

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

THE THIEF.

A wicked sort of thieving lass
Is pert and pretty Nancy,
When first we met—'twas in the spring—
At once she took my fancy.

I thought of her, I dreamed of her;
Her image in my breast
Kept me awake—I could not sleep;
She robbed me of my rest.

I grew unhappy if for long
Fate kept us far apart;
The truth I did discover soon,
She robbed me of my heart.

But when I'd press her with my love,
And ask to name the day,
She'd blush and laugh and just evade,
And then she'd steal away.

When her own way she wanted sore,
She'd piquant be, and arch,
But soon as I was off my guard,
Then she would steal a march.

Her father said, "Will you, then, rob
Me of my daughter, pray?"
"Ob, no," said I, "you promised me
You'd give her, sir, away."

DEFINING THE FACT.

Reporter—This dispensing of justice is something of a science, isn't it?

Magistrate—I should call it more of a fine art.

NOT POLITE.

"Mr. Gruff showed me the other day some rude attempts he had made at carving."

"I couldn't imagine him making any other kind of attempts at anything."

HER STYLE.

"Who is that ~~girl~~ bony girl with such a thin voice, who sang in the duet just now?"

"That's Miss Screamer, and she's a terror. She's always singing in the wrong key."

"I should think the only right key for her was a skeleton key."

SINGULARLY APPROPRIATE.

She—Dear, where shall we make an appointment to meet in the conservatory?

He—I should suggest under the date tree.

A POINTED ANSWER.

Rude Husband—My dear, your nose gets sharper every day.

Angry Wife—No wonder, the way you keep it down to the grindstone.

GOING BY CONTRARIES.

"There is one thing that is funny about a ship."

"What's that?"

"She stops making knots when she begins to tie up anywhere."

JOSH WINK.