

That he speaks of them now with a meaningful awe;
And when in the bar-room the bottle goes round,
And wassail and laughter and "boodle" abound,
Poor Rowdy he turns down his glass with a sigh.
"Come, Rowdy, drink hearty!" the aldermen cry.
His palate is yearning, his fauces are dry,
The bottle appeals to his gullet and eye;
But he thinks of the snakes, and be—lets it go by.
January 4, 1895.

THE BOY

Down through the snow-drifts in the street
With blustering joy he steers;
His rubber boots are full of feet
And his tippet full of ears.
January 15, 1895.

THE BUGABOO

THERE was a wonderful bugaboo
Lived in a drear Egyptian clime,
And with a base intent he flew
Up northward once upon a time.
Where little Quincy Browning slept,
This boogy flew without delay,
And down the chimney-flue he crept
To steal that pretty child away.

Awakened in the dead of night
By him a-crawling down the flue,
Imagine little Quincy's fright
To see the dreadful bugaboo.
He wept with all his might and main
Till all his tears were nearly spent,
But his remonstrances were vain—
The bugaboo would not relent.