDEAU.
Each morn at nine she trippeth by,
Beneath the gray or sunny sky,
To old io020's portal, where
Grim Learning waiteth in her lair
To seize each maid whom she doth spy.

This maiden's glance, demure, yet shy,
Would seem to say she knoweth I
To see her pass am waiting there
Each morn at nine.

Her sailor hat, her mannish tie,
Her dainty boots which I descry
Beneath her skirt, her fluffy hair,
All these combine to wear a snare,
To shun whose bonds in vain I try
Each morn at nine.

Lampoon.

A QUESTION.
If mile is shorter than smile,
And a kiss is good for a miss,
And a miss is as good as a mile,
Is a smile then more than a kiss?

The Adelbert.

QUIT.
My friend engaged in a fight last week;
The honors were even, he said,
For though he lost two 'floating ribs,'
He gained a 'swimming head.'

Brunonian.

THISTLEDRIFT.
Bright as the day is dawning
Over the meadows brown,
Light on the breath of morning
Is wafted a thistledown.

With fabric so daintily moulded
Hovering 'twixt earth and sky,
On feathery wings folded
Silently floating by.

In the golden sunlight gleaming
Spreading its rays afar,
In the hazy shadow seeming
A pale ethereal star.

Now softly sinking lower,
Down from its course o'erhead,
To rest in the heart of a flower
Poised on its silver thread.

Soft as the day is dying
And the blackbirds homeward speed,
And the night wind faintly sighing,
The earth receives its seed.

Yale Literary Monthly.

'Twas Ever Thus.
The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year;
The Freshman feels his beating heart
Go thumpity-thump with fear.

The dreaded mid-years now are nigh;
Soon we'll hear what the Faculty say,
Then—fold up our tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

E. M. B., '96.