



THE WOES OF THE HARD-RIDDEN

(With apologies to Bret Harte.)

Once a very thin youth,
So the history goes,
Was studying Virgil
And Cicero Prose;
And his marks were exceedingly lofty,
(As his record in school plainly shows.)

His translations were perfect,
(Pluperfect, in fact,)
But he showed beyond doubt
That he never had tact;
And now we know just how he managed,
So that ne'er a construction he lacked.

In a book-store down town,
Was a book worn and old,
Which a man had just brought,
And likewise had sold,
Because he had needed the money.
(That's the tale that the bookseller told.)

It belonged to that youth,
Who was tall, gaunt and bony,
'Twas the same he had used
"Multa cum cautione."

And this book which we found in a book-stall
Was what's frequent in stalls—that's a pony.