

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

ANCIENT WISDOM.

Said the sage of all the Nations,
"Would you gain much wealth of wampum,
Would you make the tribe pay tribute,
So you need not go out hunting,
So you might give up the fishing,
Never face the cold of winter,
Never run in heat of summer,
Never do that thing of loathing
Which the pale face calls hard working,
Tell the man with plenty wampum,
You can read the stars of midnight,
You can cast strong spells on people,
You can tell them how they're living,
What will be their coming future;
Tell the young braves of the nation
If they'll wed a squaw much handsome,
And who's strong to do much labor;
Tell the maidens of their wooings,
Who will court and who will win them;
Tell the chiefs how they will conquer
In the battles with the pale face;
Tell all, you can cure diseases,
Where to find the buried treasures;
Tell all this, and you can revel
In the hoards that others work for."
"But," said to the Sage the young man,
Eager-faced, yet inward doubting,
"If I cannot do these wonders,
If I fail to make them happy,
Read the mystic stars of midnight,
Cast deep spells and foretell fortunes,
Will the tribe turn not against me,
And demand the wampum from me?
Will they not think in their bosoms,
If I know of buried treasures,
I will get them and say nothing?
Will the squaws not rage against me,
If I get not for each maiden,
Best and bravest of the young men?
Will each brave not take the warpath,
If his squaw is not the beauty
And the tribe's most steady worker?
If these wondrous things I do not,
Can I keep much plenty wampum?"
Said the Sage of all the Nations,
"Be not timid in your bluffing;
Meet the loud cries of the victims
With a louder declaration
Of your strange and wondrous powers.
Tell them that the fault is with them
If they gain not what you promise,
For there are heap foolish Indian.
So you'll shame them till they talk not,
And you'll keep much plenty wampum."

THE LOGICAL PLACE.

"Where do you think deserted belles
should go when they fail to get a wed-
ding ring?"

"I should say, to the court of appeal."

THE YOUTHFUL DIPLOMAT.

Visitor—Willie, tell your mamma that
I have come to call on her.

Willie—Mamma's not at home.

Visitor (shocked)—Why, Willie, I'm
sure I saw her looking from the parlor
window as I came up the street.

Willie (stoutly)—No you didn't, neither.
That was Sis peeking through the parlor
blinds. Mom saw you coming from up-
stairs.

EXPLAINED.

"I tell you there are times when cotton
is not king in the South, but a curse."

"That must be because they keep on
damming the cotton mills down there."

TENDER FEELINGS.

"What did young Shyly do when Miss
Passee called him her lamb?"

"He looked sheepish."

ALWAYS ON THE RAISE.

"There never ought to be a failure in
the flag-making business."

"Why not?"

"Because it deals in goods that are al-
ways going up."

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