

COTTON TAILS

BY

GEORGE A. BECKENBAUGH



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GEORGE A. BECKENBAUGH



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AUTHOR'S NOTE.

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THE CAUSE OF HIS PAUSE.

Two Crows were eating mush-and-milk,

As Mr. Hare came by:

The latter wore a vest of silk,

And a glass in his left eye.

Said he, "I have a long report

To make—excuse my Paws."

"Why, sir," said they, "your tail is short;

Will you please tell the Caws?"



AN INSOLENT VAGRANT.

“Have you five cents?” the Woodchuck said,
To Mrs. Sarah Goose.

“No, sir!” she said, and shook her head—
Applying much abuse.

“I’d like to know why ’tis I’m sought
By brutes like you, that beg.”

The Woodchuck smiled, and said, “I thought
You laid the Golden-egg.”



A TERRIBLE ROAD-AGENT.

The Gold-bug, riding down the road,
 Wrapped in his Paisley shawl,
Beheld a robber quickly load
 His pistol with a ball.

“Now, villain, tell me what you be
 That stops me in this wise?”

“Oh, I’m a Bull-finch outlaw, see,
 And live on Gold-bug-guys.”



A ONE-SIDED ROMANCE.

The Gila Monster chanced to meet
Miss Honey Bee one day,
And thinking that she looked quite sweet,
Was bold enough to say:
“I think I’ll kiss you here beneath
These fair Chrysanthemums.”
But proud Miss Bee quick showed her teeth,
And pointed to her gums.



HIS CURIOUS ANSWER.

A queer young Pigeon went to school
To learn his A-B-C's;
He acted so much like a fool,
He made the Teacher sneeze.
“What do they call you, sir?” asked she;
“I mean at your abode.”
“Whene'er they look at me,” said he,
“They call me Pigeon, Toad.”



HIS QUESTIONABLE GRAMMAR.

Miss Hen was sitting on her nest,

As Doctor Drake came by.

“You are a Quack,” she said in jest;

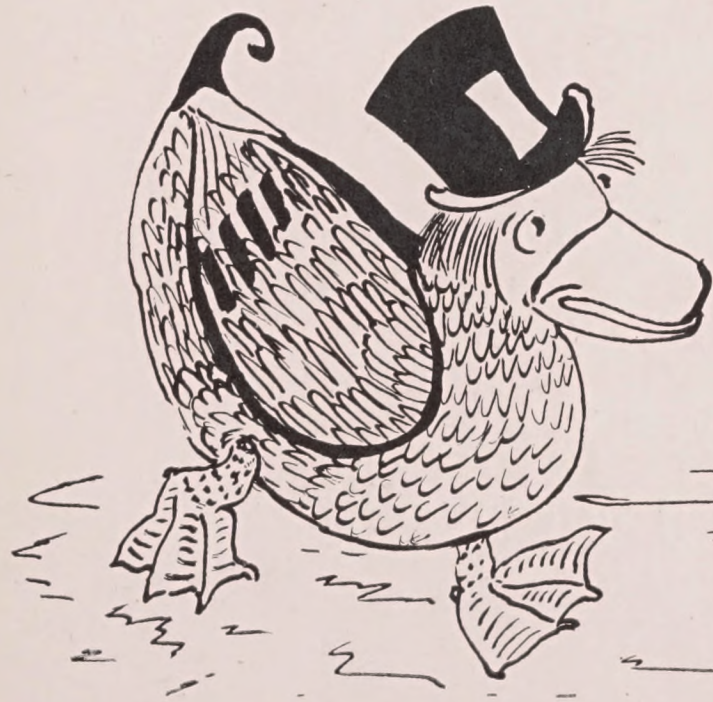
Said Doctor Drake, “You lie.”

“Ah, me; such grammar,” mused Miss Hen,

“Quite fills me with dismay;

“You should have raised your hat, and then

Said, ‘Ah, Miss Hen, you lay.’ ”



HIS STRANGE CUSTOM.

Old John Rhinoceros one morn
Went out to gather pinks;
He wore a brick upon his horn,
And met two gay young Minks.
“Ha, ha, ha, ha,” the latter cried,
“Why, that’s a funny style.”
“Oh, that is where,” old John replied,
“I always wear my tile.”



HAD NO TERROR FOR HER.

The Drake was sad as sad could be;

He would not be consoled—

He and his wife could not agree—

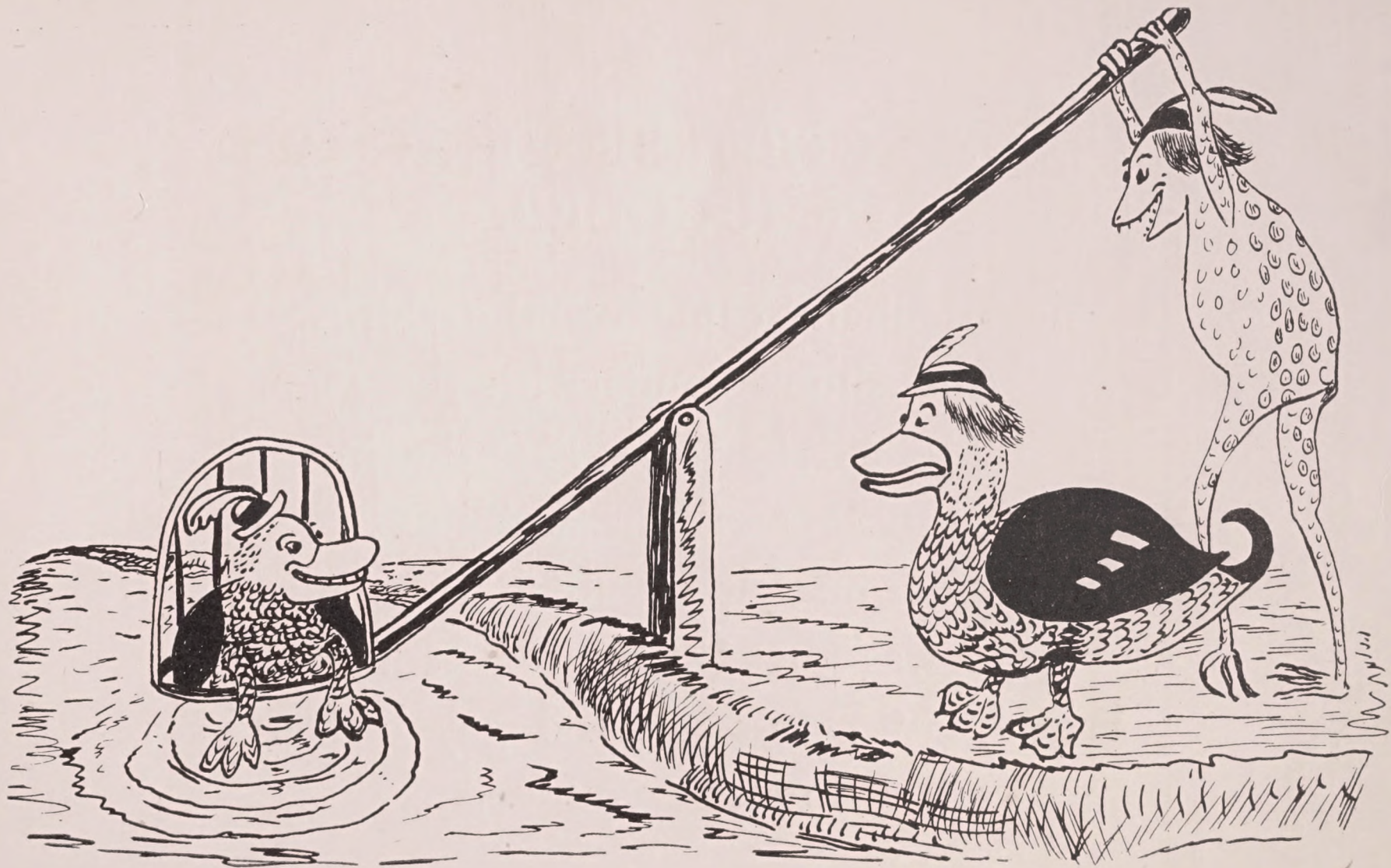
She was an awful scold.

At last he thought the ducking-stool

Might change his awful luck;

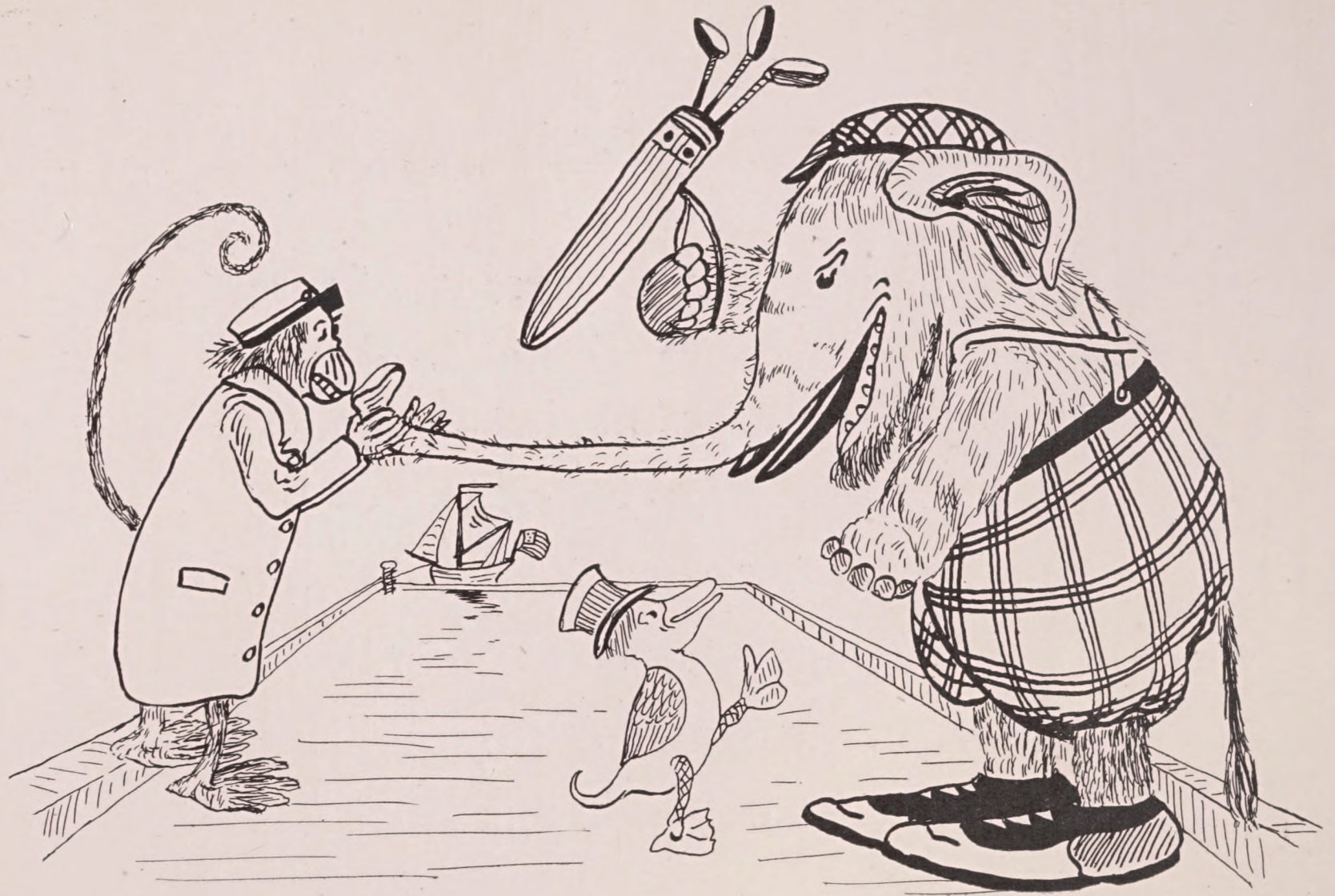
But his wife cried out, “You are a fool,

To try to duck a duck.”



SUSPECTED OF BEING A
SMUGGLER.

The Elephant came off the ship,
And shook hands with the Duck;
He said he'd had a splendid trip,
With lots of fun and luck.
And then he felt an uncouth hand;
It was the Customs "Monk";
Said he, "Don't get too gay on land
Till I look in your trunk."



MAJOR BEAVER'S TREACHERY.

One summer eve a vagrant Mouse,
 With patches at his knees,
Called at Old Major Beaver's house
 To beg a slice of cheese.
The Major said: "You seem quite fat,
 For one who is so poor."
And then he laughed to see his Cat—
 Sup there beside his door.



THE TERRIBLE LOBSTER.

The Lobster called upon Miss Wren—

As lobsters often do,

When wrens are fair, and over ten,

And under twenty-two.

The Lobster shook her soft right hand,

And straight that member cleft.

She had to on her left foot stand—

She had no right foot left.



HIS GRAND PHILOSOPHY.

A hungry Saw-Fish saw Buck once,

And said: "Pray, let's saw wood."

The latter said: "Out on you, dunce,

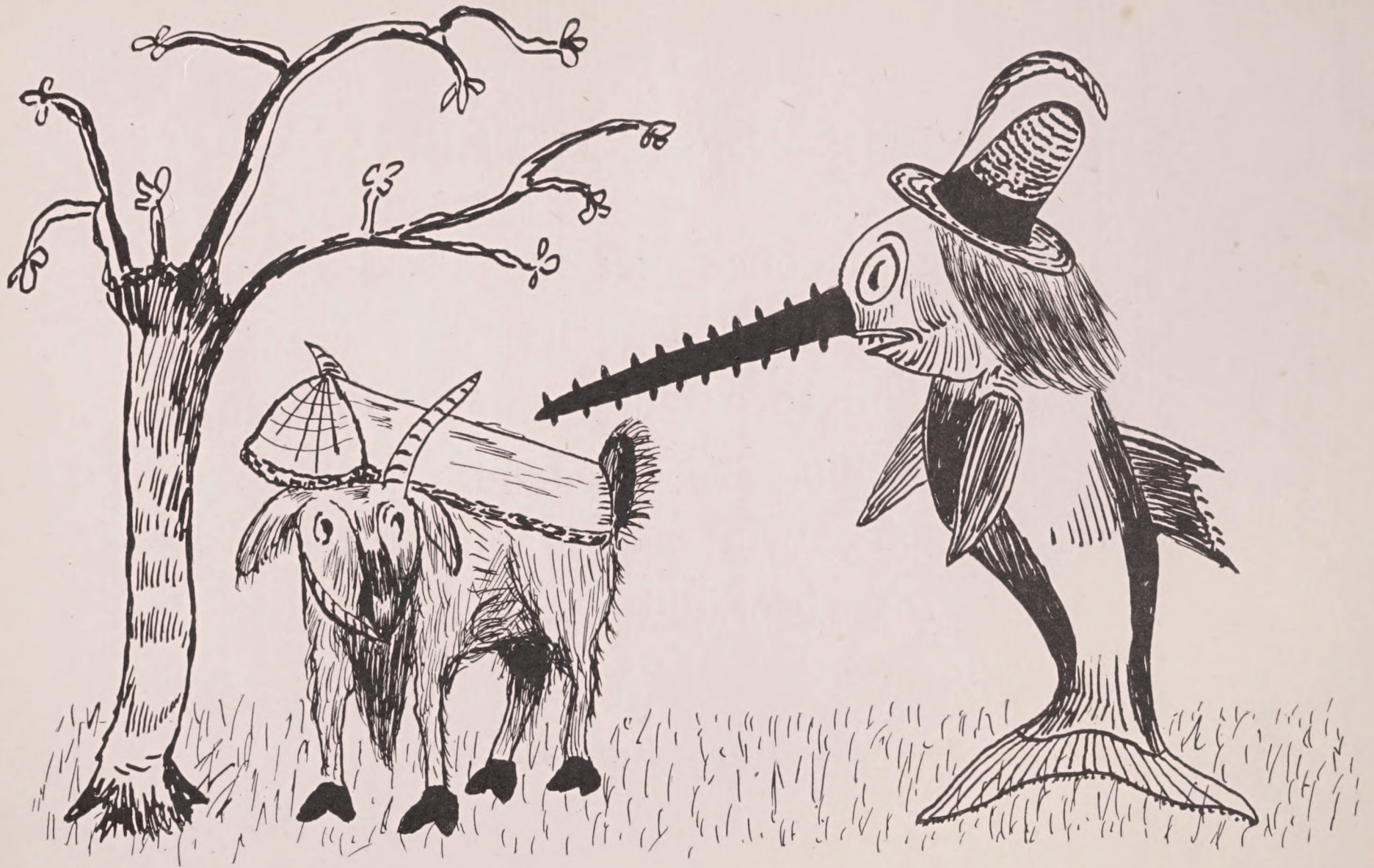
I will not saw, sea-food.

If folks with saws would let me be,

This world would be quite good;

At any rate, you see," said he,

"One fond of chewing, cud."



A CLEVER WAITER.

The Porcupine once met the Shote—
His dear old college friend—
And took him to a table d'hote,
The evening for to spend.
The Porcupine, with many a tear,
The roast-beef did decline;
The waiter cried: “Pardone, Mooseer,
Ees eet for pork-you-pine?”



HER STRICT RULE.

The Bullfrog met Miss Owl one day
Upon the ocean beach;
He asked her sing her latest lay,
Whereat she straight did screech.
And then he asked her bathe with him,
Whereat she loud did hoot:
“Oh! sir! I never take a swim
Without my bathing-suit.”



A CLEVER WAY TO TALK.

A Sparrow-Kite was frying fish—

As Sparrow-Kites will do,

When turning for a buttered-dish,

He saw a friend he knew.

The latter said, "Good day, to you ;

Why don't you wait till Monday?"

The Kite replied, "I thought you Gnu

My Fry-day came on Sunday."



HIS TWO FINE QUALITIES.

An old Flamingo and the Coon,

Once thought to run a race;

The former athlete very soon

Set up an awful pace.

The Coon, defeated, shook his head;

Said he, "Your legs are strong."

The old Flamingo winked, and said,

"My breath is also long."



HE WAS JEALOUS.

Miss Pig was strolling with the Cat,
In quest of roasting-ears,
When suddenly they met a Bat,
A-shedding angry tears.

“Why do you weep, sir?” asked the Cat;

“Why are you thus enraged?”

“She wears a ring,” declared the Bat,

“Which shows that she’s engaged.”



THEIR SIMILAR TASTES.

An old Ant-eater met the Cat

One day upon the street.

Said he, "My friend, let's have a chat,

About good things to eat."

"To me old maids are very sweet,"

The Cat with candor said.

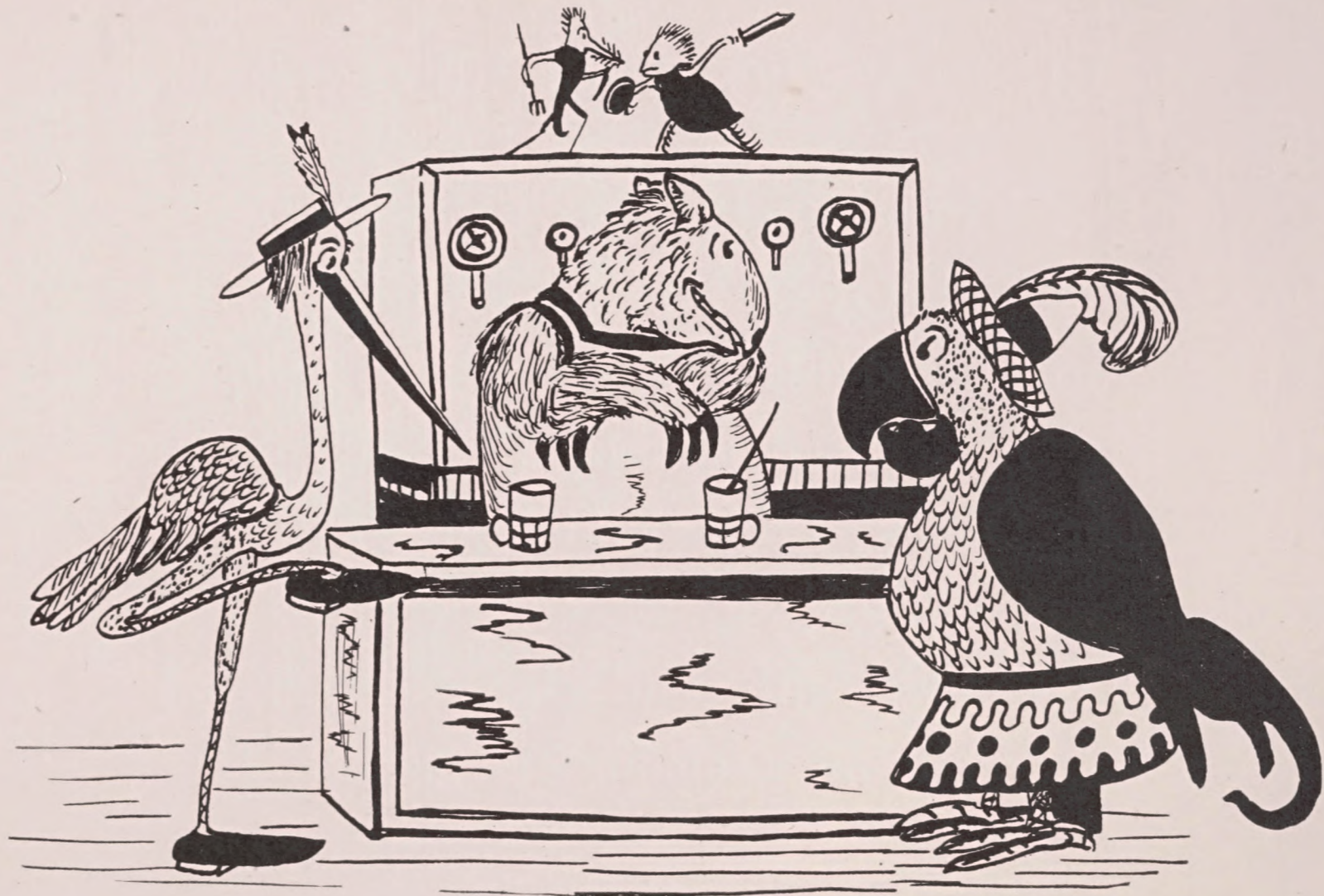
The old Ant-eater said, "I eat

Old ants, my friend, instead."



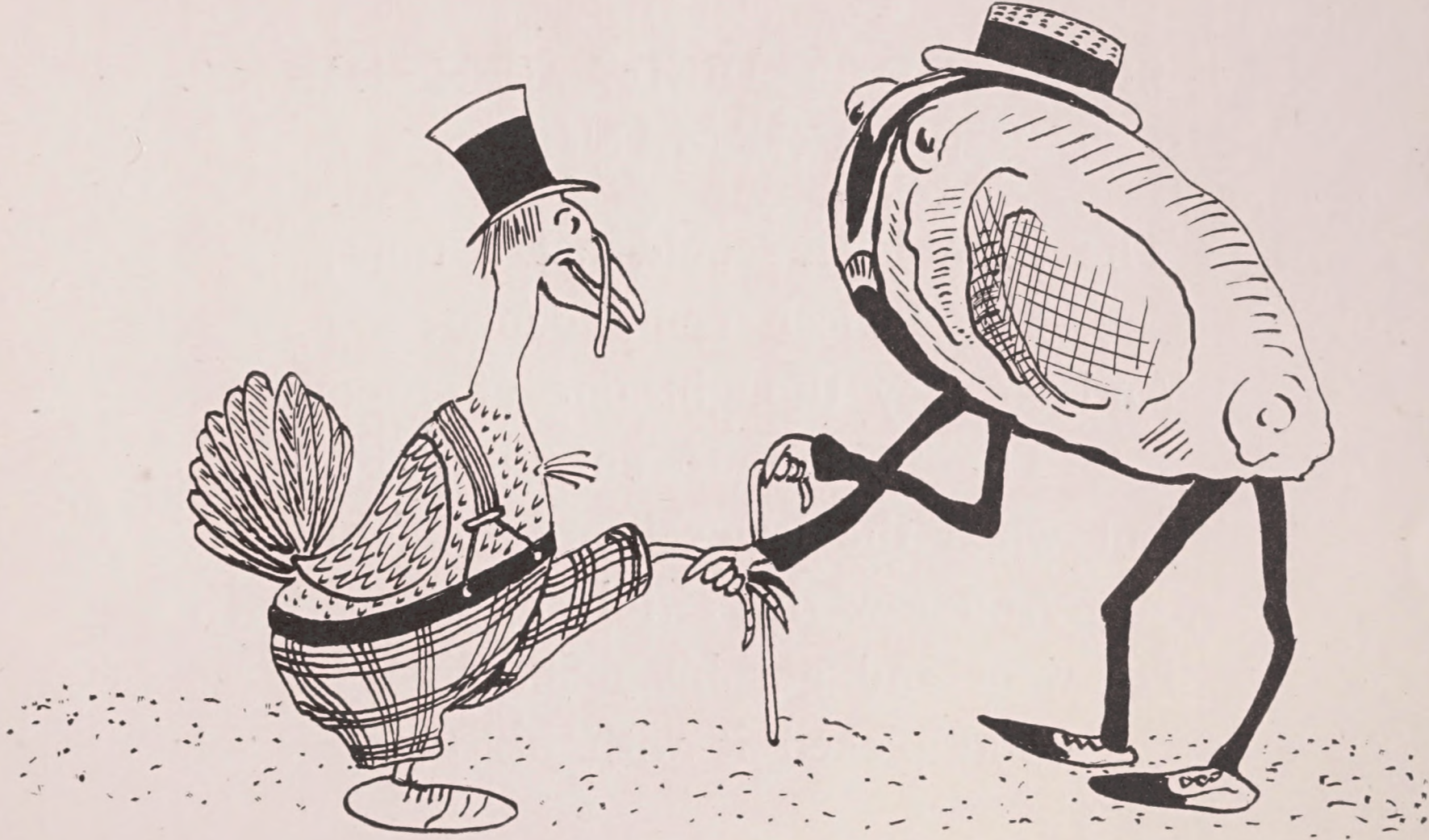
DID NOT REQUIRE IT.

The Heron asked fair Miss Macaw
Which flavor she preferred;
She blushed and moved her upper jaw—
She was a modest bird.
“Strawberry, please, with lots of sand,
To regulate my craw.”
Said he, “I’ll take some berry, and
You may leave off the straw.”



LIKELY TO MEET AGAIN.

The Turkey-Gobbler met one day,
The Oyster on the strand,
And paused his compliments to pay,
And shake him by the hand.
The Oyster, deep within his shell,
Said, "Sir, if we are living,
In goodly health, and all goes well,
We'll meet again Thanksgiving."



SHOCKED THEM WITH HIS
PERFORMANCE.

The Bumblebee could pat a tune;
The Pelican could dance;
And so they thought one afternoon,
The Possum to entrance.
But when the latter heard the din,
And saw the awful show,
He went and got his mandolin
And picked it with his toe.



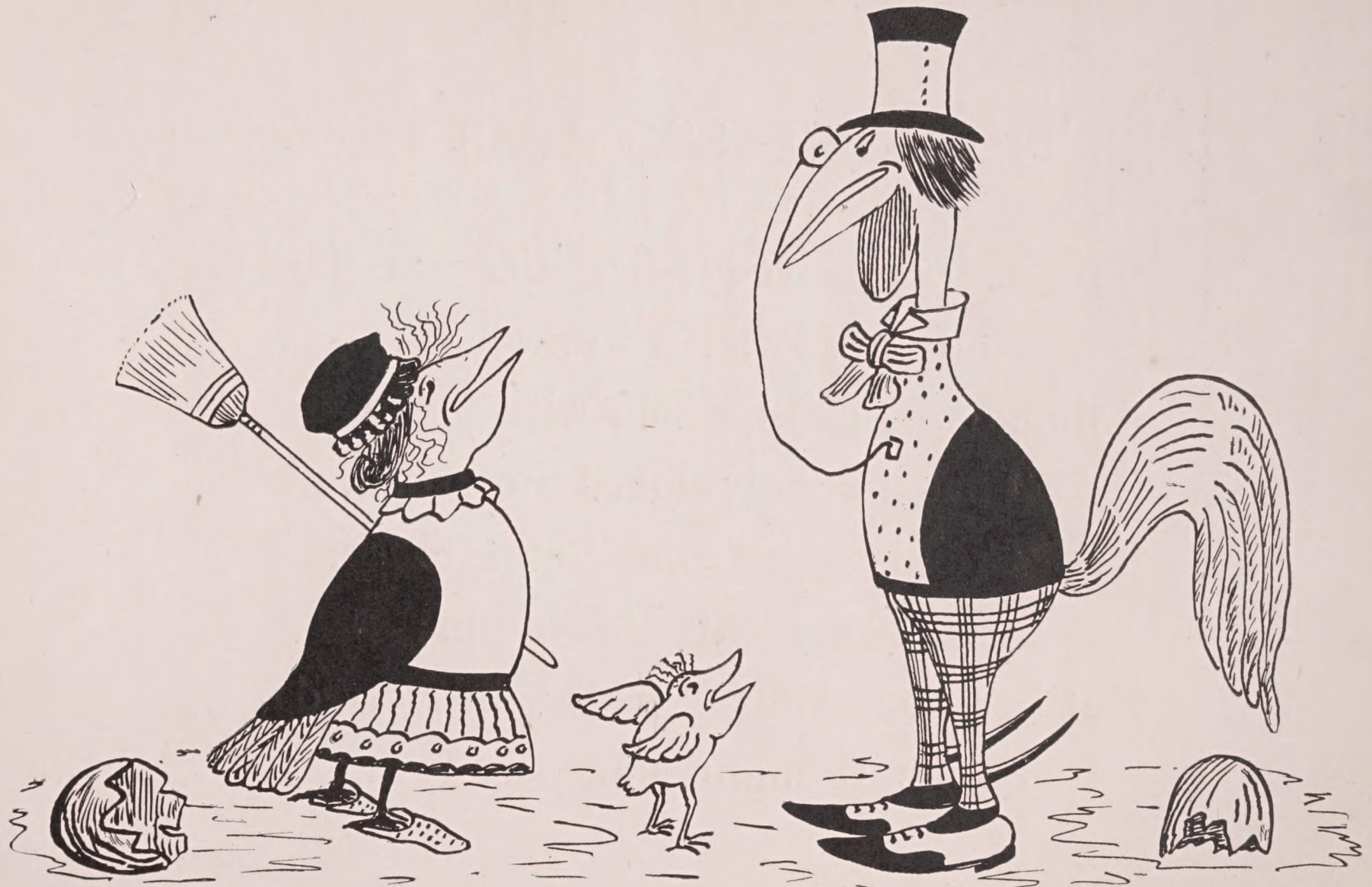
HER IMPERTINENT LAMB.

Old Mrs. Ewe was chopping wood,
When up walked her young Lamb.
Said he, "It does my heart much good,
To thus behold Ma-dam."
"Impertinence! well this quite tops
All records, sir," quoth she;
"To think a mother's mutton-chops
Could fill her lamb with glee."



NO SMALL MONEY.

“I need some pennies,” said the Hen
Unto her stately lord,
“To buy our child some wheat.” And then
The sire he seemed quite bored.
In truth he seemed to be right ill,
And said, “My love, indeed,
I do confess I have a bill,
But have no chicken-feed.”



THOUGHT SHE WAS OUT.

The Cricket loved Miss Terrapin ;

And loved her very well—

Though the gossips said with many a grin

That he only loved her shell.

The Cricket went one night to spark

The sweet Miss Terrapin ;

But her house was closed—and very dark ;

So he thought she wasn't in.



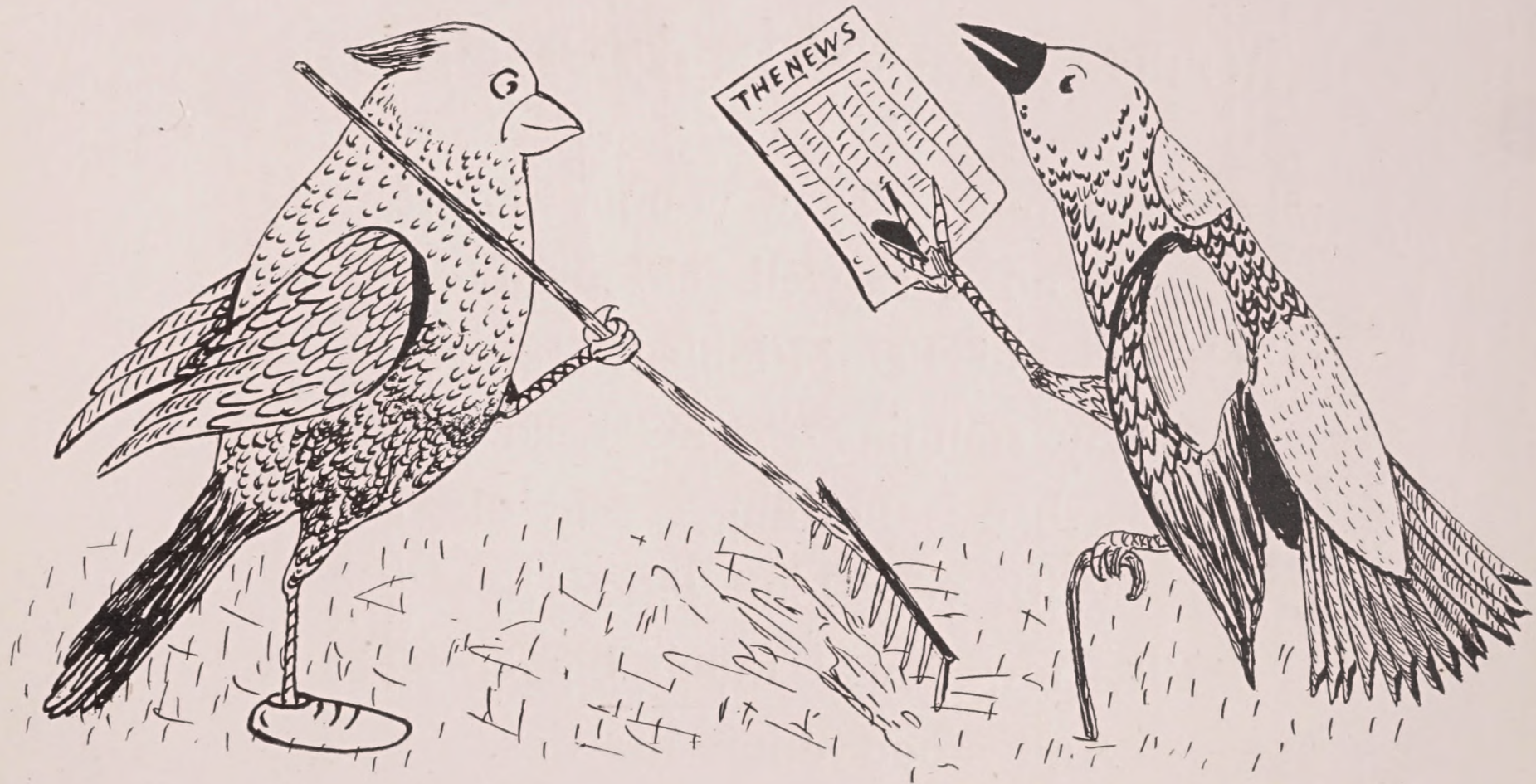
THE HAUGHTY BARBER.

Upon the infant Woodchuck's head
The hair so long did grow,
His mother, with sarcasm, said,
"Please cut this fellow's 'tow.'"
The Barber drank some strong bay-rum,
And wildly waved his fist;
Said he, "I beg your pardon, mum,
I'm no chiropodist."



BOTH FINE SCHOLARS.

A Cardinal in rubber-shoes,
While raking hay one day,
Beheld a stranger reading news,
And said, "Who are you, pray?"
"Oh, I'm the brilliant Reed Bird, sir;
Much reading do I do."
The former said, "Your boasts defer—
For I am well-red, too."



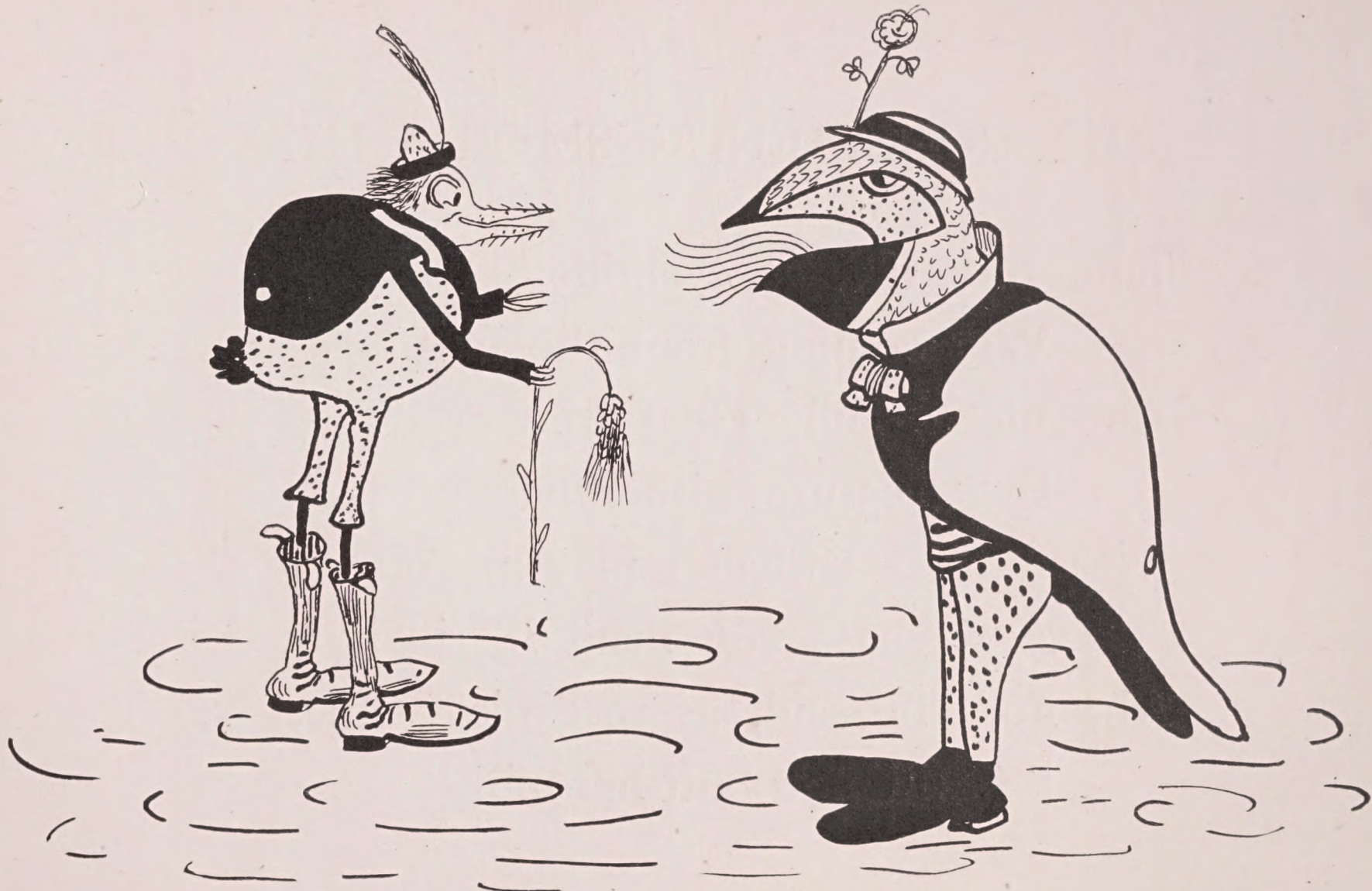
BOTH QUEER CONTORTIONISTS.

One summer day a young Giraffe,
Who was, well, cir-cuss-bred,
Caused old Pete Elephant to laugh,
By standing on his head.
“Oh, that is nothing,” said old Pete,
With very loud “ho! hose!”
“I’ll show you a much bigger feet;”
And stood upon his nose.



BOTH HAD FALSE FRIENDS.

The Whip-poor-will flung on his hat,
And hurried down the street;
He quickly overtook the Gnat—
A “friend” he longed to eat.
Said he, “Gnats fill me with delight.”
But then he looked quite blue,
When said the Gnat, “Your friend, the Kite,
Is looking for you, too.”



HIS CONSCIENCE SMOTE HIM.

Jane Butterfly, at eventide,
Was coming from the mead,
And met a Billy Goat who eyed
Her treasure with much greed.
Mused he: "Shall I play my old game,
And chase yon maid in silk?
Ah, no," he said, as rose his shame,
"I will not butt-her-milk."



KIDNAPPED HER CHILD.

An old June-bug was hoeing corn,
When Captain Coon came up;
The latter had a dinner-horn,
And led a little Pup.
“Good morning, Captain,” said the Bug.
The Captain winked, and smiled;
Said he, “I called on Mrs. Pug,
And kidnapped her young child.”



MISS HEN'S FINE SARCASM.

“Have you a pencil?” asked Miss Hen,

With manners quite demure.

“Well,” laughed the Pig, “I have a pen,

With a sill beneath the door.”

“Your repartee is very fine—

Quite Bacon-like; ho! ho!”

Miss Hen declared; and scratched a line

To the Rooster with her toe.



A LAUGHABLE CHILD.

A Nanny Goat once had a child,
Named Smiling Billy Dhu,
Who chewed gum-shoes, and always smiled
When he had gums to chew.
The loving parent asked the Coon
To take his photograph;
The latter acted like a loon—
The Kid so made him laugh.



HOW HE LOST HIS BREAKFAST.

The early Jay, one morn in May,
Surprised the Measuring-Worm.

The latter said: "Oh, sir, I say,
I've great news for your firm.

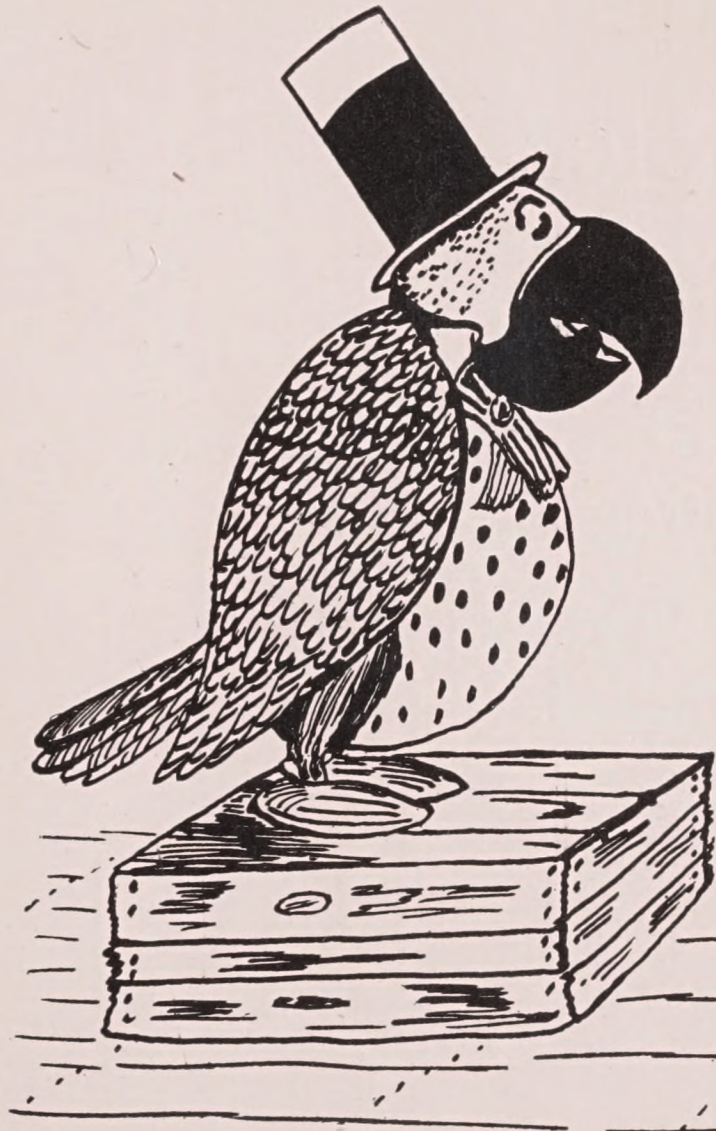
Here on your farm I've found this mine—
Wait, sir, I'll fetch some gold."

The old Jay waited until nine,
And then exclaimed: "I'm sold."



COULD NOT SWALLOW HIS STORY

The Parrot met the Swallow at
The grocery-store one eve,
And did, as usual, gaily chat,
And some great fiction weave.
Said he: "I know a purple Crow
Who sparks a wall-eyed Cat."
The Swallow shrieked: "My friend, you know
I cannot swallow that."



HIS AWFUL VOICE.

The Rabbit and the Bullfrog fought

About a simple thing:

The former had the Bullfrog brought

Unto his house to sing.

But soon the Rabbit rubbed his head;

“I’m sure I cannot face

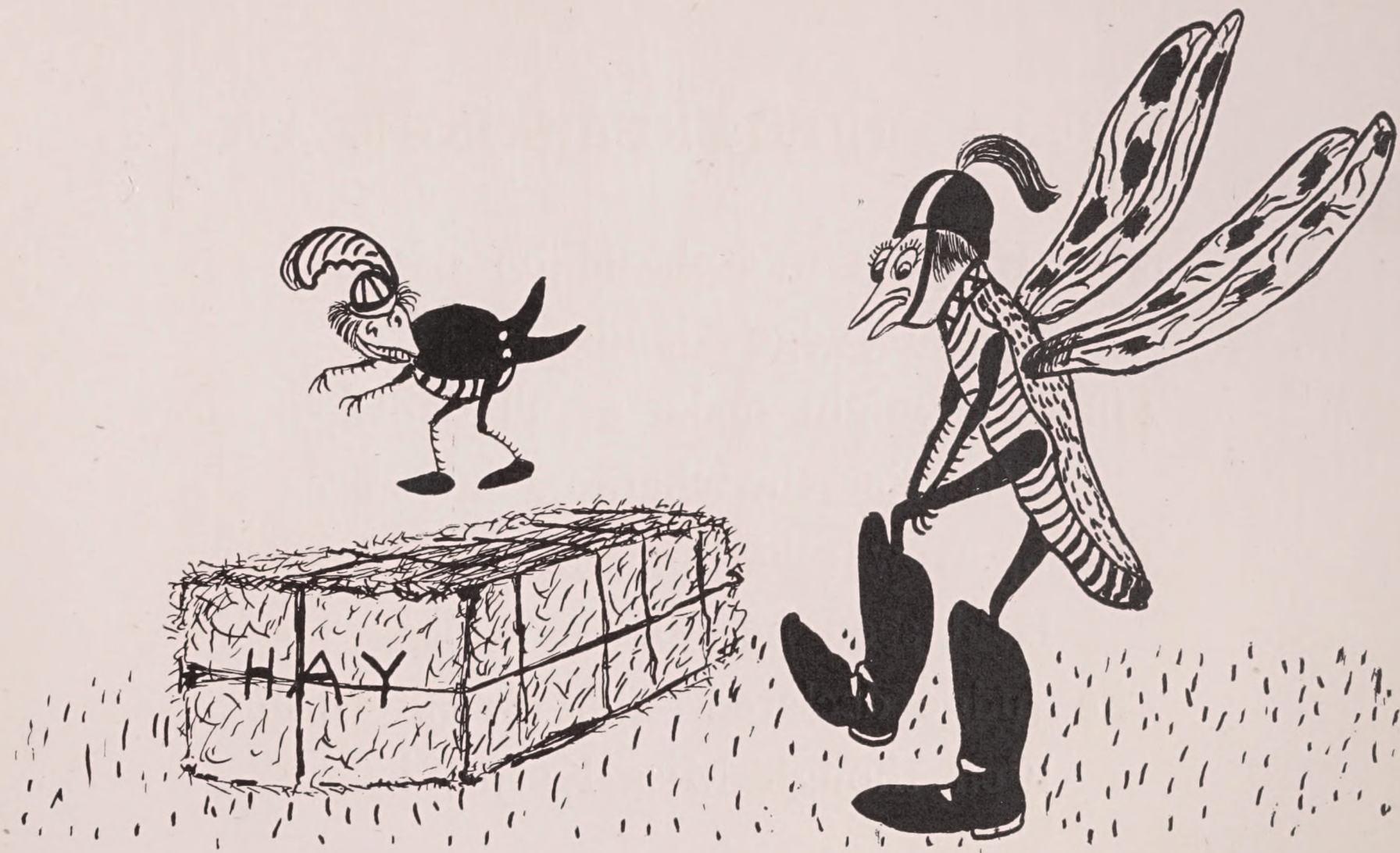
Your awful music, sir,” he said,

“Because it is so base.”



A TERRIBLE PRISONER.

The Dragon-Fly maintained the law—
His tyranny was strong;
He took up everyone he saw,
Had he done right or wrong.
At last he caught old Captain Flea,
And dragged him off to jail;
But the Captain bit him in the knee;
And then he jumped his bale.



SHE DID NOT BREAK THE LAW.

Miss Katydid was placed on trial

Before Judge Ganderee,

That she might make a full denial—

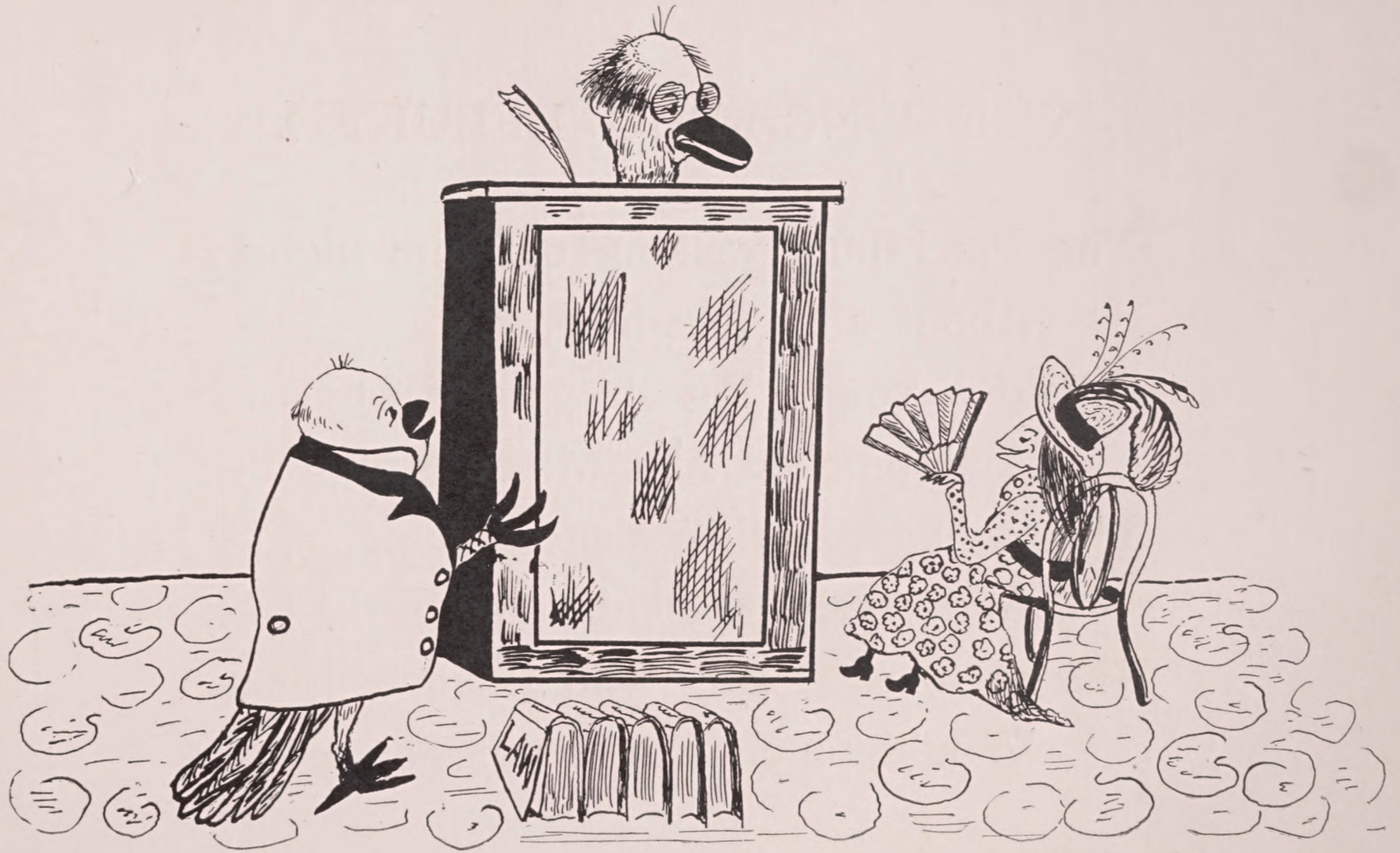
Whate'er the charge might be.

The Sparrow said upon a time

He'd seen her kiss a Kid.

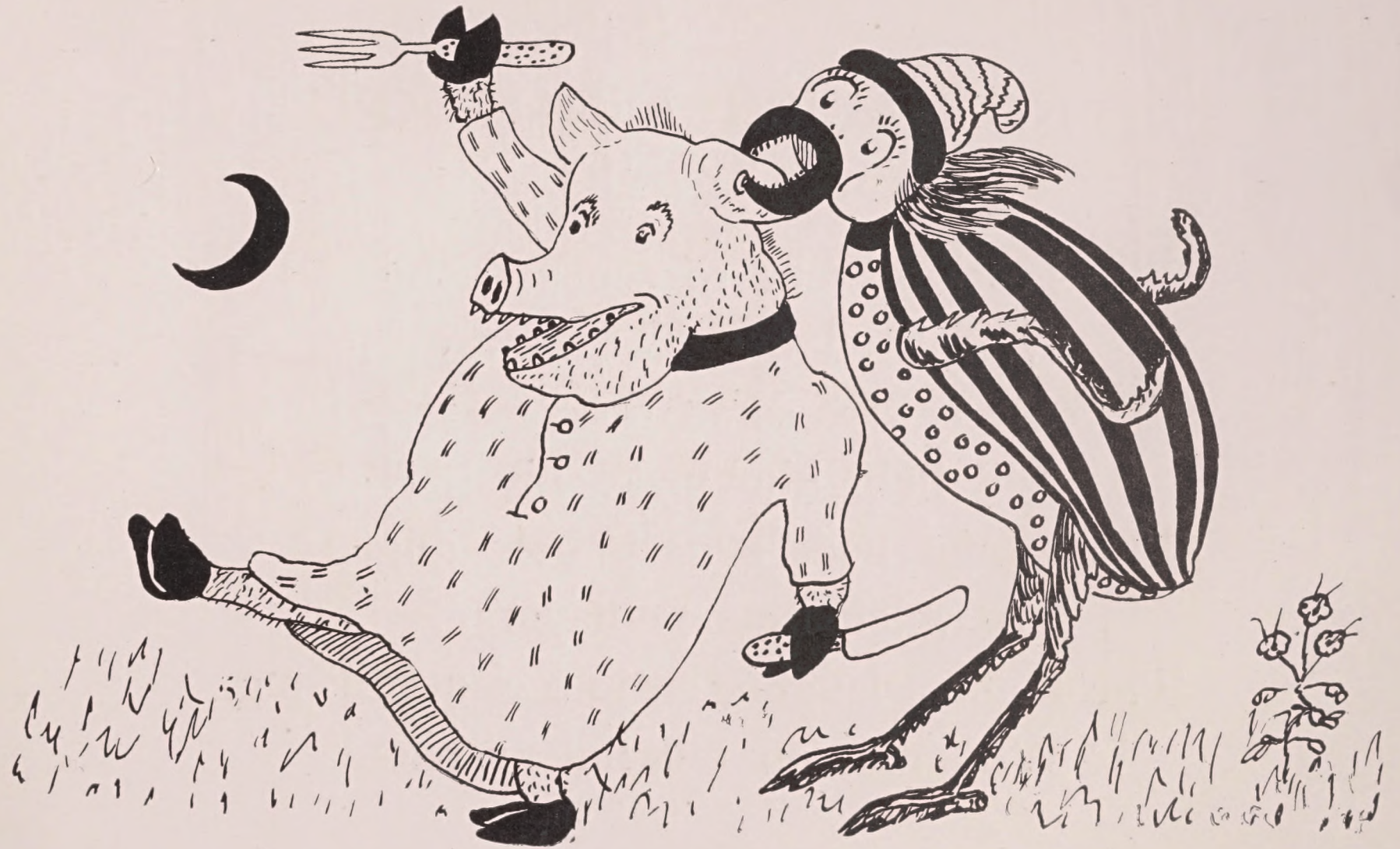
The Judge declared—that was no crime,

E'en though Miss Katy-did.



THE PINCH-BUG REBUKED.

The Pinch-bug, walking out one night
About a pasture-field,
Beheld a young Pig sleeping tight,
And pinched him till he squealed.
The raging pig then danced a jig,
And waved his knife and fork;
Roared he, "A bug who'd pinch a pig,
Would pinch a piece of pork."



NOT MUCH AFRAID OF
CYCLONES.

The Possum went to see a friend,
Who lived out Kansas-way;
His object was, some time to spend,
And help him make his hay.
The farmer had, a deep hole dug,
To which he one day ran.
The Possum laughed: "I feel quite snug,
With a good tail hol-tin-Kan."



A BRAVE CRITIC.

The Possum and the Bumblebee
Were playing jolly airs;
They played those old tunes—"Nancy Lee,"
And "Climb Dem Golden Stairs."
Then up came Mr. Thomas Cat,
And pointing to the harp,
Exclaimed, "Oh, my, that B is flat—
Although, some find him sharp."



HAD SEEN HER TURNED ROUND.

Miss Ostrich thought to fool the Ape,
And by a clever scheme
She caused the latter long to gape,
And much perplexed to seem.
At last the Ape did sad exclaim,
“You’ll pardon me, I’m sure,
But though I can’t recall your name,
I’ve seen your face before.”



NO NEED FOR WINGS.

The young Cicada, blithe and gay,
Went sailing down the road,
Until, by chance, he paused to say
Good morning to Miss Toad.
Said he, "Ah, me; had you but wings
To join me taking flies."
Miss Toad replied, "Sir, I have springs,
And hops to make me rise."



AN AWFUL MAIL-CARRIER.

Once on a time old Rudolph Snail—
Because of his strong back—
Engaged to carry the U. S. Mail
From Rye to Hackensack.
A Nanny Goat, who lived at Rye,
Sent her young Kid a note;
But when it reached New Jersey, why,
He was a Billy Goat.



A VEGETARIAN GUEST.

A Hopper of the name of Grass,
Came into town one day;
He registered from Boston, Mass.,
And straightway asked for hay.
“We don’t serve hay,” the gay clerk said,
“But have some fine sardines.”
But Mr. Hopper shook his head
And ordered Boston beans.



A MODEST ARTIST.

An artist with a throbbing soul,
Was painting 'neath a tree,
When up came Mr. Preston Mole—
As blind as he could be.
Said he—pretending he could see:
“My dear—a splendid job.”
Miss Maud Mud-dauber blushed; said she:
“O sir! I only daub.”



WHY HE DID NOT CRY.

A gay Ant found a lazy Drone
Asleep beside his hoe,
And brought a fine large cobble-stone,
And dropped it on his toe.
The sleeper only blinked his eye;
“I ought to cry,” thought he;
“But, since to cry I’d have to try,
I should a-working-Bee.”



VERY LIGHT AFTER DARK.

The silly Sucker with his scales,
Met Miss Firefly one day,
And said: “My dear, when nothing ails
You, how much do you weigh?”
“I tip by day, the two-grain mark,”
Said she, whilst looking bright,
“But do not weigh that after dark—
For then I am so light.”



THE LADY-BUG'S FAREWELL.

A Knight, whilst riding to his camp,
 Across a lonely wold,
Espied a Lady-bug with lamp,
 Arrayed in marigold.
“Oh, tell me, fair one, why the light?”
 The Knight full sweet did say.
The Lady-bug said: “Sir, good Knight,
 I will not say. Good day.”



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