

BUFFALO, The Boot-Black.

Poor little "Buffalo," born in a slum,
Never heard tell of the Kingdom to come:
Forced by his parents to beg, lie, and steal,
He kept them in drink, while he wanted
a meal.

Toughs, tramps, and scallawags, dregs of
the slums,
Wharf-rats and gutter-snipes—these were
his chums.
How could he help in what class he was
born,
Or was it his fault? If his state were for-
lorn?

One day he reflected: "So far as I see,
Life isn't quite all what it's cracked up
to be:
This Buffalo city is bad, there's no doubt,
And I'm in the soup, but I'll try to get
out."

On the morrow, he fled from the pestilent
den,
Where hundreds were huddling like pigs in
a pen;
Half-starved, with no funds but his pluck
and his brains,
He "beat" his way down to New York on
the trains.

Arrived there, he nearly collapsed in the
street,
Worn out with long travel, the dust, and
the heat;
But he met a "sweet lady," who saw he
was ill,
And gave him a dollar with woman's good
will.

Next morning, enriched by her opportune
aid,
He joined, as full private, the "Boot-black
Brigade"
And "shined" round the city, as gay as
a lord,
Till he earned a few dimes for his bed
and his board.

But "life," as folks say, "is not all beer
and skittles":
There were too many boot-blacks, and
limited victuals,

So, at last the poor waif was so heavily
hit,
He was forced, from sheer want, to dis-
pose of his "kit."

He had always fought shy of the street
Arab's foes,
Cheap theatres, dance-halls, variety shows,
Saloons, dime museums, the dens, and the
"dives,"

Where vice to quick ruin humanity drives.
His "togs" were now thread-bare, and
gaping with holes,
His cap was in tatters, his boots had no
soles,
And he slouched along Broadway, unfor-
tunate ell!
A bundle of rags, the pale ghost of himself.



BUFFALO, the Artist's model.

It was then, when his rags were the worst
in New York,
And his hair looked as though it was
combed with a fork,
He was "bagged" by an artist, who hired
him to stand
As a type of the "Mudlark," and king of
the band.

"'Twas a daisy soft job," as poor "Buf-
falo" said,
When his posings were stopped, and his
income was dead,
"I had nothing to do, but to stand still,
and laugh,
While the boss drew my picture, and
grinned at my chaff."

What brought him to grief? He had some-
where been told
That boys, trim and clean, are ne'er left
in the cold;
So he risked his whole pile on a new coat
and vest,
And had his brown curls disentangled and
dress'd.

Then, beaming with pride, he skipped up
to the room
Of his patron, the painter, in hopes of a
boom:
Alas! he was "bounced," and discovered
too late
That his spruce transformation had settled
his fate!



No Longer Required.

He was houseless that night, and for no
other sin
Than because he was houseless, the lad
was "run in,"
And, when brought face to face with a
coldblooded "beak,"
Was cruelly sentenced to jail for a week!
God help you, poor "Buffalo"! striving
to mend,
Had I been the "beak," you'd have found
me a friend:
I have heard a stray maxim that eases
much woe,
Though justice begins, it won't end, here
below!

GEO. MURRAY.

* See "The Children of the Poor" (by
Jacob A. Rus) p. 264, where a photograph
of the luckless "Buffalo," so called from
his native city, may be seen.

A DEBATABLE QUESTION.

Lord Lovering—Why do you hesitate,
dearest? I offer you my love—myself—my
title—

Miss Croesus.—I was wondering whether
papa could spare enough money to sup-
port yourself and your title—The Parvenu.

Visitor (looking at the Sniggles' baby).
—He's got his father's nose.

Mr. S.—Not at the present moment,
madam; but he generally has—he always
clutches at it!—Pick-me-up.