

Adolphus answered to the name of

Do you carrot all for me?
heart beats for

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ACCORDING TO HAMBONE.

(By Mrs. R. H. Lankford)

Lost in the dark, alone in the fog,
Here a precipice, and there a bog,
What will betide her? No ray to guide her,
Swinging over Hell on the web of a spider.
Bills to meet, with a purse that's flat
Break spider web, she'll know where she's at.

No where to go, to make a little dough,
No where to turn to get gas to burn,
No car to run, and no where to park it.
What the matter is, its the old Stock market,
No dress, no coat, no shoes no hat,
Break spider web, lets see where we're at.

ones
class

-Sal