



HON. N. M. JONES OF LINCOLN.

HE "takes to the tall timber" but not, I beg to say,
As the idiom applies it to the chap who's had his day!

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Where the trees are close together with their branches to the sky;
And the trails are thin and scanty and the shadows heavy lie;
Where the silence is unbroken, save by sounds the big woods make
As across the pine and hemlock the winds unceasing break,
There are men, who make a business of the study of the land,
Of the trees, that grow upon them, and the value of the stand;
Who live, thus, so close to nature, that they get to be a part
Of the big and honest woodland in its deep and honest heart.

Where, the people get together, in the service of the State,
Where the plainest sort of duty is to labor and to wait;
Where the trails are thin and scanty and the honest man may stray;
It's a joy to find a fellow, in the straight and narrow way,
So when Nat Jones comes up from Lincoln, we need never be afraid.
Here's a man who's of the timber from which good public men are made
The trail is not so winding that he can not make it straight
To the credit of his manhood and the honor of the State.