

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

TRAVELING IN RUSSIA.

(News Despatch: Railroad travel in Russia is practically tied up.)

At running trains in Russia now,
The strikers all do balksky,
So if you want to travel there,
You'll have to take a walksky.
This season, too, is hard on foot;
The prospect does appalsky,
And you ne'er travelled in the times
They had no trains at allsky.

Perhaps if you some millions have,
You can employ a sledgesky;
Your chattels and your family,
And food all in it wedgesky.
It won't seem like a parlor car;
You'll find a many rubsky,
And maybe packs of hungry wolves,
Who try to eat you upskey.

A blizzard you may chance to meet
That makes our own a jokesky,
Or Kansas cyclones put to sleep
As for the ring too pokesky;
And miles and miles must stretch between
The points where you feel frisky,
And where, for bracing sore in need,
You come to where there's whiskey.

The walking there is very bad
Besides these trials hardsky,
And Russia is a few miles square,
So listen to this hardsky.
If through its palaces and towns
You feel desire to roamsky,
You'd better take a fool's advice,
And just now stay at homesky.

SMOULDERING FIRE.

"Talking about the rise in cotton, it seems cotton is such a queer sort of material to have a scandal about."

"Not at all. It is naturally a baleful subject, and, then, it won't whitewash."

A HAUNTING FEAR.

"Yes, there is one cloud on my future."

"What is that?"

"I do so fear that when I have worked so hard to make a name to go down to posterity they may go and put me in a hall of fame."

A LITTLE MIXED.

"Pop, what's a synonym?"

"It's one of those places where you have nothing to do for a big salary. That's right, my son. Always come to papa for information in your studies."

A PARLOR TRAGEDY.

A maid did converse with her beau,
Her father thought time 'twas to geau,
So he dashed down the stairs,
Took him quite unawairs,
And lifted him out on his teau.

JOSH WINK.