Lives of poets oft remind us,-
If we use the proper means,—
Discard meter, rhyme, and reason,—
We can shine in magazines.

—Ex.

The conscientious Freshmen work
To get their lessons tough;
The Juniors flunk, the Sophomores shirk,
The Seniors—ah! they bluff.

—College Folio.

FALLEN STARS.
I saw one night a star slip down to earth,
From out the vault of heaven's depths o
And grieved, till, at the morning's happy 1
Its ghost laughed at me from a drop of dew.

—Yale Lit.

My love is like a lily,
So beautiful, so fair;
She bears herself so daintily,
With such a queenly air.

But I am a poor man;
To love her is a sin.
Alas! the lily toils not,
And neither does she spin.

—Oberlin Review

THE SUMMER GIRL.
A half-reclining form
In a "sleepy-hollow" chair;
A cloud of curls that storm
About her beauty fair;
Two laughing eyes that tell
A shily answered "Yes;"
A dainty hand to—well,
Say simply to caress.

An airy little sprite
In a billowy flood of lace,
Which flutters in its flight
In the galop's tripping grace.
And O the broken hearts
Which follow the rapturous whirl!
O the Redfern gown, and the arts
Of the annual summer girl!

—The Dartmouth Lit.

FOOTBALL.

A man and a Vassar maiden,
With wind and wave atune,
Talked low of love and football
'Neath a mellow Newport moon.
The Vassar maid had hinted
That Vassar girls might play
At Rugby, 'gainst his college,
And beat them, too, some day.

"If you should play," he whispered,
"Your college against mine,
I'd like to play left tackle
On the opposing line."
Then drooped her head, the maiden,
With blushes red as flame,
And said, "Since this may be so,
Let's have a practice game."

—The Inlander.

YE GOLDE-HEADED CANE.

It stands in the corner yet, stately and tall,
With a top that once shone like the sun;
It whispers of muster field, play house, and ball,
Of gallantries, courtship, and fun.

It is hardly the stick for a dude of to-day,
He would swear it was "deucedly plain";
But the dust of proud memories crowns its decay,—
My grandfather's gold-headed cane.

It could tell how a face in a circling calash
Grew red as the poppies she wore,
When a dandy stepped up with a swagger and dash
And escorted her home to the door.

How the beaux cried in jealousy, "Jove! what a buck!"
As they glared at the fortunate swain,
And the wand which appeared to have fetched him his

—My grandfather's gold-headed cane.

It could tell of the rides in the grand yellow gig,
When, from under a broad scuttle hat,
The eyes of fair Polly were lustrous and big,
And—but no! would it dare tell of that?
Ah me! by those wiles that bespoke the coquette
How many a suitor was slain!
There was one though who conquered the foe when they

—My grandfather's gold-headed cane.

With the gleam of his gold-headed cane.

Oh the odors of lavender, lilac, and musk!
They scent these old halls even yet;
I can still see the dancers, as down through the dusk
They glide in the gay minuet.

The small satin slippers, my grandmamma's pride,
Long, long in the chest have they lain;
Let us shake out the camphor and place them beside

—My grandfather's gold-headed cane.

—Wesleyan Lit.