Jim Sureshot found a rope one day,
And picked it up, of course;
It happened that the other end
Was fastened to a horse.
Next day the cowboys found a rope
And hitched it round a limb;
It happened that the other end
Was fastened onto Jim.

—Smith College Monthly.

GHOSTS.
Are they voices that shriek in the darkness?
Gaunt faces we may not see,
Or white-robed shapes in the moonlight pale,
Astride of the gallows tree?
My ghosts are only whispers,
That come like summer rain,
As soft and sweet, as sad and faint,
And lo! they are gone again.
These ghosts they are ever with me,
They haunt me in open day,
The ghosts of all that my heart has loved,
In the years that have passed away.

—Tale Courant.

HOPEs AND FEARS.
She loves me;
Her brown eyes glow with soft love-light,
These lips, these hands, my welcome show.
A moment,—then the lashes fall
Lest I, too well, this secret know
She loves me.
She loves me not;
She is but playing with my heart.
Those sparkling eyes, that cheek aglow
May shine with trust, grow warm with love.
But not for me; they bring me woe:
She loves me not.
She loves me;
The tantalizing little witch,
Her sweet smile drives away despair.
By Jove! I'll leave before this mood
Has vanished too, for now I'd swear
She loves me.

—Tenn. Univ. Magazine.

NARCISSUS.
Narcissus, weary with the chase,
Stopped at a crystal well to drink;
And bending o'er the mossy brink,
Saw in its depths a shining face.
A fairer nymph ne'er left in spray
A fountain's basin deep and cool;
Nor sported in a woodland pool,
To tempt the traveler from his way.
Narcissus gazed in rapt delight,
Then softly spoke a tender name,
And listened—but no answer came
From the sweet, silent water sprite.
Impatient, now, Narcissus tries
To hold her in a loving clasp,
But swiftly she evades his grasp
And vanishes before his eyes.
Through little waves that melt away,
Again the nymph's fair face appears,
But heed she not her lover's tears,
And shuns the hand that bids her stay.
Unhappy lover! thus he dies,
Pursuing still the wayward elf,
The first that ever loved himself,
Believing it was otherwise.

—College Folio.

THE STAR.
In that black curtain that enfolds the night,
While still the light
Twinkles and flashes from countless orbs,
There was one tiny star scarce even seen,
In glitt'ring sheen,
That loved one night a fleecy cloud,
But not aloud
Could it speak its love, yet in brighter robes
It bravely made effort the ador'd one to gain,
With might and main.

But the thin, fleecy cloud floated fast by,
Impell'd by the wind who knows not love;
A moment the cloud hid the star from my eye,
And I know not what happened at that meeting above,
But scarce past was the cloud when a quick line of light
Told that one more had failed of those lamps of light.

—Brunonian.

Our housetop rook, a pet of pa's,
One day made much ado;
We asked him why, he said his caws
Was that the chimney flue.

—University Chronicle.