A QUESTION.
They tell how fast the arrow sped
When William shot the apple,
But who can calculate the speed
Of him who's late for chapel?

--Trinity Tablet.

A DOUBTFUL QUESTION.
"Who eats the bread of idleness must needs get his deserts,"
A father to his "scapegrace son" with serious mean assertions.
And I, who am that personage, my brains do rack to see,
What other things besides loaf cake may be in store for me.

--Trinity Tablet.

Her great, dark eyes upon me shone,
As on the stairs we sat alone.
So swift her glances played their part
And took possession of my heart,
That straightway I was all undone.
I asked her in a tender tone
To marry me, and be my own.
She laughed—I noticed with a start
Her great dark eyes.
A dread fear chilled me to the bone;
I grew as cold as any stone,
For glass, and some optician's art
Had made one eye which came apart!
And so that night they captured none;
Her great dark eyes.

--Williams Weekly.

JUANNA.
When thou art near me
Sorrow seems to fly;
And then I think, as well I may,
That on this earth there is no one
More blest than I.
But when thou leav'st me
Doubts and fears arise,
And darkness reigns where all before was light.
The sunshine of my soul
Is in those eyes,
And when they leave me all the world is night.
But when thou art near me,
Sorrow seems to fly,
And then I think, as well I may,
That on this earth there is not one
So blest as I.

--Polytechnic.

FATE.
I took my books the other day
And studied in the Quad, alone.
But no professor passed that way,
I wasn't called on the next day;
That work was never known.
Up on the road beside the brook,
One little hour we two beguiled;
I never looked inside a book,
But I met each prof. whose work I took,
And when I flunked, he smiled.

--Segnoa

THE SILVER ISSUE.
The spinster sat before her glass
And let her tresses down;
Then carefully she scanned them o'er
With many an anxious frown.
Three hairs of silver met her gaze—
She spied them with a pout—
"Ah, no; say dye I never will,"
She sighed, and pulled them out.

--Yale Record.

We walked into the Adams House,
The drinks they were on me;
I asked, "What are you taking, boys?"
They said, "Some oeu deVin."
We drank our little nipple,
Which was brandy, as you see;
I asked how much I owed them,
And they said I owed a V.

--Harvard Lampoon.

A DAY-DREAM.
I was sitting in the shadow of a bending apple tree,
When I saw a ship a-sailing—like a swallow—o'er the sea.
Hung the spars of silver glistening, from the towering masts so high,
And the sails seemed gauzy cobweb, 'gainst the cloudless summer sky.
In the hold were treasures countless, from a dim and distant land;
Where the ocean scarcely murmurs on the shifting, shining sand.
But the ship came now no nearer in the sunlight's sinking ray,
Though her sails were set, she moved not in the distance far away.
Then I waited, watching, looking, o'er the rippling summer sea.
For the gallant fairy vessel—that would never come to me.
For she vanished in the sunset,—in the sunset's crimson light,—
And my golden dream had faded like the rainbow glistening bright;
While the stars their watch were keeping in the boundless misty night.

--Yale Courant.