

The sagamore appeared to be considerably under the weather. His hair had lost its alertness and reclined absently on his shirt collar. He lay on his couch in a listless fashion, and bore a general resemblance to one who had passed through a period of dire commotion and upheaval.

"My brother," said the reporter, "it grieves me much to find you thus. Gin?"

"Aint been any gin round here," said Mr. Paul sadly.

"I been sick."

"A thousand pardons," said the reporter. "I thought it was gin."

"I had pooty hard time since I been sick," said Mr. Paul, rising on his elbow the better to sample the contents of the reporter's pouch.

"You look it," said the reporter sympathetically. "But of course you had the best of care?"

"Aint anybody cares much about me," responded the sagamore. "Them Injuns don't care if I die right away."

"Possible!" ejaculated the reporter. "The heartless wretches! And did no one come to see you?"

"One man come," replied the sagamore.

"Ah! A good Samaritan. Heaven bless such men! They are the salt of the earth. And what did he do for you, my brother?"

"He come in here—groaned some—then told me, 'Lord sent me inquire after your soul.'"



"Oh," said the reporter, "he came to offer spiritual consolation."

"S'pose so," said Mr. Paul. "He didn't bring me no gruel."

"Ah, my brother, the spirit is more than gruel and the body than raiment."

"That's what he said," rejoined Mr. Paul.

"And I have no doubt," said the reporter, "you had a blessed season of communion together."

For answer the sagamore pointed to a scalp that hung on the wall of the wigwam. The reporter stared in amazement.

"In Heaven's name!" he gasped—"What is that?"

"That old croaker's scalp," composedly rejoined the sagamore.

"What? The man sent by the Manitou—his scalp?"

"Ah-ha," assented Mr. Paul complacently.

The reporter's hands went up in horror at this awful sacrilege.

"Scalped the messenger from the Manitou! Laid violent hands upon the—the—Oh, Mr. Paul!"

"Manitou never sent that old croaker here," scornfully declared the sagamore.

"How do you know?"

"Can't fool me," answered the warrior. "Manitou knowed I wanted gruel. If he sent anybody here he make 'um bring me some gruel."

"How did this man act?" asked the reporter.

"He ask me if I don't want him pray with me."

"Yes," said the reporter.

"Then he wiped his nose on his coat sleeve and groaned some more."

"And did he pray?"

"He prayed little while," said the sagamore. "He thanked Manitou for makin' us sick sometimes so we won't forgit 'bout bein' gras. Then he coaxed Manitou soften me up so I'll see what heap sinner I been this long time."

"Yes," said the reporter expectantly—"and what then?"

"Then," said the sagamore grimly, "I took that croaker's scalp."



"Did you kill him?" gasped the reporter.

"That be too good for him," rejoined Mr. Paul, "I scalp him—then I kick him out. He won't come round here no more."

"Probably not," admitted the reporter. "And have there been no manifestations of the displeasure of the Manitou?"

"Aint been any," responded Mr. Paul, "Manitou never sent him. If you say amen every time man tells you Manitou give him a job, you got all you kin do this winter."

"I half believe you're right," said the reporter. "If I had been in your place, I'd have done just the same. By the way, this is the beginning of the year. Let us honor a good old custom."

The reporter produced a flask. He was about to produce a corkscrew, but an ominous gleam in the old man's eye restrained him. Just ten seconds later he was displacing molecules in the outer atmosphere at the rate of ten miles an hour, one hand clutching his scalp to be sure it was still in its place.

"Mebbe white man starts new year drunk," yelled Mr. Paul, who stood in the wigwam door flourishing a tomahawk, "but that aint Injun way. If you come round here with any more gin you git what that croaker did. You'n him both come from same place. You'll go same place too."

With this awful prediction ringing in his ears, the reporter rushed out of sight around a bend in the road. The prediction haunted him, and all night in his dreams he heard weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

ENTIRELY INNOCENT.—Sunday-school Superintendent: "Who led the children of Israel into Canaan?" Will one of the smaller boys answer? No reply. Superintendent (somewhat sternly): "Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?" Little Boy, badly frightened: "It wasn't me. I—I just moved yere last week."

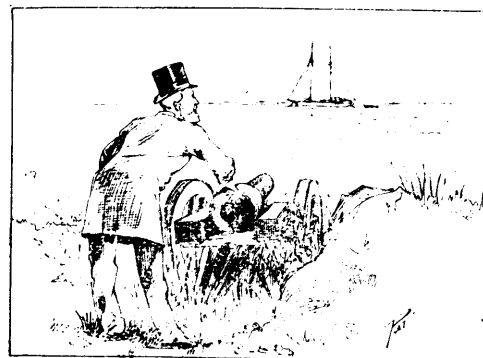
Varieties.

Billie—"How is it they call Rollins a major? He didn't enlist until the war was nearly over." Caster—"Why, you see, the government has always kept his rank private, and his friends call him major so as not to hurt his feelings."

NO CHANGE POSSIBLE.—"But, your Honour," said the prisoner, "six months for me? Remember, sir, I have been a member of the Legislature and once ran for Congress." "That may be. But you should have spoken sooner. I cannot increase your sentence now."

HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—On Christmas morning three or four years ago I started out for a hunting trip with a Mississippi planter, and when we had gone about half a mile from the house we came full upon a coloured man who had killed a pig weighing about 100 pounds and was dressing it. He had no warning of our approach, but exercised wonderful nerve. As soon as we came up he removed his hat, bowed very low and said: "Kurnel, I war jist comin' up to the house to restore you my thanks. 'Low me, sah, to say dat I nebber dun depreciated anything like dis present of yours." "What present, boy?" "Dis yere pig, sah. I was dun outer meat 'an I can't tell you how much obleeged I ar'." "Look here, boy!" "Yes, sah." "I don't know you. You are a stranger in this neighborhood. You run that hog down." "Why, kurnel, how you talk! Doan' you member dat day las' July when you was down to Biloxi?" "No, sir, I wasn't down there in July!" "Ar' it possible! An' you didn't tell me to come up heah an' get a shoat Christmas!" "No, sir!" "Nebber dun tole me nuffin'?" "No, sir!" "An' dis ar' your pig?" "Yes, sir!" "Wall! Wall! It's mighty quare dat I made sich a mistake. Mebbe it's on 'count of dat tree which fell on my head las' winter. Did you want de pig car'd up to the house, kurnel?" "I do. Take it direct to the house and then make tracks!" "Suah, kurnel, suah! I'll take it right up an' den hurray right away. Sakes alive, but when dat tree cracked my head all de sense mus' hev run out! Good bye, Kurnel. I'll leab de pig right at de house an' walk right off. No harm, kurnel, all a mistake on my part. Nice pig, kurnel, an' I wish you many returns ob de same!"

The Behring Sea Question.



Mr. Blaine—Perhaps those Canadian rascals think I'm afraid to shoot. By the bones of the late Mr. Monroe, but I'll blow them out of the water!"



—"Immortal Moses! That critter away up here!"