

## The Legend of Forepaw.

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In the "eighties" our legend starts,  
When settlers hailed from many parts  
To "baby-towns" in their long skirts  
As new beginners,  
God only could discern the hearts  
'Tween saints and sinners.

Among the latter we are told  
Of one unscrupulously bold,  
Aye on the alert to grasp and hold  
All to himself,  
And stick at nothing bought or sold  
In search of pelf.

A profile bold, a snapping jaw  
His betters seemed to overawe,  
And save him from the courts of law  
Full many times,  
With brazen front the man "Forepaw"  
Grabbed for the dimes.

With visage hard, unprepossessing,  
And iron-lined lineaments expressing  
A callous innate smile, repressing  
The moral law,  
Such was the man, without digressing,  
The man "Forepaw."

Though well connected for a "crook,"  
By some mischance or overlook  
She his true character mistook,  
And pledged her troth,  
Or by a matrimonial fluke  
Perchance 'twas both.

A goat-tee chin and wizened face,  
Not birth-marks of degenerate race,  
But aggravated by the chase  
Of selfish ends,  
Made inroads on his frontal space  
Without amends.