

# NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

## AT THE WEDDING.

### WHAT SHE SAID.

"How did the bride and the bridegroom look

As they came down the church's aisle?"

"Oh, the bride was too sweet for anything!

And her dress was in such style.

'Twas a peau de sole of ivory white,

Thick-weaved and soft and rich,

Cut square in the neck with real Val  
lace—

Yards if there was a stitch—

Filling it up, and a deep wide fall

On the elbow sleeves. Such fit!

I declare it looked as she were bolted  
down

And poured right into it.

Long train, of course, the skirt well flared.

Her veil—'twas old family lace;

It touched the train and all around,

Coming well down on her face.

The orange blossoms caught it down

On her hair, dressed high, you know.

Her bouquet, Bride roses—a white-bound  
book

In her other hand for show.

I tell you, her diamonds sparkled and  
flashed—

The necklace, he gave, they say—

The sunburst that caught her corsage lace

Shone like a rainbow ray.

The bridegroom looked grand in his full-  
dress suit;

It fitted him like a glove;

He wore white kids, and his boutonniere

Of white was a perfect love!

### WHAT HE SAID.

"How did the bride and the bridegroom  
look

As they walked down the church's  
aisle?"

"Well, the bride was covered with blushes  
red,

And the groom wore a happy smile."

## LAW AND LITERATURE.

Author—We have the advantage of your  
profession, for no matter how brilliant  
any of you lawyers may be, you can ex-  
pect, at best, only a brief career.

Lawyer—I don't know about your ad-  
vantages. The bigger hit an author  
makes, the sooner he gets shelved.

### AS IT SOUNDS.

A woman lived in Terre Haute

Who considered her bean in a route.

"Be progressive!" she cried,

But vainly he tried,

So he found in his face the door shaute.

A poetess lived in Terre Haute.

And the loveliest poems she wraute.

She frisked as a lamb

In airs full of balm,

But editors called her a gaute.

A maiden there lived in Terre Haute,

Whom suitors ardently saute;

But when they would press

This maid to say yea,

She would say, "I don't know as I aute."

## THE NEW WAY.

"I don't like this new style of punc-  
tuation," murmured the teacher of the  
old school. "There is too much dash  
about it for me."

JOSH WINK.