BEHIND THE MASK.

Sir Cupid once, as I have heard,
Determined to discover
What kind of man a maid preferred
Selecting for a lover.
So, putting on a soldier's coat,
He talked of martial glory;
And from the way he talked, they say
She seemed to like—the story.

Then with a smile sedate and grim,
He changed his style and station;
In shovel hat and gaiters trim
He made his visitation.

He talked of this, discoursed on that,
Of Palestine and Hermon;
And from the way he preached, they say
She seemed to like—the sermon.

Then Cupid, puzzled in his mind,
Discarded his disguises;
"That you no preference seem to find,
My fancy much surprises."

"Why so?" she cries with roguish smile,
"Why, prithee, why so stupid?
I do not care what garb you wear,
So long as you are—Cupid."

—Williams Weekly.

FORSKEN, ETC.

There's something about my sweetheart
That fills my heart with alarm,
And makes my suit seem hopeless—
'Tis that other fellow's arm.

—Brunonian.

A PORTRAIT.

A slim young girl, in lilac quaintly dressed;
A mammoth bonnet, lilac, like the gown,
Hangs from her arm by wide, white strings, the crown
Wreathed round with lilac blooms, and on her breast
A cluster; lips still smiling at some jest
Just uttered, while the gay, gray eyes half frown
Upon the lips' conceit; hair, wind blown, brown
Where shadows stray, gold where the sunbeams rest.

Ah! lilac lady, step from your gold frame,
Between that starched old Bishop and the dame
In awe-inspiring ruff. We'll brave their ire
And trip a minuet. You will not? Fie!
Those mocking lips half make me wish that I,
Her grandson, might have been my own grand-sire.

—Trinity Tablet.

WOMAN'S WANTS.

"Man wants but little here below,"
That cannot be denied;
But woman wants the earth, you know,
Then isn't satisfied.

—Ex.

EQUIVOCAL.

On the wealthy Larica's worn features I wrote
In rhyme some extravagant praise.
The verses were spurned (and I'm in the same boat),
For I called them "Some Lines on her Face."

—Brunonian.

AN EQUINE WONDER.

Look ye! a horse which oft has won,
A prize for him whose work he's done,
As good a trotter o'er hard ground
As can by any one be found.
Which never yet has duty shirked,
Nor murmured e'en when overworked,
Besides a steed to ride upon,
An undenied phenomenon,
For on inspection it appears
That this good horse has got dog ears.

—Trinity Tablet.

FRESH ADVICE.

"We've had a tiff," said Soph to Fresh,
"And now she will not speak to me;
What letter had I better write?"
And Freshie answered, "Let her be!"

—Red and Blue.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

She sat in the deep old casement
And watched the daylight fade;
She was spending her sixteenth Christmas,
This fair little English maid,—
And she pictured a splendid romance
Like the tales of long ago,
While she twined in the lace above her
A spray of mistletoe.

The last clouds slowly vanish,
Until through the window slips
A beam of golden sunlight,
That touches her saucy lips.
No more will she wait a lover
Or his tender greeting miss,
For one has come in the twilight
And stolen a Christmas kiss.

—Cynic.

PROPHETIC.

"Coming events cast shadows before,"
So thus we see from afar,
That the Freshman will go to the Bench,
And the Sophomore to the Bar!

—Williams Weekly.