EMPINNESS.
Oh what a bitter, cruel world
Is this!
To rest in death, that would alone
Be bliss.
How idle every empty hope
Of man;
How vain for e'en a moment's joy
To plan.
Best friends are faithless, pleasures all
Soon go;
Backward and forward both, we look
On void.
What ails me, makes my throbbing brain
To whirl?
I did not get a letter from
My girl!
—Bnnonian.

SECRETS OF THE WIND.
Did you ever hark to the voice of the wind,
And wonder what it was saying,
As it hurried along through a lonely wood,
Or 'mid the meadow grass was playing?

Did you ever wonder from whence it was come,
Or whither away it was going,
As it lifted the dust from the bleak hillside
In its wild, tumultuous blowing?

Did you ever find out what its purpose was,
Or on what intent it was bending,
When it whitened the waves of the ocean wild
In a hurricane never ending?

No; the wind that we hear is a mystery;
And its home, or whither it goeth,
On what purpose bent, or the tales that it tells,
Are the secrets that no one knoweth.
—The Yale Courant.

"Your figure petite is ever so sweet,
And there's certainly no getting 'round it."
Her adorer was scared, and hence unprepared,
For her question meant more than she hardly dared,
But she coyly found voice to propound it:
"So my figure petite is ever so sweet;
Are you—quite—sure there's no getting 'round it?"
—University Courier.

LOVE'S BAROMETER.
The rain falls to-day
And clouds darkly lower,
But my heart, it is gay
Though the rain falls to-day;
For she passed by this way—
And I heed not the shower,
Though the rain falls to-day
And the clouds darkly lower.
The sun shines to-day,
And the skies they are bright,
But my heart is not gay
Though the sun shines to-day;
For she's not been this way—
And to me it is night,
Though the sun shines to-day
And the skies, they are bright.
—Vassar Miscellany.

What does the Baltic Sea?
What does the carpet tack?
Why is the Sophomore German?
Why does the flour get the sack?
Why does the Senior fence?
What does the track athlete?
Why is a whiskey straight?
What size are metric feet?
Who does Edward street?
Who is the chapel bell?
Why does the bob-tail flush?
Why did William Tell?
—Yale Record.

EVENING
On dreary marsh land darkness settles low;
The sky is dull and gray, save far away
A cold, pale brightness marks the orb of day
Far down the west. Faint ghost of ruddy glow,
The sunset comes and goes. The shadows grow
So long that all is shadow, and the gray
Of twilight falls. On silent pools yet stray
Reflections of the latest gleams, then go.
The fringing alders by the black brook blend
Into a wall of deep'ning gloom. Below,
So stilly glides the stream, I scarce can hear
Its mournful murmuring, though strained my ear.
Athwart my way a light gleams that I know;
A latch is lifted; left the drear day's end.
—Trinity Tablet.

A RETROGRESSION.
It required four years of my early youth
To master my A B C;
But now it is worse, for, to tell you the truth,
It requires four years for A. B.
—Sequoia.