**Query.**

Have they been with the flowers all winter,
Or south with the birdies to sing?
No?
O, then where in the world do they come from—
All these poets who poe in the spring?

**TO ME SWEETHEART.**

Me dere, let me giv yer a pointer;
I'm honest dead stuck on yer phiz,
An' I'd like to write somethen real hefty,
But dat ain't jes' my line o' biz.

Yer mug is as sweet as dey make 'em,
Der fellers all tink yer a Peach;
But de ninny wat's tryin' ter win yer,
Had better keep out er me reach.

For yer can't no bloke chase wid me Mary,
Widout risk er losin' 'is head.
I've got de hot cinch, an' I'll keep it,
An' dat ain't no lie, on de dead.

Yer ain't told me yet dat yer luved me.
Don't I wish dat yer would? Holly Gee!
I tink dat me heart would jes' bust, fer
I luv yer ter beat de band. See?

---Oberlin Review.

One thing I know,
I know I love you;
'Twere hard to say just how I know—
None told me so.

---The Mount Holyoke.

**A QUESTION OF DIET.**

"Marning, parson,—yaas, we's had er glor'us crop,
'Nd that's why I'm so airly. Wife says, 'Pop,
Git up some of them best taters, 'nd take
'Em deown ter Parson Broun, jest so's ter make
'Is life er little happier, 'cause yer know
Heow he said in ther pulpit Sunday ago,
That *commun taters* don't agree 'ith him.'
So parson, these be our best, s'all we c'n do,
'Nd if these 'ere ones agree 'ith you,
We all 'll give thanks 'ith th' sirry-phim."

---Brunonian.

**A SERIOUS LOVE SPELL.**

A young lady sings in our choir
Whose hair is the color of phoir,
But her charm is unique,
She has such a fair chique
It is really a charm to be nhoir.

Whenever she looks down the aisle
She gives me a beautiful smaisle;
And of all her beaux
I am certain she sheaux
She likes me the best all the whaisle.

Last Sunday she wore a new sacque,
Low-cut at the front and the bacque,
And a lovely bouquet,
Worn in such a cute wuet
As only few girls have the knacque.

Some day, ere she grows too antique,
In marriage her hand I shall sique;
If she's not a coquette,
Which I'd greatly regrette,
She shall share my six dollars a wique.


**SLEEP.**

Drop downward the curtain
Of thy fair eyes,
We'll sail out under
The starry skies.
By shores that are lit with
A moon that's low,
And down the dark river
Of Sleep we'll go,
Till we come to that wonderful
Island green
No eye hath beheld, yet
Where all hath been.
'Tis the land of Dreams, the
Country ideal,
Where all seemeth joy, but
Nothing is real.

---Yale Courant.

**FRANKNESS.**

He asked me how I liked his watch,
To speak out and be candid;
I told the truth. He took offense:
I said 'twas *second-handed.*

---Trinity Tablet.

**WHY IT IS BETTER.**

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
The poet sings in plaintive rhyme.
Of course it is, for then you can
Make love again some other time.

---Tiltonian.