And Been There Too?
The scene, a "Fem. Sem." parlor,
The time, "Receiving night."
The actors, man and maiden,
He's calling. (Sacred rite!)
But stay! What flitting visions?
Fair faces by the score—
Eyes peeping through the transom
Above the oaken door.
"Oh, giddy youth, enamoured,
Don't plume yourself, I pray,
'Tis done with every caller."
The maiden hastes to say.
Her gaze meets his and falters,
She must explain once more,
And so she says demurely,—
"I've seen it done before."

LENVOI.
O Truth! elastic virtue!
How thou art strained to fool
The sense of those less cunning
Than maids at boarding school!

DAN D.
TABLE D'HOTE.
We were gathered round the table;
Not a soul had dared to speak,
Though pie was burned and milk was turned,
And tea was passing weak.
Thus in silence we were sitting,
Thinking sadly of our ills,
But not making any protest,
For we hadn't paid our bills.

—The Widow.

A FRIENDLY HAVEN.
Said the whiskered med,
To the fair co-ed,
"I'm like a ship at sea—
Exams. are near,
And much I fear
I will unlucky be."
"Then," murmured she,
"A shore I'll be
Come rest thy journey o'er."
Then darkness fell,
And all was well,
For the ship had hugged the shore.

—Columbia Spectator.

THE RIVER AT THE END OF THE WORLD.
Yonder beyond the sunset glow
At the end of the endless Sea,
Floats there slowly a river on
All the days that can be;
And on that river a love-bark sails
That shall carry you and me.
There are Loves on the masts, my dearest,
And each sail in the breeze that streams
Wrought with gold, and the sailors all
Erotes like love-gleams
That float all white through the falling night
Down the River of the Dreams.
Step in the bark, my dearest,
One more Love thou shalt be,
That sails In the Bark of the End of the World
At the end of the endless Sea,
Into the golden Sunset-gates
That open Eternity!

—Red and Blue.

Rondeau.
Long years ago we met and I,—
A careless schoolboy passing by,—
Stared at the little maid, whose face
Shone with an unfamiliar grace
From the brown locks that clustered high.
We did not question nor reply;
Our lips framed neither smile nor sigh;
Thought glanced and passed, to leave no trace,
Long years ago.
We did not deem the years should fly—
With balmy, or with cloudy sky—
Until they brought, with laggard pace,
Us heart to heart, as face to face.
We did not know, not you, not I,
Long years ago.

—University of Virginia Magazine.

DISAPPOINTED.
I'd heard about the palisades,
One minute was enough
To see that they were after all
But one enormous bluff.

—Yale Record.

Her hands are clasped, her eyes are wet,
She tells me how she grieves
To see me puff the cigarette—
And yet she puffs her sleeves.

—Brunonian.

THE TALE OF A MILL.
Jo Hamilton Miller, we all called him Ham,
Had built him a mill by the site of a dam;
But a hurricane came which lasted all night;
Now, has he a mill? Not by a dam site!