

native Province, and a political adventurer on the face of the earth) struck blow after blow at Le Rouge and his party.

Sir Nero was now at the head of affairs glutted with success. Triumphant Sir Nero boasted that the country had upheld him in the frauds which before had cast him from power. He called for colleagues his old associates in corruption and shame and defiantly set public opinion at naught. At times his supporters threatened to mutiny. But Sir Nero, by the use of gold, kept his party in line.

When Sir Nero came to power, he encased the Beaver in a solid coat of mail, with the purpose, as he pretended, of protecting it from the muddy waters of the lake. But the heavy weight of the armour sank the Beaver deeper and deeper into the miry depths of depression. This called for an increase of tribute to keep the public machinery running, which Sir Nero wrenched from the people with a remorseless hand.

When the rest of the animals began to leave depression and struggle up the hill of "Good Times," the Beaver, encumbered by its heavy armour, tottered after with slow and faltering steps. Many of the people who paid homage to the Beaver, now renouncing Beaver and Lion alike, and crossing the border, took up their abode beneath the shadow of the Eagle's wing, who was going forward with leaps and bounds, and not only lessening the tribute, but paying off the public debt with great rapidity; while the Beaver, poor animal, struggled on, not only increasing the tribute, but getting deeper and deeper in debt.

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