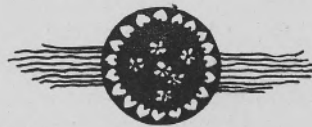


♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ Eyes. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

TWIN temples of the queen of night
Corruscating with Love's own light
Are Amy's eyes.
Made to love, obey, command,
Made to be adored by man—
A masterpiece of Nature's hand,
Are Amy's eyes.

Softly murmuring as summer brooks
That flow thro' green, sequestered nooks
Are Amy's eyes.
Dearer far than treasures rare,
Dearer than all for which men care,
Nothing mortal can compare
With Amy's eyes.



* * * **A Ballade of Mine Uncle.** * * *



'Twas ever thus with the college beaux,
 With the fathers who "staked" them, far away.
 Their silver through careless fingers flows,
 And when it's gone there's the deuce to pay.
 And if, in some modern college fray,
 The victor were given a jeweled crown,
 'Twould safely rest ere the close of day
 In the pawn-shop here in this college town.



IN a quiet street where no
 one goes,
 In the sullen heat of the
 summer day,
 Where Solomon Levi may sit
 and doze

And think in his miserly, skin-
 flint way,
 Of the students who borrow and can't
 repay—

Full many a name is written down
 And many a treasure hidden away
 In the pawn-shop here in this col-
 lege town.

Mandolins, dumb-bells, guitars, chap-
 eaus—

A senior officer's dress-coat grey,
 And volumes of verse and volumes
 of prose,

All jumbled in seeming disarray,
 With pipes of meerschaum, briar and
 clay,

Belonging to Robinson, Smith and
 Brown,

Are fated to languish many a day
 In the pawn-shop here in this col-
 lege town.

ENVOI.

They'll miss me to-night from the german gay,
 'Though my Phyllis may wear an anxious frown,
 For my dress suit's in soak—and in to stay
 In the pawn-shop here in this college town.

LARRY

✦ ✦ ✦ *After Three Years.* ✦ ✦ ✦

A Rondel of Regret.



DEAR sweet old dead Bohemian days,
The dear dead days that we spent of yore!
When life's hard logic was unlearned lore,
And our feet were set in untrodden ways.

When our hands were grasping for worthless bays,
And youth was before us, an open door—
Dear sweet old dead Bohemian days,
The dear dead days that we spent of yore.

I fashion this rondel in heart-felt praise
Of the days long vanished, the nights passed o'er,
Of the jolly good fellows I'll meet no more,
Who've emptied their glasses and mended their ways
Since the dear old dead Bohemian days.

M.

*** A Girl's Way. ***



“If you kiss me,” said the maiden,
Looking up with saucy eyes,
“I will scream, and then my papa
Will rush here in great surprise.”

Still undaunted I pursued her,
Tantalizing, dainty miss,
And within the parlor corner
On her lips I pressed a kiss.

Then she kept her promise nobly,
Loud her scream rang through the house,
But when “papa” came, she murmured:
“What a frightful little mouse.”

“B.”

* * * The Pirate. * * *

BLITHESOMELY over life's summer sea
My bark was sailing, light and free.
What cared I for love or death,
With sails tight stretched by the wind's sweet breath,
And the waves, like a cradle, rocking me,
As on I sailed o'er the heaving sea.

But love turned pirate, and captured me,
And the winds laughed loud and the winds laughed free,
For with love came grief and the fear of death,
And a bitter-sweet to the breeze's breath,
For love is a tyrant of life's dread main,
And brings with each joy a touch of pain.

"B."

