

# H U M O R

An' down to Peleg Perkins store he uster sit an' talk.  
 One day when he wuz spoutin', in there comes an orkerd gawk,  
     An' he kinder sneaked and sidled  
     Like a horse that isn't bridled,  
 An' Jim pitched into him an' tried to make him toe the chalk.

An' the gawk he looked so silly that we kinder pitied him,  
 An' Peleg Perkins whispered, "Kinder stroke him easy, Jim."  
     Then the gawk he squirmed and wriggled  
     'Till the gal clerk up an' giggled,  
 Then he waded in an' argered like a blessed seraphim!

He pelted Jim 'ith school-books till I tell ye it was rich!  
 An' he'd whelt him with the Bible as he'd beat him 'ith a switch.  
     An' the histery o' Chiny  
     'Timbuctoo an' North Coroliny  
 Theology an' jollogy, geogrophy an' sich.

He'd kote the President's message an' his inaugural speech,  
 An' no crumbs in wisdom's pantry seemed to be beyond his reach.  
     All history he would gabble on  
     From Boston back to Babylon,  
 When he shook the tree of knowledge every shake would drop a peach.

An' Jim he sort o' wilted an' then hung down his head,  
 An' he slowly shuffled from the store, but not a word he said—  
     An' we all knew ol' Jim Shattucks  
     Had met his Appomattox;  
 Next day his childer found him in the upper cornfield—dead.

EX PER "EVA."

