Is Cupid a good Archer?
Though oft his arrow hisses,
And all his aims seem fairly true,
He's always making Mrs. University Courier.

On pianos and organs she lbs.,
Making strange and mysterious sds.;
And the watchman calls out,
To see what she's about,
As he goes on his cold, nightly rds.
—University Chronicle.

A PULL.
I love to sit and watch the leaves
Fall fluttering to the ground,
For nature has a "pull" on them,
As Isaac Newton found.

LaFayette.

AT THE FOOTBALL GAME.
"The umpire called a foul just now,
But I see no feathers," said she.
"Um,—ah,—yes, the reason is
'Tis a ticked eleven! " quoth he.
—The Unit.

SHAKESPEARE'S MISTAKE.
"The apparel oft proclaims the man,"
As Shakespeare once foretold,
But since women are wearing bloomers
His words no longer hold.
—The Lafayette.

VERY ROCKY.
"Did you ever," said the fair young thing,
As they gazed on the starlit heavens,
"Did you ever stand at night
On a rocky bluff——" "You're right,"
Said he. "I've stood on a pair of sevens."
—Stevens Life.

LONE-LAND.
Around us lies a world invisible,
With Isles of Dreams, and many a Continent
Of Thought, and Isthmus Fancy; where we dwell
Each as a lonely wanderer intent
Upon his vision; finding each his fears
And hopes encompassed by the tide of tears.
—Bachelor of Arts.

There are, at least, two reasons why
Mankind to church oft goes:
The old attend to close their eyes,
The young to eye their clothes.
—Williams's Weekly.

LOVE'S CHEMISTRY.
The chill, swift winds are alkaline:
They turn my love's red lips to blue.
But kisses, acid strong are they:
They turn blue lips to a reddish hue.
—Student Life.

A RACE NOT TO THE SWIFT.
A college course a race course is,
With a difference, though, 'tis said,
For those who trot the fastest pace,
Come rarely in ahead.
—Vassar Miscellany.

A FIN DE SIECLE GIRL.
She studies Henrik Ibsen "to cultivate her mind,"
And reads Shakespeare and Browning through and through;
Meanwhile she knits her brows—it is the only kind
Of fancywork this modern maid can do.
—Concordiæus.

She has a stutter quite unique,
Her face mere speech defies;
She, quite impartial, rolls her R's,
And then she rolls her V's.
—Yale Record.

ONE APPLICATION OF IT.
"How dare you, sir, to be so bold?"
Inquired the blushing miss;
"Come, give me a good reason why
You just now stole that kiss."
Said he, "I have a reason, and
It is a good one too;
Do unto others as you would
They should do unto you."
—Yale Record.

N'EST CE PAS?
It's easy to sing of your love,
And easy to worship above you.
But here's where the trouble comes in,
Will poems persuade her to love you?
It's easy of kisses to prate,
And easy to picture embraces;
But when to fulfillment it comes
You'll find that far different the case is.
—Wrinkle.