A WARNING.
A dog; a dude;
A maiden wooed;
A father unconsenting;
A fall of pride;
A loss of hide;
And Towser unrelenting.

—Trinity Tablet.

TO-MORROW.
To-morrow—or, to-morrow—or, to-morrow—
The past is dark, the present darkening, too,
Only the future is of roseate hue,
Without its shade of pain or fear or sorrow;
The day is done—why should we trouble borrow?
The sun will rise through heavens divinely blue,
And then, ah, then, the world will yet prove true—
To-morrow—or, to-morrow—or, to-morrow.
Thus doth man live, seeing with each new day
A hope o'erthrown, and yet he liveth on!
Bent with his load, he struggles on his way,
Believing sorrow dieth with the setting sun.
Ah, did he know, there is an end of sorrow,
But in the land where there is no to-morrow.

—Nassau Lit.

A KNOX HAT.
I bought my tie for a genuine Knox
And paid a genuine V,
And after the rush on St. Patrick's Day,
Its knocks you could plainly see.

—Trinity Tablet.

A NEW YEAR'S POE-M.
Here's the postman with the bills—
New Year's bills.
With a world of worriment my soul their coming fills,
All around they sprinkle, sprinkle,
A gloom like that of night,
While the postman's keys they tinkle,
And his eyes they fairly twinkle
With ironical delight,
As he comes, comes, comes,
Till the neighbors think us chums,
And to my great tribulation my letter box he fills,
With the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
While I'm moaning and I'm groaning at the bills.

—Columbia Spectator.

WAIT FOR THE LOST.
"Umbrellas re-covered while you wait,"
In the window read the sign;
From all my friends who have borrowed them,
O, pray, recover mine.

—Brunonian.

YE MODERN POET.
The modern poet tunes his lyre,
All in a minor key,
His songs—if one can call them so—
Are sad as they can be.
He sings about his lady fair
His genius—his life's star,
And tells us how she breaks his heart,
So cold, so still, so far.
So when I read this tearful stuff,
I bless the sisters three,
Because the sorry poet's lot,
Was not bequeathed to me.
No single star could fill the bill,
Or claim my adoration,
My heart is fully large enough
To love a constellation.

—Princeton Tiger.

They played at cards on the yellow sand,
When the fields and the trees were green;
She thought that the trump was in her hand,
He thought that he held the queen.
But winter has come, and they both have strayed
Away from the throbbing wave—
He finds 'twas only the deuce she played,
She finds that he played the knave.

—Spectator.

TROILET.
I fall on my knees
To fasten her skate.
Although my hands freeze
I fall on my knees
Because she said "please."
Confound that heel plate!
I fall on my knees
To fasten her skate.

—Williams Weekly.

THREE MAIDENS.
Three maidens went shopping out in the West—
West Twenty-third—when the sun went down;
Each thought of the color that suited her best
For a new spring hat or a dancing gown,
And had it sent home on the morrow.
And each for the man she loved did buy
A wild and terrible patterned tie
That each man wore in sorrow.
For women buy and men must wear,
Though the style is enough to curl one's hair,
Or trouble dire to borrow.

—Es.