

And him he found walking very slowly, for he was weary with the weight of the patent reaper, the paper town, the sewing machine, the kid gloves and the cigarette. But the Domesticated Brave, with the semblance and speech of the dude, cheered him, so that he laughed and was merry, and forgot the weight of the reaper and the town. Then the dude became guileless more and more, so that the Pioneer suffered it to play about his feet, and very much enjoyed its strange grimaces. At last, watching his time, the dude sprang up and flapped its ears in the eyes of the astonished Pioneer. In the confusion that followed it possessed itself of the bottle, sprang backward a few paces and secreted itself behind its lofty collar. And the extremity of its shoe, for which there was not room behind the collar, it clothed in musical words after the manner of Mr. Swinburne's late poems, till the point thereof was perfectly concealed. The Pioneer searched everywhere in vain. Only behind the collar he did *not* look, for he thought it was a monument, and he had a reverence for tombstones. Then he dropped the reaper, hung up the machine and the cigarettes, spread out the gloves and the paper town upon the grass, laying a chip upon them lest haply they should blow away, and sat him down upon the roadside to rest. Meanwhile the Domesticated Brave, in his secret place in the collar, opened the Worcester Sauce and tasted a mouthful. And after his breath had returned to him he rolled up his eyes in ecstasy, and said: "It is by no means like unto what we have tasted before. It is different, in fact. But it is very delicious. I am sure it is nothing else than seed-whiskey." Then he made as though he mistook and sneezed instead. At this the Pioneer sprang up afraid, hearing such a noise within the monument. Nor would it have been strange had he run away and returned to England by the next boat. But being very brave he decided to do otherwise. Against the base of the monument he placed the patent reaper, and thereupon the town, the sewing machine, the gloves, and a package of cigarettes. From the elevation thus formed he found he could peer down into the dark recesses of the collar. Then he soon discovered the Domesticated Brave, who, perceiving that he was discovered, drew in his toes and fled into the forest, clasping the bottle in both arms. The Pioneer only delayed to light a cigarette, then, gathering up the reaper and the town, he set out in pursuit. Being very swift of feet he traversed leagues in the twinkling of an eye, and soon beheld ahead of him the flying Domesticated Brave. Then in desperation the Domesticated Brave turned around and hurled down before his pursuer's feet a characteristic sentence by Mr. Blake, and the Pioneer plunged into it before he saw the danger. Long before he could extricate himself the Domesticated Brave was home, and the hunting of the sauce was accomplished.

Now for some years had all his people been observing the Domesticated Brave. All the people revered him because he had led them in battle, and had fed them a winter through on the flesh of grizzlies slain by his single arm—and that a fire-arm. They knew that since becoming domesticated he had taken much thought for their welfare, but after their years of patience they saw no result. Undisturbed had they marked him with piles of colored worsted in his lap, crocheting little caps of pink or blue for those whom he had scalped in his old, wild days. But when they saw him refrain from kicking the cat, and sew his own buttons on his blanket,—when they heard him say nothing but "Oh my!" as he mashed his thumb with the tack-hammer, they were troubled, and put their heads together behind a tree, and said: "Alas for the things which he was going to think for us! What if our brave is dead, and the spirit of his deceased

great-grandmother has entered into his body? Or surely he is becoming much domesticated!" Then the young men and maidens would sometimes peer round the corner of the wigwam, and make mouths at him sitting contemplative in the sun.

(To be continued.)

### A STORY OF THE NORTH-WEST.

Far on the prairie primeval I was standing and fighting the skeeters;  
Fighting the skeeters so bold, and big, pretty near, as the sparrow  
That chirrups and twitters at morn when one is most anxious for slumber,  
Except he's a vendor of milk, or a savage who shouts out potatoes!  
(How I wish that the fellow was hung who first brought the birds from Hold Hengland).  
And there on the prairie so wide, I saw a strange creature approaching  
From the west where the fast sinking sun was painting the horizon purple.  
At first I thought 'twas a big injun who was looking around for a scalp-lock,  
Or a son-of-a-gun of a yank with a contraband stock of bad whiskey.  
That he'd brought with him over the borders to sell to the Sioux and Blackfoot.  
But I soon found that I was mistaken, when the object came close to my vision;  
It had on what was once a fine suit, such as that worn by dude and by dandy;  
And its coat had large holes at the elbows, and his trousers were like some M.P.P.'s



Inasmuch as the same were unseated, and their legs were subtended by fringes,  
Like the bangs that are worn o'er the forehead of the maiden when doing her mashing.  
It wore a strange hat, once a helmet, but now bearing striking resemblance  
To the cocked hat of Napoleon B., that he wore when upon St. Helena.  
And his boots—I won't mention his boots, for he had very little to speak of;  
And over his shoulder he carried an ancient and battered-up rifle,  
And a cartridge box of coeval date, slung up by a piece of old deer skin;  
And my heart felt some pity for him, for I thought that some tongs had gone through him.

When I spoke he pulled out a large eye-glass, and stuck it before his right optic,  
Which proclaimed him at once to my mind as a scion of glorious old Albion.  
Then I said to him "Hallo! old man, you've been striking hard luck I think lately,  
Come, take a good dose of illicit, that I've sampled oft-times with Nick Davin,  
And other wild 'sports' of the west, when I tarried a while in Regina;  
It will cheer up your sorrowful heart, and make you as light as a cricket.  
And here's a good chunk of salt pork, and a biscuit, it's better than pemican;  
And—looking round, I was alone, he was walking away to the eastward;  
And he never even said thank you, or go to Halifax, or its alternative.  
So I pondered, and said to myself "There goes a poor critter demented,  
And if he don't point for the railway, he will surely be lost on the prairie.

Next week I was down in the city; the world-wonder, once wouden Winnipeg;  
That city of marvellous growth, which they say will soon rival Chicago;  
(But I really don't think that it will, I may add that it won't by a darned sight),  
Where I entered a bright burnished bar-room, with its keeper resplendent in diamonds;  
And a group of men standing conversing with a nob of pretentious deportment.  
He was clad like a Regent Street swell, who had lately come out here from London;  
And they all seemed to be much impressed with his dignity when they spoke to him.  
"What sort of a time had your lordship, did you shoot many buff 'loes and gristles?  
I suppose you had startling adventures on your long perilous trip through the Rockies;  
And out on the hard 'ard' plains, among the dread redskins and ruffians?"  
"Aw—no," drawled his lordship quite languidly "I had no adventure to speak of;



The bails and the buff 'loes I shot, and as faw the weds or the wuffans  
I found them somewhat of a baw, so I told them to go to the Dickens,  
Aw—stay—when I come to wemembah, I had something of an advchaw;  
In cwoosing a pawt of the pwawie, I encountered a wetch of a settlah,  
Who had the infernal pwesumption to ask me to dwink his vile whiskey,  
Of the sawt that he dwunk with one Davin—by the way who is this man Davin?  
And actually pwoffowed some pawk—to me—aw—that was an advchaw!  
At that moment one of the swell party who knew me—he was a land broker—  
Observed me and bid me draw near, and said "Aw—permik me, your lordship,  
To introduce you Mr. Jinks—Mr. Jinks, Lord Barnach Botstn."  
And lo! there before me he stood, my crst ragged friend of the prairie.  
T. BLOKE.

### A RISING POLITICIAN.

"Ma, has Sir John swallowed Mr. Blake's policy?"  
"Nonsense, my love, what a silly question. What do you mean?"  
"Cause I heard pa say that the Reform party's hopes were in Sir John's stomach."

"Lord Macdonald, Baron Ottawa." This, on the authority of Mr. N. F. Davin, will be our premier's name when he returns from England. Good and well. But shouldn't it—in recognition of the recent labors of parliament—be written Barren Ottawa?

Elizabeth W. Bellamy's sketch of "An Old Southern Home," in *The Current* of October 4, will be appreciated quite as much by those who have never seen the homes of which it is a well-drawn type, as by those who know of them from experience. The old homestead, with its faded dignity and all its dilapidated appointments, speaking of a once better day, is tenderly treated with rare perception of the picturesque.