

ILLUSTRATED SONGS.



Air—"Comrades—When we were boys together!" (Hic.)



"But, Oh! what a difference in the morning!"

muddar, making a low salaam, and as the Colonel, being mounted, could not conveniently kick him, he slashed at him with his riding whip in a perfunctory way. But his thoughts were elsewhere, travelling back through the vistas of the past.

"Yes," he answered dreamily, "we do not always merge the semblance of regret into the gulfs which enfold the future. Man's entity is twofold."

"And about the Maharajah? Did you get my telegram?" she anxiously enquired.

"Yes and no. As I foresaw from the first, he might prove a hindrance. But your husband's influence—"

"Speak not of him," she exclaimed, with a despairing gesture, as the fitful breeze swayed the tops of the magnolia trees.

"Then it cannot be," he murmured. "That is, unless in the event of Kershaw's promotion."

And repressing a groan between his clinched teeth he struck the spurs into his steed, and upsetting two of the kalmuddars bounded on—forward—forward—past the frowning ghauts and on towards the fatal Dedniggah pass, the grave of so many heroes.

The rickshaw of Mrs. Walthrop was never seen again. Next week all Simla was agog with the news that the Maharajah of Sowjellapoor had been poisoned. But that is another story.

So that perhaps after all Private Mulvaney was right. Every man must be right sometimes.

"HICKORY JIM."

WHAT! *Hickory Jim*? The same old *Hick*—here, Hank, take a look at this, And tell me if you make it *Hickory Jim*, or if I haven't read it amiss?

You make it the same? It's a dead sure fact? Well, I'll be essentially blowed If that don't beat all the fairy tales that ever I've met on the road!

And he's down to start in the one mile dash—that's what the cold type says—

What? *Know* the horse? Well, I reckon I've known him all my days,

And I'll be right there when he toes the mark and responds to the starter's bell—

Old *Hickory Jim*—good gracious—the same old *Hick*—well! well!

But say, is he owned by Davis—just glance at the print again—

Yes? D. D. Davis? I knew it—the fact is straight and plain.

Well, boys, if I was betting I'd bet on old *Hickory Jim*;

But meantime, perhaps you'd like to hear some facts concerning him.

Old Davis—he's an ancient chap, with grizzled locks of gray, And a raw-boned sort of a figure, who's been through many a fray; He's owned this tough old racer for more than twenty years, And he bought him as a full-grown hoss just as he now appears.

He must be pretty aged, for when I was a kid I used to hear them telling of the wondrous things he did, How out in Arizona, and all the south and west, He raced with Indian flyers and always came off best.

He cleaned out every Greaser's ranch and every mining camp Of every sort of wagers, in goods or current stamp, Until at length they all owned up they couldn't tackle him, And so in all those regions they barred out *Hickory Jim*.

That's why old Davis brought him east—and that's how it occurred That there was sport at Lexington quite lately—as you've heard. Or, if you haven't heard of it, I'll give you here the facts Of how old *Hickory* got away with the swell Kentucky cracks.

When time was called a dandy string of thorough-breds came out, And in the usual stylish way went capering about— A-flouncing round like ball-room belles whose dads are millionaires, And whose blue-blood entitles them to put on extra airs.

And last of all, with clumsy gait, with flopping, weary ears, And dragged tail and mournful eyes, exciting shouts and jeers, Came forth a nag, whose drooping head and general low bred style Caused men to roar with laughter, and ladies fine to smile.

"Who is this apparition?" "What mangy plug is that?"

"Oh, cut his hair!" "He's sound asleep." "Give him some anti-fat!"

So flew the chaff, while Davis, unsophisticated child, Went round and took up heavy bets at longish odds—and smiled.

Clang goes the bell! They've got away—old rag-tag in the rear, The favorite is in the lead—a wild tumultuous cheer Greets number two and three and four, as now they spurt and gain, And no one thinks of *Hickory*, who lumbers in their train.

They've passed the quarter gallantly—they're nearing now the half— And sly old Davis' child-like smile is growing to a laugh, For *Jim* is sorter waking up—he's overhauled the crowd, And the backers of those horses don't seem to shout so loud.

Zip! Just a long and limbered leap—as simple as you please, And done with every symptom of mere routine business ease— And *Hickory Jim* goes to the front and makes the pace for home, And Davis stands there smiling, but the knowing ones are dumb.

He's won the race by seven lengths, which might have been fourteen,

And Davis cashes in his bets and looks uncommon green; And as he leads his horse away, he sort of winks at him, And says, "They'll know us after this, I guess, hey, won't they, *Jim*!"

J.W.B.

DOGMATIC.

JONES says that the difference between his dog and a tree is that the bark of a tree peels from the outside, and his dog's bark peels from the inside.