

And dreaming on, of gardens where
 Diviner fragrance blows,
 I softly breathed a silent prayer,
 And kissed again the rose.

—*University of Texas Magazine.*

Here's to the man proud of his wealth,
 But careful of his tin;
 He often blows about his dust,
 But never blows it in.

—*Exchange.*

I slept in an editor's bed one night,
 When no editor chanced to be nigh;
 And thought, as I tumbled that editor's nest,
 How *easily* editors *lie*.

—*Transcript*

OUR WRONGS.

When girls are only babies
 Their mamas quite insist,
 That they by us,—
 Against our wills,—
 Be kissed—kissed—kissed.
 But when those girls
 Are sweet eighteen,
 Their mamas say we sha'n't,
 And though we'd like to kiss them
 We can't—can't—can't.

—*C. F. H., in Williams Weekly.*

THE FLIRT.

As the wind that sends the ship
 Upon the rocks or upon her course
 As suits her best,
 So is she like.
 And so quickly is her nature changed,
 That those who say she is,
 Doubt 'tis so,
 In fact she is more
 Variable than veritable.

—*Exchange.*

What must be must be, little one,
 The dark night follow the day,
 And the ebbing tide to the seaward glide
 Across the moonlit bay.

What must be must be, little one,
 The winter follow the fall,
 And the prying wind an entrance find
 Through the chinks of the cottage wall.