

The Jungle



CASUS MEDIA NOCTE

There was a sound of revelry by might,
And the custodian, Smith, soon gathered then
His slumbering senses, which in dreams all bright,
Had led him to fair lands beyond his ken ;
His heart beat loud with fears ne'er felt before,
But these gave way as righteous anger rose,
Then crept he from the bed and to the door,
Nor stayed him even to put on his clothes,
But hurried on to haste the revellers to repose.

The sounds seemed stranger as he nearer drew ;
He deemed not they were made by mortal men,
So weird, so wild, so turbulent, so true
In their discordance, that he paused again
And pondered should he hold the thing in awe
As something mystic which he must not meet,
Then glancing downward neath his nose he saw
Two monstrous forms he knew were Jasper's feet,
Which did in length and breadth all measurement defeat.

The source of sound was yet some yards away ;
But peering with gloom-accustomed eyes,
Two shapes he saw, as close-embraced they lay
And from their throats the awful noise did rise.
Then Russel turned and noiselessly withdrew,
And pondered, as he went, with busy mind
What new and fearful punishment were due,
To repobates no common law could bind ;—
The while his flimsy garment floated out behind.

Within a niche of that high hall
Sate Dunstan's famous chieftain and to him,
Did Smith resort, and what he saw recall,
While he, the listener, grew stern and grim.
And striding up to where the revellers lay
He marched them downwards, soon a silent pair,
And stood them in cold corners, and they say
They dozed the night away, both dreaming there
That Smith had grown a crop of thick and curly hair.

"NATURE'S WAYS ARE WINSOME."

Mary had some golden curls
Hanging down her back,
Every time she went to bed,
They hung upon the rack.

Mary had two blushing cheeks
Red as the setting sun,
Always when he made a date,
She put more crimson on.

Mary had a little rat
Her fancy just to please,
It chased the hare to fill her hat
She thought herself "the cheese"

Mary had a pleasant smile
While love she was imparting,—
When Duty called, "Come, Mary, dear"
Her face with frowns was smarting.

Mary had a rival bold,—
This caused her sure to sin some ;
Yet, she consoled herself and said,—
"O Nature's ways are Winsome" !

A MISJUDGED CASE.

There's a snicker, then a flicker of a hand in deadly aim,
And debonair "Prince Albert" cruelly cracks the window pane.
A noise of stealthy creeping wafts to the Whanger's ears,
With thumping heart he listens, for 'tis Russel whom he fears.

Like gliding snake, Smith slips along, on vengeance is he bound,
"If I could find the culprit, but, *wait 'till he is found.*"
"Forest and Stream" described a circle and crashed down on
the coils,
And instantly, poor Whanger was a-struggling in Smith's toils.

The sleepers start up wildly from out their downy beds,
An instant watch the dreadful fight, fear covers up their heads
For Whanger's *nights* are numbered,—yet in despair he whirls,
And, throwing caution to the wind, grabs Russel by the curls.

The combat waxes loud and long, stout Dinger bravely fights,
Alas! 'tis but a fruitless task, he can't assert his rights,—
For Connolly shied that costly can, my friends, I know 'tis true—
But as! Whanger's case was hopeless, he was helped out with a
shoe.

TWO HOURS LATER:

Poor Whang has found a haven where he may rest his form,
In luxury and ease he lolls, a picture not forlorn.
Yet, in his voice is sadness, and in his eye regret,
"Nigger's Heaven" is his goal,—I hope he'll get there yet.



Sr

A

WE
to v
whe
mer
hereNew
New
New
New
New
New
New
New

S

Sa
be
an
Th
an

Go

Fo
the
for
sw
he

N

11