



SMALL, BUT ACTIVE.

Scott Act Bull.—There, that settles the Simcoe question; now let us try another toss-up for Kent!

THE DOMESTICATED BRAVE.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

(Concluded.)

That night he pondered many solemn hours upon his couch, and when the slow dawn stole in through the bars of the blind, lo! he had devised a cunning scheme of escape. All next day as they traversed the wilderness, threading gloomy forests, ancient as time; picking a perilous way through sunless swamps, wherein was no sound save the snoring of innumerable crocodiles, or the snap and hiss of deadly serpents, which stood up upon their tails to watch them go by, the Benefactor was busy. The love that was in his heart he drew out into slender chords, invisible, yet strong as a Dutch cheese. These cords of love he coiled in his blanket pocket; and when the Blowchalks halted for supper he went about stealthily, and made fast each man's pottage to that of his neighbor. (But his own mess he left free.) And when the repast was done, behold! by cords of varying length was the mouth of every man made fast to the mouth of his neighbor. But this was not perceived, because the cords were invisible and the men were at rest. Then arose the Benefactor and hid the whole camp of the Blowchalks a very good evening.

And he waved them farewell. Then the Blowchalks rose as one man and went in pursuit. But coming among the trees they were entangled by the cords that held them, and they fell headlong upon one another inextricably, so that their lamentation was great. And it happened that one man had not eaten of the supper, and he ran a little beyond the rest, being free. But when he saw the army overthrown he was afraid, and casting himself down before the Benefactor, he besought him to make him his servant, for he perceived him to be a very mighty magician. Then the Benefactor smiled, and raising the prostrate Blowchalk by the hair said gently, "come!" and the twain set forth together for the land of the Okenech-keechobees.

Now it so fell out that the plot of ground whereon grew the single blade of grass, had been visited by the Moonshiners, who had buried there a barrel of the unpermitted spirit. For days had the tribe been in suspense, expecting till the bottle should sprout. And they spread abroad the praises of the Benefactor. When

they saw no bottle-green bud pushing its way through the soil, they went and made inquiry of the white man, who showed them certain men digging in the earth and carting home something in barrels; which something, indeed, was potatoes, though they knew it not. Returning, the whole tribe adjourned to the forest, and dug into the plot of ground, under the single blade of grass. And finding there a barrel, with great joy—and much earth—they covered it up again, leaving it until it should become two barrels; for they remembered that the seed had been but a brief time planted. And in their delight they told the thing abroad till it reached the ears of the Moonshiners, who straightway going down cellar and applying their nostrils to a hole in the floor, speedily smelt a rat, "as the phrase goes."—(again, by permission of Mr. James!) That very night, with lamps and a wheelbarrow, they sought out, resuscitated and removed the unsanctioned barrel. And all this while the Benefactor was with the Blowchalks.

Now, when it went abroad that the Benefactor was returning, all the people went out to meet him with an illuminated address, which they read to him all day long as he stood uncovered in the sun. Behind him stood his Blowchalk slave holding the Benefactor's fan, and the train of his snowy blanket, and a pair of dry socks, because the ground was wet. And he postponed the reading of his reply till next day, handing it to the chairman of the tribe. Then, having learned from the address what had occurred, and how the fame of the thing was in men's mouths, he hastened into the forest to harvest the crop, being sorely troubled. And all the people went with him. Seeing marks of violence on the plot he reproached their babbling tongues. And they were afraid, and their hearts sank down into their moccasins, and were trodden upon as they moved this way and that. But when much digging showed that the barrel was indeed gone, then the Benefactor sprang into the air with a cry of woe. He cast down his snowy blanket upon the earth. He tore from off his wives the charcoal, bear's grease, fish oil, turkey feathers and vermilion (wherewith they had made them beautiful and fragrant), and he put them again upon himself. He beat back his crochet hook into a scalping-knife, his tack-hammer into a tomahawk, and tore

up all the skull caps he had made. Then he cried, "I will be no more your Benefactor. I will not be your Domesticated Brave. Ye have made my dreams vanity, and my great deeds emptiness. I will consume all the seed whiskey!" and grasping the bottle of Worcester sauce he drained it to the very dregs. Tears welled up in his eyes, he laughed somewhat wildly, and yelled: "ye have desired whiskey, and now I will give you *high w(h)ines*." So he seized all the dogs of the tribe, and trod long and earnestly upon their tails, till the whines of them pierced high above the sounds of weeping which came from all the people sitting around. And he went away in a great wrath. Soon the pall of night sank down about the sorrowing people of the Okenech-keechobees, and the plot of ground, now bare, and the single blade of grass that lay there prone. And with the night came rain; and with the rain a great wind out of the east. And when the dawn appeared, beheld the whole tribe of the Okenech-keechobees was drowned—in tears; and mournfully the sun rose over the waste of waters.

Now the moral of this tale is well put by Mr. Shakspeare—"How sharper than the wholesome truth it is to have an Indian riled!"

CLEAR THE WAY.

A NEW POEM NOT BY SWINBURNE.

If, instead of pitching into the House of Lords, the eminent English poet had thought of the subjoined theme, it would have been better than the one chosen:

Clear the way you smiling varlets, you have had your
 pay,
 You've raked in enough of money. You have made it
 clear the way!
 Raked the last cent from your victims. Now git and
 clear the way!
 Who has bought your trotting horses and your stylish
 rig?
 Who has bought that glossy hat, that brilliant diamond
 big,
 Which sets as well upon you as a bracelet on a pig?
 You may dress yourself in broad-cloth, bedeck yourself
 with rings,
 And sport a heavy watch and chain and other costly
 things,
 But the "lush drum" air is on you and its odor round
 you stings.
 I'll tell you where your wealth comes from: It comes
 from silly "flats."
 It comes from squalid wretches who live in holes like
 rats,
 And it comes from old time bummers, boozing over
 their long chats.
 It comes from husbands' pockets, whose wives perhaps
 lack bread,
 It comes from wretched women from the paths of virtue
 led,
 And from some lost despairing wretch, who wishes
 himself dead.
 It comes from jolly business men who come in for a
 smile,
 From duffers, dudes and students young, who're bound
 to spend their pile,
 And mix and muddle up their brains with your deco-
 tions vile.
 Now leeches are taking warning, not distant is the day,
 When you'll have to "git up and git" and then there'll
 be a ray—
 A hope for many a weary soul—confound you, clear
 the way!

NEW BOOKS FOR THE FREE LIBRARY.

The following new works will soon be placed before the reading public. They are all by eminent authors:

- "A Misplaced Switch," by the author of "A Broken Tie."
- "Drunk and Disorderly," by the author of "Against the Law."
- "He was a Coachman," by the author of "Why did she marry him?"
- "Stolen Ostrich Feathers," by the author of "Borrowed Plumes."
- "False Teeth," by the author of "The Secret of Her Life."
- "Good-natured Intentions," by the author of "Cross Purposes."
- "The Jim-jams," by the author of "Fatal Shadows."