REPARTEE.
With quite a blank look the paper said,
"Get onto his royal nibs."
"Here's a horse on you," the pen replied,
As it merrily wrote the cribs.
—Lehigh Burr.

THAT'S SO.
Popping the question is all very well,—
As a rule an agreeable task;
But when you are forced into questioning pop,
You don't always get what you ask.
—Harvard Lampoon.

GEOLOGICAL.
A stratum of solid, slippery ice;
A stratum of slush, so soft and nice;
A stratum of water; over that
A stratum of man in a new silk hat.
Above, the startled air is blue
With oath on oath, a stratum or two.
—Yale Record.

DRINKING SONG.
Drink! drink! Your glasses clink,
And banish wan-eyed sorrow.
Drink! drink! For who can tell
What cometh on the morrow?
Laugh! laugh! Your tankards quaff,
Let mirth and jest be flying.
The gayest 'round the board to-night
To-morrow may be dying.
Sing! sing! The cadence swing,
And set the echoes flinging.
The bells that merrily peal to-night
A dirge may soon be ringing.
Love! love! Above all love
Let beauty's eyes be smiling;
Thus for to-night you may defy
To-morrow's false beguiling.
Sing! drink! Your glasses clink,
And banish pale-eyed sorrow.
Laugh to-night, for who can tell
What cometh on the morrow?
—Brunonian.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.
I met her at the fancy ball,
Ma belle Marquise;
In satin gown and feathers tall,
Ma belle Marquise.
With mask, and fan, and powdered hair,
I could not recognize, I swear!
Ma belle Marquise.
She was a dainty, gay coquette,
Ma belle Marquise;
Her little hand,—I feel e'en yet
Its gentle squeeze.
But fallen deep into her snare,
She raised her mask, and showed me there—
Ma soeur Louise.
—Yale Record.

Of every ill is love the cure,
Howe'er so great that ill may be;
But if thy ill be love itself,
Alas! no cure is left for thee.
—Harvard Advocate.

LOVE'S RECOMPENSE.
"Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."
A strain of music just at eventide;
A whisper of dead sighs; a tender face
Brown coronalled, and queenly in its pride;
A form that ever starts from my embrace,
Yet ever haunts me with its maddening grace;
Past years that live again in memory's glow;
God grant that I forget them for a space,
For Daisy has forgotten long ago.
The purpled ships that swam the outer tide
At night, at dawn have gained the inner space,
And safe within the harbor walls they ride.
Then on the deck one sees a longed-for face;
The wandering friend returns to his embrace;
I cannot hope for morning, since I know
The dream is false with all its winning grace,
For Daisy has forgotten long ago,—
Forgotten how I lingered by her side,
And lived but in the sunshine of her grace.
Forgotten! Ah, though year on year divide
To-day from then, though mile on mile of space
Between us lies, I still can see her face
In all my dreams, and cannot overthrow
The idol, though I've lost my love's embrace,
For Daisy has forgotten long ago.

L'Envoi.
Yet, Fate, thou hast been kind to show her face,
That I might have the memory of its grace.
The sun is set, but there's the afterglow,
And I may glory in its light a space,
Though Daisy has forgotten long ago.
—Cornell Mag.