

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

MEN AND THE HOUR.

The hands of the rulers are trembling,
As they clutch at the reins of their
power,
And their chariot wheels rush towards
ruin,
For Fate is striking the hour.
The call of the human is sounding
For force to yield up human right,
And the men in high places are crouch-
ing
As the people arise in their might.

From the autocrat there in far Russia,
To the petty ward despot at home,
The time of all tyranny's coming—
It's tide wave is sinking to foam,
And no force can stand up secure,
No matter how backed for the fight,
When awakened, determined, resistless,
The people arise in their might.

A FRUITFUL QUARREL.

"Oh, I know you depend on your pull,"
said the Grape to the Peach, "but there's
always lots of pluck about me."

"I don't know about that," retorted the
Peach. "I notice you are apt to give a
wine when you are hard pressed."

THE GARLAND OF VICTORY.

Here's more power to your gumption,
Hello, Bill
You were right in your assumption,
Hello, Bill
Than the rest you have more eyesight,
You can see a church by daylight,
Tell real battles from a tea fight—
Go it, Bill!

MISTOOK HER CLASS.

"You are the first woman, except my
mother, whom I have ever kissed," he
sighed in the shell-like ear of the maiden
with eager ardor.

"Then run away, young man, and don't
waste my time," she replied with a
Peary-near-the-Pole air. "You will find
plenty of kindergartens just around the
block. This is a post-graduate course."

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