

## AH BRIM FUHL KAHN.

AN IDYL OF EBLIS.

(From the German of Herr Von Katzenjammer.)

There once was a man in Afghanistan,  
Who was known in his tribe as Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn,  
He'd get "tight" as a tick till his talking got thick,  
And every one said he would die pretty quick,  
For, to follow that plan  
There is nobody can  
To, "lush" long and deep like Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn.

Folks, furthermore, laid that, when he was dead,  
The odds were he'd go, plumb to where, it is said,  
The heat's so oppressive, the drought so excessive,  
E'en the De'il himself becomes quite unaggressive.  
More hot than Japan,  
Or Beloochistan,  
Was the place they picked out for Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn.

Ah Brim Fuhl did die, as all do, by and by,  
And his spook sought the gate that Mahomet stand by,  
And he saw all the houries, and sniffed the *pot pourries*  
Which the Koran declares to be heaven's chief glories.  
But that bridge, with its span  
Like a hair, "by Sheitan,  
I'll be hanged if I cross," said Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn,

His head had a lightness, from previous tightness,  
(Which also accounted for facial whiteness  
That showed round the "gills," as each toper who swills,  
Will be ready to witness—that is, if he wills.)  
So, the more he did scan  
That attenuate span,  
The less safe did it look to Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn.

The footing was shakey, the road-bed was quakey,  
The current below looked uncommonly shakey;  
And, hence, the whole scheme, most improper did seem,  
And argued "a drop too much"—into the stream.  
"I'm a brave enough man,  
But I think that thin span;  
I'll roast ere I risk," quoth Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn.

He turned on his heel, feeling "no verra weel"—  
As the Scotch say—and straightway went off to the de'il,,  
And "tired at the pin," so he might be let in,  
For the evening was setting in chilly as sin.  
Through a peephole the jan—  
itor sized up his man,  
"Here, open that gate," yelled Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn.

The "wee deevil" said, as he bobbed back his head,  
"The house, sir, is full, and the boss is in bed,  
You must toddle elsewhere, for I'll venture to swear,  
That there isn't a single gridiron to spare  
Still, I'll do what I can,  
For a homeless old man,  
Pray what might your name be?" "Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn."

"Ho, ho," cried the gnome, I will make you a home,  
Though you come rather after the curfew borne,  
Your acc't allures and your welcome assures;  
No name could sound one-half so grateful as yours."  
So, straightway he ran  
To announce to Sheitan,  
The advent in hell of Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn.

Smack both his lips, slap both his lips,  
As he leapt from his couch at the prospect of "nips,"  
Did the monarch of Eblis, and loudly did cry,  
"Wees hael, bully boy with a glass in your eye."  
He chucked down his fan,  
Grabbed a corkscrew an ran,  
Crying, "Ho for a pull at the brim full can"

From all points of the compass arose such a rumpus,  
You'd think that all Hades was clearly *non compos*,  
"Mob" fell over "Cob" and leapfrogged "Chittaboh,"  
So eager were all for a hand in the job,  
(For, if records you'll scan,  
You'll find that a bran—  
New saint's rare in hell as a brim full can.)

When Satan found out—as he soon did, no doubt,  
What all the fool racket and row was about,  
When he learned that, by jingo, instead of "old stingo"  
They'd brought in a *ghost* one shade worse than a Gringo,

He frothed and he screamed, he swore and blasphemed,  
(That he's "going it" yet quite likely is deemed.)  
Then he called for a pan  
And said "Of this man  
I'll at least have a /ry, if I can't have a can."

L'ENVOY.

And thus it befell, as old chronicles tell,  
That there nearly fell out revolution in hell,  
That a great innovation-to-wit irrigation,  
Was tried (guaranteed by an appropriation),  
But it did not succeed, although great was the need,  
For you can't find enough—no, you cannot indeed,  
Though you do your "devoirs"  
To fill big reservoirs  
With what one thirsty man for his "noggin" requires.

No more cau the drouth of that thirsty man's mouth  
Be slacked by the Bourbon distilled in the South,  
Nor by lager of Schlitz—so relished by Fritz;  
Nor by oceans of cocktails or "brandy-and-splits,"  
You may pour, you may pour,  
Till there ain't any more,  
But the thrapple of thirst will gurggle "encore,"  
For if you opine, that, with gin, beer or wine,  
You can vanish the thirst out of those who incline  
To imbibe, my dear man,  
You'll be fooled in your plan,  
Just as Satan was fooled in Ah Brim Fuhl Kahn.

## VANCOUVER'S "22."

In the west end of town,  
If you'll take a walk down,  
A set so exclusive you'll find,  
That if you've no crest or  
Some kingly ancestor,  
Your chances are all "in your mind"  
To get into that crowd;  
They're so "deucedly" proud  
Of their blue blood and noble connections,  
They quite fail to see,  
What to you and to me  
Is quite plain, of their own imperfections.  
There are just "Twenty-two"  
Of this 'ristocrat crew,  
And if they should happen to c?'l,  
And afterwards find  
You not quite to their mind,  
Or your blood not as blue as the ball  
That is used washing clothes,  
What do you suppose?  
You *can't* guess, all your efforts are vain;  
They will call round once more,  
And stand outside the door,  
Whilst they ask for their cards back again.  
Of them 'tis related,  
And solemnly stated,  
By persons of sober spirit  
That some of the throng  
Did, undoubtedly, long,  
A heavenly crown to inherit;  
So, one Sunday in June,  
(A short time before noon)  
They stepped off their social perch,  
And with linen-clad throats  
And stiff starched petticoats,  
They wended their way to the church;  
They were shown to a pew,  
And got a good view,  
Of the parson in surplice and stole;  
And the heart felt at rest,  
In that "Twenty-two's" breast,  
As he talked for the good of their soul.  
But they got a rude shock,  
When "the man in the frock"  
To explain to the people began,  
That the Saviour he fought for,  
And earnestly sought for,  
Was only a *labouring man*!  
Then they got up and left,  
Of religion bereft,  
Trying hard their sad feelings to smother;  
And by latest report,  
From "a friend at the court,"  
They were hunting around for another.