

# NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

## WITH APOLOGIES TO POE (E. A.).

The voters were quiet and sober,  
The polls they were busy all day,  
The polls they had doings all day;  
The primaries were hard on October,  
So 'twas fall time for some on the way.

For public opinion was prober  
On the problem of how the land lay,  
The public was prophet and prober  
Of just how the losing land lay.

Here early through brass-buttoned bunches  
Of Coppers, I roamed with A. P.,  
Of coppers, with Arthur P. G.  
They were hours when my heart beat in bunches

As the breakers that roll from the sea,

As the breakers that roar in the sea.  
And the lion who his bloody prey crunches  
Felt not more ferocious than me—  
The beast that carnivorous crunches  
Was never more maddened than me.

And Arthur, his finger uplifting,  
Said, "Badly these polls I mistrust,  
These ballots I strangely mistrust!  
They're straight ones! Oh, let us not linger,

I'm fly—so we'll fly—for we must."  
In terror he spoke, for though tinker,  
His mending was crumbling to dust;  
In agony sobbed, for as tinker,  
His prestige was trailed in the dust.

But I pacified A. G. with cheering,  
And tried hard to lighten his gloom—

His Garland-bred, gathering gloom,  
Till we passed to the end of a clearing,  
But were stopped by the door of a tomb,

By the door of a legended tomb.  
And I said, "What is written that's bearing

On the vote, on the door of this tomb?"

And he said, "Woe is me! 'Poe's Amendment!"

"Tis the grave of my loved and lost boom!"

## SOME DOG TALES.

"I have an unusually intelligent dog," said the man who likes to spin yarns when with a party of friends. "He was taught to say his prayers, and if you'll believe me, that dog now wags his tail whenever he sees a minister anywhere near him."

"I have a dog with even more intelligence than that," quietly returned a member of the party. "One day when he got out in the street some mischievous boys tied a tin can to his tail, and if you'll believe me, that dog headed for the nearest saloon and backed right up to the bar."

JOSH WINK.