

INQUISITIVE CLARENCE



PINKIE PRIM



Snow Man was the game they played; They built him in fine style. Specks of coal his black eyes were. He sported Paw's old "tile."



Ev'rybody threw at him; With snowballs took a soak! Snow Man, if he'd been alive, Would say it was no joke!



'Long towards ev'ning Old Black Tom For chickens sneaking came. Wyandotte and Plymouth Rock All looked to him the same



With chickens bagged so neatly, He started round the shed. When he saw the Snow Man, He nearly dropped down dead.



"Scuse me, suh!" said Old Black Tom; "Ah's sorry, - deed Ah is! Pinkie's hen-coop dat Ah robbed; And you from grave is riz!"



Pinkie from her window peeked; To Old Black Tom, she cried: "Anything that's not your own Is better left aside!"