

ABE MARTIN!—dad-burn his old picture!
 P'tends he's a Brown County fixture—
 A kind of a conical mixture

Of hoss-sense and no sense at all!
 His mouth, like hi's pipe, 's allus goin',
 And his thoughts, like his whiskers, is flowin',
 And what he don't know ain't wuth knowin'—
 From Genesis clean to baseball!

The artist, Kin Hubbard, 's so keerless
 He draws Abe most eyeless and earless,
 But he's never yet pictured him cheerless
 Er with fun 'at he tries to conceal,—
 Whuther on to the fence er clean over
 A-rootin' up ragweed er clover,
 Skeered stiff at some "Rambler" er "Rover"
 Er newfangled automobile!

It's a purty steep climate old Brown's in;
 And the raius there his ducks nearly drowns in
 The old man hisse'f wades his rounds in
 As ca'm and serene, mighty nigh,
 As the old handsaw-hawg, er the mottled
 Mileh ew, er the old rooster wattled
 Like the mumps had him 'most so well throttled
 That it was a pleasure to die.