

TIM, THE WHARF-RAT.

You see, gents, my pal Tim an ne
Wos a'takin' a quiet swim,
When a cop comes a'sneakin' along the wharf,
An he nabs poor little Tim.

You bet it wos rough on us partners that,
Fur while Tim in ther cooler stayed,
His corner'd be tuk by s'mother boy
As ud cabbage his reg'lar trade.

So Tim went a'snivilin' up ther street,
With me snivilin' on behine
Wen a big man outer resterrink cum,
As I guess ud been drinkin' wine;

An he axes, "Whot's this here crim'nal done?"
So ther cop says, "Yer see its agin
Ther law fur ter swim on the city front,
So I'm running' this Wharf-Rat in."

An ther big man laughs as he looks at Tim,
An he sez, "How much is ther fine?—
Five dollars!—They charge ther same for a bath
They does fur a bottle er wine.

"Wall, I guess I'll pay it," an then he winks
At me an ther cop kinder quiet,
"But mind yer, Rat, this is onne a loan,—
You must pay it back in a year."

An he laughs agin' wen Tim braced up
An looks him square in ther eye,
An sez, with his fist a'clinchd this way,—
"Ef I don't, sir, I hope ter die!"

Well, most on a year had gone; one day
Me an Tim wos stealin' a dip
By ther ferry wharf, wen ther boat kem in
An run too hard'gin ther slip;

An a little gal, that a big man held
A settin' upon ther rail,
Wos knocked clean over ther steamer's side
In ther shake uv a sheepses tail.

We seed 'twas ther same rich man, an knowed
Ther babby belonged ter him;
So I'm dived arter it like a duck,—
Fur I tell yer he saveyed ter swim.

Ther passengers yelled, ther bells ther banged,
Till ther boat backed off from ther;
Then we seed my pal cotted onter a pile,
A grippen' ther gal's long hair.

So they hauled em both out onter ther dock;
The gal she wos safe an sound,
But Tim had been hit by ther iron wheel,—
His side wos jest one big wound.

Ther daddy he kissed his kid, then kneeled
Where Tim lay so white an sick:
"God bless yer!" he sez, "my little man,—
Someone fetch a doctor, quick!"

"No use," sez Tim: "I'm agoin', sir,
I can't pay yer now, yer see,"
And he takes from his neck a little bag,—
"I'm four bits short," sez he.

"Don't yer savey ther boy what wos tooked up,
What yer lent ther money that day?
I'd most got it all made up, but now—
But now I neve, kin pay."

Don't talk uv that," sez the father chap,
His big tears a'runnin' free;
"You've saved my babby's life, an she's
Wuth all ther world ter me!"

"Is she wuth four bits?" sez Tim, so weak;
"Oh! yes," sez ther man,—"Give him air!"
"Then," sez Tim, just like he wos going ter sleep,
"Then, mister, you and me's square."

An that woz ther last word Timmie sez,
An all them big men tall
Tuk off ther hats as my pal let go,—
Yes they did,—plug hats and all!

An a gospel sharp as wos in ther crowd,
He knelt right down by Tim,
An he told uv a Bible feller as sed
Fur dead kids ter cum ter him.

I tell yer it's hard ter lose ther pal
Ver ve fit fur, starv'd with, an love;
But I'm bettin' as them as is squar down here
Is square up ther above!

COMING.....

"ROLAND REED."

"THE PAY TRAIN."

"MARIE BURROUGHS."

The Female GROSSMITH. "MISS NELLIE GANTHONY."