



AN UNENFORCED LAW.

Written for Jury.

## A LEGEND.

BY CASEY TAP.

I.

The funnyman sat him down to write,  
By the candle's fitful gleam;  
Outside the flakes fell pure and white,  
Like an innocent maiden's dream—  
That is, like one who dreams aright,  
And not of lemon cream.

II.

The room the writer occupied  
Was wondrous bare and small;  
His furniture a desk, beside  
What some a chair might call—  
A soap box twenty inches wide  
Nailed up against the wall.

III.

The hum'rist firmly grasped his pen  
And wildly tore his hair,  
Much as a housewife grasps a hen  
And drags it from its lair,  
To make once more the heart of men  
As light and free as air.

IV.

He thought of all the subjects old  
That jokers always choose,—  
The editor's hazy dream of gold—  
And the Chicago shoes—  
The mothers-in-law that always scold—  
The husband's "lodge-night" ruse—

V.

The deadly M. D., with his pills—  
And eke the brainless dude—  
The plumber's mammoth annual bills—  
The youthful housewife's crude  
Attempt at making cake that kills  
Her liege lord in cold blood—

VI.

The Keely motor eke did flash  
Across his weary brain,  
Mixed up with thoughts of hotel hash—  
The tom-cat's sad refrain—  
The hornet's fund of scarlet rash—  
The demon Rum in Maine—

VII.

The sportsman with his liquid bait,  
And lies about his "haul"—  
The maid whose age is out of date—  
The infant's curv-ed bawl—  
The lovers spooning o'er the gate—  
And the wheelman's downward fall.

VIII.

The funnyman pondered o'er this list—  
And sixteen thousand more.  
Weary, the sad-eyed satirist  
Sank down upon the floor,  
Before his eyes there rose a mist,  
Like steals o'er Fundy's shore;

IX.

His pen he flung from out his hand;  
Forward then sank his head;  
He shuddered as though he'd heard a band;  
Then snapt was life's frail thread.—  
His hour-glass had run its sands,  
And the hum'rist lay dead!

St. John, N. B., March 26, 1887.



THESE BUT THE TRAPPINGS AND THE "SUITS" OF WOЕ.—*Hamlet.*