

FREEDOM.

A NUT FOR THE YOUNG LIBERALS.

"When shall we be free?" asked a youth high aspiring
To honors political in our fair land,
"Of secondhand rule we are all of us tiring,
I think it is time that ourselves we command!"

Oh, youthful philosopher, don't be mistaken!
Your tyrant's your own; shall he ever more reign?
To this palpable fact you had better awaken,
If not, then for Freedom you may search in vain—

For not till the smoke from the still and the brewery
Ceases to rise, will ye Freedom e'er see,
When the doors of the gin mill no longer can huro ye
Then, only then, will ye truly be free!

—B.

THE WAR OF THE PUMP.

A TALE FOR CHILDREN.

Once upon a time there was a Pump. It stood in a yard in which were two houses, and the occupants of both houses used the Pump, for it was a common pump—that is to say, it was a Pump common to both houses.

At one time both the houses were empty, but suddenly, and on the same day, a family moved into each, and then it was that the trouble began. On the first day the women of each family chanced to meet at the Pump, and oh, my! how affectionate they did seem, to be sure! It was:

"Pray draw your water first, Mrs. Punks; do let me pump for you."

"Oh! I couldn't think of it, Mrs. Boosel; you hold your pail and I'll pump for you," etc., etc., etc.

And the Pump wagged his tail with ecstasy at hearing such delightful sentiments.

Time passed on and the women often met at the Pump, but they were not so loving as of yore. The conversation was something like this now:

"Come, hurry up and get your water, I can't stand here all day."

"Oh, dear me! Mrs. Punks, I forgot your rheumatics; of course you can't stand about much, so I'll let you go first; age before beauty."

"Age, indeed! beauty, indeed! etc., etc., etc."

Time kept passing on and these women occasionally met at the Pump, but they never did so without some sneer or another. One would accuse the other of having red hair, whilst the latter would tell the former she had no hair at all but wore a wig. And they would dispute in shrill tones concerning the Pump, one saying it belonged to her house and the other one making the same claim for her domicile.

Time skipped along and the war of the Pump waxed fiercer and fiercer, and finally Mrs. Punks padlocked the handle and spiked the spout with a wooden bung. Mrs. Boosel called in a locksmith and a blacksmith, who picked the lock and amputated the spout of the Pump, who was very sad about the whole affair.

Mrs. Punks then outflanked her enemy by taking the handle of the Pump off bodily and going to a well half a mile away for water, Mrs. Boosel retaliating by getting a plumber to remove the sucker and purloining the water of Mrs. Boosel when that lady was at market.

And now behold a dismantled Pump and two once affectionate neighbors at daggers drawn—all of which might have been prevented had there been two Pumps, one for each house.

The moral of this story of the War of the Pump is that if there be only one Pump for two houses, the women occupying those houses are certain to quarrel, sooner or later; and they are pretty certain to do it, anyhow, be there one Pump or half a dozen.

It is a very strange fact, but none the less a true one, children, that two men could use

one Pump for a thousand years, provided they could live that long, and there would never be a word of anger to pass between them, but two women could no more use the same Pump for three weeks without quarrelling than they could fly.

You see they must talk and talk, and blow and brag about their children or their beautiful carpets or their window curtains or this, that and the other, till they are certain to fall out at last, and then the poor Pump has to suffer.

Now, children, run away and play.



FLATTERY!

Ethel.—O, aunty! I wish I had my teeth copper-toed like yours!

A KEYNOTE.

A rev. Prohibitionist in this city has devoted thirty years to the question of Bible wine. He has arrived at the conclusion that the good book disapproves of intoxicating beverages. It will now require thirty years more for him to convince the whiskey Christians that he is right. Gentlemen, this discussion is all nonsense. The Bible does not prohibit Prohibition, and that is all we want to know.

"The autumn winds do blow,
And we shall soon have snow."

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of Wm. West & Co.'s lace boots. They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

ERIN GO BRAGH!

So we're going to have a Branch Irish Land League in Canada, and its *raison d'être* is to help Mr. Parnell and his following in paying their parliamentary expenses. Now, I am a great admirer of Ireland and the Irish. I shed tears when I listen to "The Harp That Once" or "The Vale of Avoca." My soul's in arms when I hear "The Minstrel Boy," and I am frequently overpowered with emotion when I think of the brave Brian Boru at Clontarf, cut down at the comparatively early age of ninety odd years. Malachi, who wore the collar of gold, has always been my favorite hero. Yes, I repeat, I am a great admirer of the Emerald Isle and the inhabitants thereof, but *confound their politics!* Surely we have enough domestic political squabbles here without importing the "Irish Question" to further stir up sectional feelings in a country that, as a country, has little or nothing to do with Parnell or the English Parliament either. If those descend-

ants of the men of the Ould Sod or their sympathizing Saxon co-adjutors want to whack up their ducats to assist the great Charles Stewart, let them do so quietly and privately; but I maintain that we don't want any Irish, English, Dutch, Scotch, African, or any other "league" that takes part in any outside country's political difficulties. The only leagues required to be worked up in Canada are the thousands of leagues of good "arable" land on the prairies and elsewhere to be had for a small leagal tender. There is a faint semblance to a joke or witticism about my last assertion, but I think most Canucks will agree that it's just about true.

SAGITTARIUS O'SULLIVAN.

BOSTON "CULCHAW."

Texas Jim came in from Western Texas the other day to visit his sister, and during his stay was introduced to an æsthetic young lady of "culchaw" from Boston. Now Jim is not as pretty as a spotted pup, nor as chipper and graceful as a nickel-plated dude, but when a pretty girl looks unutterable things at him through a pair of gold-rimmed specs, he don't retire into a remote corner of the unknown whence and suck his thumbs. The young lady was much impressed with Jim's manly bearing, and if any interpreter could have been procured they would doubtless have got along nicely together, but Boston culchaw and the wild, free speech of the untrammelled West failed to coalesce. The young lady began the trouble by remarking:

"I have for an indefinite period possessed a morbid desire to see one of those celebrated bovine youths of the Western pampas, and when your sister communicated the fact to me that you might be expected any moment to peregrinate across the threshold of this edifice and stand revealed to my wondering vision, I could hardly bring my overwrought imagination within the limits of self-control."

Jim crossed his legs, spit out the window, half-drowning the prindle pup that lay panting in the shade, put his hat on the floor, and replied:

"Ma-be-so! I don't perzactly corral your leader. Jist make a new round-up, and I'll try and flip the rawhide so as to rake in the ijee."

"Sir?"
"Jist circle round it agin, and I'll try and keep the drive from breakin' on me."

"Couched as it is in an unfamiliar idiom, I fail to form the most remote conception of the idea you would elucidate."

"Well, dodgast my fool luck! Here I can talk United States, Choctaw, Mexican and Arrapahoe, but vaccinate me with a Winchester, carve me wide open with a breech-loading monkey-wrench, if I wouldn't give the hull of my larin' ter be able to say a hundred words to this purty little furriner with goggles," and Jim went out to the fence and larruped his mustang with an inch rope.—*Houston Saturday Evening Caller.*

Rev. E. P. Roe's story, "An Original Belle," now running in the *Chicago Current*, is greatly marred by the author's inability to write Irish brogue. His Irish characters speak as never Irishman spoke. We would advise the publishers to have the manuscript revised—what remains of it—by some Chicago variety comedian.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the Tribune Bureau of Literature in this issue. The difficulty always experienced by authors in finding a market for their work is overcome by those who deal with publishers through this bureau. All information may be obtained by addressing the Manager, 231 Broadway, New York.