



## The Sagamore



HE sagamore's wigwag walls were hung with the carcasses of many rabbits.

"My brother," the reporter said, "your snares are deadly. How do you contrive to gather in so much game? When I used to set snares in these woods there were plenty

of rabbits,—but I never got such a haul as that. Did you pull in all those last night?"

"Ah-hah."

"How did you do it? You must have a charm of some sort."

For answer the sagamore whistled; and in rushed a dog that in colour and general appearance might easily pass for a full blooded rabbit—in fact the reporter at first thought it was one.

"You see that dog?" said Mr. Paul.

"I do, certainly—but I thought it was a rabbit—at the first glance."

"He gits my rabbits," said Mr. Paul.

"What—catches them for you?"

"Ah-hah. I make yard out in woods. Them rabbits comes there—they don't know he's a dog. They go in there to browse. He goes in too. He ketch 'um."

"You catch them with guile," said the reporter.

"No, I don't," sharply replied the old man—"I ketch 'um with my dog."

"Same thing," said the reporter.

"That's heap lie?" angrily shouted the sagamore. "You say he's same thing any more I sue you right away for libel."

"Seditious or criminal?" queried the reporter.

"Both," declared the sagamore.

"Then I'll scoot," said the reporter. "By the way, what do you call your dog?"

"Pocko," answered the warrior.

"Ah, Pocko. P-a-c-a-u-d, Pocko. Not a bad name, Count—and he ought to be a good dog to deserve it."

"He's bully dog," answered the sagamore. "He ketch heap rabbits for me. But if I hear you say I ketch 'um with what you call guile—then you git put in jail right away."

The reporter took to the woods, for Count Louis Paul is a man to be feared in his wrath.

### Making the Item Right.

"Do I look a dead man?"

This question was shot at the editor of the *Bad Lands Bazaar* by a man of ferocious aspect, who entered the sanctum in a great hurry.

"My friend, I have no time to answer conundrums," replied the editor mildly.

"I want to know if I look like a dead man?" persisted the visitor in a louder tone. "It ain't no conundrum, either."

"I don't know that I'm bound to answer the question of every excited individual who happens to come in. If you'll tell me the object of your call, I'll give the subject some consideration."

"Well, sir, your paper announced me dead, and I want to know whether I look like a dead man."

"Why didn't you say so? No, you don't look like a dead man."

"Then your paper lied, didn't it?"

"The paper seems to have been misinformed, if you are the man it referred to. I allow no man to say it lied."

"Well, I'm the man it referred to, I reckon. There ain't but one Alkali Ike in these diggin's. I'm the terror of the Bad Lands. I'm a varmint from the Wicked Desert, and when I'm mad I can lick the entire press of the United States. You hear me?"

"I've never been accused of deafness."

"I could chew you up at one mouthful. See?"

"I'm not blind."

"If you don't make that paragraph right I'll jab yer into yer own press and print an impression of yer paper on yer carcass. Twig?"

The editor twigged.

"Will yer make that item right?"

"I will," replied the editor, rising slowly from his chair, with a seven-shooter in one hand and a bowie knife in the other. "Yes, I'll make the paragraph true. You'll look like a dead man in exactly five seconds. What's your choice, lead or steel?"

But Alkali Ike, the varmint from the Wicked Desert, did not remain long enough to choose, and the item hasn't been corrected yet.—*Brooklyn Life*.

### Irishmen in Highland Corps.

It is an old joke in the British army that some of the most brawny and stalwart rank and file of the Highland Corps come, not from the "Land o' Cakes," but from the island of the shamrock and shillelagh, and a well-authenticated illustration of this fact is recorded (says the *Admiralty and Horse Guards Gazette*) in the annals of the 74th when stationed at Bangalore, when the Madras army was commanded by Sir Hope Grant. At a special mess dinner, given in honour of the genial and popular "chief," the regimental pipers, fine specimens of martial humanity, played, as is usual, behind the chair of the guest of the evening, and Sir Hope, delighted at the stirring strains, turned round to the tallest and broadest minstrel, and exclaimed, "It warms my hairt to listen to the bonnie lilt! What pairt of Scotland do ye come frae, my mon?" "Connemara, yer honour!" replied the bard drawing himself up with conscious pride to his full inches, while a roar of laughter, in which Sir Hope heartily joined, greeted the confession.

### Afoot.

Really and truly it is well to put on one's thickest boots, take a club-like stick and stride away anywhere, without heed of weather, milestones, or compass. It doesn't matter in the least which way you go. The thing you have to do is to walk yourself into a state of bodily collapse, or something like it. Then it will be time enough to look at your watch and make for the nearest inn. No doubt, if you are a long way from a railway station (a most improbable thing!), there will be a dog-cart in the village. If not, still you may rest awhile, drink some beer, smoke a cigar, snap your fingers at black care, and then set off to try and retrace your steps. The odds are fifty to one you don't succeed without a most fatiguing amount of interrogation of rustics. By that time you will be sweetly exhausted—you will, in fact, have done precisely what your humour bade you do. And afterwards, neither the sheaf of tradesman's bills, nor Cupid, nor the fumes of indifferent claret, nor all the examiners in Christendom shall be able, for a while, to disturb your spirits.

It was in some such mental stir as this that Christopher North made his phenomenal tramp from the west end of London to Oxford one night. He got into his rooms before some of his friends were breakfasting—nor do we hear that he was remarkably tired. But then he was a very Titan of pedestrianism. He would set off for a forty-mile walk, giving but eight hours to do it, as you or I might begin a constitutional of five or six miles. Once he trusted to his legs to take him from Liverpool to his sweet lakeland home of Elleray. This is seventy or eighty miles of going, up hill and down dale; yet he did it within four-and-twenty hours. Walking Stewart himself was, no doubt, a fine friend to cobblers; but it is odd if Prof. Wilson, of Edinburgh and Elleray, was not his superior at long distances.

Yet spite of all his athletic vigour and strength, Wilson did not live to be a septuagenarian. The discreet clubman of Piccadilly, who begins to be old at 45 or 50, and ever afterwards walks like a snail, with one hand in the small of his back and the other on his stick, lives to be 90 without much of an effort; while the athlete of world-wide fame dies ere he reaches the common limit of our days.—*Cornhill*.

