



The Sagamore

The sagamore was in a brown study. It suited his complexion and he looked uncommonly well in it. The reporter's advent was wholly unheeded, the old man, with his chin in his hands, staring abstractedly into the glowing embers of the camp fire and apparently oblivious to all else. Not so the liver-coloured dog that shared the old man's solitude. This animal was distinctly and decidedly susceptible of impressions. He was so long and so thin that when he lay down he presented the appearance of an elongated blotch on the surface of the floor. But he was not lying down when the reporter entered. He was very wide awake—and was giving his fangs a little of the morning air. He walked around the reporter—formed a circle round him in fact—and surveyed that gentleman's pantaloons with a critical eye. Being apparently in some doubt as to their quality he sampled them. That the reporter's flesh was sampled at the same time was doubtless the fault of his tailor, who had persisted in recommending a close fit. It was the reporter's wild yell at this juncture that aroused the sagamore.



He looked up in a dazed fashion and did not seem at first to fully grasp the situation. A growl from the dog and another agonized yell from the visitor brought him back to the present and a full sense of the condition of affairs.

"Koos!" said the sagamore.

The dog let go and looked around the reporter's legs at his master, but made no effort to uncoil himself.

"Koos ah-wah!" sharply commanded the sagamore.

The dog uncoiled himself and sneaked out of the door.

"That's mighty good dog," observed Mr. Paul, following the animal with an appreciative eye. "See how he minds me?"

"Minds the deuce!" ejaculated the reporter. "Why, the confounded cur bit me!"

"He's bully dog keep watch in camp," said Mr. Paul.

"Is that all you have to say?" demanded the incensed reporter. "I tell you the cur bit me. Look at my pant-

aloons. They are ruined—ruined, sir. They're not worth ten cents. Look at the rent in them. Your rascally dog has cost me a pair of pantaloons. And yet you have the effrontery to sit there and blather about the fine qualities of the lantern-jawed hyena!"

"Don't you call my dog names," cried the sagamore in a belligerent tone.

"You pay me for my pants," yelled the reporter. "I'll have that dog shot inside of twenty-four hours."

"He tear your pants?" queried Mr. Paul, suddenly softening his tone to one of solicitude.

"He did," cried the reporter. "Look at that hole. I can't wear those pantaloons any more. Confound the dog."

"Gonto throw them pants away?" queried the sagamore, in a still more solicitous tone.

"I suppose so," said the reporter, sadly surveying them. "And they cost me seven dollars last week."

"Don't you throw 'um 'way," said Mr. Paul. "Heap shame throw pants like them away."

"But what can I do with them? Look what a patch it would take to fix them!"

"You kin give 'um to me," said Mr. Paul. "Them pants plenty good enough for old Injun to wear."

The coolness of this proposition fairly took the reporter's breath. He stared at the speaker for a full minute in silence.

"By the memory of King Philip!" he ejaculated at last. "But you are a modest man! Your dog ruins my pantaloons—then you ask me for the remnants. Isn't there something else you would like to have?"

This question was asked in what was intended to be a withering tone. But the sagamore declined to wither.

"You might throw in them braces," he suggested.

"Oh, certainly!" scoffed the reporter. "You shall have the suspenders. Won't you take my shirt? What's the matter with the whole suit? Couldn't I bring you a blanket for the dog? Confound it, man, don't be bashful. You'll never get along in this world if you don't look after your rights. Couldn't I induce you to accept my whole wardrobe? I don't need it any more. I'll probably die of hydrophobia before the week is out. Call in your dog and let him bite me again. Or, better still, let him eat me up. He looks as if it would take about my weight to fill that hide of his. My dear sir, you may never get such an opportunity again. Don't let any false modesty stand in the way. Call in your dog; and while he lines his interior you decorate your exterior. Don't consider my feelings in the matter. Don't bother about that, I beg. What am I, that I should stand in the way of you and your dog?"

Mr. Paul listened to this speech with profound attention. When it was finished he called the dog.

The dog came.

The reporter looked the cadaverous creature over and shook his head.



"I can't fill it, after all," he said gloomily.

"Can't fill what?" demanded the sagamore.

"The dog. My carcass would be as completely lost inside of that hide as a June bug in the craw of an ostrich. Take him away. Don't tantalize the poor creature by

offering him a bite. I'll bring a yoke of oxen and a flock of sheep around to-morrow and we will try and fill him. But don't torture him with a morsel. He might get ravenous and swallow the whole settlement. As you value the lives of your people let me implore you to pause."

This view of the case appeared to strike the sagamore rather favourably. He looked at the reporter and then at the dog. The latter suddenly growled and licked his chops. The sagamore was convinced. It would take much more than an humble reporter to fill the cavernous void revealed."

"Koos!" said the sagamore.

The dog slunk out of the wigwam and sat on his haunches outside the door.

"Send him a little farther away, please," said the reporter. "I think I will go now."

"You gimme them pants?" queried the sagamore.

"I will," said the reporter. "I will have them fixed and bring them with me to-morrow. And you may have the braces. And I have a coat that doesn't fit me very well. In fact there are a lot of things of one sort and another that are of no further use to me."

"Koos-ah-wah!" said the sagamore, and the dog took to the woods.

"What time you come round to-morrow?" called out the sagamore, as the reporter skipped over the brook on his way from the wigwam to the high road.

"Just as soon as I can get my rifle properly loaded," yelled the reporter.

Then he dug his toes into the roadway and distanced the wind for a quarter of a mile. As his train moved out of the depot he saw a liver coloured streak shooting down the road on his trail. The engineer saw it and put on fresh steam. It was a pretty race, but the train escaped. Had shaft or shackle broken the unfortunate passengers would have been as completely swallowed up as were the Lost Tribes of Israel.

Stray Notes.

When Prince Battenburg asked Queen Victoria, the other day, what he had better do with himself this spring, Her Majesty is reported to have said, "Oh, you go to Grasse!"

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The magician who taps the molasses hogshead and brings therefrom a flow of maple syrup is once more abroad in the land. He is on the lookout for sapheads.

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The fellows who are trying to make it hot for Parnell in Sligo chose an odd way to do it when they ran a fire escape up to his window.

The Manuscript of Tam o'Shanter.

A correspondent writing in an African paper says: "It is a fact not very well known that the autograph copy of Tam o'Shanter is in South Africa at the present moment. The writer of these lines some few years ago had more than once, the precious documents in his hands.

"Tam o'Shanter"—the original copy—at the time referred to was in the possession of Mr. Robert Graham, of Fintry, (since deceased) residing at the Mains, on Winbury Hill, near Cape Town. We have seen the eyes of many an enthusiastic relic-hunter glisten over articles of great historical value, but never have we witnessed such unmistakable indications of unbounded ecstasy as those half-dozen quarto sheets of paper, inscribed by Burns, were capable of producing upon certain otherwise impassive, quiet, steady-going Scotsmen."

Personal and Literary Notes.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, it is announced, will shortly leave England for her home in Washington, D.C., and will resume work on two new stories and a play, which have been long postponed owing to the illness and death of her son.

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Mr. J. C. Forbes, the well-known Canadian portrait painter, is to paint a portrait of Gladstone, and will proceed to London at once to commence work.