

## Phœbe and Apollo.

There was a young man from Duluth,  
Had a terrible pain in his tuth;  
    He ripped out his hair,  
    Then replaced it with cair,  
And it made him look very uncuth.

His name was Aminadat-Towne-  
Chatfield-Chatfield-James-Ellett-Greene-Browne;  
    He tried once to spell it,  
    Breathed his last on the Ellett,  
Then took the first car that went downe.

His sweetheart, a beautiful mayed,  
Had a face that was sorry it stayed;  
    It looked and it felt  
    Like an underdone smelt  
(She kept it on ice in the shayed).

It was fed upon hen's milk and ink,  
With a sandwich twice daily to drink.  
    (If you have one like it,  
    I advise you to hike it  
To Niagara. Drop it over the brink.)

When she learned what her lover had trighed  
And succumbed to, she got up and sighed;  
    She took out her face,  
    Put it in a glass case,  
Then crawled under the carpet and dighed.

### REQUIEM.

The man who wrote this was insane,  
He just left on the nine o'clock trane,  
    To take up a course  
    (They took him by fourse)  
In a nut college (Dunning) in Spane.

PERPETRATED BY W. K. K.