Adam," said Eve,
As they went out the gate,
When ordered to leave,
"Is my hat on straight?"

—Ex.

MOTHER GOOSE UP TO DATE.
Sing a song of touchdowns,
A pig skin full of air;
Two and twenty sluggers
With long and matted hair.
When the game was opened,
The sluggers 'gan to fight;
Wasn't that, for tender maids,
An edifying sight?

—Brunonian.

THE THORN THAT GUARDS.
Far in the corner on the stairs,
We were sitting together,—she and I;
The murmuring music was soft and low,
Like zephyrs that float 'neath a summer sky.
She held in her fingers a deep red rose,
And was plucking the petals, one by one;
Her eyes were filled with the dreamy light,
That softens the west when the day is done.

"Ah, Mildred, you are a bud yourself,
Its blushing sweetness is wholly thine;
Cannot you let me press the flower,
And keep it forever, and call it mine?"

The fair lips trembled, the dimples smiled,
Her eyes told clearly that I had lost;
But my heart still hoped, till she gently sighed,
"You forget what 'American Beauties' cost."

—Ex.

While Moses was no college man,
And never played football,
In rushes he was said to be
The first one of them all.

"I do not care to vote," she said,
"I hate this suffrage rant;
But I don't want some horrid man
To tell me that I can't."

—University Chronicle.

The Chinese orderly called the roll;
The tourist delighted fell;
For he felt in the depths of his Yankee soul
'Twas his old-time college yell.

—Ex.

FROM THE RURAL DISTRICTS.
Up our thirteen-story building
Toiled old Deacon West;
Weary at the seventh landing,
Paused for breath and rest.

"Won't you take an elevator?"
"You're fagged out, I think."
"No, I thank you," said our deacon,
"Sir, I never drink."

—Bowdoin Orient.

KODAKED.
A button of Red and Blue he gave
To her in jest;
She "pressed the button" to her lips,
"He did the rest."

—U. of P. Courier.

WANTED.
Two arms around my neck entwine,
A smooth cheek closely presses mine;
I know what such caresses mean,
And in my chair I backward lean.

"What is it, daughter mine?" I say;
"What is it that you want to-day?
Some more new dresses, or a hat?"

"No, dear papa, it isn't that."
"I hope it isn't laces, then?"
"You dear old dad, just guess again."
"More diamonds, or, perhaps, a pearl."

"No? Then what do you want, my girl?"
"I don't want anything; you see
It's Tom, this time, and he wants me."

—Siobud.

THE EMPEROR.
The Emperor of all the Russias is dead.—Daily Paper.

Ye trumpeters of Death, who ever strive
To summon to that higher haven, where
No transient traveler ever can abide!
Must he who despot high ruled o'er his race,
Whose heavy hand, whatsoe'er its bid,
Gave law to those who know not liberty,—
Must he the self-same summoning call obey,
And crumble into dust with his poor slave?

Ah! what are princes' wealth and monarch's power,
When Mother Earth calls back her wand'ring sons?
When dust to dusty clod again returns,
When monarch and his serf lie cold in death?
Before the throne of God no haughty word
From monarch's tongue, no mighty sweep of hand,
Shall bid the serf give up the priceless wealth
That's current there,—the riches of the soul!

—Tuftonian.