

# Evolution!

Chas. B. Soule



IN Eighteen hundred and sixty nine,  
On a day in June, a flaming sign  
Appeared on the site of the Public Square  
Of my boyhood home—it still may be there—  
It was colored in red and white and green,  
'Twas the biggest sign I had ever seen,  
And I stood in the road in wonderment lost  
Trying hard to find out how much it would cost  
To go—for the pictures in red, white and brown  
Announced that a circus was coming to town.

I see it all now as tho' 'twere to-day;  
The rider in tights on the galloping bay—  
The lion and tiger—the big polar bear—  
The Circassian girl with her wonderful hair—  
The two-headed cow, and the white sacred bull,  
And the elephants drawing a chariot full  
Of people all dressed in silver and gold—  
'Twas a wonderful sight for a child to behold.  
But that was not all on this wonderful sign,  
For a cage full of monkeys completed the line.

The last picture tickled my fancy immense-  
Ly and so I got up on the top of the fence  
And laughed at their faces and laughed at their tails  
And laughed at their whiskers and laughed at their nails  
They seemed all alike, save one, and his look  
Such a hold on my curiosity took  
That I said to myself, "That chap is no gawk  
And could tell a great deal if he only could talk."

I went to the show and saw everything  
From the Rhinoceros, to the Dove with the ring  
On her neck, and had just started in to laugh at  
The Comical Clown in his comical hat,  
When I thought of the monkey, and how his queer face  
Had haunted me with its knowing grimace.

So I ran to his corner, and stood by his cage,  
And as soon as he saw me (the rascally sage)  
He jabbered, and chattered, and scolded, and cried,  
Till his keeper came over and caught him, and tied