

PERADVENTURE.

You can ride a horse to water,
 But you cannot make him drink,
 You can "ride" your little "Pony,"
 But you cannot make him think.
 —*Exchange.*

No winter has the college year,
 Its spring times never pass;
 For verdure is each year supplied
 By the incoming class.
 —*Exchange.*

It clearly was a put-up job,
 He knew it all the while,
 And though he had to see her home,
 He didn't like her style.
 And when they lingered at the gate
 She muttered with a sigh,—
 "I'll be at home to-morrow night,"
 He answered—"So will I."
 —*W. & J.*

POST MORTEM.

My cigarette, my cigarette.
 They speak unkind of thee and fret
 And call thee coffin-nail; and yet
 'Tis joy through all eternity to feel
 That down here in my grave thou'rt near me still—
 A coffin nail—my cigarette!
 —*Princeton Tiger.*

A TRAGEDY.

So pale and still the lady lay
 Like death did seem almost.
 Above her bends a man whose face
 Of love or pity holds no trace,
 And she moans in her troubled dream.
 Lower he leans. Then lifts his arm.
 A hurried flash—a gleam
 Of glist'ning steel! And his cold white hand
 With blood is stained like a scarlet brand,
 With blood that flows in a stream.
 Then the lady raised her drooping head.
 "Your tooth is out; two dollars!" he said.
 —*The Lafayette.*

The age of miracles has not passed,
 At least it hadn't ought'ter,
 For I dropped a burnt match from my boat
 And it *lit* right on the water.
 —*Trinity Tablet.*