He writeth best who stealeth best,
Ideas great and small;
For the great soul that wrote the first
From nature stole them all.

-A. C. L. B.

A CLEAR CASE.
In the river at Paris had lain
The corpse of a man, self slain;
Which called forth a bit
Of the coroner's wit,
Who gravely declared him "in-Seine."

-Brunonian.

CUPID DROWNED.
One day, while sweeping in my room,
Saucily caught upon my broom,
What should I find to my surprise,
Looking straight into my eyes,
But the little desperate sprite,
Holding on with all his might,
The tiny thief, the saucy elf,
But Valentine's page,-Love himself
What did I do? Why, what d'ye think?
But drop him in my bottle of ink.
Then said I, in merry glee,—
"He no more will trouble me;"
But now, when e'er I write a line,
It is to you, my valentine.

-The Distaff.

THE DIFFERENCE.
If Grace's hair won't crimp aright
She says: "Oh dear!"
If shoes, or gloves, or dress are tight
She says: "Oh dear!"
If something pleases her, she says—
If something teases her, she says—
She says: "Oh dear!"

But——!
If e'er I hold her hand too tight,
Or rashly err
To slip my arm around her quite
And make a stir,
Why then she frames no fond "Oh dear!"
And what she says, though short, 'tis clear,
Is simply, "Sh!"

-Wrinkles

SENT CARE OF CUPID.
O Valentine,
Wilt thou be mine?
I will repine
If thou decline,
And I opine
If thou say'st "Nein."
'Twill be a sign
For me to dine
Upon strychnine.

-Ex.

DOLORES.
Bravo! 'Tis a sight,
Tiers on tiers of faces:
Some of whiskered Dons—
Donnas, too, in laces
Black as are the eyes
Of the proud Signorahs
Gazing on the fight
Going on before us.
Yet of all the eyes
(Come! Bring on another.
Eh! That is a bull—
Save him, Holy Mother!)
None so soft as those
(And the ground with gore is—
Ha! He's tossed the lad!)
Of my own Dolores.

-—Trinity Tablet.

WHERE EDEN LIES.
Ah! how oft my friends have asked me
If I have ever read
Where lies the ancient Eden,
Or ever heard it said;
And, tho' I tell them always,
Each finds a grave instead.
Tho' philosophers have pondered
Upon this question well,
The longer they have puzzled
'The less of truth they tell;
And some have e'en decided
That man from heaven fell.
Yet I need no chart or compass
To find this blissful site,
Nor care I for Josephus,
Or what he chose to write,
Since knowledge of the subject
Must have for him been slight.
So I say to man or maiden
Who asks where Eden lies,
That truly to be happy
Is truly to be wise;
For, really, earthly Eden
Lies in a loved one's eyes.

-Dartmouth Lit.