When we're out late at night,
We oft take a bite,
From a sandwich or cranberry tart;
And we think it quite fine
At lunch wagons to dine,
For it's then that we eat a la carte.

—Brownoian.

A RULE OF WHIST.
The swell had lightly answered,
As he donned his new array,
"I'll step outside and change this bill,"
When the tailor asked for pay.
The tailor feared his habit was
From his creditors to scoot;
He seized his hat and sagely said,
"Methinks I'll blow suit."

—Brownoian.

The maiden sweet, at seventeen,
Bewails her chaperon,
And wonders if she'll e'er be found
Entirely alone.
This maiden fine at thirty-nine
Is utterly alone;
And now she'd give her blead to live
With one dear chap-her-own.

—Ex.

HE HASN'T CALLED SINCE.
A theologe, bald, one evening called
On a miss who had studied fine art.
'Twas his very last year, and he thought it most queer
He hadn't won some lassie's heart.

Now, when she came down in her evening gown,
She carried her palette and brush;
"Oh, Mr. ——, would it not be nice—"
Then paused, and started to blush.

Poor Mr. —— spoke up in a trice,
"Proceed, dear." And thus she went on:
"A rabbit to paint on your head, where there ain't—"
But he stopped her before she was done,
And asked with surprise, seen in both of his eyes,
Why she wanted to paint it up there.
Alas! he was caught. She replied, "Why, I thought
I could make it look just like a hare."

—Ex.

TWILIGHT SONG.
Sweetheart, night is falling,
Falling
Soft o'er land and sea,
And my love is calling,
Calling
Through the night to thee.
Fairy fire-lights, gleaming,
Gleaming,
Dancing merrily,
I-leed me not, a dreaming,
Dreaming
Dearest heart of thee.
But the shadows playing,
Playing,
Seek to comfort me,
And afar go straying,
Straying
Through the night to thee;
Till about thee bending,
Bending,
Tell with kisses light,
That to thee I'm sending,
Sending
All my love to-night.

—Vassar Miscellany.