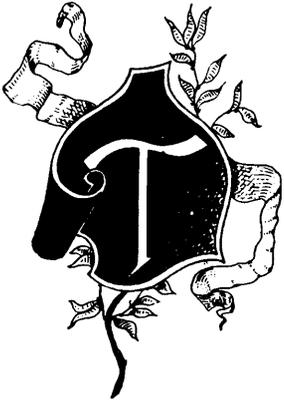


The Sagamore



HE task of keeping the world right was not so easy as the reporter had once dreamed. In fact it worried and perplexed him. And now he was face to face with a new problem.

He hastened with it to the sagamore.

"My brother," he said, warming his hands at the wigwam fire, "I'll have to throw up this job. My patience is so completely exhausted. Things won't

stay put."

"What's the matter?" demanded Mr. Paul.

"You know very well," said the reporter, "that I've been pegging away for a long time to try and get this world in proper running order. I've dished out more advice, for nothing, than would make an encyclopedia of maxims and things. If people would just listen and pay attention we'd have the millenium here with a rush. But what do I see? What does everybody see? What but the preachers and the politicians setting up rival schools, giving one another points in propriety,—and ignoring me altogether!"

"Well?" said the sagamore.

"Nothing of the sort," cried the reporter. "It's confoundedly ill. I want those fellows to understand that they are not in it. What does a preacher know about politics? What does a politician know about theology—or repentance? Nothing. And yet they get up and yell across the country at one another and pound the table with as much assurance as if they had worked on a daily and had fathomed human nature down to the last dime. It's preposterous. It's absurd. Where am I? Where do I come in? Am I the only living repository of the knowledge of right conduct, or are the preachers or the politicians? That's the question. Are they to sit at my feet, or am I to take a back seat and let them jaw away? If the press of this country has got to abdicate its authority and let other people set up standards about things there's going to be anarchy."

"Um," doubtfully commented Mr. Paul.

"Don't you believe it?" hotly demanded his visitor.

"Little opposition's good thing sometimes," observed Mr. Paul quietly. "You kin give your jaws a rest while they pitch in."

"But I'm afraid they'll fight. You've no idea how they make shapes at one another. Just let a preacher be suspected of the very slightest party political squint, or let a politician hint in the most roundabout way that he thinks a preacher is leaning too far over his pulpit rail, and there is an explosion that scatters type over the pages of neighbouring newspapers for a long time. Now if the preachers would just let me keep the politicians straight, and if the politicians

would let me keep the preachers on the right tack—then things would be all right. But they won't. They even make suggestions to me sometimes—both of them!"

"That's good sign," observed the sagamore.

"How so?"

"It shows they don't take all you say for gospel."

"And am I to understand that I should take all they say as gospel?"

"Not when they pitch into one another. Not when they pitch into you. But if you kin ketch one of 'um pitchin' into himself, then you kin listen. If you kin hear politician blame himself for workin' little scheme for himself; if you kin hear preacher say he's sorry he pitched into some other church so hard, or took bigger salary for himself, then you listen."

"Life is short, my brother," said the reporter sadly. "Am I never to use my ears?"

"If," said Mr. Paul, "you ever hear yourself say you're sorry you know so little, and lie so much—then you kin listen."

The reporter went away to get his ears removed, as useless appendages.

His Speech.

"Before we knock the barrel out from under you," said the leader of the band of Arizona regulators, "we'll give you a chance to say a few words."

"What's the use?" replied the man with the rope around his neck. "You wouldn't listen to me."

"We'll listen for just five minutes," rejoined the chief, pulling out his watch, "if you want to shoot off your mouth. If not, up you go."

The condemned wretch looked with dogged, sullen hate at the crowd before him.

"It won't do any good that I know of," he said, "for me to make any remarks, and it won't help me any, I reckon, to kick against these proceedings. It's nothing more than I expected anyhow. I'm used to being knocked around, and I'm used to seeing everybody else knocked around. Your turn will come some day. You ain't a bit better than I am. The whole country's going to the devil as fast as it can go. Been going to the devil for years and years. There ain't any chance for a man to amount to anything here, and it's not worth while for him to try. Every man's doing what he can to down every other man, and it doesn't make much difference which comes out on top. The fellows that get on top generally stay there, and the poor fellows that are under can squirm and squirm, and it won't do them any good. They've got to stay there and—"

"Fellers" said the leader of the band, much mortified. "we've made a mistake. We've got one of those darned calamity howlers from Canada. He ain't worth hangin'!"

And they walked away and left him standing on the barrel.—*Exchange.*

A Second Harvest.

MR. URBAN:—Y-ur farm looks splendid; I never saw any fields so free from weeds.

UNCLE HUMSTEAD:—Yes; we had a lot of city boarders last summer, and the wimmin finks picked every bit of golden rod an' all the other darn stuff off of them.

Consistent in all Things.

THE REV. MR. BLANK (at the rehearsal of the wedding ceremony, to the groom):—And now, Mr. Canvas, have you the ring?

MR. CANVAS:—Yes, sir; three of 'em.

"Why, you don't need three rings!"

"I know it; but you see I'm in the circus biz, an' I thought 't would be a purty good ad. for my show to have three rings used in the ceremony, see?"—*Medina Grist.*

GLADYS:—Does your father give you much pin money?

MURIEL:—Oh, yes—he comes up to the scratch every month.—*Boston Post.*

SOMEBODY says that poets are declining. This may be so; but you had better not ask a poet what he will take on the strength of it.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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. Hogag Hoppergrass.

No biographical sketch or portrait of this gifted son of the neighbouring republic has yet appeared in any of those Canadian papers which are now devoting their attention to the publication in weekly instalments of a biographical history of the back settlements of that country. This is unjust to the Hon. Mr. Hoppergrass, who, though a young man, has a distinct claim upon the respectful consideration of those journals. He was born under the shadow of the White Mountains, and received his education at the public schools and in the fields and woods around there, graduating with an excellent opinion of himself and a very poor one of his associates. Being of an ambitious disposition he went to the nearest town and engaged in business as a saloo



keeper's assistant. He has travelled extensively, having visited Boston, New York and Skowhegan, and is a well known patron of athletic sports. No man in his town has a better grasp of the political situation at any given time, and among his warmest friends are numbered some leading statesmen. He is now in business on his own account; and aspires to be a town councillor and chairman of the board of water commissioners. He was president for two years of the athletic association of the town, and has been secretary-treasurer for three years of the Mortality club. The Hon. Mr. Hoppergrass is still a young man, suave, genial, highly gifted, and of the strictest integrity. He has a countless host of friends; and, being still unmarried, his presence always causes a flutter among gentle prepossessing appearance. Possessing the full confidence of his fellow-citizens, and endowed with great natural gifts, it is safe to predict that the Hon. Hogag Hoppergrass will in the future as in the past retain in the fullest degree the respect of all, and at the same time win for himself still greater honours as a man and citizen. Hon. Mr. Hoppergrass's magnificent front teeth, which are the pride of himself and the admiration of all, were developed in cracking nuts for his grandmother, whose teeth were bad. Thus was virtue rewarded even in the exercise thereof. This should be a lesson and example to the boys of Canada, who may study with much profit the story of the Hon. Hogag Hoppergrass.

No Frills.

BRITISH TOURIST (in Oklahoma):—Aw, Landlord, 'ave you a shooting-coat you can lend me this morning?

LANDLORD TANNER (genially):—Like to oblige ye, but I hain't got none. You don't need it nohow. If you've got a grudge again some feller, jest go right out the way you air an' settle it. Doesn't make the least difference how you're dressed.