

# The Man & FOR THE XMAS REGISTER.

## the Mango.

by W. A. Peeke

He was English, fresh from college, and apparently oppressed  
With the vast amount of knowledge he undoubtedly possessed.  
But he wasn't so offensive as a new chum might have been,  
Though he bore the comprehensive appellation of De Greene.  
And so absolutely accurate from trousers' top to boots,  
The folds of his immaculate and snowy linen suits,  
That people less particular were positively pained  
To see a perpendicular so perfectly maintained.

He was visiting Nanango, and a distant cousin's wife,  
When he came across a mango for the first time in his life,  
As it lay upon the table inoffensive and inert,  
A verdant vegetable sort of adjunct to dessert.  
Of course, in books of travel, he had read of fruit like these;  
And was anxious to unravel its delicious mysteries,  
But he never dreamed he'd got a fearful contract on, because  
He didn't savey what a most delusive fruit it was.

He took his fork to spear it, in the pauses of a chat,  
But, of course — no jolly fear, it wasn't taking much of that,  
He prodded with persistence, then some pressure he applied,  
Unaware of the existence of the blessed stone inside,  
But he couldn't penetrate it, so he jabbed it like the deuce,  
And the fruit retaliated with a squirt of yellow juice;  
Which spoiled the alabaster looking bosom of his shirt,  
While the cause of the disaster lay inviolate, unhurt.

He tried his knife and bent it. He could only pierce the rind;  
Further entry was prevented by the armour plate behind,  
He set his teeth and sawed it, but most grievous to relate,  
That effort was rewarded by the fracture of his plate.  
He grabbed the fruit and eyed it, as a duellist might eye  
His foe, ere fate decided, which, or both, of them should die,  
To the agonising merriment of hostess and of guest,  
All watching the experiment with breathless interest.

He thought he might subdue it if he took it unaware,  
But of course he couldn't do it, for the mango wasn't there;  
In fact the fruit was never where before it seemed to be,  
It eluded each endeavor with a weird persistency.  
All, all was unavailing, so he smote it in his wrath,  
And the blessed thing went sailing up the snowy table cloth;  
Sending showers of juice around it, till at last it settled down,  
Where a maiden lady found it, in the bosom of her gown.

The ladies looked their loathing, and he writhed beneath the stare  
Of the gentlemen whose clothing he had decorated there,  
Till in sudden desperation he incontinently 'got,'  
Made a bee line for the station and departed from the spot.  
Now he tells his friends at college — they're a somewhat guileless push —  
How he dissipated knowledge in the wild Australian bush;  
How he lectured on the mango to the savages out west,  
And the people of Nanango were exceedingly impressed.

