

## HOW MIAH JONES GOT DISCOURAGED

**M**IAH JONES was a powerful man, whose delight was a personal tussle.  
He could travel, if any one can, on his individual muscle.  
And he often remarked in his tramps, he wished some kind fortune would bring him  
A man who would ante the stamps, and endeavor to lick him or fling him.

Daniel Rawson lived on a small farm, some twenty-two miles south of Wooster,  
And few had a leg or an arm like this agricultural rooster.  
He had heard of the bragging of Miah, but never had happened to know him;  
And he said, “f I was younger an’ spryer, I’ll bet I could lick him or throw him.”

Now, when Miah heard of this talk, he started right off for a visit,  
But happened to meet in his walk a sort of bucolic “what is it?”  
Which the same was a load of dry hay, meandering over the gravel,  
And Miah was puzzled to say what caused such a haystack to travel.

For there was no wagon nor team, yet the haystack kept silently going  
Like a lumbering ark on a stream, or a lazy old darkey-man mowing.  
But a voice came from under the load, at which Miah con-su-med-ly wondered,  
Saying, “They’ve loaded me up for a ton, and they’ve cheated me out of three hundred,  
Or my name ain’t Rawson.”

Then Miah  
Walked pensively off from that image.

### MORAL

For a gruffy old pill  
What can carry a ton  
Up a gravelly hill  
Ain’t exactly the one  
That you want to pick up for a scrimmage.