



The Sagamore



HE sagamore was putting his wigwam in shape for winter weather, but readily agreed to desist for a time and share a pipe with the reporter beside the cheery camp-fire.

"Man," observed the reporter with a vigorous puff, "is an enigma."

"What's 'nigma?" queried the other.

"An enigma," rejoined the reporter, "is something you can't understand off hand. For instance, it's an enigma to me why you are still permitted to live—There! There! I merely suggested that as an illustration. You may put down that club,—Thanks, I see you understand now. But I'll give you another illustration. I don't know that I have mentioned it to you, but for some time past I have had an idea of changing my occupation. I'd like to be in a bank. The other day I went to a bank manager and told him so—told him I wanted a situation. Then I spent nearly an hour talking about bank scandals. I said the great and crying need of the world, and especially the banking world, was honest men. I said there was hardly a day but the papers told about some bank officials running away with funds. I said I was shocked beyond expression by the frequent and glaring evidences of fraud, speculation and downright thievery constantly coming to light. It made me blush for humanity. The time had come for a radical change. We must turn the rascals out. The time had come for honesty to assert itself. After talking in this strain, as I said, for nearly an hour, I repeated my application for a position in the bank."

"Ah hah," encouragingly commented the sagamore, as the reporter paused for breath.

"And what do you suppose," said the latter, raising his forefinger impressively, "that bank manager did?"

"Give you some kicks?" queried Mr. Paul.

"No—not that—but—would you believe it?—He asked me for my references!"

"What's references?"

"Certificates of character. Letters from people to show that I had been honest myself in the past," cried the indignant reporter.

"Well?" said the sagamore.

"Well!" scornfully repeated his visitor—"What do you think of a man who would do a trick like that?"

"Showed he got some sense," replied the sagamore.

"Sense!" ejaculated the other. "After all I'd said to him? After what I said about the effect of revelations of fraud upon my moral fibre? After almost swamping the dictionary in my use of adjectives to fitly designate the rascality of rogues and my utter horror at the dishonesty and thievery that are daily being brought to light?"

"Ah hah," composedly rejoined the sagamore.

"Then you think, too, that before he gave me a chance to handle the funds of the bank he ought to take my past record into consideration—do you?"

"Ah hah."

"This country," said the reporter, as he got up and shook the dust of the wigwam from his feet, "is going to the devil as fast as it can get there."

N.B.—The above dialogue has no relation whatever to political affairs in Canada at the present time. It has no reference to anything at all. Let no man be deceived.

Our Biographical Column.

[Many Canadian papers furnish their readers every week with portraits and biographical sketches of more or less distinguished citizens of the United States. Not to be behind in so patriotic a particular, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has acquired the exclusive right to publish a series which, it is hoped, will be found both interesting and instructive.]



THE Hon. Buckthorn Blazer, whose portrait appears this week, is a man who deserves much at the hands of his country. Many a man who deserved less has been hanged on the spot. They were rare old times in the Sierra region when Buckthorn Blazer was born. His childhood was spent in and around a mining camp; and the rough men loved him, and taught him to chew and swear. Even to this day the Hon. Mr. Blazer recalls with pleasure many strange and stirring incidents of that happy bygone time, when life beneath the shadow of the great Sierra peaks was one long avenue of joy to his resourceful nature. To torture a captive grizzly cub, to dose the miners' food with some unsavory decoction, to make hideous grimaces at the Indians



who loitered about the camp, and play tricks upon the squaws and papposes—in short, to exercise his ingenuity in every possible way to make the weather warm for those around him filled the mind and nerved the arm of Buckthorn Blazer, jr. These striking attributes of the boy remain to the man, and those who chance to fall in with the Hon. Buckthorn Blazer generally wish they had not done so. Whether the game is poker or another it is all the same to him. His hand is equally skilled in all these and in the use of the revolver. He has few enemies. Some persons might have developed such a feeling had they lived—but they are dead. The Hon. Mr. Blazer still lives in the west, having always scorned the notion of some people that the east is the centre of culture and advanced civilization. He has many times been invited to go east, but invariably refused; just as he has been known, with equal indifference to fame, to decline to come forward, even when invited by

a deputation of citizens headed by the sheriff and other notables, to appear upon the stage for their delectation. Though slightly past his prime, the eye of the Hon. Mr. Blazer is as keen and his hand as true as when he first felt called upon to defend his honour by shooting a man who had called him a "cheat" at cards. He had cheated, but what man of honour would allow another to impute a dishonest motive in such a case? Not a Canadian politician, and not the Hon. Buckthorn Blazer. Buckthorn Blazer lives,—his detractor died and is forgotten. Let not the lesson pass unheeded. In conclusion it is only necessary to add that the Hon. Mr. Blazer is highly esteemed by all who know him, and the more biographical sketches of such men the Canadian newspapers can unload on the public palate through the medium of "boiler plate" the better for the country and for the reputation for enterprise and energy which those journals will surely win.

Limitation of a Theory.

Ethel—"After marriage we two shall be one, shan't we, George?"

George—"Theoretically, though I doubt if they will make out the board bill that way.—*New York Sun.*

The Intelligent Foreigner Writes English.

In an hotel not one hundred miles from the top of the Rigi (writes Mr. Richard Edgcumbe in *Notes and Queries*), the following announcement gives great satisfaction: "Misters the venerable voyagers are advertised that when the sun him rise a horn will be blowed." That announcement sufficiently prepares the visitor for the following entry in the wine list: "In this hotel the wines leave the traveller nothing to hope for."

At the Club.

Cholly (with unwonted enthusiasm)—"By jove! I see that some fellow has introduced a bill into the State Senate making it a misdemeanor to send annoying letters to anyone. Deuced clever law that. I'll have my tailor sent up for six months, by jove."—*Life.*

A Proverb.

A proverb man must not forget,
And daily should repeat:
A corn upon the cob is worth
Six dozen on the feet.

—*New York Herald.*

HYPOTHESIS—Judge—"How old are you, madam?"
Witness—"I've seen 18 summers."
Judge—"And 18 winters—36, Mr. Clerk."—*New York Press.*

Mixed.

A man went to a certain railway station to buy a ticket for a small village named Morrow, where a station had been opened only a few days previously. "Does this train go to Morrow?" asked the man, coming up to the ticket office in a great hurry, and pointing to a train on the line, with steam up and every indication of speedy departure. "No; it goes to-day," replied the clerk, curtly. He thought the man was "trying to be funny," as the saying goes. "But," rejoined the man, who was in a great hurry, "does it go to Morrow to-day?" "No, it goes yesserday, the week after next," said the other, sarcastically. "You don't understand me," cried the man, getting very much excited, as the engine gave a warning toot; "I want to go to Morrow." "Well, then," said the clerk, sternly, "why don't you go to-morrow, and not come bothering here to-day? Step aside, please, and let that lady approach the window." "But, my dear sir," exclaimed the bewildered inquirer, "it is important I should be in Morrow to-day, and if the train stops there, or if there is no train to Morrow to-day—" At this critical juncture, when there was some danger that the misunderstanding would drive both men frantic, an old official happened to appear, and straightened matters in less than a minute. The clerk apologized, the man got his ticket, and the train started for Morrow that day.