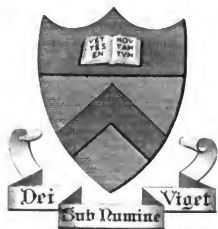


**LIMERICK
LYRICS: A
COLLECTION OF
OVER 700
CHOICE...**



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LIMERICK LYRICS.



A Collection of Over 700 Choice Versifica-
tions, to which is added a number
of Short Verses, from
Many Sources.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY
STANTON VAUGHN.



NEW YORK :
T. J. CAREY & CO.
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BY

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P R E F A C E .

"It would seem as though the memory of man runneth not to the contrary of the 'limerick.' That is to say, this particular form of versification is not to be traced to its beginnings. Just why it is called a 'limerick,' none can assuredly say. But, whatever its origin, it is an institution provocative of wit of many and the amusement of all. The English-speaking world knows of thousands, some composed for special occasions and speedily perishing; others with the vitality of real genius in them."—*Evening Star, Washington.*

There was once a poet named Immerick,
Who worked forty days on a "limerick,"
At the end of which time,
He remarked of his rhyme,
"There's a limp in the limb of my limerick."

I never could quite see the trick,
I never wrote a limerick,
I've often tried
And gone to bed a-feelin' sick.

A writer in a western paper notes that "this is the day of the limerick," and says of this popular form of nonsense verse that "it possesses a jingling rhythm which haunts the memory long after the measured sonorousness of an epic or the lilting melody of a lyric have departed."

The writer is evidently under the delusion that all nonsense verses are limericks. Now, we can't give a dictionary definition of a limerick, for the reason that the word, for some unaccountable reason, isn't given; but at least we know one when we see one.

Edward Lear has generally been charged with the invention of the five-line stanza well known as the "limerick," but he always pleads "not guilty," saying the form was suggested to him by a friend as a particularly appropriate model for nonsense rhymes, and this model, if we are not mistaken, was taken from the popular song, "All the Way Up to Limerick." How-

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ever it was, Lear's first nonsense verses, published in 1846, were written in the form of the familiar stanza, beginning:

There was an old man of Tobago,

and he wrote no less than two hundred and fourteen others. Carolyn Wells is authority that there is an authority to the effect that the "limerick" flourished in the reign of William IV., and that the following was current in 1834:

There was a young man of St. Kitts,
Who was very much troubled with fits,
The eclipse of the moon
Threw him into a swoon,
When he tumbled and broke into bits.

"Limerick" is not in the Century or Standard dictionary, but a correspondent writes that Murray gives the following:

Limerick.—(Said to be from a custom at convivial parties, according to which each member sang an extemporized "nonsense verse," which was followed by a chorus containing the words: "Will you come up to Limerick?") A form of nonsense verse.

By way of illustration, the following is quoted from Kipling's "Stalky": "Make up a good catchy limerick and let the fags sing it."
—S. V.

LIMERICK LYRICS.

There was a young poet in Wemyss,
Who cried, "O, how awful it seems,
When asleep late at night,
Lovely poetry to wright,
And awakening find it's but dreymss!"

Sir Thomas and Kitty sat out on the
porch,
In the light of the silvery moon,
And he breathed forth a prayer,
To this being most fair,
As he asked for her hand as a boon.

"Oh! heart of my heart! oh! beauty most
rare,
I would give up my life to save thine."
"That is nothing," said she,
"The point is with me,
Are you willing to give up all nine?"

There was a young chap named Cholmon-
deley,
Who always at dinner sat dolmondeley.
His fair partner said,
As he crumbled his bread,
"Dear me! you behave very rholmon-
deley!"

A boy at Sault Ste. Marie,
 Said, "To spell, I will not agree,
 Till they learn to spell 'Soo'
 Without any 'u,'
 Or an 'a' or an 'l' or a 't.' "

There was a young man in Ann Arbor,
 Who studied to be a fine barber;
 He cut quite a dash,
 And used up his cash,
 Then shaved all his friends at Ann Arbor.

A fine old landowner named Majori-
 banks,
 Found the summer heat dry paths and
 parjoribanks.
 So about his estate,
 To protect his old pate,
 He arranged pine plantations and larjori-
 banks!
 But at length when the tide struck the
 barque,
 It floated away like a sharque,
 And hereafter he'll steer
 Of that spot very clear
 And look out for a low water marque.

A man who was steering a yacht,
 His course through the water forgacht,
 And he stuck in the mud
 With a dull, sickening thud,
 And the captain then swore a whole lacht.

She was wooed by a handsome young Dr.,
Who one day in his arms tightly lr.;
 But straightway he swore
 He would do so no more,
Which the same, it was plain, greatly shr.

A young girl whose last name was Mack,
Went to church in a new sealskin sack;
 In donating her mite
 She squeezed it so tight
That her kid glove cracked right 'cross the
 back.

A little old maid at Sag Harbor,
Takes her meals in the shade of an arbor,
 With her forty pet cats,
 And her French poodle, "Rats,"
Which is shaved once a week by a barber.

There was a young lady named Maud,
Who at meals was a terrible fraud.
 She never was able
 To eat at the table,
But out in the pantry—Oh, Lord!

There was once a young poet in Hing-
 ham,
Who said, "I have songs and I'll sing-
 ham;"
 He sang a few times—
 Now the funeral chimes
Sound doleful whenever they ringham.

The devil made the wind to blow
The ladies' skirts knee high,
The Lord was just,
He raised the dust
To blind the bad man's eye.

—*W. F. H. S.*

And the ladies are sad, rather than glad,
That the devil didn't have his say.
They think it unjust
To raise the dust
To get in the poor man's way.

—*Henry Moore.*

My remedy is this, and I trust, not amiss:
When the dust begins to fly,
Just put on specks,
Which will prevent the flecks
From getting in your eye.

—*Strategist.*

Now all the beaux will wear specks on the
nose,
And there'll be a big business in
glasses;
While the beautiful hose
The merchant shows
Will go like hot cakes and molasses.

Minnehaha was kneading the dough,
Unexpectant of sorrow or wough;
The pappoose began bawling,
And the bread-pan in fawling
Crushed the Indian corn on her tough.

Under the casement the canine was howling,
 ing,

His notes were both frequent and long.
 "What sing you?" asked Towser,
 Who that way came prowling,
 Quoth he: "Tis a pup-ular song."

There was a young girl from the Hub,
 Who had heard of Diogenes' tub;
 To the kitchen she hied her,
 Where her ma quickly spied her,
 'And oh, how she made that girl scrub.

In a spasm to be thought most exquisite,
 A maiden named Lee spelled it Lis.
 "It's good French," said she,
 "Just see Fleur-de-lis"—
 And now she is known as plain Liz.

I know a sweet girl who's called Maud,
 Of her papa I'm very much awed.
 I'd ask his consent,
 But I think if I went
 He'd kick till I hollered "Oh, Lawd!"

There was a young housewife of Ayr,
 Whose husband's homecomings were
 rare,
 Had he danced on her chest
 She'd have felt quite at rest,
 For at least she'd have known he was
 there.

A stalwart collection of Sioux,
Being hungry and having the blioux,
 To Washington went,
 Where a few days they spent
In talking and hearing the nioux.

Said they, "You will kindly excuioux
Our mode of expressing our vioux,
 But we're hungry out there,
 If you've rations to spare
Do not fear that we'll proudly refuioux."

They rode through our fair avenioux,
Took a trip to the finest of Zioux,
 Where the monkeys at play
 On a bright, springtime day,
Make us laugh, even when we don't
 chioux.

Then we said, "Save your pennies, oh,
 Sioux,
And beware of bad money and bioux."
 They grunted. "That's nice,
 We have heap good advice;
But we're still short of blankets and
 shioux."

A composer who lived in the ghetto,
Once wrote out a comic libretto;
 When nobody sang it,
 He said, "Oh, well, hang it,
I'll sing it myself in falsetto!"

A war correspondent named Guido
Was struck by a flying torpedo;
A Red Cross brigade
Which came to his aid
Found only a sleeveless Tuxedo!

The people who live in Shanghai
Seem to take great delight when they lai,
But there isn't much doubt
That our fishers for trout,
With these folks, in their falsehoods, can
vail

There lived in the village of Beaulieu
A couple who'd gone there but neaulieu;
Their child was named Vaughan
As soon as 'twas baughan,
But, alas, he proved treaulieu unreaulieu.

There was an old fellow in Worcester,
Who owned quite a famous game ror-
cester,
But when it grew old
It had to be sold,
It could not fight as it urcester.

There was a fair maid of Rhode Island,
Who wore a continuous smile, and
This smile grew apace
Till it quite hid her face,
Then it altered the map of Rhode Island.

There once was an old man at Wemyss,
Used to dream such remarkable dremyss,
The folks stared aghast
At the things he'd forecast
And give vent to their terror in scremyss.

There was a young man from Elora,
Who married a girl called Lenora,
But he had not been wed
Very long till he said,
"Oh, drat it! I've married a snorer!"

An oyster from Kalamazoo
Confessed he was feeling quite blue,
"For," says he, "as a rule,
When the weather turns cool,
I invariably get in a stew!"

A king who began on his reign,
Exclaimed with a feeling of peign,
"Though I'm legally heir,
No one seems to ceir
That I haven't been born with a breign."

Last Sunday she wore a new sacque,
Low cut at the front and the bacque,
And a lovely bouquet
Worn in such a cute wuet,
As only few girls have the knackue.

There was a young man of Devizes,
Whose ears were different sizes,
The one that was small
Was no use at all,
But the other took several prizes.

In exodus of Summer days
The dude departs in pleasant ways,
But does forget,
To our regret,
The X owed us he never pays.

"In going from Wall Street," said he,
"To Harlem, how long shall I be?"
And the answer was, "Well,
It's two hours by the L,
Or take the express and it's three."

A certain young damsel in Lent
Said she surely must weep and repent,
For miss-steaks so undone,
And miss-steaks overdone,
Or "attentions" would never be meant.

There was a fair maid who would sigh.
"Ah, love is a torture!" she'd cry;
Said her pa, "Tommyrot!
'Tisn't love that you've got,
'Tis a mixture—pork, puddin' and pie."

She was thought enigmatic in Leicester,
Till her best fellow one day careicester,
A riddle before,
She's a riddle no more,
Because, you'll observe, he had geicester.

A rheumatic old man of White Plains,
Who will never stay in when it rains,
Has a home full of drugs,
Kept in little brown jugs —
That's all that he gets for his pains.

There was an old chap of Sag Harbor,
Who never would go to a barber.
He said, "What's the use?
Let my whiskers run loose,
And they'll soon round my face form an
arbor."

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Watching his chips mount high;
He sat awhile grinning,
Then said, "Ha! I'm winning,
What a wizard at poker am I."

There was an old shark with a smile
So broad you could see it a mile,
He said to his friends
As he sewed up the ends,
"It was really too wide for the style."

A lady who deftly crocheted,
A terrible temper depleted,
On finding when through
That a dropped stitch or twough
Has spoiled the contrivance she'd meted.

An urchin who lived in Butte,
Vivaciously ate of green frutte,
The doctor was 'phoned,
The little boy moaned,
His bread basket pains were acutte.

A sailor boy named Happy Jack,
At school did his cranium crack,
To elevate pupils,
And, having few scruples,
He wickedly tried a new tack!

Though a young man of football
physique,
His heart was exceedingly wique,
While he much loved the maid
He was so afraid
That he hadn't the courage to spique.)

A little boy down in Natchez
Sat upon powder and matchez,
For the seat of war
He hankers no more,
Though re-enforced well with patchez.

Don't talk to me of the busy bee,
Improving each shining minute,
With the fly that waits
For hairless pates
That bee is noway in it.

There was an old woman said, "How
Shall I flee from this terrible cow?
I will sit on a stile
And continue to smile,
It may soften the heart of the cow."

"I am not a cynic," he softly remarked,
"I am fond of my fellow-man;
But, just the same,
I paint my name
On umbrellas as quick as I can."

He proudly led her down the aisle,
His face all wreathed in happy smaile;
But when the preacher said, "Do
you—?"
She sobbed, "I hardly think I do—
I'd better wait a whaile."

A dashing young soldier named Itsky,
By a Japanese bullet was hitsky,
He said, "I'll not fight,
I don't think it's right,
And instead I will git up and gitsky."

There once was a corpulent carp,
Who wanted to play on a harp,
But to his chagrin,
So short was his fin
That he couldn't reach up to C sharp.

A poet whose first name was Peter,
On edge of Fame often did teeter;
But he sadly lacked might,
And his verse was so light,
It was measured by common gas meter.

The lands of the Sioux are open, 'tis
trieux,
To the hardy white settler who likes all
things nioux;
But what will he dioux
When the frolicsome Sioux
Swoop down on him, scalp him and chop
him in tioux?

A Javanese pig-tailed macaque
Complained of a dreadful bacaque;
But they gave him some pills
That soon cured all the ills
Of the Javanese pig-tailed macaque.

Said a bicycle boy, "Now, then,
I will ride like the racing men!"
But he got into trouble,
For he bent himself double,
And couldn't bend back again.

A fellah went home in a hansom,
He had been out all evening to dansom;
And he sighed, "Well, that's queer,
There is no keyhole here!"
So he threw his hat over the transom.

A decrepit old gas man named Peter,
While hunting around for the meter,
Touched a leak with his light,
He arose out of sight,
And, as anyone can see by reading this, it
also destroyed the meter.

Said a Reub who lived near Natohitoches
And often wore his mackintoshes,
"These showers will woches,
But the forecasts, begoches,
Are simply just a pack o' boches."

Whenever she looks down the aisle,
She gives me a beautiful smaisle,
And of all of her beaux
I am certain she sheaux
She likes me the best of the whaisle.

At the classics he'd ne'er had a chance;
But in wisdom he led the whole dance,
Forsooth he was able
To take a time table
And tell what it meant at a glance.

There was a young fellow who sat
Quite thoughtlessly flat on his hat.

He reposed there a while
And so altered its style,
That he uses it now for a mat.

There was a disgusting old man,
Who used to eat catch-as-catch-can.

He covered his vest
With remains of the best
Of the gravy and chicken and ham.

Some day, ere she grows too antique,
In marriage her hand I shall sique.

If she's not a coquette—
Which I'd greatly regrette—
She shall share my six dollars a wique.

There was a fair maid from Decatur,
Who was known as a red-hot potatur.

To the jungles she went
On mission work bent,
Where a dozen fat savages atur!

A rogue met a pretty young Mrs.,
A widow, and stole a few krs.

And the lady, though she was as-
tounded,

Said she'd waive prosecution,
If he'd make restitution,
So the felony was compounded.

There was an old woman of Mocha,
Who struck at her spouse with a pocha.
He said, "Oh, my deah,
Your manners are queeah,
But, then, I suppose you're a jocka."

He asked the policeman his No.,
When he woke from a much-needed slo.
But the copper got hot
And clubbed him a lot,
Then hid on a big pile of lo.

Two maidens were seated at t.,
Discussing the things that may b.
"I think I'll wed Willie,"
Said Mollie to Millie,
"That is, if he asks me, you c."

There once was a wonderful ape,
Who gave up his skin for a cape.
Now he swings in the trees,
All exposed to the breeze,
Which leaves him in very bad shape.

He sent a perfumed billet-doux
To a maiden aged thirty and tioux.
It expressed inclination
Toward annexation,
And she telegraphed, "I'm your loux-
lioux."

"I've been dreaming, yes, dreaming of
you,"

Said the maiden, so tender and true.

"For I have a bad habit
Of eating Welsh rarebit,
And there's no telling what that will do."

There once was a silly Welsh rabbit,
Who had the preposterous habit
Of saying, "Now, I
Spell my name with a y
And a w—when I can grab it."

There was a young man named Furlong,
Who took for his wife a girl, Long,
In a year or so,
And all in a row,
His family reached a mile long.
N. B.—Eight furlongs equal one mile.

The Sultana wore trousers of taffeta,
(Having purchased a yard and a haffeta,
Bargain), and now,
See the courtiers kow-tow!
No-da soul of them ventures to laffeta.

A young man in the city of Sioux
Loved a maid with a million or tioux.
But the papa said, "Nay,"
And the youth went away.
Urged on by the stern parent's shioux.

Mary had a little goat
That was full of whims and humors;
Old bills and paste
Were quite his taste.
But he choked on Mary's bloomers.

They were married in Washington, D. C.,
And each soon considered the other N. G.,
Whereat she fled to Sioux Falls, S. D.,
While he took his flight out to Guthrie,
O. T.,
And now they are once again happy and
free.

He gave her some kind of elixir,
When she said to him, "I'm sixir,"
But it tasted so bad,
That the lady got mad,
And said, "It's a very mean trixir."

There was a young man from the city,
Who saw what he thought was a kitty.
To make sure of that
He gave it a pat.
They buried his clothes—what a pity!

"There's a train at 4.04," said Miss Jenny,
"Four tickets I'll take. Have you any?"
Said the man at the door,
"Not four for 4.04,
For four for 4.04 are too many."

A prudish young miss of Oshkosh
Slipped up on an overripe squash;
Good breeding is great,
But I grieve to relate
She forgot all her French in her much
confused state,
And the comment she made was, "Oh,
gosh!"

Here lies a young lady named Alexis,
Who angered a mule down in Taxis,
The mule in the fight
First led with his right,
Then put in his left on the plexis!

"There once was a sporting young Dr.,
Who wasn't afraid of the Pr.,
And as for his sr.,
I often have kr.,
Though her ma said such goings-on sr."

Six Sikhs asked the steward to fix
Them a nice little stew at 6.06,
But the wind blew a gale,
And they rushed to the rail,
For six Sikhs were seasick at 6.06.

There was a young man of Ostend,
Who vowed he'd hold out till the end,
But, when half way over,
From Calais to Dover,
He done what he didn't intend.

A girl who was quite an adept,
As to Reginald's elbow she crept,
Whispered into his ear,
"This is leap year, my dear;
Don't you think you could leap?"—And
he "lept."

If the sun sets clear on Friday night,
Make fast your stops and hatchway,
For the wind will blow,
And it's like to snow
Before this time on Monday.

There once was a thin man called Jno.,
Whose clothes hung him loosely upno;
His facetious friends' loans
Always were for five "bones,"
For he looked like a mere skeletno.

Though he never would marry, swore
Wait,
In due season he led to the alt
A most beautiful maid,
And the witnesses said,
That he blenched not, nor did he once fait.

They say there's a servant to Cupid,
Whose duty it is to keep track
Of the number of kisses
That misters and misses
Are giving each other, ker-smack.

As a dutiful man who is married,
I think that he ought to find time,
This keeper of blisses
To also watch Mrs.—
You may fit any name to this rhyme.

A fair, witty widow of few years
Swore she'd never more gossip on New
Year's;
But that very night
She'd forgotten it quite
And told all that she'd heard the past two
years.

The Bishop preached; "My friends," said
he,
"How sweet a thing is charity,
The choicest gem in virtue's casket."
"It is, indeed," sighed Miser B.,
"And instantly I'll go and—ask it."

He belonged to a gallant drum corps,
Tried to mash a young girl in the strops,
But she thought him quite rude
And called him a dude,
And never would speak to him morps.

There was a young indigent Dr.,
Called in by a woman named Prr.,
With a batt'ry he shr.,
Quite senseless he knr.,
Ten plunks was the sum that he sr.

A clever young man at the Sault
 Bit off more than he safely could chault,
 And the people all shout,
 Now the cash has run out,
 "We'll sault yoult—that's what we will
 dault."

There was a young lady at Bingham,
 Who knew many songs, and could sing
 'em,
 But she couldn't mend hose,
 And she wouldn't wash clothes,
 Or help her old mother to wring 'em.

They tell this of Julius Cæsar,
 That he put some ice in a freezer,
 Observing to Brutus,
 "We'll chill it to suit us!"
 Now, he was a funny old geezer.

In the name of something dinolonel,
 Angelic, human or infolonel,
 Will some one tell me,
 Pho-net-ic-al-lee,
 Why is it we spell it thus—Colonel?

A fellow whose first name was Oscar
 Sat watching the opera, "Tosca,"
 Till the plot grew so deep
 That they sang him to sleep,
 And he dreamed he was driving a hoss
 car.

Unrefined and quite vulgar's Aug.
Who has frequently sworn at and C;
 Though we've said we'd instruct him
 How he ought to conduct him,
He declines, for he seems to distr.

The inventor, he chortled with glee,
As they fished his airship from the sea,
 "I shall build," and he laughed,
 "A submarine craft,
And, perhaps, it will fly," remarked he.

There was an old lady of Rye,
Who was baked by mistake in a pie,
 To the household's disgust
 She emerged through the crust,
And exclaimed, with a yawn, "Where
 am I?"

There was a young man who said, "why
In the butter came this pesky fly?
 Let me tell you, that's flat,
 I would eat a door mat
As soon as warm butter with fly."

He gave her a ring in September,
That day he will ever remember;
 She proved a coquette,
 And his ring he will get
Back again on the last of January.

There was a young man with poor sight,
Whom a lady to call did invight,
He kicked her pet Skye,
As he tried to pass bye,
And ran when he got a good bight.

He once wrote a novel of passion,
Which he fancied to take in some cash on;
But it was no success,
For his heroine's dress
Was fully a year out of fashion.

A young woman whose surname was
Foster,
Set out on a visit to Gloucester,
She traveled all day
In a roundabout way,
And nobody knew what it cost her.

A Frog once gave an afternoon tea,
And invited a Rooster and a Bee;
Frog sat in the middle,
And gave them a riddle,
"And this is the riddle," said he:

"Dear Friends, can either of you tell me,
Why is a Rooster like a Bee?"
They both answered, "Yes, sir;
We're each a good guesser,
And we each have a comb, you see."

They tell of a girl of Duluth,
Who had what she called a "sweet" tooth;
So large did it seem
That a gallon of cream
Sufficed not to fill it, in sooth!

A young man on the journey had met her,
And he tried just his hardest to get her;
He knelt at her feet,
Said, "I'll die for you, sweet,"
And she cruelly told him he'd better.

The lady Giraffe for the ballroom was
dressed
In the latest décolleté style,
When a dashing young beau,
The good-looking Dodo,
Stepped up to her side with a smile.

"My dear Miss Giraffe," said he with a
bow,
"You're the fairest of maids at the ball,
And yet if your neck
Should grow longer a speck
You would need to wear nothing at all."

The cobbler doesn't cobbie with a cob,
The gobbler doesn't gobble with a gob,
And the slouchy man or nobby
Who's afflicted with a hobby
Hasn't always had to get it playing hob.

A young woman longing for fayme,
Insisted on spelling it "Mayme,"
She went on the stage,
But much to her rage,
She had to walk home just the sayme.

She arrived home tired and layme,
But chock full of pluck and quite gayme;
So as cookess she hired,
And is still much admired,
Though Mary Ann now is her nayme.

The pickler doesn't pickle with a pick,
The tickler doesn't tickle with a tick,
And it doesn't always follow,
When there's ugliness to swallow,
That the stickler has to stickle with a
stick.

I once owned a roving hog,
And likewise a little dog,
Whom I chained unto a log,
To keep him from a bog
Which was near.
That my faithful little dawg,
Despite the chain and lawg,
Would pursue that roving hawg
And get drown-ed in the bawg
Was my fear.

One Umra, of Jandol the Khan,
Says, "I'll capture an Englishman."
But John Bull attacks him
With guns known as Maxim
And blows him to Afghanistan.

A shopkeeper out at West Farms
Has twelve new patent burglar alarms,
And he says, "While expensive,
This plan so defensive,
Assures me sound slumber's sweet
charms."

There's a girl out in Ann Arbor, Mich.,
To meet whom I never would wick,
She'd eat of ice 'cream
Till with colic she'd scream,
And yet order another big dich.

But the girl I met way down in Me.,
Of all girls gave me most pe.;
She knew enough to chew gum,
But not enough, near, to come
In the house to get out of the re.

A simple old farmer, McVeagh,
Whom every one said was a jeagh,
Fell in with a man
On the confidence plan,
And now he is back making heagh.

A miss is as good as a mile,
A kiss is as good as a smile,
But four painted kings
Are the beautiful things
That are good for the other man's pile.

But how the smile flattens out,
When with exultant shout,
Four solitaire aces
Turn up their faces
To put that king man to rout.

The owner of Polly the Parrot
Swore off with the New Year's dawn,
But the obstinate Polly
Said, "Well, by golly,
I mean to go swearing on!"

There was a young urchin of Wye,
Who when asked, "Could he eat a mince
pie?"
Simply nodded his head,
As he artlessly said,
"Bring out all wot you've got an' I'll try!"

There was a young man named Polk,
Who at the racetrack went brolk,
Now he had to eat,
So in Water street
He left his new ulster in solk.

An immaculate, swell young man
A custom-made, trim young man,
A dasher, a crasher,
A female heart smasher,
A glass-in-his-eye young man.

For months he had tried to coax
The papers to print his joax,
But 'twas all in vain,
So his mammoth brain
In alcohol now he soax.

A very well-dressed young man,
A plump, well-built young man,
Despising frivolity,
Still full of jollity—
Quite up-to-date young man.

Unto his sweltering garret,
Ye poet now doth climb,
And writeth out a sonnet,
Perspiring freely on it,
About ye Xmas time.

There was a young man in Marquette,
Who knew that he oughtn't to buette,
But he did just the same
On some kind of game,
And he hasn't got over it yuette.

There was an old woman with a bonnet,
 And the birds of the air perched upon it;
 Said she, "I don't care
 If all the birds in the air
 Should come and perch on my bonnet."

On the banks of the Yangtsekiang,
 The Cossack urged on his mustang,
 And attempted to shoot,
 But his gun caught a root
 And went off with a terrible bang.

A Jap went on board of Etruria,
 To sail for Japan and Manchuria,
 He felt fit for a fight,
 But before it was night
 He was feeding his pet infusoria.

A young English woman named St. John
 Met a red-skinned American It. John,
 Who made her his bride
 And gave her beside
 A costume with gaudy bead Frt. John.

The teacher a lesson he taught,
 The preacher a sermon he praught,
 The stealer he stole,
 The heeler he hole,
 And the screecher he awfully scrought.

The long-winded speaker he spoke,
The seeker of wealth he soke,
 The runner he ran,
 The dunner he dan,
And the shrieker he horribly shroke.

The pigeon to Belgium flew,
The buyer on credit he bew,
 The doer he did,
 The suer he sid,
'And the liar (a fisherman) lew.

The writer this nonsense he wrote,
The fighter (an editor) fote,
 The swimmer he swam,
 The skimmer he skam,
'And the biter was hungry and bote.

Her old sweetheart, a fellow named
 Beauchamp,
When he heard the news said, "I'll
 teauchamp
 A lesson or two;
 I'll make them feel blue
As soon as I'm able to reauchamp."

He invited his side partner, Cholmondely,
To assist him, but he acted gloimondely,
 Just sat still and heard,
 But said not a word,
Expressing unwillingness doimondely.

So Beauchamp, whose home was in
Gloucester,
Returned there convinced he had
loucester,
Nor grieved at her fate
When he heard that in hate
Her spouse o'er a precipice toucester.

There was a fiancee of Brill,
Whose mother cried, "Bless my heart,
Till!
To hear you keep on
'About you and your John
Is enough to make any one ill!"

'An inventor set sail from Rangoon
On a flying machine to the moon;
He has not yet come back,
And his wife, who's in black,
Hopes to draw his insurance check soon.

There was a young man of Crewkerne,
Who believed he had nothing to learn,
So to round out his life
He married a wife,
And now—well, he's having his turn!

In plain spoken English, "'tis tough"
When a man to a girl does blough
About all the "dough"
On her he'd bestough,
And lots of other such stough.

A patriot living at Omsk,
Started out with the army to romsk;
But he frosted his feet
And was heard to repeat,
"Gee whizzki, I wish I was homsk!"

But when that young maiden benign,
Discovers he's not so divign,
She cries, "Oh, you dunce,
I did love you wunce,
But my love now at home I'll confign."

This is so the entire world through,
You imagine a maiden loves yough—
Like the wind bends the bough,
You are bent by the rough,
Then left and forsaken—bough-wough.

They went for a ride with the duque,
To show him the sights of Dubuque,
Till he said, "That's enough,
This is only a blough,"
Which I knew wasn't bad for a duque.

Said the man, who while fishing at May-
fair,
Hauled out an old turtle with gray hair,
"Some things, it would seam,
Are dipped from the stream
That would have done better to stay
thair,"

A farmer, while planting some saygo,
 Fell back in the creek at Newaygo,
 He crawled out, alack!
 With a crick in the back,
 And was sick for a week with lumbaygo.

There was a young girl of Strelitza,
 Whose mother she ups and she hits her;
 The cause of these knocks
 Was her sister's new socks,
 For she cried, "Why, I'm blowed if they
 fits her!"

An ambitious lobster declared he would
 sing,
 And started to practice one day in the
 Spring;
 With a starfish for teacher,
 A dismal old preacher,
 Who tied up his notes with a piece of red
 string.

He showed his five points—which the lob-
 ster had not—
 Which, if he'd sing right, must surely be
 got;
 So the lobster said, "Aw!"
 Seized the star in his claw,
 And ate him, then sang very well on the
 spot.

The crop being in, as je'd planned,
Je said that the jarvest was grand,
And vowed from jis jeart,
That the jeaviest part
Was done by jis jonest jired jand.

There was a young lady named Moll,
Who purchased a new parasol,
With a handle so long
That she had to be strong
Or she couldn't have lugged it all.

She met a young man who, 'twas plain,
Was staggering with might and main
To steady his gait
'Neath the terrible weight
Of his dreadfully cumbersome cane.

So intent was the beautiful Moll,
In lugging her long parasol,
That she passed the young swain
With the cumbersome cane,
And nevermore saw him at all.

What a narrow escape for that swain!
Had she recognized him he would fain
Have lifted his hat,
But how could he do that
And carry his cumbersome cane?

Says Russia in sadness, "I dreadoff
Japanovich hailstorms of leadoff;
Unless the small Japski
Shall meet a mishapski
I fear that he'll blow my darned headoff."

Says China, whose skin is still flabby,
"Wha' fo' white man allee time grabee?
Wait till one Japanee
Kill-um Russia, then we
Drive-um out all white devils—you
sabe?"

Says Germany, "Sooch a gondition
Makes varfare von fine, holy mission;
So der Dutch beoples are
In cahoots mit der Czar,
Gott und Vilhelm und China's partition."

Says France, "Ah, ze warfare romantique,
Where ze armies manoeuvre and antic,
So my heart go rub-dub,
Just ze Kaiser to drub,
For ze smell of ze smoke mek me fran-
tique!"

Says pestiferous, small San Domingo,
"I make a da warfare, by jingo!
And da's-a all right;
But I mus' be polite
To da malo American gringo."

Says wise Uncle Sam, "Wa-al, I figgers
That my issue ain't Russia or niggers;
But I will, and I shall,
Make that gol-darned canal,
So I'll turn all my bay-nets to diggers."

This gloomy young man from Squedunk
Is burning his clothes in a trunk;
You can see, if you try,
That there's blood in his eye—
He sat down in the woods on a—mephitis
Americana.

There was a young husband named
Dwightly,
Whose wife flirted morn, noon and
nightly;
He murmured, "Dear, dear!
I would fain interfere,
If I knew how to do it politely."

The actress who got one bouquet
Was mad as a hatter, they suet,
Her order was seven,
And the florist had gotten his puet.

There was a grass widow named Totten,
Who stuck to divorces like cotton;
When they asked, "Who is he?"
She answered, 'Search me—
He's a husband, perhaps, I've forgotten!"

She was a maid from Kalamazoo,
Charming and young and witty, too,
And wealthy, it was said;
And yet, for all she was so fair,
And traveled widely here and there,
She had never a chance to wed.

For when men heard the awful name
Of the Michigan town from which she
came,
They always ceased to woo;
For each one said it would hurt his pride
To tell his friends he'd sought for a bride,
A girl from Kalamazoo.

A conceited young man at Cape Nome
Composed a most wonderful pome;
For feet and for metre
He said, "You can't betre
With any gas company home."

A soldier who lived at Irkutsh
Was fat and a coward to bootsk,
When he went out to fight
At the first bloody sight
He'd hunt for a good chance ter scootsk.

A pirate who hailed from Nertskinskif
Became so exceedingly thinskif
That while cleaning his gun,
When the day's fight was done,
He looked down the bore and fell inskif.

He had worn a colored blazer on the Nile,
He had sported spats in Persia, just for
style;

With a necktie quite too utter,
In the streets of old Calcutta,
He had stirred up quite a flutter for a
while.

The maids of Java thronged before his
door,

Attracted by the trousers that he wore!
And his vest—a bosom-venter—
Shook Formosa to its centre,
And they hailed him as a mentor by the
score.

On his own ground as a “masher” on the
street,

He outdid a Turkish Pasha, who stood
treat;

He gave Shanghai the jumps,
And their cheeks stuck out like humps,
At the patent-leather pumps upon his feet.

But he called upon a 'Peka girl one night,
With a necktie ready-made, which wasn't
right!

And she looked at him, this maid did,
And he faded, and he faded,
And he faded, and he faded out of sight!

There was a young maid of Passaic,
Who with coughs was each night kept
 awa-ic,
 Till the doctor for fee
 Prescribed a troche,
And she now snores in measure trochaic.

A wise man exploring the Nile
Said, "The Sphinx is no doubt all the
 style,
 But yonder there be
 Other ruins, I see,
And I'll peer-amid those for awhile.

There once was a lonesome lorn spinster,
And luck had for years been ag'inst 'er;
 When a man came to burgle,
 She shrieked with a gurgle,
"Stop, thief, while I call in a min'ster!"

I take this piece of plumbago
To tell you I have the lumbago;
 I shall hie me away
 For a week and a day,
For I feel like a very bum Dago.

There once was a husky young Mr.,
Who hugged hard each girl as he kr.;
 And he kissed with such glee
 That his girl exclaimed, "See!
Your lips, upon mine, raised a blr."

A charming young belle of the Sioux
Stooped over to lace up her shioux,
But she said as she laced,
"I must have these replaced,
For I see they no longer will dioux."

Said a youth, as the sleigh-bells did jingle,
"All the blood in my veins is a-tingle,
When I think that for me
You my fair bridle be,"
But she said, "I remain, dear sur-cingle!"

Augustus Fitzgibbons Moran
Fell in love with Maria McCann,
With a yell and a whoop
He cleared the front stoop
Just ahead of her papa's brogan.

The chic Mrs. Nottingham-Corso
Had her ball gown cut low, only more so!
When she asked, "How's the dress?"
Her husband said, "Bess,
Don't you think you'll catch cold in your
torso?"

There's a light in the window for me
To enable my eyes to see
That the other fellow's got there ahead,
And I'd better go home to my folding
bed,
For the evening is cold for three.

There was a young man of Antigua,
Whose friends all exclaimed, "Why, how-
bigua,
You would get awful rich
If you'd advertise which
Health food caused that change in your
figua."

There was a young man in Podunk,
Who once tried to capture a skunk;
The skunk got away,
And that young man to-day
Has his clothes camphored up in a trunk.

A naughty young maid of Des Moines
On a trapeze in midair did toins,
Till one night, off she fell
And went straightway to—well,
No matter 'bout others' concoins.

A gallant young man of Duquesne
Went home with a girl in the ruesne;
She said, with a sigh,
"I wonder when Igh
Shall see such a rain-beau aguesne."

A certain young maiden named Emma
Was seized with a horrible tremma,
She swallowed a spider,
Which stung her inside her—
Oh, my! what an awful dilemma.

A certain young gallant named Robbie
Rode his steed back and forth in the
lobby;

When they told him, "Indoors
Is no place for a horse,"
He replied, "Well, you see, it's my
hobby."

A young lady sings in our choir,
Whose hair is the color of phoir,
But her charms are unique,
She has such a fair chique,
It is really a joy to be nhoir.

I dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals bedecked in gold,
And those halls I walked
With twins that squawked,
And maybe my feet weren't cold.

There was a young wife of Antigua,
Who said to her spouse, "What a pig you
are!"

He said, "Oh, my queen!
Is it manners you mean,
Or do you refer to my fig-u-a?"

There was a young person named Willy
Whose actions were what you'd call silly;
He went to a ball,
Dressed in nothing at all,
Pretending to represent Chili.

There was a young man of Killarney,
 Who was chock full of what is called
 blarney;
 He would sit on a stile
 And tell lies by the mile
 Would this dreadful young man of Kill-
 larney.

A certain young woman named Hannah
 Slipped down on a piece of banana,
 She shrieked and oh, my'd,
 And more stars she spied
 Than belong to the star-spangled banner.

A gentleman sprang to assist her,
 And picked up her muff and her wrister.
 "Did you fall, ma'am?" he cried.
 "Do you think," she replied,
 "I sat down for the fun of it, mister?"

Said a chap in an off-handed way,
 To a damsel coquettish and gay,
 "I wonder if I
 Had the heart to apply
 For a kiss, would I get it or nay?"

Then the maiden with cunning replied,
 "Such requests should be always denied;
 It is safer and best
 To defer your request,
 At least until after you've tried,"

Dickery, dickery, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock
On Mabel's hose,
To seek repose
Beneath the cyclist's frock.

Dickery, dickery, dare,
He found some bloomers there;
But nary gown,
So he came down,
Dickery, dickery, dare!

In a rainstorm a girl of renown
Insisted on going downtown,
But the umbrella's leaks
Wet the bloom on her cheeks,
And it dropped down and ruined her
gown.

As we've seen the young girl was no saint,
And she lodged a most mighty complaint;
She raved and she swore
At the man in the store
For not selling her waterproof paint.

There was a young girl of Madrid,
Whose bike went amiss on the skid,
The bike it was broken,
And words they were spoken,
I'm sorry she did, but she did!

A young man, whose first name was Geo.,
Once ventured his pa's check to feo.;
But they quickly found out
What this youth was about,
And compelled him at once to disgeo.

Now Geo. had a brother named Jno.,
And though all his money was gno.,
Just as honest was he
As a man could well be,
So he put his wife's jewels in pno.

There wanst was two cats at Kilkenny,
Each thought there was one cat too many,
So they quarrell'd and fit,
They scratch'd and they bit,
Till, excepting their nails
And the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats, there weren't any.

There was a young maid of Manilla,
Whose favorite cream was vanilla,
But sad to relate,
Though you piled up her plate,
'Twas impossible ever to fill her.

A certain old maid of Cohoes,
In despair, taught her bird to propose;
But the parrot, dejected,
At being accepted,
Shrieked words too profane to disclose.

0.,
A man owned a cow in Nantucket,
She knew a square meal when she struck
it.

One night she broke in
To the oats—cleaned the bin,
'And the next day this cow kicked the
bucket.

"My beauty," said Chesterfield Lance,
"This Haymarket coat, will enhance,"
But his pride took a fall,
When he heard a kid brawl,
"Get on to the lady in pants."

There was an old man with a skewer
Who hunted a hostile reviewer,
"I'll teach him," he cried,
"When I've punctured his hide,
To call my last novel impure."

Once did Sir Jim, in armor tin,
Take tea with Lady Bowsers.
With manner free
She split some tea
And rusted Jim's best trousers.

There was a fair Philippine maid
Who walked in the streets unarrayed.
When asked why she did it
She replied: I should fidget
If dressed, for my best frock is frayed."

An eccentric old man of Cohoes
 Always bought "Children's size" suits of
 clothes;

"I can never decide
 When I'll need them," he cried,
 "Second childhood comes quick—good-
 ness knows."

From Paris Maude ordered her bonnet,
 'Twas a "poem," "creation," a "sonnet,"
 But the sight of the bill
 Made her dear father ill,
 And as for the rampage—he's on it.

There once was a 'cal fellow,
 Who grew .ically mellow;
 With a — he was gone
 To the town of :
 To write for a sheet that was yellow.

Her etamine skirt was a winner
 Till a billy-goat ate it—the sinner—
 Then he said, with a grunt,
 "'Twas a pretty tough stunt,
 And I feel like I'd etamine dinner."

There was a young Theolog. Rev.,
 Who preached till it seemed he could
 Nev.
 His hearers thought thus,
 There resulted a fuss—
 Now a pillow's attached to her Neth.

"When you are hungry," the fool crank
said,
"The best thing to eat is an apple."
The Philadelphian laughed in glee;
"I've something better than that,"
said he,
As he went on eating his scrapple.

There was a young girl named O'Dell,
Who, while walking down Chestnut
Street fell,
She got up with a bound,
And looked all around,
And said in a deep voice, "Oh, H—ll!"

A messenger boy named Mercurius,
One day earned a dime that was spurious.
He turned that one in,
Spent the other for gin,
And made his pa, Jupiter, furious.

There was a young girl from New York,
Whose ancestors all came from Cork,
Who possessed an idea
That in order to be queer
She had to eat soup with a fork.

He fell in love with a dairy maid,
'Alas! for Cupid's blindness!
He found that she had, for such as he,
Not a bit of what, is said to be,
The milk of human kindness.

A belligerent wren once wattacked an old
when—

By wrage and wresentment win-
duced—

But the wrow wasn't wlong,
For the wren, wyoung and wstrong,
Wrushed the wrathful old when off the
wroost.

A certain young lady at Golden
Once sought her best beau to embolden
By observing, "Don't you
Think one chair's 'nuff for two?"
And now, when he calls, she is holden.

There was a young Chink from Peking,
Who tried to talk English like sin,
For whenever an "r"
His progress would jar
He pronounced it like —ell, as in Lynn.

A certain young man of great gumption,
'Mongst cannibals had the presumption
To go—but, alack!
He never came back.
They say 'twas a case of consumption.

When Mrs. Lattimer had twins
Papa cried, "Philopena!"
And one was plump
And one was thin,
Could anything be meaner?

Young Mrs. Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her pug dog some fromage de brie.
But none found she there,
Her husband—the bear!
Had eaten it all with his dinner—you see.
—Puck.

This did not feaze Pa Lattimer,
There never was a keener,
He named the fat one
“Fatima,”
And called the lean one “Lena.”

An ambitious, and young, Ph. D.,
Got a bid, one day, to a T,
At the Y. M. C. A.
And he felt like a J,
On forgetting to R. S. V. P.

She asked him for his autograph,
A famous man was he;
But she was his wife, and she wanted it
On a check, for a sum that was lib'ral
writ,
So he didn't feel honored, you see.

There was a bold Briton named Pain,
Who said, “I will cross the wide main;
Too damp here,” he cried;
“So good-by to King Ned,
I will leave and get out of the reign.”

'Tis strange how new newspapers honor
 The creature that's called prima donna;
 They say not a thing
 Of how she can sing,
 But talk of the clothes she has on her.

—Eugene Field.

Her golden hair looked well in a "rat,"
 And other girls were envious at that,
 Until one windy day
 Her hat sailed away,
 And her golden hair sailed away with the
 hat.

There was a young lady named Maud,
 Who at meals was a terrible fraud,
 She never was able
 To eat at the table,
 But—out in the pantry—oh, Lord!

I know a sweet girl who's called Maude,
 Of her papa I'm very much awed,
 I'd ask his consent,
 But I think if I went
 He'd kick till I hollered, "Oh, Lawd!"

A newspaper man on the Isthmus
 Said, "Colonel, now what about thisth-
 mus?"

The Colonel said, "Write
 That it looks like a fite,
 But I think 'twill be over by Christmus."

There once was a bull dog named Caesar,
Saw a cat and thought he would taesar,
 But the cat was too fly,
 And she scratched out an eye,
Now Caesar just sees her and flaesar.

In the wild West there lived a young
 Sioux,
Who made quite a brilliant debioux
 In highest society,
 With all due propriety,
Just as every sweet maiden should dioux.

A dashing young fellow named Day,
Prints the solid Muldoon at Ourray,
 When folks pay their back dues
 He's as mild as you choose,
When they don't, there's the devil to pay.
 —*Eugene Field.*

Her appearance was somewhat unique,
And the language that maiden could
 spique,
 Was truly refined,
 But a little inclined
To be terse, like the Latin or Grique.

Never once was her young mind opaque
 Whether she was asleep or awaque,
 For, at quick repartee,
 Either night or by dee,
She was ready to give and to take.

Softest eyes had she, like a gazelle,
And her sweet voice was not like the yelle
Of the wild Indians whioux
Had reared that young Sioux,
And had taught her to write, read and
spelle.

I ate cake, and Salina ate jelly,
Salina went home with a pain in her ——
Now don't be excited,
And don't be misled,
Salina went home with a pain in her head!

In Leadville a certain girl's bonnet
Has four yards of ostrich plumes on it,
While her sister, poor thing,
Wears a red rooster wing,
And that is the cause of this sonnet.
—Eugene Field.

There was a young maiden of Gloucester,
Who loved in the sea, to disport her,
She sat on a nail,
Then turned very pale,
And jumped backward into the water.

There was a young fellow named Tape
Who always wore trousers of crape,
When asked if they'd tear,
He replied, "Here and there,
But they hold such an elegant shape."

There was a sculptor named Phidias,
Whose statues were perfectly hideous,
He made Aphrodite
Without any nightie,
And shocked the ultra-fastidious.

Now when Aphrodite by Phidias
Had shocked the ultra-fastidious,
Then all the old aunties
Swore she must wear panties,
Which made her look perfectly hideous.

And if all the old aunties will squeal-o
Because statues don't wear a great deal-o,
Then for heaven's sake ask
That a loose-fitting basque
Be made for the Venus de Milo!

There was a young lady named Perkins,
Who was exceedingly fond of green ger-
kins;
She ate a whole quart,
Which was more than she ought,
For it pickled her internal workin's.

A dashing young cowboy named Gus,
Got involved in a serious muss
With a party named Berringer,
And drawing his derringer
He tapped him for laudable pus.

—Eugene Field.

There was a young lady named Anna,
Who sang in the choir—high soprano.
Once she slipped—going out,
Which made the gentlemen shout,
“We have heard, and now see your Hos-
annah.”

There was a young lady of Joppa,
Who came a society cropper,
She went to Ostend
With a gentleman friend,
And the rest of the story's improper.

Willie, in the best of sashes,
Fell in the fire and was burnt to ashes,
By and by
The air grew chilly,
But no one cared to poke up Willy.

A young man whose fad was pajamas,
Wore a suit made of wool from the
llamas,
The unmanly effect
Made people suspect,
That the outfit was really his mama's.

There was a young man from Connecticut
Who never had seen a girl's petticoat,
So when one met his eye,
He thought he should die,
He blushed and you may “bet he cut.”

There is a clam-digger in Pelham,
Who digs clams in purpose to sell 'em.
People ask, "Are they nice?"
And, "What is the price?"
But they never can get him to tell 'em.

A young woman of New Rochelle,
Went round the streets ringing a bell,
When asked why she rang it,
She said, "Why, goll dang it,
Can't you see that I've got things to sell?"

There was a young maiden of Michigan,
To meet her, I never would wish again.
She gobbled ice-cream,
Till with pain she would scream,
Then called for a whole dish again.

Said Moses to Aaron, down by the dark
blue sea,
The ladies here disport themselves in
scanty drapery,
They dive into the deep blue waves and
balance on their toeses,
Of course you wouldn't dare to look,
"To H——, I won't," said Moses.

A sculptor of nymphs and Bacchantes
Omitted the coates and panties,
But a kind-hearted Madam,
Who knew where they had 'em,
Donated some warm "Ypsilanties."

There was a young lady named Mabel,
Who danced on the dining-room table,
But she blushed very red,
When the gentlemen said,
"Oh! look at the legs on the table."

There was a young maiden of Siam,
Who said to her lover named Priam,
"If you kiss me, of course,
You'll have to use force.
But, goodness knows, you're stronger than
I am."

There was an old maid of Fife,
Who had never been kissed in her life,
So she saw a large cat,
And she said, "I'll kiss that,"
But the cat said, "Not on your life."

Solomon and David led very merry lives,
And had a most delightful time among
their many wives,
But when at last their blood grew thin,
They suffered many qualms.
Then Sol,—he wrote the Proverbs—and
Dave, he wrote the Psalms.

A Spaniard whose name was Jose,
Jad justed to get in jis je;
He took off jis jat
And jappily sat
Upon the fence, crying "Joore!"

The beautiful belle of Del Norte,
Is reckoned disdainful and horty,
Because, during the day,
She says, "Boys, keep away,"
But she yawns, in the gloaming, like
forty!

—Eugene Field.

'A lady who lived at Bordeaux,
Had a corn on her right little teaux;
She borrowed a razor,
For her skill we must praise her,
For the corn is gone, (so is her teaux).

'Tis said that Sir Walter Raleigh
Fell in love with a maiden named Mol-
leigh,
But he quite lost his mind
Over all of her kind,
Though he really was good at a Jolleigh.

After wedding a rich heiress, Price
Said, "Gambling's a terrible vice,
But one thing I know,
This watching for dough,
Is a thing that's exceedingly nice."

A farmer once called his cow "Zephyr,"
She seemed such an amiable heifer.
When the farmer drew near
She kicked off his ear,
And now he's very much dephyr.

Each evening a good looking Mr.
 Comes around for to visit my sr.
 One night on the stairs,
 He, all unawares,
 Put has arm round her figure and kr.

Sam Short was so fond of Welsh rare-bit
 That his taste led him into the hare-bit
 Of spending his days
 Near the doors of cafeys,
 And when he would see one he'd grabe-bit.

A beautiful young man at Sigauche,
 Once courted the charming Miss Sauche,
 But when she was wed
 To another, he said,
 "My life is a horrible bauche!"
—Eugene Field.

Now what in the world shall we dioux,
 With the bloody and murdering Sioux,
 Who some time ago,
 Took his arrow and bow,
 And raised such a hellabelioux?
—Eugene Field.

When the ark was just over Genoa
 Mrs. Noah burst forth at poor Noah,
 "Who's this Joan of Arc?
 You are keeping her dark;"
 "Oh, no, I don't know her," said Noah.

There was an old gourmet called Lamb
Who indulged in a weakness for hamb;
When they brought him some bacon,
He said, "You're mistaken,
For this stuff, I don't care a —b!"

Once a Frenchman who'd promptly said
"Oui"
To some ladies who'd ask him if houi
Cared to drink, threw a fit
Upon finding that it
Was a tippie no stronger than toui.

There once was a mouse that loved cheese,
But in vain, as the scent made him sneeze,
Till he took some cologne
Well mixed with ozone—
And now he says "more if you please."

She sat away down the parquet,
And the hat she had on was quite guet;
But a man sat behind her,
Who called it a blinder
And went out and demanded his puet.

If I should see a Thomas cat
Eloping with a cow,
I would not check such tender love
Because 'twould not be any of
My business anyhow.

A foolish young Rhode Island clam
 Said: "I will now make a salaam."
 He started in well
 But forgot he'd a shell—
 He is now being charged with flimflam.

A filial youth of Chicawgo
 When advised by his attorneys to law go,
 Said modestly, "Pshaw!
 I'll stay home with maw
 And make paw go."

There once was a wary prof,
 Who captured a youthful trans.
 He said, "Son, don't lie—
 Aren't you stealing a pie?"
 But the lad said, "I'm not a conf."

There was an old maid from Duquesne
 Who the rigor of mortis did fuesne;
 She came to with a shout,
 Saying: "Please let me out;
 This coffin will drive me insuesne."

A maiden at gay Narragansett
 Fain would two-step, but couldn't quite
 dansett;
 But with feet full of joy,
 By the side of her boy,
 She determined to break loose and
 chansett,

There was a young girl in the choir
Whose voice rose hoir and hoir,
Till it reached such a height
It was clear out of sight,
And they found it next day in the spoir.

A fool girl of Paris named Jane
Once threw herself into the Seine.
She was off in her head,
The fisherman said
Who found her. He found her in Seine.

There was a young fellow from Me.,
Who courted a maid, but in ve. ;
For she kicked when he kister
And hollered for sister,
And dared him to do it age.

The animals down at the Zoo
They didn't know just what to do,
Said the tiger: "Methinks
That a golf game, by jinks,
Is really the thing."
Then they laid out the lynx.

A dentist who lives in Duluth
Has wedded a widow named Ruth,
Who is so sentimental
Concerning things dental
She calls her dear Second her Twoth.

A lovelorn young man of Ky.
 Was saying sweet things to his dy.
 When her pa hove in sight
 The young fellow took flight
 And deemed his escape to be ly.

A very sad play called "East Lynne,"
 A mixture of virtue and synne;
 Big crowds, black and white,
 Packed the house every night—
 In fact, they could hardly get ynne.

'A nobby young man of Duquesne
 Wore rubbers when there was no ruesne.
 He said: "It is wet
 In old London, you bet."
 Good gracious! The young man was
 vuesne.

'A bashful young fellow from Md.,
 Remarked to a fair one: "Oh, Dd.,
 A kiss on your brow?"
 Well, he did, anyhow,
 And he vowed 'twas a rare bit from Fd.

There was an old monk of Siberia
 Whose life it grew drearier and drearier,
 Till he broke from his cell
 With a hell of a yell
 And eloped with the Mother Superior.

A vessel has sailed from Chicago
With barrels of pork for a cargo;
For Boston she's bound,
Preceded, I've found,
By another with beans from near Fargo.

There was a young man in Decatur
Whose head wasn't as big as a 'tatur,
His feet were not small,
And he had lots of gall,
But he hadn't the brains of a tomatur.

A canner, exceedingly canny,
One morning remarked to his granny:
"A canner can can
Anything that he can,
But a canner can't can a can, can he?"

There was a young girl of N. Y.,
She was greatly addicted T. T.
Her husband, of course,
Soon got a divorce,
And said to her: "Now then, Y. W."

Of a sudden the great prima donna
Cried "Heavens, my voice is a goner!"
But a cat in the wings
Cried, "I know how she sings,"
And finished the solo with honor.

A youth once lived way out in Kansas,
Who could dance fifty different dances;
 He'd of coats full three score,
 And he'd white vests galore,
And he owned ninety-nine pairs of
 pantse.

There was once a maiden in Fla.,
Who had no fall hat, so she ba.,
 Little old bonnet,
 Men doted uponnet,
But the girls said she couldn't look ha.

A soubrette who had made a fiasco,
In despair drank a pint of tobasco,
 Soon the hair on her head,
 Turned from yellow to red,
And she then got a job from Belasco.

'An artist who frescoes a ceiling,
Remarked, with an air of much feeling,
 "The lady is Eve,
 And I'd have you believe,
'Tis an apple she seems to be peeling."

There was a young man named Pete,
Who thought he was very discreet,
 Till he met a sweet girl,
 Now his brain's in a whirl,
And he can't tell his head from his feet.

There was a young Welchman of Mawd-
dwy,
Who was puzzled to ascertain hawddwy,
English word "yacht,"
Could rhyme rightly with "knot,"
So he studied the poems of Sawddwy.

A miss was once kissed on her wrist,
Where no miss cares to be kissed;
Said the kissed to the kisser,
"View now my sad visor
And take back that kiss, I insist."

"I should think you could see that you're
here,
'And you'll always remain here, I fear,
For it matters not where
You may go, when you're there,
You'll say to yourself, 'I am here.'"

You see, they stole each other's hearts,
So now they're man and wife;
Sad punishment for common theft,
Both of their liberty bereft,
In wedlock's chains for life.

The lady leaned from her lattice,
Toward the lovelorn knight below,
"Is that you, Fred?" she shyly said;
But, answering not, he turned and
fled,
For alas! his name was Joe.

In New Orleans there lived a young Creole,
 Who, when asked if her hair were all reole,
 Replied, with a shrug,
 "Just give it a tug,
 And judge by the way that I squeole."

There was a young lady of Norway,
 Who casually sat in a doorway!
 When the door squeezed her flat,
 She exclaimed, "What of that?"
 This courageous young lady of Norway.

A Spanish grandee of Havana,
 Who stepped on a bit of banana,
 Came down in the mud
 With a dull, sickening thud,
 While the band played, "The Star-
 Spangled Banner."

You've seen an accomplished modiste,
 By the aid of Pointe and batiste,
 Full flare, gores, shirring a-plenty
 Make 39 look just like 20,
 Oh, isn't she a useful artiste?

An amusing young person from Butte,
 Who wouldn't, or couldn't be mutte,
 Persistently sputtered
 And stuttered and muttered
 Till everyone else followed sutte.

A freckled young damsel named Clarar
Much wished to grow fairer fairer;
So she tried cream of tartar,
With faith of a marytr,
And her freckles grew rarer and rarer.

Short is the story
Of Jimmy Gonetoglorry.
Found a stick of dynamite, then
You couldn't see 'im;
Friends, though feeling tough,
Searched till they'd enough
To hold an interesting little
P. M. in the P. M.

There was a young lady of Olney,
Who went for a ride in a polney,
But alas! and alack!
She fell off his back,
In a place that was muddy and stolney.

There was a cross chappie called Charlie,
Whose temper was knotted and gnarly;
He'd say, "Wake me at eight;"
But would sleep on till late,
Then wake up all snappy and snarly.

He courted a gem of a girl,
And told her that she was his pearl;
But when they were married,
Her ma came and tarried,
Though he didn't like mother of pearl.

There was a young maid from Ky.,
Whom the other girls thought very ly.,
As suitors galore
Were turned from the door,
She would cry, "Nothing doing, my dy.!"

She's attended by numbers of beaux,
When down to the seashore she geaux,
Though it isn't her face,
That draws them apace,
But the Trilbyesque curves of her teaux.

The girl on the wheel yelled: "Oh, Mr.!"
But when a man went to asr.
She gave him a look
That his breath away took
And would raise on an oak knot a blr.

We once had a blasphemous parrot,
That swore till we just couldn't bear it.
When we tied up his beak,
He learned in one week
In the deaf and dumb language to swear
it.

There was an old maiden named White,
Who slept in pajamas one night,
As she happened to pass
Near a large looking-glass,
She exclaimed, "There's a man!" in de-
light.

Whene'er the burlesque actress lets
Her photo go with cigarettes
She asks not pay nor pelf,
Because she knows this wise she gets
Some good puffs for herself.

There once was a young lady Dr.,
Who owned a bad parrot that mr.,
He would likewise blaspheme,
Using language extreme—
All of which, so the lady said, shr.

A man hired by John Smith & Co.,
Loudly declared that he'd tho.
Men that he saw,
Dumping dirt near the store,
The drivers, therefore, didn't do.

There was once a maiden named Chol-
mondeley,
Who every one said was quite Colmonde-
ley,
Yet the maid was so shy,
That when strangers were ny.,
She always just stood around dolmonde-
ley.

I've seen her smile, I've seen her weep,
I've called her angel, times a score;
Now that we've wed I've seen her sleep,
And, as I've also heard her snore,
I ne'er call her angel more.

There was a young lady in Lawrence,
Whose language came gushing in taw-
rence,
Till told by her teacher,
"Your manner, dear creacher,
Is more than your scholarship warrence."

They were waltzing at a bal masque,
And he for her heart tried to ask,
But, behold, 'twas his mother,
Instead of another,
So he never completed his tasque.

As fewer hairs upon his head
With the lapse of time, you note,
While more hairs to be found, wot ye,
Which fluffy long and golden be,
Upon the shoulder of his coat?

Two sailors who worked on a barque,
One day went off on a larque,
They felt very tough,
And blew in their stough,
And did not return till 'twas darque.

A small boy when asked to spell "yacht,"
Most saucily said, "I will nacht."
So his teacher in wrath,
Took a section of lath,
And warmed him up well on the spacht.

He had taken of whiskey a drachm,
And thought he could lick Uncle Sam;
But a tip from a cop
Caused his courage to drop,
And he lurched away meek as a lachm.

A baby in Kalamazoo
Remarked quite distinctly, "Goo-goo."
'Twas explained by his ma,
And likewise his pa,
That he meant to say, "How do you do?"

There was a young fellow in Ga.,
Who remarked to a check, "I will Fa.!"
And the judge gave him ten
In the commonwealth's pen,
"Where," he said, "they will lodge you
and ba."

Miss Freckle has got a new beau,
She tells me his front name is Jeau;
That he lives in St. Paul,
And that late in the faul,
To the wild, woolly West she will geau.

When married they'll take a chateau,
And keep twenty servants or seau,
Just as down in Ky.,
Where folks who are ly.,
Of wealth make a glittering sheau.

There was a watchmaker named Quick,
And he thought he was awfully slick,
 But he couldn't hold out,
 He went up the spout,
He tried to do business on tick.

There was an old salt lived in Gloucester,
His wife was a pill yet he houcester,
 One day, they tell me,
 He took her to sea,
And over the boat he doucester.

"Beg pardon, your age?" to a Boston
 maid
Were the words which the census-man
 said;
 Though hot the day,
 In a cold, freezing way,
She gazed on him till he was dead.

A spinster once fell in a faint,
While treating her face to fresh paint.
 I said, "Are you mad?
 Are you glad, sad or bad?"
And she rose and replied, "No, I ain't."

There was a young lady of Me.,
Who was of her beauty quite ve.,
 But a freckle or two
 Later on came in view,
And drove the young lady inse.

A wondrous faith-healer one day,
Had to keep all his patients at bay,
While he hid in his booth,
With a riotous tooth,
Which his faith couldn't stop, strange to
say.

There once was a gallant knight-errant,
Whose lady-love had a stern parent.
He wore steel shirts and pants,
And a sword and a lance,
But the young folks afraid of him weren't.

"Will you dream of me, dear one, to-
night?"
She answered—he heard with a thrill:
"You know I've a habit,
Of eating Welch rabbit,
And it's likely as not that I will."

The rumpus about women's rights,
Is but the merest tissue,
For woman, like the question which
Has roused her to her highest pitch,
Is only a side issue.

He learned to play tunes on a comb,
And became such a nuisance at homb,
That ma spanked him, and then—
"Will you do it again?"
And he cheerfully answered her "Nomb."

If you're looking for a wife, come to Boston;
 If you're single, wish to trade, or have divorced one,
 You will find one there, no doubt,
 For they're lying all about,
 Like Whitcomb Riley pumpkins with the frost on.

There was a young fellow from Lansing,
 Who was very devoted to dancing;
 He waltzed a girl once,
 She called him a dunce,
 Because on her toes he kept prancing.

In a village post-office, Miss Peek
 Had a job at six plunks per week,
 But she near had a fit,
 And threatened to quit,
 When a postal came written in Greek.

A bookworm of Kennebunk, Me.,
 Found pleasure in reading Monte.,
 He also liked Poe,
 And Daniel Defoe,
 But the telephone book caused him pe.

A maiden of Chattanooga, Tenn.,
 Whose name was Miss Bridget D. Henn,
 Was afloat on the tide,
 When she soulfully side,
 "I w'd like t' have wan iv thim Menn."

The centipede was happy until the toad,
in fun,
Asked her, "Which leg comes after
which?"
This worked her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in a ditch,
Considering how to run.

There was a young man from St. Cloud,
Who played the trombone out aloud,
He was hit by a brick,
At the very first lick,
But he thanked his detractors and boud.

A man who was deeply in debt,
Said, "No matter whatever I gebt,
My creditors claim
A share of the same,
Which makes me discouraged, you bebt."

Said a dainty professor of Latin,
Who dressed his pet piggie in satin:
"If I teach her to speak
In Norwegian and Greek,
Do you think she'd be easier to fatten?"

An ancient New Yorker named Pratt,
Once went on a terrible batt.
Whomever he saw,
He would paste with his paw,
And gleefully gurgle, "Take thatt."

What a fool a man in love can be!—
Even I have been one of those.
He has even been known—
As in case like my own—
To have gone so far as propose.

A stranger sojourning in Iowa
Thought of thirst he was destined to die
away;
Now he spends all his days
Where the soda fountain plays,
And has very near winked his left eye
away.

He brought home a fancy lawn-mower,
And ran it each morning at 4,
But the noveltee
Has worn off, and he
Perspires and pushes no mower.

A fellow who lived on the Rhine
Saw a fish that he wanted to dhine,
But how to invite him?—
“Ah,” he said, “I will write him!”
So he sat down and dropped him a lhine!

If the billy goat only would learn
To pull spikes, think how much he could
earn.
The railroad would pay
Him a dollar a day,
And he would have money to burn.

A fellow sojourning in Fla.,
Got his bill from the clerk in the ca.,
 And the more things he read,
 The more things he said,
'And the latter grew torrid and ta.

'As he filled up the order book pp.,
He said, "I should get higher ww."
 So he struck for more pay,
 But, alas, now, they say,
He is driving Fifth Avenue stst.

There was an old gardener of Wymond-
 ham,
Who picked his tomatoes and skymond-
 ham,
 That isn't the way,
 To keep them, they say;
He ought to have got 'em and trymond-
 ham.

There was a famed tanner of Mousehold
Who once made no end of a boushold,
 But they hanged the poor bloke
 To a neighboring oak.
And that was the end of the tousehold.

There was an old man up in Maine,
Who stood all one day in the rain.
 Then at home in a strife,
 He was told by his wife,
" 'Twould be well to go out there again."

There were three young women of Birmingham,
And I know a sad story concerning 'em.
They stuck needles and pins,
In the right rev'rend shins
Of the bishop engaged in confirming
'em.

There's a woman called Madame Tus-
saud,
Slow sewers she shows how to sew;
She says, "If, So-and-so,
You sew so, you'll sew slow,
'And you'll only sew so-so, Sew so."

There was an old woman took snuff,
Who said she was happy enough,
For she sneezed when she pleased,
And was pleased when she sneezed,
And that is enough about snuff.

There was once a finicky prude,
Who vowed she detested the nude,
So chicken and feather
She ate of together,
And said 'twas decorous food.

There was a young fellow in Flint,
Who thought he was some on the sprint,
But the pa of his girl
Gave the young man a whirl,
'And now he is done up in lint.

A jolly young lady from Kas.,
Said, "O, dear, Maud, what is this that
pas."

Maud exclaimed, "It's a man!"
Whereat both the girls ran,
Saying, "Here's where the villain un-
mas."

A distinguished old one-legged Colonel
Once started to edit a jolonel,
But soon in disgust
He gave up—he was "bust"—
"For," said he, "the expense's infolonel."

"What will you take my picture for?"
Inquired the anxious maid.
"If it looks like *you*,"
Said Little Boy Blue,
"I'll take it for you, I'm afraid."

They stood beneath the mistletoe,
And he—of course, he kissed her,
Her sister saw them, grew enraged,
(You see the kisser was engaged
To wed the kissee's sister).

A lunatic given to laughter.
Woke the echoes from floor to raughter;
That the man was insane
Was perfectly plain;
For no one man could be any daughter.

A damsel extremely petite
Went to purchase some shoes for her fite,
The dealer brought eights,
And the chronicle states,
That the maiden's collapse was compleite.

She was wary and wily,
And kissed him quite slyly,
Then laughed in a murmur of glee,
And they say the velocity
Of his reciprocity
Was really refreshing to see.

There was a young man of Havanner,
Who stepped on a peel of bananner,
The words that he said
As he stood on his head,
Wouldn't do for a Sunday-school banner.

There was a young girl of Milpitas,
Who had an attack of bronchitis,
And she said, "I shall cough
My infernal head off,
If I don't get out of Milpitas."

There was a young man so benighted,
He never knew when he was slighted.
He went to a party,
And he ate just as hearty.
As if he'd been really invited.

There was a young girl named Molly,
Who hated to ride on a trolley.
She'd say, with a sigh,
"If the steps weren't so high,
I'm sure that the trolley'd be jolly."

He ordered a porterhouse steak,
Sauerkraut, mince pie and fruit ceak!
Then sat down to dine,
Drank three kinds of wine,
And retired with a bad stomach-eak.

There was a young lad of Calcutta,
Whenever he spoke he would stutter.
To his teacher, said he,
"P-p-lease t-tell me,
Is a b-buttrass a f-feminine b-butter?"

A muscular Turk of Stamboul,
Tried to pull out the tail of a mule,
And the coroner's ju.,
By the body did view,
And brought in a verdict "damphool."

A maid who is slightly antique,
Was grossly insulted last wique.
Her best fellow said,
"It is time we were waid,"
And now, it is said, they don't spique.

There was once a maiden named Rhoda,
Who perfectly doted on soda,
She drank so much fiz,
Well, it's none of my biz,,
But it's a wonder it didn't explode her.

There was a young man in Calcutter,
Who was famed far and wide as a butter,
He butted right in,
To the high social din—
And they carried him home on a shutter.

She tried very hard to play euchre,
But just thirteen seconds it tuchre
To forget what was trump,
Her husband hissed "Chump,"
And her fortitude quickly forsuchre.

There was a small boy named Hugh,
Who carefully slipped in the shoe
Of his pa a large tack,
And the small boy's back
Was afterward red, white and blue.

A damsel who lived in Paducah
Was anxious to dance la cachuca,
Her hair came unpinned
And her elbow was skinned,
Ere her mother could come to rebuke her.

A young man who wore a flash sash
Went out upon Broadway to mash;
He fell into a pud-
Dle of sticky, black mud,
And that settled the flash sash's hash.

As they sauntered about on the Quays,
He ventured her dear hands to squays,
Nor did she object,
Because, we expect,
'Twas a catch at which no girl might
snuays.

Young Brewster wed Adeline Worcester,
But nobody knew what indorchester
In writing her name
To spell it the same,
And make it read, "Adeline Brorchester."

Araminta felt very much hurt
That the neighbors should animadvert—
For how should they dare?
It was not their affair:—
On the length of her rainy day skirt.

A new servant maid named Maria,
Had trouble in lighting the fire.
The wood it was green,
So she used gasoline,
And she's gone where the fuel is dryer.

The ostrich grabbed the poor music man
And swallowed his silver trombone.

“I’m sorry,” said he,
“But, then, sir, you see,
My stomach is needing a tone.”

He cried as they stood at the garden gate,
“Oh, give me a kiss, my own, my fate;”
Just then, as her father came that way,
The lover got something beginning
with “K,”

But it wasn’t a kiss, I’m sorry to say.

A noble red man of the Sioux
Drank of firewater glasses a fioux
He let out one wild yell,
Then collapsed in a cell,
Thirty days is the time he will dioux.

A jester who had a toothache,
To a dentist’s his way did be-tache,
But nought could assuage
His grief and his ruage,
When the wrong tooth was pulled by mis-
tache.

You’ve probably heard many times
Of the woman whose parrot sang chimes;
Her name was Miss Barrett,
She hadn’t a parrot,
But we say that she had ’cause it rhymes.

There was a young heiress called Rooker,
And a lawyer called Luke, tried to "hook"
her,
But the heiress was shrewd,
Though her question was rude,
"Do you look at my looks, Luke, or
lucre?"

A poet swore several curses,
"For empty," he said, "my purse is.
My poems, alack!
Ne'er fail to come back,
And my verses are always reverses."

To write a good modern hymn,
He struggled and scribbled with vymn,
But he put not a bit,
Of ragtime in it,
And so its success was but slymn.

A maiden caught stealing a dahlia,
Said, "Oh, you shan't tell on me, shalia?"
But the florist was hot,
And he said, "Like as not
They'll send you to jail, you bad gahlia."

A noble young Roman named Cæsar
Once called on a maid—tried to squesar.
But the girl, with a blush,
Said the Latin for "Tush,
You horrid young thing! let me baesar."

Whatever I do, wherever I go,
I am filled with woe, alack!
A moment's pleasure did I know,
But I'm sunburned now from head to
toe,
On my arms and legs and back.

'A young lady in crossing the ocean
Grew ill from the ship's dizzy mocean,
She said, with a sigh,
And a tear in her eigh,
"Of living, I've no longer a nocean."

There was a young lady of Gloucester,
Who married a fellow named Foucester,
But returned to her ma,
And her brother and pa,
Because the man hectored and boucester.

There was a young fellow of Lee,
Who went for a swim in the sea;
On a rock (so he said)
He met a mer-maid,
Who offered him afternoon tea.

He said he'd be always her dr.,
For she gave him a smile when he mr.
But she bade him be calm,
And stop being a clam,
For his ardent attentions upsr.

There was a young lawyer named Pique,
Who sported a prominent bique,
An angry old client
Grew very defiant,
And gave his proboscis a twique.

When asked to state who wrote "Love
and Laughter,"
Evasively, he said, "I don't haughter;
The riddle of the sphinx
Is an easy mark, methnx,
I leave t'other for the great hereaughter."

A lady who warbled in mezzo,
Repined, "I am always in dezzo,
My runs and my trills
Could pay all my bills
And would, if I didn't forgezzo."

Consider now the cantaloupe,
The sight of one fills you with houpe,
With eager haste,
You try a taste,
And get a flavor like soft soupe.

I'd rather have fingers than toes;
I'd rather have ears than a nose,
And as for my hair
I'm glad it's all there;
I'll be awfully sad when it goes.

The use of predigested foods
Brings up a vital question,
Suppose man's stomach should refuse,
All outside help, and henceforth choose
To do its own digestion?

There was a young fellow named Cain,
Who was wicked like Mary MacLane.
With the leg of a table,
He slugged brother Abel,
And shouted, "Remember the Maine."

A young lady who lived in Dubuque,
By her beau, later on was forsuque;
But he quickly repented,
And—well, she relented,
So they married and then a flat tuque.

It seems that old Sir Walter Raleigh
Was in love with a maiden named
Daleigh;
He quite lost his head
Over her, it is said;
She was doubtless a real hot tamaleigh.

There was once a school teacher named
Beauchamp,
And her pupils—didn't she teachamp?
For when they were bad,
She made them feel sad
If ever she happened to reachamp.

There was a young lady called Freda,
Who was an omnivorous reader.
Of Dickens and Scott,
She had read quite a lot;
But her favorite author was Ouida.

Oh, the flying machine some day will fly
And through the ether roam.
But on its collapse,
The horse, perhaps,
Will be asked to haul it home.

A fellow who slaughtered two toucans,
Said, "I shall put them into two cans."
Two canners who heard,
Said, "You'll be a bird,
If you can put two toucans in two cans."

There was a youth named Le Marque,
Who called on the comely Miss Clarque.
She asked him to stay,
But he answered, "Nay,
I'm afraid to go home after darque."

Mr. Bogworthy rented a suite
In a building without any huite.
He lived there for six months,
But never kicked onths,
For a surgeon has cut off his fuite.

There was a young man of Alaska,
In love with a maid of Nebraska.
He sat on a hummock
And rubbed his — chest;
“When the ice is broken, I’ll ask her.”

A bushman whose name was Umphalia
Tried to play Harry Laire in Australia.
He went to a ball
But was fired from the hall,
Because of his scanty regalia.

A Turk named Abdullah Ben Sharum
Had twenty-four wives in his harem.
When his Arab steed died,
“Mighty Allah!” he cried,
“Take some of my wives, I can spare-
’em.”

A young coon who just knew his biz.
Tried to kiss an acquaintance of his.
Said she, “Dat can’t be,
’Less you’s stronger dan me;
But, Honey, I reckons you is.”

A certain young fellow named Beebee
Wished to wed with a lady named Phoebe.
“But,” said he, “I must see
What the clerical fee
Be before Phoebe be Phoebe Beebee.”

This language they call Volapuk
Is a very hard language to spuk.
It tangles the tongue,
And you'll wear out a longue,
Before you've at it a wuk.

A genius who once did aspire
To invent an aerial flyer,
When asked, "Does it go?"
Replied, "I don't know;
I'm a-waiting some damphule to try 'er."

A maiden whioux lived in Sioux
On a nioux kind of gum tried to chioux.
But of lockjaw she died,
And the coroner cried
When he brought in his verdict, "A sad
suicide!"
For that gum was a big hunk of glioux.

There once was a sporty young Mr.,
Who said to a girl when he kr.,
"Won't you please be my wife?"
She said, "Not on your life;
The most I can be is your sr."

When a tramp is given cold victuals,
Your kindness he ofttimes belictuals.
And if asked to work,
He howls like a Turk
And smashes the dishes and kictuals.

A typical young girl from Arkansas
Can chaw more tobacco than her ma can
chaw.

She can sling a little ink,
Take a little drink,
'And saw more wood than her pa can saw.

The typical young man from Arkansas
Is never afraid of his mother-in-law.

He can stay out all night,
Take a hand in a fight,
And ring in a cold deck on his father-in-
law.

'A' grass widow who lived in Eau Claire
Tried a new-fangled bleach on her haire,
And in just one night,
Her hair got so light,
That her head next morning was baire.

"My state," said a fellow from Md.,
"In winter's a big Tom and Jd.,
In summer the cows
Contentedly browse—
Milk-punches then make it a 'dd."

There was a young lady from Dorset,
Lit on a match and decided to toss it
In a cup of benzine;
And out on the green,
They found a side-comb and a corset.

A cannibal monarch imperial
Kept his wives on a diet of cereal,
But he didn't much care
What the women should wear,
Nor did they; it was quite immaterial.

There once was a foppish old beau,
Who said, "I find walking too sleau,
So I prances down the street
And throw out my feet
'And trip my fantastical teau."

Book I, by the lady from Butte,
Being naughty, some folks thought it
cutte.

Book II, being tame,
Didn't sell quite the same—
Though it bettered the lady's repute.

There was a young maid from Japan
Who married a Hottentot man.
The girl she was yellow,
And black was the fellow,
'And their children were all black and tan.

There was a poor fellow from Lynn,
By accident sat on a pynn,
He let out a shriek,
A howl and a squiek,
And his language was really a synn.

"A lady named Rose had a daughter
Who did things no lady had ought'er.
The good folks confessed
She was none of the best,
But I noticed they all of them bought
her."

A Turk by the name of Haroun
Ate whiskey by means of a spoon.
To one who asked why,
This Turk made reply:
"To drink is forbidden, you loon."

There was a fair maid named Pomona—
The first time she ate of bologna
She said: "It is queer,
But I really fear
You must help me remove its kimona."

A party from Liberty Bluff (Wis.),
Who thought he was mighty hot stuff,
Struck New York for a stay
Of a week and a day,
But he found that a day was enough.

There was a young lady from Kent,
Who always said just what she meant;
People said, "She's a dear;
So unique—so sincere"—
But they shunned her by common con-
sent.

Her feelings she could not disguise,
So when he gazed into her uise
 So bashfully risen,
 He knew she was his'n
And kissed her because he was wuise.

Said the widow, a pretty young Mrs.,
"Sir, I really don't know what a krs."
 Then the bold man, in haste,
 Put his arm 'round her waist,
And exclaimed: "My dear madam, thrs."

An old lady who lived in Columbus,
Whose daily amusement was to fuss,
 By divorces and such
 Changed her last name so much
That the composite looked like a rebus.

A junior 'way down in Key West
Stole his arm 'round a pretty girl's waist.
 Then she said: "If you please,
 Give a hard and long squeeze—
For we girls all like that sort best."

There once was a fellow named S-m,
A foe to all pretence and sh-m,
 His language was l—se
 And he swore like the d—ce,
When angry he always said d—m.

When she eyed me askance
Was she offended? No;
She did not mean it so,
When she eyed me askance,
For she's cross-eyed, you know.

The wise man is strong in his wisdom,
The foolish man weak in his folly;
But the high and the low,
As they come and they go,
Are all easy marks for a jolly.

She's a blonde of the genus peroxide
Foolish. If I had her rocks I'd
Let my hair glint
With its natural tint,
Though 't were that of a frazzled old fox-
hide.

Oh, gas may escape and gas may burst
And vanish in noise and flame,
But the meter's hand, in its quiet way
Goes traveling onward day by day,
And gets there just the same.

A youth with the pride of a czar
Thought it funny to hector his cpar,
Till the old man arose
And pummelled his nose,
And showed him full many a cstar.

A feudist who lived in Ky.,
Said, "Yes, I hev been purty ly,
Fer I've never been hit
In the back—that is, yit"—
Now he's dead—but he surely was ply.

There was a co-ed from Cayenne
Who ate onions, club cheese and senne-
senne
Till a bad fright one day
Took her breath quite away,
And we hope she won't find it agenne.

Said a maid, "I shall marry for lucre."
Then her ma stood right up and shuckre;
But just the same
When a chance came
The old dame said no word to rebuchre.

A piccolo player was stoned
As over his playing he moaned.
When asked why he played it,
He smiled as he said it,
"Because it's so very high-toned."

A granger who came from Twin Views
Sat in with a nice stack of bliews,
Ere the midnight bell tolled
His feet grew so cold
That he had to stuff hay in his shiew.

Said a gourmand too fond of good
 victuals,
 "How this beastly existence belictuals.
 Don't you think 'twould be fine
 To do nothing but dine?
 I wish life was all beer and skictuals."

The wide, expensive panama
 Which seems to be without a fla
 May be a fake—
 'Tis said they make
 A lot of them in Arkansa.

There once was a frolicsome Sioux
 Whioux didn't know just what tioux
 dioux.
 So he went for a walk
 With his gay tomahawk
 And proceeded tioux make the air blioux.

Miss Hyacinthe Gladys McGee
 Said somewhat explosively: "Wheel
 If the back of my head
 Were my forehead instead,
 Just think how unique I should be!"

"He kissed me when he called last week,"
 Said Miss Ann Teek, as o'er her cheek
 The crimson blushes started.
 "That's so like Ned," Miss Peppery said;
 "He always was kind hearted."

The deacon said: "Now, we'll sing
hymns.

You ought to rise when you sing, Mrs.
Symns."

But the sister stayed sot
And said: "Rise I will not;
I can't; I've got cramps in my lymns."

A tenderfoot went out to Butte
And said he knew how to shutte.
He missed every shot
And he never forgot
The way he received the hoarse hutte.

A certain young lady named Daisy,
Who was most infernally laisy,
Said: "It dizzies my head,
To make up the bed,
But the way I can waltz sets 'em craisy."

There was a young man from Mont.
Who slipped on a peel of ban.
He fell on his head
And what he then said,
Was quite the reverse of "Hos."

There's a girl in the city of Sioux—
Or, in fact, there are quite a fioux
Who will any night,
Accept an invight,
To get outside a cream soda or tioux.

A granger one day cashed a cheque
 On a city bank that was a wreque;
 This new-fangled gold brique
 Made him so hopelessly sique
 That he hanged himself by the neque.

An elephant lay in his bunk,
 In slumber his chest rose and sunk,
 He snored and he snored
 Till the jungle folks roared—
 Then his wife tied a knot in his trunk.

There once was a man who lived @
 Fifteenth and Spruce in a fl@.
 But to Camden he moved
 And the cause of it proved
 To be his wife's new Easter h@.

A minister, a man of prayer,
 Who stubbed his toe against a chayer
 While hunting matches in the dark,
 Was strangled by the choice remark
 He'd like to say, but didn't dayer.

"This chicken soup," Miss Starvem said,
 "I wish, Judge, you would try."
 The judge he took a sip. Said he—
 "The chicken, ma'am, it seems to me,
 Has proved an alibi."

There was an old man of Lyme,
Who married three wives at a time.
When asked: "Why the third?"
He replied: "One's absurd,
And bigamy, sir, is a crime."

Burglar Bill, who could break into any
old house,
Gave up at the point of a gun,
For laden with booty,
Because of his loot, he
Could hardly break into a run.

There was a young lady named Enus,
Who went to a ball dressed as Venus.
But the guests thought her rude
To come in the nude,
So they brought her a leaf from the
greenus.

A tailor of highest repute
Made a suit for a suitor of Butte.
But when donned the suit parted,
The suitor then started
A suit, for the suit didn't suit.

There was an old sailor of Crete
Whose peg legs propelled him quite nete.
"Strong liquor," he said,
"Never goes to my head,
And I know it can't go to my fete."

The only silent woman ever known
Reclines on Egypt's sultry sands alone;
And the Egyptian thinks,
As he interviews the sphynx,
He'd be happy if his wife were carved of
stone.

A beautiful lassie named Florence
Once wept till her tears flowed in tor-
rence.
When asked why she cried,
She sighed and replied,
"The sheriff's been here with some wor-
rence."

One day an old maiden from Gloucester
Met a gentleman cow, and he toucester.
Though she wasn't much hurt
It played hob with her skirt,
Oh, think of the anguish that coucester.

There was a young girl from Westchester
Whose fellow stole up and caressed her.
"Come, kiss me!" he cried,
But she blushed and denied,
And refused to begin till he pressed her.

There was a small boy of Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to his neck;
When asked: "Are you friz?"
He replied: "Yes, I is;
But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

There was an old man of St. Bees,
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp.
When asked: "Does it hurt?"
He replied: "No, doesn't.
But I thought all the while 'twas a
hornet."

The old Mother Hubbard
Lay in the cupboard
And stifled a dreadful moan.
It had gone out of style
And for quite a long while
Its owner had let it alone.

There was a young man of Typhoo
Who wanted to catch the 2.2.
But his friend said, "Don't hurry,
Or worry, or flurry,
It's a minute or two to 2.2."

There was a young man of St. Kitts
Who was very much troubled with fits;
The eclipse of the moon
Threw him into a swoon
When he tumbled and broke into bits.

There was an old man of Apulia
Whose conduct was very peculiar;
He fed twenty sons
Upon nothing but buns,
That whimsical man of Apulia.

There was an old fellow of Me.
(Maine),
Who was fond of the works of Hall Ce.
With a wide, vacant smile,
He said: "They're good style;"
Alas! the poor man was inse.

I am gai, I am poet, I dwell
Rupert Street, at the fifth; I am swell
And I sing tralala
And I love my mamma,
And the English, I speaks him quite well.

There was a young man of Ostend
Who vowed he'd hold out to the end,
But when half way over
From Calais to Dover,
He done what he didn't intend.

There was a young lady of Lynn
Whose waist was so charmingly thin
The dressmaker needed
A microscope, she did,
To fit this young lady of Lynn.

A jolly young chemistry tough,
While mixing a compounded stuff,
Dropped a match in the vial,
And after a while—
They found his front teeth and one cuff.

There's a lady in Kalamazoo
Who bites all her oysters in two,
For she feels a misgiving,
Should any be living,
They'd kick up a hullabaloo.

There was an old lady named Carr
Who took the 3.3 to Forfar;
For she said: "I conceive
It is likely to leave
Far before the 4.4 to Forfar."

There was a young person named Tate
Who went out to dine at 8-8,
But I will not relate
What that person named Tate
And his tete-a-tete ate at 8-8.

A tutor who tooted the flute
Tried to teach two young tooters to toot;
Said the two to the tutor:
"Is it harder to toot, or
To tutor two tooters to toot?"

There was an old man of Tarentum
Who gnashed his false teeth till he bent
'em.
When they asked him the cost
Of what he had lost,
He replied; "I can't say, for I rent 'em."

There once was a happy hyena
Who played on an old concertina;
He dressed very well,
And in his lapel
He carelessly stuck a verbena.

There once was a man from Nantucket
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;
But his daughter named Nan
Ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket, Nantucket.

But he followed the pair to Pawtucket,
The man and the girl with the bucket;
And he said to the man
He was welcome to Nan,
But as for the bucket, Pawtucket.

So pa followed the man to Andover,
And discovered him living in clover.
"Tho my daughter you've won,
You can't have my mon.
In regard to that bucket, Andover."

There was a young person of Crete
Whose toilette was far from complete;
She dressed in a sack,
Spickle-speckled with black,
That ombliferous person of Crete.

I'd rather have fingers than toes,
I'd rather have ears than a nose!
And as for my hair,
I'm glad it's all there;
I'll be awfully sad when it goes.

There once was a baby of yore,
But no one knew what it was for,
And being afraid
It might be mislaid,
They put it away in a drawer.

There was a young maid who said: "Why
Can't I look in my ear with my eye?
If I put my mind to it
I'm sure I can do it.
You never can tell till you try."

There once was a Frenchman from Pau
Who went for a slide on the snau
In the rough Pyrenees,
Where he skinned both his knees,
And his cuticle now has to grau.

There was a young man of Atlanta
Fell in love with a girl full of banter.
"I should just like to see
The man who'd kiss me,"
She said, and he did instanter.

The fellow that dabbles in stocks
Is likely to run on the rocks;
His pile dwindles away
Like ice on a hot day;
It melts in chips, not in blocks.

A young married man of Nunhead,
To a pal very solemnly said:
"Though spliced but a week,
If truth I must speak,
I heartily wish myself dead."

They played at the game called parchesi
Till he exclaimed: "This is too esi.
Let's dress and get out
And wander about;"
But t'others all thought 'twas too bresi.

'A fellow in good old Terre Haute
Went out at election to vaute;
When his party won out
He gave a great shout—
'And came home as full as a gaute.

There was a young maid of Wyo.,
Who liked to walk out in the glo.
If a friend, as she passed,
Quite politely would ask
What she'd have, she'd reply: "Some-
thing fo."

A Teutonic actor cried "Hoch!
I am fond of sword-play and war-smock.
But I don't mean it. Nein!
No ulterior design
Is involved. It is only a joch."

There was a young man from Woon-
socket,
Whose picture was worn in a locket;
He married the belle,
And ere long it befell
That they took out the locket to socket.

A girl went abroad from Dubuque
Intending to get her a duque,
But the price was so high
She wasn't able to bigh,
And the neighbors cried: "Oh, what a
fluque!"

A pseudo big chief of the Sioux
Sued hard for the hand of sweet Sue;
He carried the day,
And the marriage, they say,
Of Sue and the Sioux will ensue.

The cantatrice, Mme. de Anna,
Who sang a mosquito sopranna,
Slipped off in high C
Half an inch from the key,
In a very ridiculous manna.

Oh, the women wear the breeches in
Aiken,
The women ride astride in Aiken, in
Aiken.

They don't do things by halves,
And they show their pretty calves,
Be they fat or lean as staves in Aiken, in
Aiken.

"Go ask papa," the maiden said.
He knew that her papa was dead;
He also knew the life he led
And to where her answer led
When "Go ask papa," the maiden said.

There was a young fellow named Phil,
Who courted a charmer named Lil;
Then followed, of course,
A suit for divorce,
So you see he is courting her still,

A cook there was kneading her dough,
When in at the dor walked her bough;
She said: "I'm busy,
So don't make me dusy
With love talk, but get up and gough."

They had purchased a set of croquet,
And were ready one morning to pluet,
But the horrid old rain
Spoiled the game for the twain,
So they spooned in the parlor all duct.

A gallant and social Mr.
On meeting a fair damsel kr,
She called for a Dr.
The thing had so shr,
And on her red lips raised a blr.

A clergyman told from his text
How Samson was barbered and vexed,
And told it so true
That a man in the pew
Got rattled, and shouted out "Next!"

She made for herself a new toque,
But cried till she thought she would
choque,
When her husband said "Geel
Your friends will all see
That a hat made like that is a joque."

In Chicago they called her petite,
She'd a figure uncommonly nite;
But of course you can see,
Just as plain as can be,
This didn't apply to her fite.

A telephone maid from Cologne
Had a heart that was harder than stogne.
When they asked for her hand
In tones that were bland,
She blasted their hopes o'er the 'phogne.

An heiress who lived in Dubuque
Was courted and wed to a duque,
But this nobleman gay
Made her wealth fade away,
So she had to go out as a cuque.

The sermon our pastor Rt. Rev.
Began, may have had a Rt. clev,
But his talk, though consistent,
Kept the end so far distant,
We left since we felt he mt. nev.

There once was a maid from Fa.
Who slipped as she walked in the ca.
She cried out, "Oh, fudge!
I really can't budge,"
Now could there be anything ha?

A man who made photos in platinum
Sat down on some fresh prints to flat-
inum;
But a pin in the chair
Made him leap up and swair—
Now he wishes he never had satinum.

A young lady on economy bent
Wished to give a luncheon in Lent,
So dried apples and water
She served, but it taught her
Swell affairs oft bring discontent.

There once was a nice young Mr.
Who loved some one else's sr;
When he asked her to wed
She just nodded her head,
So he promptly got up and he kr.

A maiden named Annabel Rose,
Who was given to up-to-date clothes,
From Santa Claus got
A nice house and lot,
But it fell through the clocks in her hose.

There once was a miserable debtor
Who sat down to write a long letter.
When he picked up the ink,
His heart it did sink,
For he spilled some all over his swebter.

Miss Minnie McFinney, of Butte,
Fed always, and only on frutte.
Said she: "Let the coarse
Eat of beef and of horse,
I'm a peach, and that's all there is tutte."

There was a grass widow quite proper,
Who was formerly married to Hopper,
But he got a divorce,
As a matter of course,
And the grass widow's now a grass-
hopper.

'Tis said that old Earl of Warwick
(A personage very histarwick)
Dismissed his physician,
A man of position,
For making him drink paregarwick.

The brakeman was broke, so he turned on
his brake,
And broke through the car with a gun.
To the folks he had broken he left no
kind token,
But broke for the brake with the
"mon."

A giddy young cat named Mariar
On the back fence sang higher and
higher,
Till she hit a high note
Which got stuck in her throat—
She now has to play on a lyre.

A chap who lived just as he should
Was running one day through a woud,
When his head struck a tree,
He fell dead as could be—
How nice that he'd always been Gould.

There once was a mlle,
With a form like a pretty glle,
Whenever she laughed
She drove me quite daughed,
And made me as angry as elle.

A witty chap full of bon mots
Went often to vaudeville shots;
When he sat and talked back
Till, chagrined with his slack,
The boss led him out by the nots.

There once was a freshman named
Greening,
Who fell down four flights without mean-
ing.
The janitor swore,
As he struck the ground floor:
"Twill take all the afternoon cleaning."

There once was a girl named Amelia,
Who drank half a pint of lobelia,
The doctor came quick
And declared, "You're not sick,
So why am I summoned to helia?"

Algernon Jones ate Paris green
And died all over the carpet clean.
The loss of the rug piqued Algie's father,
Who remarked: "He always was a
bother."

A young fellow said, "If I could"—
Then he stopped for a moment and stould.
"I affirm by my soul—
Could afford to buy coul
I wouldn't be here sawing would."

A girl with her hands in the dough
Was caught in the act by her bough.
"Now I've got you," he said;
With a toss of her head,
She answered him: "Ough. I don't
knough!"

A weak but ingenious young guy
Was induced to believe he could fluy,
So he built a machine
That required gasoline—
Well, he found it a quick way to duy.

There was a young man with a squint,
Who couldn't be moved by a huint,
So he stayed, and he stayed
'Till her pa made a raid—
And now he is plastered with luint.

A lady who liked to crochet
Had a manner vivacious and get.
People's names she forgot,
But that bothered her not,
For she calmly addressed them as "set."

A fellow who lived in New Guinea,
Was known as a silly young nuinea.
He utterly lacked
Good judgment and tact,
For he told a svelt girl she was skuinea.

A woman who wanted a toque
And whose hubby had said he was broque
Swiped his new overcoat
And just left him a noat
To say she had put it in soque.

A man by the name of Mulqueen,
Who endeavored to light his dudeen
With a dynamite stick,
His pipe may have lit,
But I can't say the same of Mulqueen.

There was a young lady of Crewe,
Who wanted to catch the 2:2.
Said the porter, "Don't hurry
Or scurry or flurry,
It's a minute or 2 2 2:2."

There was a young fellow in Me.,
Who took his girl out in the re.
She wore rainy-day clothes
And her openwork hothes
He noticed, were clocked like a se.

Said the mate of this vessel unique
To the cap'n, "What port shall we
sique?"
Said the cap'n, "We'll dock 'er
In Davy Jones' locker;
The bloomin' old tub's sprung a lique."

If men wore their hats in the lift,
Miss Bangup got awfully mift,
But when her best beau
Cigarette smoke did bleau
Through his nose, she would smile as
she snift.

There was once a Jap of renown
Who doted on seeing the town.
Said the girls, with surprise,
"When he makes goo-goo eyes,
One of his eyes look up
And the other looks pensively down."

There was a big chap in Mo.,
Who drove a big truck for a Bro.
In speech he was mild
As a Sunday-school child;
The strongest he used was, "Oh, Fo.!"

They all made a journey to Haddam—
Papa, son-in-law and the madam;
Where the bucket they drained
Until nothing remained,
And the next morning all three of them
Haddam.

There was an old Kansas antique,
Whose life was a smash and a shriek.
And they say Carrie N.
Is a fussy old hen,
Who ought to be ducked in the crique.

There was a young lady in China,
 Who was quite a greedy young dina.
 She feasted on snails,
 Slugs, peacocks and quails,
 "No mixture," she said, "could be fina."

The maid was a buster, and around with
 a duster
 Was really a fluster a-dusting a bust in
 the hall.
 But when she had dusted,
 The bust it was busted;
 The bust it was dust—that was all.

Then the man stole away to Havannah
 With the bucket, but left poor, dear
 Anna.
 But pa wired in brief
 To the run-away thief,
 "You can't have that bucket, Havannah."

There once was a dignified mme.,
 Who "biked" on a road of macme.,
 When lol by mistake,
 A rough road she did take
 And immediately thought that she hme.

There was a young girl from Marquette,
 Who purchased a pug for a puette;
 But alas and alack!
 It sat on the track,
 And the girl is lamenting it yuette.

Now lay away your sealskin sacque,
 And take the flannels from your bacque
 And then the grip will lay you low
 And all your loving friends will gow
 Behind your body in a hacque.

There was a young man down in Ga.,
 As cunning and cold as a Ba.
 But he shuffled the decks,
 Wrote many false checks,
 And now he's in jail as a fa.

Nan went with her aunt to Antietam.
 Her pa he had promised to treat 'em.
 He bought from the "Man,"
 Some apples for "Nan,"
 But before Nan could eat 'em, Antietam.

7
 A five-year-old maiden named Clytie
 Saw a statue of nude Aphrodite.
 "Do you like it?" said I.
 "Yes," the Miss made reply.
 "But I dess she's fordotten her nightie."

Once a frisky young maiden named
 Mame
 Attempted the shy skee to tame.
 With many wide swerves
 The skees showed their curves,
 And Mame, in the spill, did the same.

A cheese that was aged and gray
Was walking and talking one day.
Said the cheese, "Kindly note
My mama was a goat
And I'm made out of curds by the whay."

She was filled with resentment and pique,
Refused to contend for a wique;
But a box of nice candy
Came in very handy,
And brought back a smile to her chique.

A girl from the town of Milwaukee,
When waltzing was thoroughly gaukee,
But in gossip she'd shine—
For that was her line—
Her long suit was just taulkee-taulkee!

There was a fellow named Dunne,
Who thinks making debts is great fun,
But collectors declare,
In a tone of despair,
"We will never be done dunning Dunne."

A youth whose style was unique,
To marry an heiress did sique,
But he didn't succeed,
And to keep him from need,
He's still working for one pound per
wique.

Said the aeronaut, in his balloon:
"I shall see all the stars very soon."
He was right, for he dropped,
And he saw when he stopped,
Three millions of stars and a moon.

Ambrose B. McLarning,
Without a moment's warning,
Jumped into the Hudson,
In all of his duds, an'—
His funeral was held the next marning.

Some artists they kin surely draw,
Espechully the masters,
But 'bout the best I've ever saw
In this respect wus my granmaw
Elmiry's mustard plasters.

There was an old man of Cape Horn,
Who wished he had never been born,
So he sat on a chair
Till he died of despair,
That dolorous man of Cape Horn.

There is a hammer called Opportunity,
And when the moment comes
To clinch success or else to fail,
For each who fairly strikes the nail,
A hundred hit their thumbs.

There was a young man of Mo.,
Who wanted to sit on a jo.,
But the judge called him down
With a terrible frown,
And the youngster stalked out in a fo.

Said a sensible man of Corea,
"I must own to a sneaking idea
That the Jap and the Russ,
Ere they finish their fuss,
Will just wipe up the ground with
Corea."

L was a leary old lynx,
Who said, "Do you know what I thinks?
I think if you happen
To catch me a nappin',
By jinks, I will set up the drinks."

He was one of the life-saving corps,
Who guarded at all times the shores.
One night in a squall
He fell from a yawl,
And he never was seen any more.

A youth once imbibed some champagne,
Which soon found its way to his bragne,
And he murmured, "Oh-haw!
Everything goe, psee-psaw—
I'll never drink liquor agagne!"

There once was a new Cambridge mayor,
Who said, "I'll cause a great scayor!
I'll cut down the trees
In the yard, if you plees,
And then I'll have wood and to spayor."

When you are dressing for the ball,
And round and round you fly,
Oh, how it makes you walk the floor,
To find the man who rooms next door
Has got your last dress tie!

There once was a fine Jersey cow,
Who remarked, "Will you please tell me
how,
Ever since I was born,
I ain't had any horn?"
We replied, "You're a muley, so now!"

A young man who hunted in Maine,
Met a lion one day in the rain,
He ran in a fright
With all his might,
But the lion ran, too, with his mane.

There were three little birds in a wood,
Who always sang hymns when they could,
What the words were about
They could never make out,
But they felt they were doing them good.

When you forgive an enemy
The stings that smart you and blister,
The reason then is one of two—
He is a bigger man than you,
Or has a pretty sister.

Punctuation's abhorrent to Thos.,
And he loathes semicolons and cos.;
He is such a bad boy
That a wave of great joy
Would arise were the kid taken fros.

A light-fingered fellow of Worcester,
Declared, "I'll not steal as I urcester."
But he fell with a swoop
On the first chicken coop
That he saw, and made off with a ror-
cester.

The wife who wants a sealskin sacque
Will softly now her lord attracque,
And coax and tease,
And melt and freeze,
Until she conquers him, alacque!

When she starts on her campaign,
She makes her purpose very plain,
And ne'er relents
Till he consents,
And then she sweetly smiles again.

"Marry me, or, if not, a new gown!"
Said the girl with a terrible frown,
But the man, undismayed,
Gave his purse to the maid,
And told her to hie to the town.

There was a young man named Ignatius,
Who lived in an attic quite spacious,
When he tore his apparel,
He'd sit in a barrel,
Until he could mend 'em—my gracious!

"Of the bargains the market affords,
The best that I know for the lovers of self,
Is to buy Lord ——
At what he is worth—
And sell at the price he puts on himself."

'At present the fad is old pewter,
Milady thinks nothing is cewter,
So if "her" you'd delight
With a bauble that's right,
Buy pewter—it's certain to sewter.

'A' girl made believe she was crazy,
And one day when the weather was hazy
She brandished a knife,
Screamed, "Wed me, or your life!"
'Take me," said the fellow, quite mazy.

There once was a fellow called Jas.,
Who was given to all sorts of gas.;
He remarked, "I can play
The races all day;
I can play, too, the hose on some flas."

There was a young student named Rough,
Who was more than enough "up to
snough."
In fact, I believe,
He'd a card up his sleeve—
Namely, notes on the edge of his cough.

Three jolly young fellows of Manx
Drank so much they were looked on as
tanx;
They swore off on the first,
But so great was their thirst,
On the Fourth they accepted with thanx.

Two dance hall musicians in Butte
Were paid to play cornet and flutte,
But they drank lemonade,
Beer and whiskey, which made
These two tooters too tight to tutte.

There was an old maid of Oneida,
Who screamed at the sight of a speida,
She would kick at a lamb
And run wild from a ramb,
But fearlessly tackle hard ceida.

A wealthy old buffer named Saint John
Had a fire and went off for an ain't John,
He helped it to play,
But, alas, the next day,
He was plagued with rheumatical twaint
John!

So the next time he came, this young Mr.
Looked round for the maiden, but mr. ;
But he lengthened his stay,
And made good, anyway—
For he kissed to a bir her sister.

There is an old woman named Boyle,
Who's living on cod-liver oyle,
Though she looks like a phantom
She's the pluck of a bhantam,
And vows she won't "shuffle the coyle."

"I lift home at tin minutes to eight,
For I wanted tin minutes to ate ;
Me thrain goes at 9.09,
And now it's nigh nine,
So there shtill is tin minutes to wait."

There once was a fellow named Otto,
Who scorched with his 90-mile auto,
He outscorched this life,
And the rumor is rife
That the next will scorch him, for it
ought to.

A pretty young girl of Algiers,
Who was constantly weeping for years,
Saved the drops in a tank,
Which was kept in a bank,
Till safe-blowers burst into tears.

A company wrecked in Monclair
Vainly skirmished around for fare,
Being left on their suppers,
Started home on their uppers,
But still are quite far from the square.

There was a young lady named Lulu,
Who was running away with a Zulu,
When her grandfather caught her
And drenched her with water,
And said, "Now, I hope that will do, Lu!"

A tramp asked a farmer for something
to eat,
One day as he chanced there to stop,
The kind-hearted farmer went out to the
shed,
And gave him an axe, and feelingly said,
"Now, just help yourself to a chop!"

There is a fair girl at Le Sueur,
Whose upper lips' covered with fur,
Yet this adds but a charm
To her father's big farm,
And the fellows are wild after her.

A barefoot young woman of Twickenham
 Bought shoes 'cause she thought she'd
 walk quick in 'em;
 After walking a mile
 She sat on a stile,
 And right there became awful sick in 'em.

There was once a swate colleen called
 Florrie,
 Who tumbled down, biff, in a quarrie;
 As she wiped off the dirt,
 She said, "Och! doesn't it hurt?
 Begorra, Oi raley feel sorrie!"

The shark enjoys no man's respect,
 And he doesn't wish to claim it, yet
 It may be said for him that he
 Flaunts no pretentious piety
 In grabbing all that he can get.

A young maid of old Terre Haute
 Found herself in a deuce of a baute,
 The husband she'd bought
 Wrote the name "Terry Hawt,"
 So she speedily set him aflaute.

One night when the echoes were dumb,
 A bibulous rake with a drumb
 Made a horrible noise
 To give vent to his joise,
 Until he by a cop was o'ercumb.

to the booze he succumbed

She gave her heart to the handsome
youth—
The youth with a sweet mustache;
She gave her heart—but her hand she
saved
For the gray-bearded man whose lip
was shaved,
And whose pockets were lined with cash.

There was once a cal. fellow,
Who grew ically mellow,
With a — he was gone
To the town of :
To write for a sheet that was yellow.

Miss Nora once wore a fedora
As bright as the light of Aurora,
A goat passing by
Said, when it caught his eye,
“I'd adore a feed o'er fedora!”

A party whose candor was shocking
Was once reprimanded for knocking,
Because he had said
Of the heiress he wed
She carries her coin in her chatelaine.

The question he'd popped at a toi,
And the answer had filled him with gloi,
For the maiden so fair,
With a sweet, modest air,
Replied to him simply with “Oui.”

But as he drove his motor car
He smoked a strong and vile cigar.
O, nicotine
And gasoline,
There's joy for us, these two between.

When in the footlights' glare she stands
Men think her one of the fairy queens;
What would they say
Could they but see
The way she tackles the pork and beans?

The wind blows sweetly from the west,
The furnace fire dies,
And in a little while we'll get
The sticky paper out and set
The old snares for the flies.

There was a great swell in Japan,
Whose name on a Tuesday began;
It lasted through Sunday,
Till twilight on Monday,
And sounded like stones in a can.

In Iowa's fair Oskaloosa
A girl said, "I'll not marry yoosa."
His name was Oscar,
But he lost off the R,
When the people asked, "Did Oskaloosa?"

A teacher whose spelling's unique,
Thus wrote down the days of the wique:
The first he spelt "Sunday,"
The second day "Munday"—
And now a new teacher they sique.

To a poor, dirty tramp said proud Matt,
"Get immediately out of the patt!
You're obstructing my way—
Vanish quickly, I say!
Besides, you've not taken a batt!"

A masher who lived in Marseilles
Was a winner with giddy femeilles,
But a girl from Bordeaux,
When he popped, snorted "Neaux!"
And it took all the wind from his seilles.

When the funny man's copy is due,
And jokes seem remarkably few,
He will jump to his chair,
Take a pull at his hair,
Then grind out a limerick or two.

Did you ever wake to consciousness of
bliss,
When the maiden fair was willing
To bestow the pleasure thrilling
In a moment's taste of heaven called a
kiss?

“The clothes don’t make the man,” she
 sighed,
 In language pat;
 He saw her bloomers, and he cried,
 “I’m glad of that!”

Extremes doth Mistress Fashion love
 In woman’s drapery show,
 In winter decollete above,
 In summer decollete below.

He forced her pa to toe the mark;
 ’Twas quite a hit.
 ‘Alas! her pa did toe the mark,
 But he was it!

“I’ll marry whom I please,” said she,
 And tossed her little head;
 “Hurrah, you’re mine, for certainly
 You do please me,” he said.

When Adam ate that apple red,
 It only took a minute;
 The apple was in Adam then,
 But Adam wasn’t in it.

“How was my angel cake?” she said;
 Her husband answered with a frown:
 “Though it was heavier than lead,
 I fear I cannot keep it down.”

That woman cannot run a train,
It's useless to repine,
For every Monday she would have
A wash out on the line.

There'd be less cause for worrying,
For picturesque remarks and fuss,
If we could fall upon the snow
As softly as it falls on us.

He married her—his fair typewriter
girl—
So ladylike, so gentle, such a pearl!—
And now discovers, to his consternation,
There's not a thing she'll do at his dicta-
tion.

A coach and four he'd have, he swore,
If only things went right,
'And now he's gone to buy the coach—
Quadruplets came last night.

She made a fortune in preserves,
No woman e'er did better;
She won a breach-of-promise case
By "preserving" every letter.

In counting life's worries
'Tis little things tell,
All girls with small brothers
Know this very well.

All things may come
 To those who wait,
 But when they do
 They're out of date.

He led her to the altar,
 'Twas merely tit for tat;
 He led her to the altar,
 She led him after that.

Mary had a little lamb,
 Its fleece was white as snow,
 But most of us have heard of it, *every where*
 All that we want to know. *that Mary went*
True her calves that
stole the show.

Willie scalped his baby brother,
 Left him lying hairless;
 "Willie," said his worried mother,
 "You are getting careless."

I do not know why I am here,
 I really do not care,
 But if I wasn't here, I know,
 I'd probably be there.

A bachelor says a woman can't
 Throw straight because she squints;
 But, just the same, she's accurate,
 When it comes to throwing hints.

"I am building," the pensive maiden said,
"A castle in the air."
"And what is the corner-stone?" he asked.
She answered: "A solitaire."

"If you cannot be a light-house,
Be a candle!" Moody said;
But you know a candle's wick-ed,
So by Moody don't be led!

His name was Willie Wood,
Her name was Susie Glue,
He pressed her to his heart and said:
"My dear, I'm stuck on you."

She sang a moving little song,
This girl of voice bereft;
In fact, it was so moving that
The audience all left.

A mouse ran by, she did not scream,
Or wildly raise her head;
"I do not mind such animals
With bloomers on," she said.

She wanted to go to the Charity Ball,
But she had no new fixings to wear,
And well did she know, as her judgment
of clothes,
That charity would not be there.

In the sunny South where blue-grass
 grows
 A paradox is born;
 The corn is full of kernels and
 The colonel's full of corn.

A maiden once ate a cucumber,
 And then she lay down to slumber;
 The next thing she knew
 Up to Heaven she flew,
 And her casket was made of new lumber.

—Eugene Field.

He stood on the bridge at midnight,
 Beneath the heaven's great dome,
 Because he was married and the jag that
 he carried
 Made him afraid to go home.

1933
 A punch in my solar plexus
 The Demon Rum gave me;
 I didn't mind; in fact, was glad—
 'Twas a good, stiff Roman punch, you
 see.

The girl to her doting father brings
 Her lover with a fond salute,
 But as time goes on there's a change in
 things—
 She brings him a lover to boot!

{ The bird sits moping on the bough
And takes it rather ill
That he, forsooth, is killed to dress
The girl that's dressed to kill.

With bold bacilli in a kiss
And germs in the ice cream,
Pray who can tell what will become
Of love's young dream?

'Twas ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I'd softly to the door advance,
And for my latchkey wildly "scour,"
To find 'twas in some other "pants."

The gentleman of leisure's one
Who takes his time, no doubt;
He may take your time, too, so watch
Your watch when he's about.

"Your face is like a peach," he said;
She blushed beneath her bonnet,
Nor dreamed he meant to say it had
Superfluous fuzz upon it.

She met him in the darkened hall;
Said he, "I've brought some roses."
Her answer seemed irrelevant;
It was, "How cold your nose is!"

Oh, the size of the sighs a fond lover
 sighs,
 When some flirt casts him off for a
 better,
 Can never size up with the size of the
 sighs
 Of the poor luckless one who may get
 her.

She was a simple summer girl,
 Her beauty made me glad,
 But the sweets she ate at my expense
 Took every cent I had.

drinks she drank

"Say so, Sue, sau-cy Sue,
 Never leave me to sigh so, Sue;
 If you love me, saucy Sue,
 Wouldn't it be better for to say so, Sue?"

You may scramble up mountains all over
 the world,
 Of the biggest and highest description,
 But you'll find the most difficult sort of
 ascent
 When you try to get up a subscription.

Behold the felicitous father,
 His daughter's wedding when at,
 Supporting the bride to the altar,
 And the bride and the groom after that.

"Have you learned," he asked,
"To flirt with a fan?"
"No," the maiden said,
"I prefer a man."

From Saratoga Clara writes:
"Come here for your ozone,
It strengthens all things, since I came;
My love has stronger grown."

The coming woman, night and day,
We hear of high and low,
Till there's but one thing we can say—
We wish she'd come and go!

"I'll stick to you whate'er betide,
Though all the world may scoff."
Thus spoke the heavy flannel shirt,
But the man said, "Aw, come off!"

The prettiest girl I ever knew
Was good and kind and brilliant, too,
And yet she would not stay. Ah, me!
I met her in a reverie.

The stork is a bird with a great big bill;
He brings us the babies whenever he will;
Then comes the doctor, and when he is
through
You find that he has a big bill, too.

If there's one unsecluded spot
That I would like to own
And fence about, 'tis that small plot
Where my wild oats were sown.

She was mad enough to tear her hair
And grind her teeth, also;
But she curbed her angry passion,
For they cost too much, you know.

"Just think what we'd be missing,"
Said he, "if that delighted
Discoverer of kissing
Had had it copyrighted."

Hark! the herald angels sing
Killam's pills are just the thing;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Two for man and one for child.

The young man took his sister's hand,
And sought to soothe her tears.
"The cry-sis has arrived!" he said
As she burst into tears.

The boy stood on the burning deck
Because he was afraid.
He couldn't swim to save his neck,
And that was why he stayed.

Her pretty mouth, when first I kissed it,
 I knew right well;
 She turned her head—I thought I missed
 it,
 I cannot tell
 Just how it was, but, well—I kissed it.

Mary had a little lamb,
 Likewise a lobster stew,
 And ere the sunlit morning dawned
 She had the nightmare, too.

They went out sailing, lass and lad,
 Who liked each other well;
 He hugged the shore, and I might add—
 But, pshaw! I mustn't tell!

"Come into the garden, Maud," he
 sighed.
 But sweet Maud was nobody's fool.
 "Do your own tater-buggin'," she cried—
 "I'll stay in the house and keep cool.

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the
 spider to the fly.
 "Well, hardly," said the insect as he
 winked the other eye.
 "Your parlor has an entrance, but of ex-
 its it is shy,
 So I'll stay outside in safety and remain
 a little fly."

“I love the ground you walk on,”
This was the tale he told.
They lived up by the Klondike
And the ground was full of gold.

“Your’re lively to-day,” said the William
Goat
As he watched his helpmeet hustle.
She said: “I have just eaten some wom-
en’s wear,
And I’m just full of bustle.”

“I cannot sing the old songs,”
She warbled. It was true,
And would some power would keep her
From murdering the new.

“Mother, may I go out to swim?”
“Yes, my dearest daughter.
Get a suit you’ll look well in
But don’t go near the water.”

Close, close beside each other
They sat for half the night;
Until the younger brother
Turned sudden up the light.

Of all the great composers known,
There’s one will always keep
A promise that’s all his own—
The great composer—Sleep.

"Oh, do you love me, dear?" he cried;
 "And will you cast your lot
 With mine in Hymen's 'Knot?'" She
 sighed
 And simply echoed "Not!"

'Ay! he was drunk with love, he said;
 And Cupid held the cup.
 Quite soon thereafter they were wed
 And then he sobered up.

She shuts her eyes whene'er we kiss,
 This maid so sweet and good.
 'And from my inmost heart I wish
 Her mother also would.

They buried her in a bathing suit;
 A victim of the sea,
 Who died from shame when a big wave
 came—
 Her epitaph, R. I. P.

The leaves are turning yellow;
 The garden's charm has died;
 And Mabel and her fellow
 Now bill and coo inside.

She ne'er again will speak to him—
 This stupid youth so bland.
 She stood beneath the mistletoe—
 He merely shook her hand.

He steered across the floor at night,
 The room was pitchy black;
 He loudly swore—and then went off
 Upon another tack!

“I’ve called full twenty times,” said he,
 “Your stony heart to soften.”
 “I’m shocked to hear,” responded she,
 “That you’ve been full so often.”

Now, as to mistletoe
 Why don’t the ladies fair
 Adopt a new and fetching fad
 And wear it in their hair?

He trod on the corn of the belle of the
 ball,
 And then—so the other girls tell—
 Slumbering echoes were aroused in the
 hall
 Because of the bawl of the belle.

The society girl may be first in the whirl
 of receptions and balls,
 But she’ll have to admit it’s the telephone
 girl who receives the most “calls.”

“What makes the butter bad?” he asked,
 And pushed away the stuff.
 “Because,” said she, “when it was cream,
 It wasn’t whipped enough.”

No matter how highly a father may value
His daughter, 'tis truthful to say
That some time there's coming a time
When he's willing
Quite gladly to give her away.

If Nature made you ugly,
And for this fact you care,
Just step into a street car, and
You'll soon be passing fare.

"Wilt play this day a twosome with me?"
Quote I, and the maid quote "yea."
"Make it a onesome for life!" cried I;
But the maid replied "Nay, nay!"

The irrepressible dude very early in life
Falls in love with each maiden he sees,
In fact, he no sooner gets down on his lip,
Than he's apt to get down on his knees.

In Eden once a rib became
A woman, so they say.
And now it's ribbon that becomes
A woman of to-day.

He pressed his suit persistently
With vigor, go and snap;
She pressed his suit three times a week
By sitting on his lap.

The weather yesterday was bad,
The mud and slush were shocking,
But they gave the maid a splendid chance
To show her new silk stocking.

Though grass may grow anew each year
And seem of tender age,
'Tis older far than you appear,
Because its past-ur-age!

"Something has come between us,"
Cried the lover in dismay.
"What else can you expect?" she asked,
"When you sit so far away."

"The poor benighted Hindoo,
He does the best he kindo;
He sticks to his case
From first to last,
'And for pants he makes his skindo."

Mary had a little lamb,
A joyous, youthful mutton;
And when they played at parlor games
'Twas Mary got the butt'n.

Spinner's "pair" has just arrived,
And soon the poor old feller
All day will like the ocean ships,
Become a twin propeller.

I met a goat, and said to him,
"The question, pray, excuse,
Why do you always wag your chin?"
Quoth he, "Because I chews!"

Baby in the caldron fell—
See the grief on mother's brow,
Mother loves her darling well—
Darling's quite hard-boiled by now.

He told her the old, old story,
'Till she to believe him grew,
And married the man, and after that
'Most any old story would do.

"Oh, Dorothy, darling, do give me a
kiss?"

Her reply was not quite what he'd
reckoned.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," said coy little
Miss;

"But I'll lend you just one for a sec-
ond."

"I dote upon oaks," said the languishing
maid,

"So noble, so stately, though few;
Tell me, now, Mr. Jones, what's your
favorite tree?"

And he tenderly answered her, "Yew."

Love in her eyes—Oh, ecstasy!
My heart leaps with a hope divine.
Love in her eyes—but not for me.
She sees an ice cream soda sign.

Old Baldhead in the foremost row
Scanned o'er the ballet lasses.
Poor dears! They wore few clothes and
so
He covered them with his glasses.

He wrote a quatrain on her eyebrow,
A sonnet on her throat,
And her father put a footprint
On the fag-end of his coat.

“Did you knock when you came to-
night?” asked she
With a blush, the sly little thing.
“I did; but why do you ask?” said he.
“Oh, I thought you came with a ring.”

Wasted are the hammock's graces
On the dusty garret floor;
But the youth his chance embraces,
In the parlor, as before.

I held her little hand in mine;
She said her love would never falter.
That was last year—to-night, I opine—
My rival holds it at the altar.

“Good-night!” she sighed; and yet once
more,
“Good-night!” He cried: “Adieu!
Adieu!”
The parlor clock struck one before
The lateness of the hour struck two.

Sweet Anna was, as many know,
A woman suffragist:
But when sweet Anna got a beau,
She was an Anna kissed.

The lightning bug is brilliant,
But he hasn't any mind;
He blunders through existence
With his headlight on behind.

They tell us that it taketh two
To make a quarrel. This
Is also true: It taketh two
Likewise to make a kiss.

I'm very fond of oolong,
And soochong pleaseth me;
But one great tea I can't abide,
And that's humid-i-tea.

The ballet's not the drawing card
That once it used to be.
Ah! when it dies, may some good bard
Indite its L. E. G.

You never hear the bee complain,
Nor hear it weep nor wail;
But if it wish, it can unfold
A very painful tail.

When Phyllis lets me tie her shoe
My glad heart sings. Indeed,
I do declare, I wouldn't care
Were she a centipede.

The porcupine may have his quills,
The elephant his trunk,
But when it comes to common scents
My money's on the skunk.

"These sharp detective officers,"
Said Giggles to his wife,
"Are very like variety—
They are the spies of life."

That anybody seeks her life
Cannot in truth be said;
Although, because of her milliner's bill,
There's a price upon her head.

The lightning flashed, the lightning
crashed,
The skies were rent asunder,
With shriek and wail loud blew the gale,
And then it rained like thunder.

The boy across his mother's knee,
His sorrows paused to nurse;
"Alackaday! This is," said he,
"A very sad reverse."

"I guess it's time to go,"
Remarked at last the bore;
"An excellent guess," she answered;
"Why didn't you guess before?"

He was happy 'ere he met her,
Six short months ago;
Now, if he could but forget her,
Once more he'd be so.

with
Little Johnnie killed his sister,
A thing a brother should not do;
Cried his mother: "Now you'll catch it,
You've spoiled your father's brand-new
hatchet."

Microscopic lens doth show
That water teems with insects queer;
But what comfort 'tis to know
There are no such things in beer.

Of all the sad and gloomy words
That mankind ever writ,
There are no sadder ones to me
Than these two: "Please remit."

The big girls who have little brothers,
Who always run and tell their mothers
Whate'er they hear and see, know well
In life 'tis little things that tell.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
He would not move to save his neck,
"For I'm insured," he said.

She asked him if he'd take a seat,
But he, his blushes hiding,
Replied that he preferred to stand,
For he'd been horseback riding.

It is a formal dinner
And I am there, you see;
Were "I" to drop quite out of "it,"
Why, "it" would be a "t."

"My supper's cold!"
He swore with vim,
And then she made
It hot for him.

She would not, though I coaxed and
teased,
And begged of her my bride to be;
She said she'd marry whom she pleased,
Yet—goodness knows—she pleases me.

To knock down fifty oxen he
Was strong enough, 'twas clear.
His voice was strong, that's all. You see
He was an auctioneer.

"Oh, papa," said little Nellie,
And a new thought to her springs,
"What ailed the fallen angels;
Couldn't they work their wings?"

I kissed her once more and she got mad.
Oh, I was such a dunce;
I know now 'twas because I had
Just kissed her only once.

If you offer your hand to some fair maid
As to wedding perhaps she'll scoff,
But if you offer it to a buzz saw
The affair's likely to come off.

He tried to press his cheek to hers,
She tried her cheek to save;
And said: Come round to-morrow eve,
Here's ten cents for a shave.

She was going on to say: "Yes, Fred, I
will,"
But before she could get through,
He took the words right out of her mouth,
As lovers often do.

“What? Go to the ant?” said the slug-
gard;
 “What a waste of my strength it would
 be!
To the picnic I’ll hie, and I’ll sit by the
 pie,
And let the ant come to me.”

“Where are you going, my pretty maid?”
 “I’m going to cut the corn,” she said.
“Can I go with you, my pretty maid?”
 “You’re no chiropodist,” she said.

Once I heard a mother utter,
“Go, my son, and shut the shutter.”
“Shutter’s shut,” the boy did utter,
“I can’t shut it any shutter.”

“He hasn’t combed his hair for twenty
 years!”
 The listener’s eyes grew round and
 wonder spread;
But afterward they each set up the beers.
 “He hasn’t forty hairs upon his head!”

“If I should try to take a kiss,” says he,
 “Tell me, what would you do?”
“You ought not to attempt it, John,” said
 she;
 “I’m not as strong as you.”

"No change in summer gowns, that's
clear,"

Said Mr. Gowen Hockett,
"At least, no change in yours, my dear,
For there's none in my pocket."

She leaned upon his manly breast,
She pressed the buttons on his vest,
And then—oh, well, he did the rest,
Of course!

Mary had a little lamb
And a piece of apple pie,
And got a check for fifty cents,
Which she considered high.

W'en my pop talk o' Standard Oil,
It makes my heart beat faster,
Fur fear I'll git some, 'cause I know
The standard oil is castor.

I asked the hand of rich Miss Binx,
For I was hardly put;
But did I get it? No, indeed!
I got her father's foot.

He used to send her roses;
He sent them every hour,
But now they're married and he sends
Her home a cauliflower.

And now the Johnnie discovers,
To his sorrow, don't cher know,
That his accounts he cannot settle,
Though with checks his trousers show.

They say the baby looks like me,
A circumstance I dreaded,
But the only likeness I can see
Is that we're both bald-headed.

The Chanticleer announced with joy,
"The day, my dear, doth dawn,"
And the hen, engaged in hatching eggs,
Rejoined in brief: "I'm on."

Though it has been quite clearly shown
That women cannot throw a stone,
It came as straight as straight could be,
The kiss my sweetheart threw at me.

"Adam," said Eve,
As they went out the gate,
When ordered to leave,
"Is my leaf on straight?"

Oh, Jack and Jill went up the hill.
'Tis true they went together.
When Jack came down, he wore a frown,
Poor Jill, she wore a feather.

The devil makes the strong March wind
That lifts the skirts too high;
But angels send the whirling dust
That blows in the bad man's eye.

Mary had a little lamb,
But she thought it was immense:
With new green peas and other things
It cost her ninety cents.

How strange a thing one's income is,
A paradox it seems to be—
To live without one bothers some,
To live within one bothers me.

"My love," he said, "it seems to me
That I am made for you."
"But then," she cried and gently sighed,
"I am not maid for you."

"Mother, may I go out to wheel?"
"Yes, my darling daughter;
I suppose, of course, you won't wear
skirts,
Although I think you oughter."

One sex alone did use to smoke,
But now look out for t'other;
Since a bicycle girl can scratch a match
Just like her elder brother.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-moving, sir," she said.

"I'll move along with you, my pretty
maid."

"Your motion's not seconded, sir," she
said.

Girl, oil,
Kettle, boil,
For rest
See inquest.

"Is a howling dog a sign of death?"

Said Doolittle to Dunn.

"Of course it is, if the dog will wait
Until I get my gun."

I had a dream the other night,
And woke up very sore;
I dreamed I owned a gold mine,
But, alas, my dream was o'er.

I summered on the Jersey coast
And I am puzzled still,
As, twixt the skeeters and hotels
Which has the longest bill.

Her face was happy,
His face was stern;
Her hand was in his'n,
His'n was in her'n.

He took her hand, "Oh, pray be mine!"
"Not much!" said Bess.
"May I," he meekly asked, "be thine?"
She answered, "Yes!"

There are no thornless roses,
There's fuzz on all the peaches.
And every time a banquet's given,
There's bound to be some speeches.

The Coney Island season's here,
With barkers barking louder
About the beerless glass of beer
And plate of clamless chowder.

Now doth the boy steal forth to tap
The maple trees with joy;
Meanwhile the farmer, flail in hand,
Steals up and taps the boy.

He drank, chewed an' smoked an' was
likewise profane;
He got angry on small provocation,
So he give up the job of reformin' hisself,
An' went in fur reformin' the nation.

When Phyllis prowls among my books,
To borrow some of them,
She bears away, with saucy looks,
Those volumes I condemn.

The merry cockroach swallowed up
The editor's new paste
And murmured, "It is nice to have
A literary taste."

Now comes the question which will make
This life a bitter cup.
How many hoopskirts will it take
To fill a horse car up?

There was a young woman named Han-
nah,
Who put on a great many airs,
She stepped on a peel of banana,
And now she's laid up for repairs.

I find no trouble in kissing girls
Of three and thirty-three;
But bridging the chasm between the two
Is the hardest part for me.

Willie had a little ram
With fleece as white as snow,
And everywhere that Willie went,
That ram had helped him go.

Alas, for all their ecstasy,
They knew not what was best:
The young man reached the front door,
The old man did the rest.

It quite shocked the town when it came
to the ears
Of the people—with other queer ru-
mors then rife—
That a messenger boy who had lived in
their midst,
Has been found to be leading a very
fast life.

Of course, detectives needful are
There plotting ones to rout;
But tailors, as a rule, are best
For finding people out.

The sunshine warm and budding trees,
Made Johnny feel quite gay.
He went to swim—the obsequies
Are being held to-day.

She went to see a tragedy,
But showed no sign of pity;
She smiled and smiled the whole way
through,
Because her teeth were pretty.

A skater went forth to skate on thin ice,
Close by was a sign reading, "Danger."
He heeded it not, but went skating right
on,
And in heaven there soon was a
stranger.

"They say I am a wit," quoth she,
"Yet spinster I have tarried;
The girl who's quick at repartee
Seems slow at getting married."

He took the small boy to the shed
For a spankety, spank, spank, spank!
And the words that the urchin sadly said,
Were blankety, blank, blank, blank.

"Alas! how minutes fly!" cried he,
Who seemed so loath to quit the spot.
She yawned a bit, and said, "Ah, me!
Alas, likewise, how you do not."

The rain, though raining every day
Upon the just and unjust feller,
Falls chiefly on the just, because
The unjust takes the umbrella."

He got his daughters off his hands,
And thought the job complete,
But since they're wed he's had to keep
Their husbands on their feet.

A queen was she—the beautiful maid—
Beauty or wealth she did not lack—
But the game was euchre that Cupid
played,
And the Queen was won by a Jack.

“One swallow does not make a summer,”
A long-forgotten poet sings,
But I have seen a small grasshopper
Make half a dozen springs.

The fate of Lot's wife
Was all her own fault;
She first turned to “rubber,”
And then turned to salt.

Her teeth were even and pretty,
She had never a dentist's bill,
And that I now know is the reason
Her bright smile haunts me still.

The mosquito has departed,
His busy nights are o'er;
He was, to say the very least,
A most persistent bore.

Simon Jones has passed away
And gone to greater joys,
He leaves behind a yoke of steers,
Six hogs, and twenty boys.

“Take courage, man! don't droop and
sigh,
And your lone state deplore;
'Tis true, I have a dozen beaux;
Yet I have room for 'Moore.'”

She is a maid of really perfect figger,
 As fine a soldier as pulls a trigger—
 And yet as she's an Indian—tribe of Dig-
 ger—
 I'll wed her not, 'twould scarcely be de
 rigger.

A human heart is like unto
 A buckwheat cake, for when
 'Tis once grown cold, it will not do
 To warm it up again.

“When I awaken in the morn,
 I'm sad, I must confess,
 To think that ere I can go out
 I must get up and dress.”

Our neighbors—well, they're hard to
 beat.
 I hate to make complaint,
 But half the people in our St.
 Would aggravate a St.

He owned a gun—in it he blew—
 The gun went off, and he did to.

The clerk now stands with eyes agog,
 And shaking at the knees,
 'Cause Mrs. New Wed asked to see
 “A weather-bureau, please.”

Little Bo-Peep she lost her sheep,
And sought for them everywhere;
Till the sheep she prized she found dis-
guised
As "Lamb" on a bill of fare.

The reason none can understand,
But examples there are in plenty—
One pound is the weight of the fish you
land,
And the fish that escaped weighed
twenty.

Her hair is like the finest gold
That ever has been mined;
But, oh! alas for her, it is
The twenty carrot kind!

How pure and good 'twould make the
world,
The millennium we soon would see,
If fathers would but be themselves
As good as they think their sons should
be.

"Here *lies* poor Sam: and what is strange,
Grim death has worked in him a
change—
He *always lied* and always will,
He once lied loud and now lies *still*."

- 'Tis well man's wants, as such things go,
Are modest. Here's the test—
Man wants but little here below;
And woman wants the rest.
-

He saw her standing 'neath the mistletoe,
And in the twinkling of an eye—alack!
Her head upon his shoulder lay, and lo?
Her golden hair was hanging down his
back.

To get our names straight I have striven,
But the problem seems accursed;
One's "first name" is the last he's given,
While the "last name" is the first.

He's never seen Niagara,
But oft at 1 o'clock,
When coming home from his saloon,
He's seen the table rock.

It takes nine tailors to make a man,
But the world has not yet learned
How many are in the construction
Of the tailor-made girl concerned.

Mother looks over the wardrobe neat,
With its various fluffs and frills;
The girls look over the list of ads,—
And father looks over the bills.

Mary had a Persian lamb;
 Ids fleece vas round her neck;
Her papa had a leedle fit
 Because he wrote der check.

Soon will the busy little fly
 Improve each shining hour
In spoiling just as many naps
 As come within his power.

What contrast when she went to swim—
 In grief his face he hid—
'Twixt what he thought she'd look to him
 And what she really did.

The Devil's a pretty good fellow,
 In spite of his sins and his fall;
He says, and his accents are mellow,
 He's a warm spot at home for us all.

When Cupid starts one thinking
 Of kissing to be done,
Ah, then, two heads are better—
 Oh, better far than one.

One's attitude toward prices high
 Depends, the truth to tell,
On whether he is out to buy,
 Or if he fain would sell.

Mary had a little lamb
Inclined to press the button;
The butcher did the rest, and now
That little lamb is mutton.

"A burnt child dreads the fire,"
Said Cholly unto James;
"'Cause, when you're married, doncher-
know,
You're scared of bygone flames."

He loved her so he said he could
Forever keep awake,
But now at midnight, with those twins
He sees his great mistake.

Our language is a funny one,
Who ever saw a mummer mum?
And then again before I'm done,
No drunken plumber can be plumb.

"Just change and rest," said Dr. Strange,
I put it to the test.
Hotel men got most all my change,
The waiters got the rest.

Hot rage in his face was glowing
As he up from his writing rose:
"That piano is always going,"
He cried, "but it never goes."

Said Ralph to his tutors, with wondering
eyes,

"How you spring so high, sir, I cannot
surmise."

"Oh, that, my friend, I can easily show,
'Tis because I have on my spring suit,
don't you know."

"Me eyes is crossed," sighed Kate. "No,
love,

"Not crossed," cried Pat. "Be jaber,
'Tis jist that aich is jealous of
The beauty av its neighbor."

They sat for hours by the sea
Yet flirted not, and then,
The reason I found out to be,
That both of them were men.

'Twas Catherine Mary once, we guess,
Though now 'tis Kathryn Mae.

Styll thys is no one's busyness
Styll thys ys no one's busyness
If she lykes yt that wae.

To a pupil who lisped a teacher once said,
"Sally, can you give me a rhyme for
month?"

Said Sally, instanter, tossing her head:
"Thirtenly, thir, I can do it at wunth."

'Twas on the cheek I kissed her,
She made resistance weak;
But murmured as she felt my lips,
"Well, I think you have the cheek."

If Mary had a little lamb,
As poets oft declare,
Lamb was the most expensive dish
Upon the bill of fare.

"Mary's papa has a goat
He found it in the gutter,
Though pop is often out of bread,
He always has the butter."

He takes two weeks' vacation,
He starts away with glee,
When he gets back he is so tired,
He's glad it wasn't three.

The maiden blushed and hung her head,
"What do you take me for?" she said.
The young man spoke up eagerly,
"For better or for worse," said he.

The fare they give us where we board
Suggests such thoughts as these:—
If "the pen is mightier than the sword,"
What's mitier than the cheese?

I've studied much these Roman chairs
And still I'm somewhat in the dark,
If these were all the chairs they had,
How, pray, did fond young Romans
spark?

Crabs drink but water; hotter stuff
Like whiskey not a sip!
But if you press them hard enough
They're apt to take a nip.

I raved about a girl so fair,
Who wore a head of sun-kissed hair,
But I was never in the race—
The son she liked best kissed her face.

We're all often forced to rob Peter
In order to settle with Paul,
But some of us merely rob Peter
And Paul never sees us at all.

Her lips were uplifted,
She leaned on his breast,
Her head touched a button,
And he did the rest.

He who courts and goes away,
May court again another day;
But he who weds and courts girls still
May go to court against his will.

When a woman a secret has to keep,
And proud she is to show it,
Naught makes her madder than to find
That no one wants to know it.

The kerosene can on the mantel reposes,
Its contents were sprinkled all over the
fire,
And all that poor Kathleen O'Donohue
knows is,
This dull world has changed for a
sphere that is higher.

"Don't give up the ship!" the noble cap-
tain cried—
As with trembling lip I hastened to the
side.
Mighty good advice; yet, if I have fol-
lowed it,
This reason must suffice—that I hadn't
swallowed it.

He said the gown of clinging fit
His wife wore was beyond all reason.
She said she thought so, too, as it
Now clung to her the second season.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart;
In America I'll press my suit,
And get a goodly wad to boot.

One leap-year eve he met his fate,
She saw him home and lingered late,
And people smiled who passed the gate—
The young man's hat was not on
straight.

Some men are fond of animals;
Their hearts are touched with pity.
We know a lot who'll sit up late
To fatten up a kitty.

As he walked with baby
He had to confess
That marriage with him
Was a howling success.

If t-o-u-g-h spells tough,
And d-o-u-g-h spells dough,
Does s-n-o-u-g-h spell snuff?
Or, simply snow?

"You say your head aches? Poor old fell
Bah Jove, though, nevah mind it;
It cawn't be water on the bwain—
The water couldn't find it."

"Why weepst thus, my little man?
What care is on thy mind?"
"My heart is rent with pity for
The Alley—it is blind."

He was fain to kneel at her feet
And there implore his fate;
'Twas sad to see a man reduced
To extremities so great.

For defying the rainiest weather
I've hit on a capital way.
I eat salt mackerel for breakfast
And that keeps me dry all day.

Of all the tortures known to man,
The greatest, we assert,
Is to wear a fifteen collar
Upon a sixteen shirt.

It is not clothes that makes the man,
However fine may be their showing,
Yet, there are many of us who can
Say much is to the tailor owing.

Then tell us why a dogwood bark
Is but a catnip tea,
And why a man is on a lark,
When he is all at sea?

Why is it folks sit this way in
The car we miss,
While in the car we catch at last,
We're jammedlikethis?

He bobbed the fly; he had a bite;
He brought the trout to port;
And as he weighed the fish he said,
"By Jove! this is reel sport."

Mary had a little lamb,
As you have heard before,
If Mary had been hungrier,
She would have called for more.

The hen was cackling in her glee—
"She lays," her owner gladly cries,
But in the nest no eggs finds he;
"I should have said," he adds, "she
lies."

To say that marriage is like war
Is not exactly sense;
For not until the engagement ends
Do hostilities commence.

"Since silence gives consent," he said,
"I kiss you thus, yum, yum,"
And afterwards the girl confessed
She felt as if struck dumb.

Mary put poison in mama's tea,
Mama died in agony.
Now papa with Mary was really vexed;
Papa said, "Mary, — what next?"

He thought he would be shrewd,
And wed for money,
Well, now he is beshrewed—
Is that not funny?

“Oh, papa,” cried the pretty lad,
As down the rain was coming,
“There’s surely something very bad
About the heavens’ plumbing.”

To elevate the stage or not?
That’s the question; so be it,
Please elevate it ten feet high,
So all the men can see it.

When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
It’s dollars to a doughnut
She’ll ring the chestnut bell.

Don’t you roam—
’Less you got ter;
Stay at home—
’Tain’t no hotter.

Mary had a little lamb;
It followed her each day;
Till Mary put the bloomers on,
And then it ran away.

Now doth the busy ant disport
At pic-nics over much,
Invading cakes of every sort,
And lemon-pies and such.

I hadn't a vacation
This year. I thought it best
To get along without it,
Because I needed rest.

The overcoat calls
When Jack Frost falls;
Some are in moth balls,
And some are in three balls.

When she her tiny foot sets down,
Opposers find, to their surprise,
It has immovability
In inverse ratio to its size.

Ajax defied the lightning—
It was an easy bluff
He knew for insulation,
Rubber boots were just the stuff.

He called her an angel before they were
wed,
But that, alas! didn't endure.
For ere many months had passed over his
head,
He wished that she was one for sure.

The labor of the cook is hard,
That fact there's no denying;
And when she's making cooking lard,
No doubt she finds it trying.

"O, may I write a verse to you,"
The ardent lover cried.
"No need; I am averse to you,"
The maiden proud replied.

Lives of cashiers oft remind us,
We should take things as they come,
And departing, leave behind us
Nothing but a vacuum.

The darling little baby boy presented me
of late,
I love with all a father's fond delight;
And yet the little rebel, quite unnatural
to state,
Is up in arms against me every night.

The greed of all our biped clan—
One simple sentence tells it.
The generous cow gives milk, while man,
The mercenary, sells it.

"Posing for Trilby?" he said to her,
As he gazed on her shoulders bare;
"Well, no; not altogether, sir,"
Replied the maiden fair.

Her Christmas day was very sad ;
Indeed, she called it shocking.
For she declared that all she had
Was corns inside her stocking.

“My papa caught me when I went
To swim,” said Tommy. “Soon,
You bet, I knew what Shakespeare meant
By ‘slippered pantaloons.’”

“The rank injustice of the thing,”
Said the centipede, “makes me sick.
Here I am, with a hundred feet,
And I can’t use one for a kick.”

“I love you well,” the stamp exclaimed,
“Dear envelope, so true,
In fact, it’s evident to all,
That I am stuck on you.”

Over the grave of the cannibal king,
They inscribed with trenchant pen,
This epitaph: “Write me as one
Who loved his fellow-men.”

The stork is a bird with a great big bill ;
He brings us the babies whenever he will ;
Then comes the doctor, and when he is
through,
You find that he has a big bill, too.

Seated at the parlor grand,
She makes a picture fair;
But when to play she lifts a hand,
Oh, let me be elsewhere!

He used to call her his gazelle,
But now she's shocked to hear,
Whenever she makes known her needs,
That's she's a little dear.

I saw Esau kissing Kate,
The fact is, we all three saw,
For I saw Esau, he saw me,
And she saw I saw Esau.

'Tis better in your haste to state
All men are liars than
To pick out one and designate
That fellow as the man.

She looks out of the window,
And sees it rains and blows;
She's going shopping, so she dons
Her prettiest pair of hose.

She sat on the steps at eventide,
'Enjoying the balmy air;
He came and asked, "May I sit by your
side?"
And she gave him a vacant stare.

"A word to the wise is sufficient,"
We're told; yet it's never occurred
To any wiseacre to tell us
Just what is that word.

In Africa, where sands are hot,
We find the lusty Hottentot;
And, strange it is, if rumors hold,
That, as a friend, he is so cold.

Seven little missionaries—
Horrible their fate—
Cannibals picked clean their bones
Then they were ate.

Soon luckless man will mourn his plight,
And fate's oppressions rue,
And wish that fish would freely bite
As the mosquitoes do.

I asked for a kiss and she didn't frown
Or give me a glance unkind.
But she looked at the gas and I turned it
down,
And then—well, never mind.

The cat that nightly haunts our gate—
How heartily we hate her!
Some night she'll come and mew till late,
But we will mu-ti-late her!

Mary had a little lamb,
Whose fleece was black as soot,
And into Mary's cup of tea
He put his dirty foot.
Now Mary was a gentle lass,
Yet wrath she could not smother,
And so she said one little word
That to the lamb meant "mother."

Without stopping or fears,
He marched at the head of his noble
grenadiers;
'And what is still more particular,
He climbed up rocks that are perpendic-
ular.

"It's queer, I admit," said Harold to May,
"But I'm telling you what I have seen.
'Ask the gardener—William—a minute,
I say!
Aren't blackberries red when they're
green?"

Jonah was an emigrant,
So runs the bible tale,
He crossed the Atlantic Ocean
In the steerage of a whale.
Now Jonah in the steerage
Made the whale feel quite distressed,
So Jonah pushed the button,
And the whale—he did the rest.

Johnny drowned his little sister,
She was dead before they missed her;
Johnny's always up to tricks,
Ain't he cute—he's only six.

Mary had a little lamb,
She put it on a shelf,
And every time it wagged its tail
It spanked its little self.

When I pressed my suit she smiled,
All my loving heart beguiled;
When she pressed her suit—how rash!
Cost me just three thousand—cash!

“One swallow does not make a spring,”
That's patent to the minds of all,
But copious swallows surely bring
In time, a most disastrous fall.

We don't like icy sidewalks,
They keep us on our guard;
And so to show our sentiments,
We sit down on them hard.

“How much is my bill, oh, landlord?
I will pay it on the spot!”
And the landlord paused awhile to think,
And murmured, “How much have you
got?”

We met at the ball, bright shone the stars,
'Twas over in one swift glance;
I was carried away—and so was he—
In the college ambulance.

“This baby,” said the father,
As his brows met in a scowl,
“May not be a howling swell,
But he’s got a swelling howl.”

The milkman took some ducats from
The profits of his milk,
And with great joy he bought his wife
A nice new watered silk.

One thought we cannot well divine—
Our nerves grow like an icicle.
Imagining the crinoline
Upon the modern bicycle!

Why did he cross the Rubicon?
Why dare its rushing tide?
Because great Julius Cæsar wished
To reach the other side.

Said she, “How beautiful is nature!”
Said the young man, “Yes, quite true;”
Then added, as he viewed her complexion,
“And art is quite beautiful, too.”

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