THREE-i TO Ef CH.

NIGHTMARE OF A FRESHMAN SIGN SWIPE.
He turned and tossed upon his bed,
Repose he could not find,
For all night long such things as these
Kept coursing through his mind:

"Keep off the Grass," and "Beer on Draught,"
"H-O," and "Pyles' Pearline,"
"Look out for Paint," and "Use Pear's Soap,"
Were signs that he had seen.

And in the midst of all of these
A demon seemed to dance,
Who asked him, with a fiendish grin,
"I say, do you wear pants?"

The Lamoon.

Rondeau.
An olden joke in modern dress
Appears, our risibles to bless;
For at its birth a caveman smiled;
Since then old Grecians it's beguiled,
Till now it's vapid, I confess.

Unhappy ghost of nothingness,
Depart from this world's strain and stress;
You are—I draw it very mild—
A olden joke.

Your inane wit we can't suppress;
Eternal life is yours, I guess;
For when your humor, thus self-styled,
Insults the senses of a child,
I find you in the college press,
An olden joke.

—Williams Weekly.

An Unwritten Song.
It was my purpose days ago
To write a song to thee;
I sought for rhymes that sweetest flow,
To blend in harmony.
I wanted words all fair and bright
To shine upon the song,
With inward purity and light,
Which unto thee belong:
Such words as poets love to praise,
So dainty, rich, and rare,
Like raindrops pierced with sunny rays
Till rainbow hues are there.
Unwritten words—I seek them still—
For I find words so few;
But when my wish I can fulfill,
I'll write a song to you.

—The Dartmouth Lit.

AT CAIRO.
As she stands I see her yet,
Just beneath the minaret,
Abou Mashar.
With her dark, gazelle-like eyes
Lit with langorous surprise,
Could I pass her?
Yonder harem is her home,
Shadowed by the Sultan's dome,
Sweet Chafica.
Past that portal picturesque,
Wrought with patterns Arubesque,
None may seek her.
Yet the Orient weaves its spell,
Muzzin call and fakirs yell,
Wild commotion.
"Only brave deserve the fair,"
But for her I need not dare
Cross the ocean.
For the houses and the dress
Were brought over by express,
Wells and Fargo;
And our picturesque romance
Happened in the gay Plaisance,
At Chicago.

—Harvard Lamoon.

THE HAPPIEST HOUR.
Oh! there's many a merry year in life,
There are twelve long months in the year,
And many a day
Makes every month gay,
"And the world is full of cheer."

But the happiest hour of the brightest day
Of the sweetest month of the year,
Was that lovely night
When your eyes so bright
Were saying "Aye," while your lips said "Nay,"
When you became mine, my dear.

—Brunonian.

CLOUDLAND.
Over the hills, at the close of day,
Gazing with listless-seeming eyes,
Margery watches them sail away,—
The sunlit clouds of the western skies.
Margery sighs with a vague regret,
As slowly they fade from gold to gray,
Till night has come, and the sun has set,
And the clouds have drifted beyond the day.
What are you dreaming, my little maid?
For yours are beautiful thoughts, I know;
What were the words that the wild wind said,
And where, in the dark, did the cloud-ships go?
Come through the window and touch her hair,
Wind of the vast and starry deep!
And tell her not of this old world's care,
But kiss her softly, and let her sleep.

—Columbia Lit.