

"Hello, Chase!" neighed the horse as the hound stalked by.

Chase gave a surly nod and passed on.

"Oh dear!" sighed Bunny, "I wish you would leave the yard. He scares me nearly out of my wits, when he looks at me out of the corner of his eyes."

"He couldn't scare you out of your wits, because you haven't got any!" cheeped a little bantam hen.

"Oh! have a little mercy on the poor little beggar," said the horse.

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It falleth like the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath,"

pensively remarked Chipmunk, from his twig.

"Oh! please then, I don't want mercy! I hate rain!" shivered Bunny.

"Agreed! Bun," cackled three or four hens who had

strolled along.

At this the rabbit, who was supremely astonished at anybody's agreeing with him, reared his ears, and dived into a hole.

"Hello! hello! friends," cried the wolf, as he came swaggering up with his boon companion, the fox. "How's your health, sure?" he inquired.

"Oh healthy, thanks!" cried all in chorus.

"Where's Chase?" inquired Reynard, the fox.

"Don't know. Saw him pass about half an hour ago."

"Didn't I hear that he was running for office?"

asked a plump pullet.

"Most likely as you did; for that's what he be doin'," answered the wolf.

"Well he will make a typical officer, for he is gifted by nature with the power of sniffing out what is best for himself," remarked Reynard.

"What office is he running for?" inquired the horse.

"Governor General," answered the wolf.

"I thought he wanted to be Poet Laureate," said a motherly hen.

"So he did," said Reynard; "but Austin cut him out."

"Well" grunted the wolf, "I do as I hope he'll get it. There's many as would do worse for the people than Chase."

"Really, Sir Wolf," sarcastically remarked Terrier, who had again joined the group. "Your English is about as choice as that in the *Halifax Harbinger*."

"Awful slap for Wolfie, that," remarked Red Comb, aside.

But Wolf, who read only newspapers, because that was the only dialect he knew, could not see the joke, and gazed innocently around the circle.

"Is Chase a Grit or a Tory?" asked Big Beak.

"Tory, hot as hot," replied the Wolf.

"What's the difference between a Grit and a Tory?" asked Bunny, who had again ventured out of his hole.

"Not a bad question for Bunny!" said Big Beak.

"A Tory," answered Reynard, "is a man who says that he agrees with the men who say that all the meat in the country belongs to about $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of the population, who are in office and have a chance for first grab; and a Grit is a man who says that he agrees with the men who say that the meat and the bones shall be divided equally, when they are out of office, but who, when they become part of the official $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., take good care to skin all the meat they can off for themselves, and pass the residue around to the remaining 99 $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent."

"Strikes me there is not much to choose between the two," said the Wolf.

"Well, there isn't," answered Reynard.

"And to think that Chase is a Tory," whispered Biddy.

"I wonder how he came to get such ideas into his head," said the horse.

"I heard that he had been going with a crowd of downtown fellows who are rank Tories," said Big Beak.

"Long association with evil will change anyone," rejoined the horse.

"Thus a long communion tends
To make us what we are,"

corroborated Chipmunk, who was balancing himself on a twig.

Just then the hay carts appeared over the hill, and the barns sprang back upon their wonted position, and all the animals became as Sphinxes, until the next time the people were all away, and they had the yard again to themselves.

THE WAY ONE SEES IT.

(Written for the Annual.)

When Towser's anxious for a spat
He straightway seeks our neighbors cat,
To tease it.

If Chung, when pelted, calls out "cop!"
The bad boys soon their missiles drop,
And "cheese" it.

When Perkins' hopeful wants the moon
It howls, and nothing but the moon
Will please it.

If Eugene falls and hurts his head,
His mother gives him ginger-bread,
To ease it.

When Grimsby has a load to draw,
And can't persuade his horse to "haw,"
He "goes" it.

If Simpkins gets the grippe you know,
And goes to make obeisance low,
He'll sneeze it.

When Softley strolling down the strand,
Greets his best girl, he holds her hand
To squeeze it.

If Skinfint sees the slightest chance
His hoarded treasure to enhance
He'll seize it.

When Fraud, no matter in what guise,
Attempts to win the man whose wise,
He flees it.

