HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.
In the middle of an icy sidewalk.

To start or not to start, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler here to stay and totter
And stick my heels into this friendly crevice,
Or to strike out across the glassy pavement,
Perchance to land in safety; to start, to land
All right side up, it is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To start, to slip,
To hurl some strange gymnastics thro' the air,
And then a sudden bump! Ay, there's the rub,—
A rub with liniments and St. Jacob's Oil,—
Ah, no! I'll let the mortal coil alone,
And I will do no shuffling now at all,
But rather take a sitting posture and
Slide gently to the margin, if no snag
Shall give me pause.

—Syracuse Herald

THE FIN-DE-SIECLE GIRL.

"What is the formula, Professor,
For maidens 'up to date'?
"The wise man smiled and quickly wrote,
"S S P 98!"

"Pray, what may mean this mystic scroll?"
Said she, the Vassar pert,
"Why, one part saint and one part sage
And ninety-eight a flirt!"

—Ex.

ALAS!
War is terrible,
Famine is horrible.
Cholera lays men low;
But statistics show clearly
That more are killed yearly
By poems on beautiful snow.

—Unit.

Cupid, with his subtle dart,
Pierced a little maiden's heart,
Crying: "Ah, thy fate is sealed,
Naught can from my arrows shield;
Yield thee to thy foe!"
But the maiden answered: "Rogue,
Broken hearts are not in vogue;
My escape is not so narrow;
Thou hast only lost an arrow,
I have gained a beau."

—Columbian Spectator.

IRREVOCABLE.

Flown, flown, flown,
All the tenners I squandered for thee.
For the price of that dozen of big Jacqueminots
Can never come back to me.

—Brunonian.

HIS VALENTINE.

I chose a little teapot
Of dainty shape and hue;
I dropped this line within it:
"'Twill hold enough for two."
Then sent it to a maiden,
To the fairest one of all,—
To the one, dark-eyed and slender,
Whose grace held me in thrall.

I went to call last evening,
And the object first I spied
Was my teapot on the mantel
With the roses, side by side.
It claimed my close attention;
I praised its tiny spout;
While she, for my diversion,
The line within drew out.

I read it over gravely,
Then said: "My dear, will you
Share with me the teapot,
That holds enough for two?"
And as the blushes deepened,
I paused to hear with pain,—
"I'd like a sugar basin
When the good saint comes again."

—Wesleyan Argus.

THE MISTLETOE’S Mischief.

She stood beneath the chandelier,
With eyes and cheeks aglow,—
He promptly saw his chance for bliss,
And pressed upon her lips a kiss,
And blessed that mistletoe.

It happened that her pa came in,—
Oh, ruin, wreck, and woe!
His boot was big and well applied,
And soon the young man stood outside
And cursed that missile toe.

—Ex.

BEHIND THE NAME.

Fair Phyllis, you'll find,
Lives only in verse;
A name well designed,
Fair Phyllis you'll find,
To shelter behind,
Mag, Bridget, or worse!
Fair Phyllis, you'll find,
Lives only in verse.

—Williams Weekly.