

**PLISH AND PLUM.
FROM THE GERMAN
OF WILHELM BUSCH**

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Plish and Plum. From the German of Wilhelm Busch by Charles T. Brooks

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CHARLES T. BROOKS

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FROM THE GERMAN
OF WILHELM BUSCH**

Plish and Plum.



From the German
OF
WILHELM BUSCH,
AUTHOR OF "MAX AND MAURICE."

BY
CHARLES T. BROOKS.

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.
1883.

PT2603

Bu&P462

1892

PLISH AND PLUM.

CHAPTER I.

WITH a pipe between his lips,
Two young dogs upon his hips,



Jogs along old Caspar Sly;
How that man can smoke—oh my!
But although the pipe-bowl glows
Red and hot beneath his nose,
Yet his heart is icy-cold;
How can earth such wretches hold!
“Of what earthly use to me
Can such brutes,” he mutters, “be?
Do they earn their vittles? No!
'Tis high time I let 'em go.

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PLISH AND PLUM.

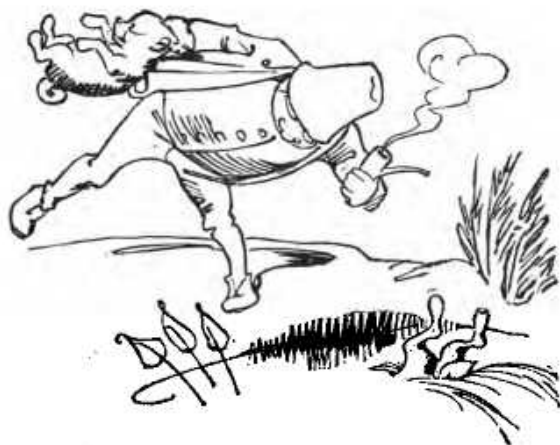
What you don't want, fling away!
'Them's my sentiments, I say!"



O'er the pond he silent bends,
For to drown them he intends.
With their legs the quadrupeds
Kick and squirm,— can't move their heads;
And the inner voice speaks out:
How 't will end we gravely doubt.



Hubs! -- an airy curve one makes;



Plish! -- a headlong dive he takes.



Hubs! — the second follows suit;

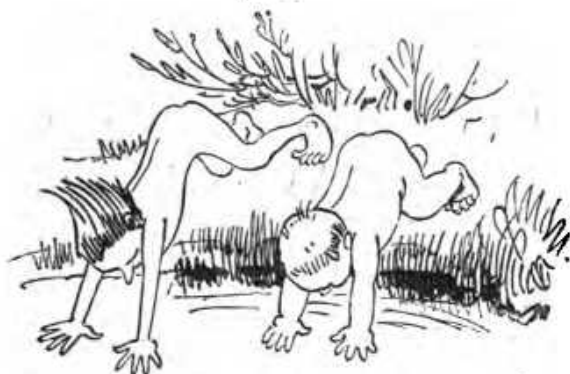


Plum! — the wave engulfs the brute.



“That’s well ended,” Caspar cries,
Puffs away and homeward hies.

But, as often happens, here too
Things don't go as they appear to.
Paul and Peter, — so 'twas fated, —
Naked in the bushes waited
For a swim; and they descry
What was done by wicked Sly.



And like frogs they dove, *kechunk*,
Where the poor young dogs had sunk.



Quickly each one with his hand
Drags a little dog to land.