PERPLEXITY.

A white satin fan
With a cupid upon it.
I wonder what can
Such a white satin fan
Convey to a man.
Could it mean — O, plague on it!
That white satin fan
With a cupid upon it.
—Princeton Tiger.

I WONDER.

I wonder where my money goes,
And yet I ought to know:
For books and hats, and coats and shoes,
And pipes and gloves, and oyster stews;
Tobacco in my pipe to use,
And liquid which the German brews,
Frat. Chapter and athletic dues,
Ball tickets and the college crews,
Y. M. C. A., the daily news,
And beggars whom I can't refuse,
Car fares, "set ups" and bets I lose,
And pawns, redeemed again from Jews,
New novelettes to cure the blues,
Class pictures, pins and college views.
—Targum.

I'M A CHINESE MANDARIN.

I'm a mighty man; I'm a mandarin,
I have almond eyes and a down-east grin,
And my rhino, my rocks, I never call "tin,"
But brass — but brass.

I'm a white celestial: I know no sin,
I've a dangling queue and a downy chin,
And my face, like my fortune, sure is kin
To brass — to brass.

Oh! once on the heights of old Pekin
I built me a castle and dwelt therein;
And I tasted on bouillon of poodle skin,
Alas — alas!

For a wary widow I wooed to win,
With her love for the poodle she took me in,
She led them astray with a ribbon thin,
This villain who Mrs. my mandarin,
A lass — a lass.
—Wrinkle.

I.

She gave me a rose —
A fond, loving token!
I care not who knows,
She gave me a rose.
Her love to disclose —
Pledge ne'er to be broken —
She gave me a rose,
A fond, loving token!

II.

But roses will fade,
And their fragrance departs!
So love that is played,
Like roses, will fade;
Oh! false, fickle maid,
You, who trifle with hearts,
Knew roses will fade,
And their fragrance departs.
—Williams Weekly.

SAY, HELEN.

Say, Helen! do you recollect, — oh, no! 'tis too much to expect, —
The time when we were introduced?
I think you must have been amused,
At seeing me so quite confused,
Yet that was just a year ago, and time cures everything, you know.

Say, Helen!
Do you quite recall,—it wasn't long ago at all,—
When, standing in the hallway dark,
I used to say "Good night, Miss — ."

But that is past, and now, although the lights are turned down just as low,
You let me, when it's time to go,
Say— "Helen."

—Bibio.

TO HELEN.

(Positively the last.)

I wrote a poem "To Helen," once,
In meter light and gay;
And never thought that Helens ten
Would read those lines next day;
And in those words I threw my heart;
Alas, my time was spent,
For every Helen that I knew
Believed that she was meant.

I wrote a poem "To Helen," then,
And thought the lines were gay;
I held her faults before the world;
Imposing the array.
I laughed at all her petty whims,
But I was fooled this time,
For every single Helen thought
I meant the other nine.
—Targum.