A CHEMICAL TRAGEDY.

Our Willie passed away to-day,
His face we'll see no more;
What Willie thought was H₂O
Proved H₂SO₄.

—Bowdoin Orient.

A STRIKE.

When the German horse and the Latin horse,
And the French horse and the Greek,
With the Spanish horse and the Hebrew horse,
In council together speak,
The question will be, "Shall we work so much,
Unless our wages they raise?"
The common opinion will then be such
That the votes will all be "neighs."

—Brumonian.

We had paused to watch the quiver
Of faint moonbeams on the river,
By the gate.
We had heard something calling,
And a heavy dew is falling,
Yet we wait.
It is no doubt very silly
To stay out in all this chilly
Evening mist;
Still I linger, hesitating,
For her lips are plainly waiting
To be kissed.
So I stooped to take possession
Of the coveted concession
On the spot.
But she draws back with discreetness,
Saying, with tormenting sweetness,
"I guess not."
Her whole manner is provoking;
"Oh, well, I was only joking,"
I reply;
She looks penitently pretty,
As she answers: "What a pity!
So was I."

—Harvard Lampoon.

THE ART OF POETRY.

How easy it is to write verse!
Here's a sample that's neat, also terse.

Rhyym violets
With triolets,
And pansies
With fancies;
Rhyym roses
With posies,
And lilies
With—what?
And then you'll give up with a curse.

—Brumonian.

ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO.

'Twas a Boston maid I was calling on,
And I thought I'd put up a bluff,
So I spoke of Latin poetry,
For I knew she liked such stuff.
But she wasn't so slow as you might suppose,
In spite of her learning immense,
When I asked what Latin poem
Best expressed her sentiments.
For that Boston maid, who in classic shade
Was supposed to defy Love's charms,
Just hung her head and demurely said:
"I sing of men and of arms."

—Yale Record.