

For that mare he'd swapped to Julius
Was about as shy a tail
As any hoss could be, the reason which
Old Jenkins went to plannin',
An' I never see him fail,
An' he just supplied the filly with a switch.

Got the hosstail from a blacksmith,
One as used for brushin' flies,
An' he bound it 'round the stump with binder twine;
An' he fluffed the hair aroun' it
Till the stump was in disguise,
An' you never saw a counterfeit so fine.

At the peep o' day next mornin'
Julus went into the stall,
An' he took his curry comb an' waded in;
But the tail slipped through his fingers,
An' 'twas then he see it fall,
An' the stump was standin' like a couplin' pin.

An' his grin was sorted sickly
As he stood an' scratched his head;
An' he muttered out as though he had a pain:
"Well, Jenkins wasn't lyin' none
Yistiddy when he said,
'The like of her you'll never see again.'"

BLOSS FELTON.

Ole Bloss Felton, perlice judge,
Corncob pipe an' full er budge;
Wad uv long green in his jaw,
Short uv funds an' short uv law.

Ole Bloss Felton tried to look
Wise on law, an' sarched the book,
All the law he ever found
Wus that jes' sorter floatin' 'round.

Never knowed how ole Bloss won—
Jes' a joke he come to run.
Politics makes many a pass
Uv luck to heist the tin-horn class.