

to be built in the open fire-place, and now the crackling, coruscating flames seems would fasten the reverie more deeply upon you if it were not for that good old voice calling for you to "set to" for the evening meal, and you yield to that other, which is more sustaining than food for reflection.

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THE SULTANA.

In her harem halls of splendor  
Dwells a lady soft and tender  
And she sighs,  
For a dismal veil must cover  
All her charms from manly rover,  
But her eyes.

Jewels rare are in her treasure,  
Richest robes are her's at pleasure,  
But she wails,  
Other maidens show their faces,  
She must hide her loveliest graces  
In her veils.

Yet tho' life for her is frightful,  
Still a lady most delightful  
Can she be;  
Tho' for others she must cover,  
All her beauties to her lover  
Shall be free.

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HALL AND CAMPUS.

" — they say has wit—for what?  
For what he writes? No! For what he writes not."

The editor's nerves were terribly unstrung when he entered his sanctum late the other night. The poor office boy was awe-struck at his actions, and when in commanding tones he was ordered to bring a pitcher of water, either from abject fear or shrewd astonishment, he turned a double back-action somersault and took no less than four hundred and seventy-five strides a second in the precipitate execution of his superior's order. The cooling effect of the water upon the thirst-parched tongue along with a vigorous fanning by the office boy soon brought back the Editor, however, to his normal facetious state of mind and we were enabled to learn the cause of his momentary fatuity, not from him, however, but from the "copy" he gave the compositor and the medium of the "devil."