

THE TIGHTWAD.

There's a type of festive stranger
 I regret to say I know
 Who loves to gloat and ponder
 O'er his little stack of "dough";
 He likes to hear it jingle
 As he toddles down the street,
 He has never yet been known to stand
 A single chap a treat.
 "Old Gotrox" youngsters call him
 As they see him wander by,
 He'd as soon go spend a dollar
 As he'd pluck out his right eye;
 No one yet has ever known him
 Lend a soul a helping hand,—
 Lordy! what a reputation,
 Isn't it superb and grand?
 He sits up in his garret
 And he counts it o'er by night,
 He fondles it with pleasure
 Till the break of morning's light;
 He gluts himself with victuals
 Whilst his friends are in the ditch,
 Every time he sees a nickle
 He gets forty kinds of itch.
 He sees his brothers striving
 In the busy marts of trade
 To buy their wives a pickle
 Or their kids some lemonade,
 Yet he hoards his filthy lucre
 With his mean and shrivelled hand,—
 He's a type of twisted outlook
 That I do not understand.
 If a beggar comes a-knocking
 At his hand-carved oaken door,
 Begging for the crumbs that litter
 Half his birdseye maple floor,
 He will drive him from his portals
 With his appetite aflame,
 Not a morsel would he offer
 To this beggar man who came.
 In his neat and trim four-wheeler
 Round about the town he rides,
 Whilst hunger's rats are gnawing
 Other starving folks' insides;
 And as he sprawls at leisure
 In his soft and padded chair,
 Not a thought comes o'er him stealing
 Of the other folks' despair.
 He's a monster and a blackguard
 As he wallows at his ease,