Beneath a mass of tangled hair
Two eyes look out at me;
Two eyes that shine with roguish light,
And laugh defiantly.
Sing, if you will, at laughing eyes
That dance so merrily;
It's different when the eyes are thine,
And only laugh at me.

“Where is the harm?” the maiden said.
“Why do you censure me?
Why you forbid dear Charley Jones
to call, I cannot see.”

“Where is the harm?” the papa roared.
The maid stared in alarm.
“Last night I saw it all, and yet
You ask, ‘Where is the arm?”
—University Chronicle.

TRUE LOVE.
In summer she's a beauty,
With her fascinating curls;
In Winter her hair is straight
And she's ugly as other girls.

But I love her so in summer,
That I'm bound to make her mine;
So we're going South to seek
A perpetual summer clime.
—Vassar Miscellany.

RONDEAU.
A little note, that tells me she
Will hear Grand Opera with me;
A dainty square of creamy white
That augurs me one happy night.
With Faust to hear and Grace to see.
The Auditorium balcony
Henceforth all glorified will be
Because sweet Grace had designed to write a little note.

But each seat costs me dollars (3),
The carriage sticks me for a V.
And so dear bought is my delight
That I must meet (unlucky wight!) Within the near futurity a little note.
—U. of C. Weekly.

EASTER SUNDAY.
“How beautiful the flowers,—
The lilacs white and fair,—
The music was delightful.
The hymns, the chanted prayer.

“The toilets were so perfect,
Of textures rich and rare,
No wonder that each of us
'Did at the other stare.

‘O t'was a glorious service,
And all the world was there!
‘But how about the sermon?'
You've got me, I declare.”
—Lehigh Burr.

A REVERIE.
Sing of the joys of a summer's night,
Tell of a harvest moon,
Shedding rays of a shimmering white,
Flooding a night in June.

Sing of the maid with a pretty face,
Tell of her laughing eyes,
Flashing the light which the moonbeams trace
Through the depths of summer skies.

Sing of the words she whispered then,
Echo the beating heart:
Tell of the bliss ecstatic, when
The lips their love impart.

And sing, alas, of a broken heart,
Tell of a love grown cold,
Forgotten vows and hidden pain,
And love that is bought with gold.
—Trinity Tablet.

THE CHARIOTEER.
The glitter of the dazzling sand beneath,
Around the droning hum of Rome's superb,
He sees and hears, and flushes for the trial.
Within his chariot's circling rim he stands,
His eye and ear intent upon his steeds,
His thoughts with one who peers down from above,
With inky hair, and mellow, tawny skin,
Who promised, should this day a victory bring,
To leave fair Greece and be a Roman bride.

A motion of his wrist, and off they go,
With foam-flecked flanks and madly tossing manes!
The turn! now fly! white, bonny Arab four;
The goal is near! thy master's hand is sure!
The post is turned! on! on! a few rods more!
He leans toward their striving, steaming flanks,
His face so pale, his bearing so intense.
The great whip cracks but once — and then a hush!
The finish must be close — then roar on roar —
For there across the Arab's snowy backs
Is flashed the saffron silk of Victory!
—Yale Courant.