

And next end both our boys completely "went to pot."
Not one stone did they get within the magic ring,
So anxious were they both to play up "just the thing";
Again they tried, and sad though t'is to write,
Not one did either score in this bloodless stony fight—
The frisky Colt declared that a Hoodoo had come in
To work the game for Billy, who could not otherwise win.
The perspiration streamed in torrents from the colts,
As they slung the sixty pounders, like ponderous iron bolts,
The frisky Colt now steadied and laid them on the tee,
First one, then two, a miss, and now then three,
This followed by a fourth, all scoring safe and sure,
Poor Billy's cake looked dough, the frisky Colt's secure.
Billy sent his last, and though within the ring,
It did not score, and frisky's win, looked a dead and certain thing.
Eight and four make twelve, it's a snap to draw the last,
But Frisky is excited and sends it down too fast.
Zip—chip—flip—nip—skip—slide and smash,
And every stone that Frisky had, has gone with sudden crash.
But left within the rings, are five that count for Billy,
The medal's won and men cry out, while others act quite silly.
The crowd "catch on" a mighty yell, the joke strikes one and all,
And Billy's lifted high and carried to the hall,
He won his medal fairly and to those who jeers would fling.
Please remember "Nothing's so uncertain as a dead sure thing."

C. K. C.



"SOOP HER UP."