

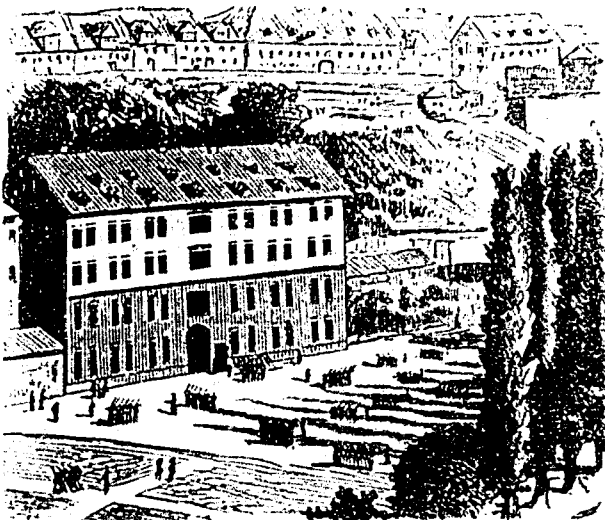
THE TRAGIC HISTORY OF JACOB THE RAVEN (FROM THE GERMAN).

BY ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.

I.

LEX TALIONIS, OR A TAIL FOR A TAIL.

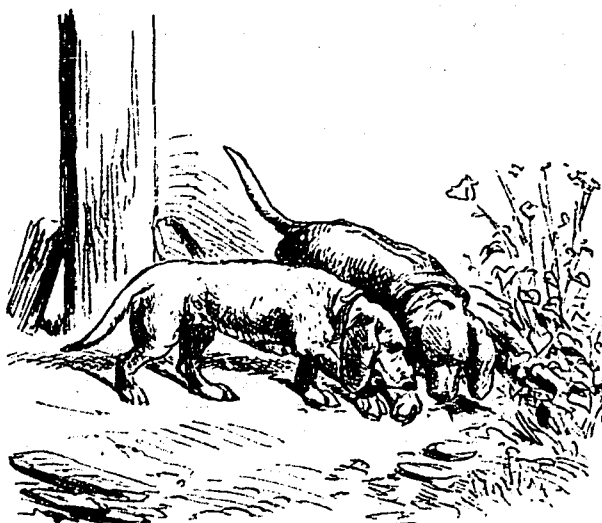
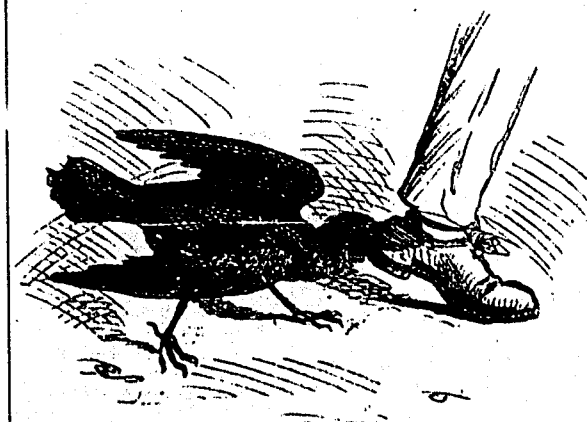
Once in a time there lay in P.
A regiment of infantry.



Before the barracks in the breeze
Rustled a row of poplar trees.
Wherein two ravens, free from fear,
Had built their nest for many a year.
One day a drummer, full of zest,
Finds and appropriates the nest.
The youngsters in it, out of five,
Four came to grief, one stayed alive.
Young "Jacob" (Jacob was his name)
A universal pet became.



Allowed where'er he pleased to roam
He soon quite made himself at home.
Each member of the troop he knew,
And treated courteously too;
But when civilians happened by,
He'd go for them immediately.
And (never doing things by halves)
Would peck their shoes and nip their calves,
Until, with imprecations, hearty,
He'd rout and drive away the party;
Then with an air of duty done
Back to the barrack yard would run.



To both the major's puppies though,
Jacob was an inveterate foe.
When'er he sought in time of leisure
To bury in the sand some treasure,
As sure as fate those dogs would run
And smell it out, and spoil his fun.
One day when, after much exertion,
Jacob accomplished the insertion
Of sundry crusts and pieces small
Into a cranny in the wall,
Woodman and Ranger, sad to tell,
Watched him—and this is what befell.

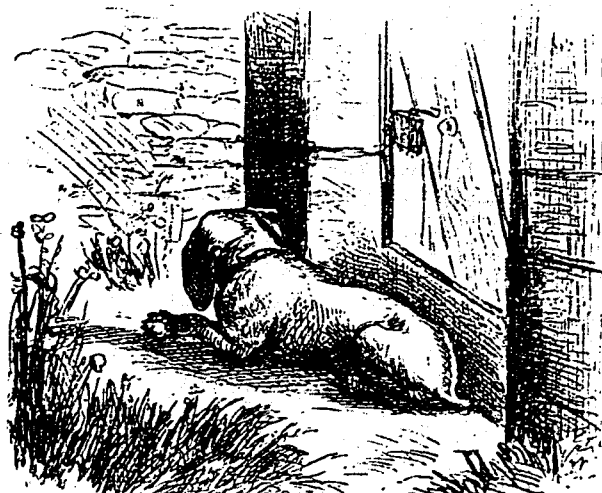


Ranger sneaks up without a sound
And just as Mr. Jacob found
A little stone to set within
The crack, and hide his treasure in;
And stands admiringly before
His carefully collected store.
The puppy grabs sans hesitation
His black and glossy termination.

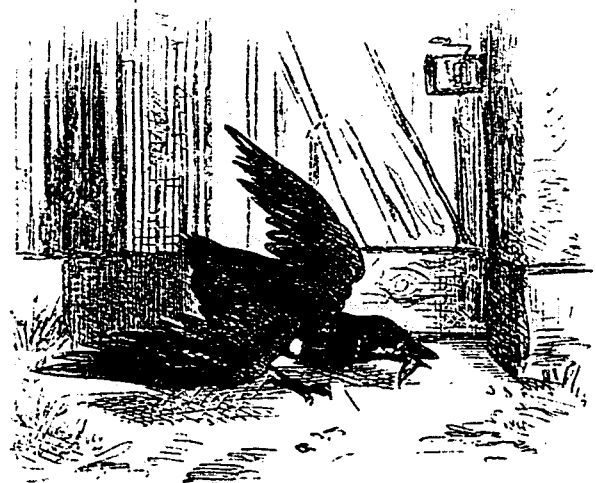


Poor Jacob well may cry, alack!
To be so robbed behind his back.
Henceforth he racks his brain, to see
How to revenge his injury.
Safe seated on the water spout
He thinks and thinks the matter out.
And tries, as far as he is able,
To make his figure presentable.

Our Jacob had not long to wait
Ere he revenged his cruel fate:
'Twas on a sunny summer's day
That Ranger in the garden lay,



Watching, as oft he'd watched before,
A mouse, close by the garden door.
And as his tail swung to and fro,
Beneath the door it chanced to go.
Jacob was on the other side—
"Here is the chance for me," he cried,
"This wret had puppy to imprison.
He bit my tail, here goes for his'n."
Approaching then on tiptoe lightly
He grips poor Ranger's climax tightly,



And tugs and twists, spite all resistance,
While Ranger hallooes for assistance.
Rescued at last when folks come up, he
Sneaks off a sadder, wiser puppy.
And now when Jacob passes by
He eyes him most reproachfully.
And Woodman too, where'er he sees him,
Keeps far enough away to please him.

