


THE  
ADVENT-  
URES OF  
SAMUEL  
AND  
SELINA

•  
JEAN C.  
ARCHER



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XIII. THE ADVENTURES OF  
SAMUEL AND SELINA.





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OF  
SAMUEL AND SELINA.

By  
JEAN C. ARCHER.

LONDON  
GRANT RICHARDS.

1902.









In Spring,

While softly cooed

The Dove.

Sam

Told Selina of

His Love.



J. C. W.









J.C.A.

The Summer Moon  
                  smiled on them both,  
Selina plighted him her Troth.





But Autumn brought a gayer  
Swain—

Selina broke it off again.











'Tis Winter now—

Selina's slack—

She'd give her thumbs to have  
him back.





Yet—

When they met

She tossed her head ;

He

Stared at her and

Cut her dead !



3. 5. 4.









S. C. W.

But Fate at last to them was  
kind :

It sent  
a  
Roaring,  
Raging  
Wind !

Which,  
Just as Sam was passing by,  
Blew off Selina's Hat !  
Oh ! My !





Sam

Caught it—by a daring  
jump.

Selina's

Heart

went

Thump ! Thump !! Thump !!!

“ Oh, Sam ! ” she cried ;

Tears dimmed her sight—

And after that it all came  
right.



J.C.M.









J.C.A.

They made it up—and very  
soon

They started on their Honey-  
moon.





Selina proved a model wife,  
Her Sam was all her joy in  
life ;  
She fetched his shoes and  
darned his hose,  
And sympathized with all his  
woes.



J. G. A.









And,

As she let him have his say,  
He loved her more from day  
to day ;

And—on her birthday—for a  
spree,

Took her to the Menagerie.





She revelled in the Monkey  
Walk,  
Where Apes, of motley hue,  
Each jumped—upon a yellow  
stick—  
All shining and brand new.









DO NOT  
FEED THE  
SNARKS.



T C A

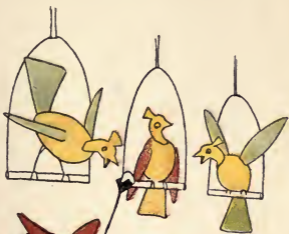
And picture, children, how the  
Snarks  
Rejoiced her frugal mind ;  
They ate the Buns, they ate  
the Bag,  
And even stale cheese rind.





The Jub-jub birds Selina fed,  
But they were rude and  
rough ;

They fought and scratched,  
Nor would they stop  
When they had had enough.



T.C.A







AFTERNOON  
TEAS.  
HOME MADE  
JAM



S.C.A.

At last,

When happy, hot and  
tired,

They found no more to see,  
Sam took her to a shady spot  
And treated her to tea.

Selina's hat and dress he  
praised,

She clapped his feeblest  
puns ;

It was a perfect carnival  
Of sentiment and Buns !





Much time, alas ! they cannot  
    spare,  
Since holidays are few ;  
Soon, hand in hand, they start  
    afresh  
To seek adventures new.

    And all about along the  
        walks  
    Stern “Cautions” they  
        espy ;  
“ You need not fear,” said  
    Samuel,  
“ While I, my love, am  
    nigh.”

CAUTION!  
The handwriting on this  
sign is long, in the style  
of the  
CAMEL  
but the sign is long  
too  
BY ORDER  
J.C.A.



J.C.A.









J.C.A.

Alas ! how brief are mortal  
joys ;

There comes an awful burbling  
noise !





As, terror-struck, he turns to  
fly,

Too late he hears her  
anguished cry,

“ O Samuel !

O Samuel !!

Beware !

The awful

Camuel ” !!!

CAUTION  
Do not touch the things  
before you know  
CRUEL  
by ORDER  
I.A.



J.C.A.









JCA.

The Camel rushed !

The Camel flew !

Till all its spots were streaks  
of blue ;

To Samuel it seemed to be

Itself a whole

Menagerie !



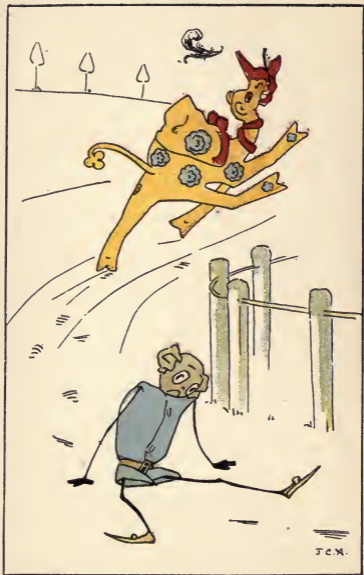


The Camel chased him round  
and round ;

He sank—exhausted—on the  
ground ;

The Camel never noticed that,  
But pranced along—

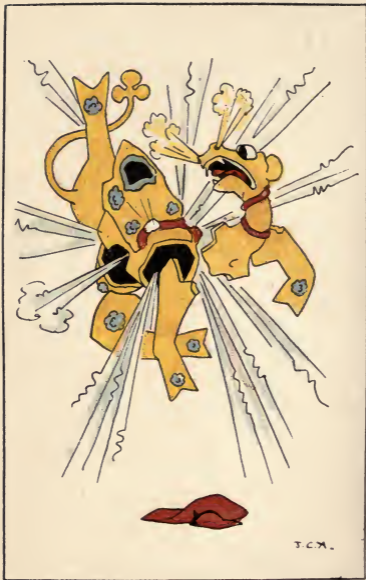
with Sammy's hat.











T.C.M.

*And*--when it found its victim  
gone,

Imagine how the brute went  
on ;

It bucked and reared

and kicked

and shied,

Till, finally,

It BUST !

and died.





When Sammy heard the loud  
report  
And saw the pieces fly,  
He felt that sure as eggs was  
eggs,  
He, too, must surely die.

But brave Selina, though  
her tears  
Fell all the while like  
rain,  
Washed off the dirt and  
set him up  
Upon his feet again.



JCA.









F. C. M.

She found the remnants of his  
hat,  
And led him to the gate ;  
But there the Camel's owner  
stood  
As large and grim as fate.

Before they left, that  
greedy man  
Took all the cash they  
had,  
And turned their pockets  
inside-out  
(Which made Selina mad).





How different their coming  
home  
From their gay start at  
morn ;  
They creep along—a sorry  
sight—  
Bedraggled and forlorn.

He knows he showed a  
want of pluck,  
Whatever she may say ;  
She feels that it was all  
her fault  
For having a birthday.



JCA.









J.C.M.

But — once at home — the  
ruddy blaze

Each drooping spirit cheers ;  
Sam sets Selina by the fire  
And wipes away her tears.

He draws her closer to  
his side ;

He tootles on a comb,  
And sings her, as her  
sobs subside,

A verse of

“ Home, Sweet Home.”









