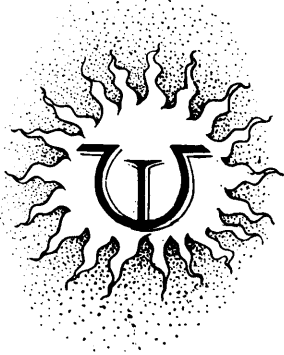




The Sagamore



WHEN the reporter pulled aside the blanket and entered the wigwam he found the sagamore reclining on his couch and betraying the traces of a rather severe illness.

"Why! You must be sick!" exclaimed the reporter.

The sagamore nodded.

"Had the doctor?"

The sagamore nodded again.

"And what seems to be the trouble?"

"Grippe," was the laconic response.

"Then you're bad enough," said the reporter. "They're dying of grippe by the dozen this winter. You know Bill Smith and old Tom Jones?"

"Ah-hah."

"Well—it fixed them last week. And two of Binks' youngsters died this week, and they say old man Binks' won't get over it. It hardly ever lets go of an old person—how long have you had it?"

"Two—three days now," answered the sagamore.

"Had it bad?"

"Pooty near fix me," groaned the old man. "I been pooty near crazy man sometimes."

"Oh, then," cheerfully commented the reporter, "you'll never get over it. You may come round, but you'll never get that out of your bones. Why there are dozens dying this winter that had the grippe two years ago—it never left them."

The sagamore surveyed his visitor curiously, but offered no remark.

"I've attended four funerals this week," went on the latter—"every one of them caused by grippe. All old people, too. A young person has some chance to rally, but with old people it's very different."

Mr. Paul continued to scrutinise the speaker without remark.

"They say it's worse this winter than ever before," continued the reporter. "And the doctors don't seem to be able to do much for it. What doctor did you send for—Brown?"

"Ah-hah."

"I'm afraid you won't get much good out of his medicine," sympathetically commented the reporter. "He lost three cases with grippe lately—all died. But of course I suppose he did the best he could. Grippe's an awful disease."

The sagamore shifted a little uneasily on his couch, but continued to eye his visitor without speaking.

"I tell you what it is," declared the latter, "I'd rather chance it with diphtheria or smallpox than with grippe. Is there anything I can do for you, my brother? I'm awfully sorry to find you sick—especially with grippe. If there is anything I can do, if you'll just mention it I'll only be too glad. Dear me, there are so many old people being carried off with it this winter."

The old man raised himself on his elbow.

"You do something for me?" he inquired.

"Anything in the world! Just tell me what it is and I shall consider it a favour to serve you, my brother—or anyone else that has the same trouble. It's bad enough, I'm sure, to have the grippe, without having to worry about anything else. What can I do, my brother?"

"You see that blanket?" demanded the sagamore, pointing to the covering of the doorway of the wigwam.

"Why, yes! Shall I double it? Are you cold? What shall I do with it?"

"Git behind it," curtly rejoined the old man.

"Get what?"

"Git on the other side of that blanket."

"I don't understand you," said the puzzled reporter.

"You come here," said the sagamore, "to see me. I'm sick. You set there—tell me 'bout how everybody got same's I got—he dies right away. You talk 'bout funerals. If I'm one old fool you scare me to death. You talk 'bout my doctor he's no good. That's way you try to make me feel better—eh?"

The reporter had not expected any such observations as these, and was at a loss what to say. But the sagamore saved him the trouble of saying anything. He raised himself from his couch and took down a good sized club.

"When I see man like you," he remarked in vigorous tones—"goes round where people's sick—makin' long faces and hollerin' 'bout people dyin' and 'bout funerals—I'm glad when I kin see man like that. It makes me strong. Then I want to see somebody die, too. I want to see one big funeral right away. I feel that way now."

The sick man's left arm shot out and his bony fingers intertwined themselves in the reporter's hair. His right hand poised the club.

"Oh, Mr. Paul," cried the reporter in great alarm—"what are you doing?"

"Injuns," observed the warrior, "when they git hold of man—they never let go."

"Please put down that club!" pleaded the reporter.

"Injuns worse this winter than last," pursued the sagamore. "Nobody kin do anything when them Injuns gits at a man."

"Please let go, Mr. Paul!" groaned the terrified reporter.

"I rather take my chance with smallpox than with Injuns," went on the sagamore in the same tone. "Injuns make heap funerals lately."

"Oh, Mr. Paul!"

"I rather take my chance with diphtheria than Injuns. If any Injun got hold of you—you're gone."

"My brother," gasped the reporter, "if you let me off this time I'll never wear a long face in a sick room as long as I live—never! If ever I talk about sickness and death and funerals and bad doctors to a sick man again I hope you'll be there with your club. Please let me go!"

The sagamore debated with himself a moment and then loosened his grip.

"Turn your back to me!" he commanded.

Fearing the club, the reporter dared not do otherwise. He faced about.

"Now," said Mr. Paul—"you turn round same's if you hadn't seen me before. Let me hear you talk."

The reporter took the cue at once. He faced the sagamore, and an admirably feigned expression of astonishment overspread his countenance.

"Why—hello! What's the matter? Pretending to be sick! Bosh! Why you look first rate. Grippe—did you say? Nonsense! You've no more grippe than I have. It's a cold. We'll have you out of that in no time. Had any doctor? Brown? Well, sir, he's just your man. You take your medicine and keep a stiff upper lip for a couple of days and we'll see you out sawing wood. What can I do? Anything? Punch your head?—Make faces at you? Here—why don't you rattle up this fire? Nothing like a cheerful blaze to make a man feel good. Say—did you hear that joke about old Jake? Told one of his foolish yarns the

other night and laughed so hard himself that he swallowed a chew of tobacco. Then we laughed. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! You ought to have seen his face straighten out—"

The reporter seemed able to go on at this rate for an unlimited time, and the sagamore, who was by this time wearing a broad grin, motioned him to stop.

"You'll do now," he said. That's way I like to hear man talk. Does me good. I want you come here make me laugh every day. Then I git well."

"My brother," said the reporter humbly, "I'm afraid I helped the grippe to kill some people last week—but I'll never do it again as long as I live—never!"

"That's bully good New Year's promise," said the sagamore.

At the Reception.

He—Chawming weception, isn't?

She—Charming.

(After a pause.)

He—Chawming evening.

She—It is, indeed.

(After another pause.)

He—Chawmed to have met you.

She—Thank you.

(After he has retired.)

He—Chawming girl, bah Jove!—*N. Y. Herald*

E Pluribus Unum!

There are 30,000 millionaires in the United States.

There are 1,000 millionaires in New York.

There are 1,000,000 people out of work in the United States.

There are over 500,000 tramps.

There are 60,000 old soldiers in the poorhouse, but no bondholders.

Ten thousand children die annually in the United States from insufficient food or clothing.

There were 67,000 homeless children in the United States in 1880.

Out of the 2,000,000 people who inhabit New York city only 13,000 own homes.

Seventy per cent in the United States are worth \$2,700,000,000.

The following poem was written by Ignatius Donnelly on "Shakespeare's Grave." The *Critic*, which forbearingly quotes it without a word of comment, has never damned by silence a more vulgar and illiterate piece of profanity:—

Dismiss your apprehension, pseudo bard,
For no one wishes to disturb these stones,
Nor cares if here or in the outer yard
They stow your impudent, deceitful bones.

Your foolish-coloured bust upon the wall,
With iss preposterous expanse of brow,
Shall rival Humpty Dumpty's famous fall,
And cheats no cultured Boston people now.

Steal deer, hold horses, act your third-rate parts,
Hoard money, booze, neglect Ann Hathaway,
You can't deceive us with your stolen arts;
Like many a worthier dog, you've had your day.

I have expressed your history in a cypher,
I've done your sum for all ensuing time,
I don't know what you longer wish to lie for
Beneath those stones or in your doggerel rhyme.

Get up and dust, or plunge into the river,
Or walk the chancel with a ghostly squeak,
You were an ignorant and evil liver,
Who could not spell nor write nor knew much Greek.

Though you enslave the ages by your spell,
And Fame has blown no reputation louder,
Your cake is dough, for I by sifting well,
Have quite reduced your dust to Bacon-powder.

—*The Churchman.*