



The Sagamore



His visit to Toronto had certainly not improved the sagamore's appearance. His head was bandaged, his arm in a sling and a third bandage encased one of his feet.

"Your train," said the reporter, "must have gone through a terrible collision or something. Were you riding on the cowcatcher?"

"Train went all right," replied the Milicete.

"What happened, then? You are properly done up, old man. House fall down?"

"No," replied the sagamore.

"Perhaps," suggested the reporter, "you got

out at Montreal to have a look through Mayor McShane's model temperance city, and see for yourself how much better a license system is than prohibition."

"No," said Mr. Paul—"if I tried that I git killed."

"Well, you nearly got killed, anyhow. Did you stop off at Quebec and mention boodle to anybody? If you did, I can understand how quickly you would be thumped. They can stand anything but the mention of boodle, just now."

"No," said Mr. Paul, "I didn't."

"Did you go into a tug of war against a team of Montreal policemen?"

"No."

"Then I give it up. How did you get that head and that arm and leg?"

"Got 'um in Toronto," answered the sagamore.

"A Saturday night bang, of course," said the reporter.

"How many times have I told you—"

"Didn't happen Saturday night," interrupted the sagamore. "Happened Sunday."

"In Toronto?"

"Ah-hah."

"But Toronto is the best behaved city in America on the Sabbath," objected the reporter. "It has that reputation. You know it has."

"Can't help that," said Mr. Paul. "You kin see what I got there."

"But you told me you were going to Toronto to settle that little difference of opinion between the aldermen and the park preachers as to the best means of elevating the masses."

"So I did—and I come back agin." The last observation in a very sorrowful tone, as the speaker solemnly surveyed himself.

"Tell me all about it," said the reporter.

"I went out in that park, Sunday," began the sagamore, "to see what I kin see. Good many people there. Bimeby one man he gits up on a bench and asked me if I'm saved. I said I felt pooty good. He said I better git saved right away. Then a p'liceman he come up and that other man got down. Crowd jammed in tight all round me—some-thin' sharp stick into my back."

"That," said the reporter, "was the sting of conscience. The park preachers had a good case in you if the policeman hadn't come up just then. Well?"

"Then," said the sagamore, "bimeby crowd thinned out a little, and that p'liceman and that other man went off to play hide and go seek on the other side of the park. Then 'nother man he got up on that bench and told us this world's been cursed with superstition long enough—he's gonto let in some light on this fool talk in them churches. Jist then I got hit with big stone on my head—almost knocked me down."

"That," said the reporter "was a shaft of reason. It must have mistaken you for a superstition or something. Did it tumble all your preconceived ideas and opinions into chaos?"

"Made me pooty near crazy," answered Mr. Paul.

"I thought so," said the reporter. "It always does, in a crowd like that. Well?"



"Then," said Mr. Paul, "'nother p'liceman come 'long and him and that man went off to play hide and go seek. Pooty soon 'nother man got up on a bench and hollered out he wants to see people git their rights in Toronto. I got my arm broke then."

"You must have been struck by the breath of Liberty," said the reporter. "When it blows on a crowd like that it always does blow hard on sagamores and other survivals of tyranny and one man rule. Broke your arm, did it?"

"Ah-hah."

"Well," said the reporter, "that proves conclusively that Britons never will be slaves, anyhow. What happened next?"

"'Nother p'liceman he come up and that man got down off that bench and they started off to play tag. Bimeby 'nother man he climbed on the bench and said the Pope he was Antichrist. 'Nother man he hollered out Orangemen was thieves. Then I got knocked down and was tramped on for a good long while."

"You must have got a lick with the flat side of the sword of truth," said the reporter. "It's always dancing around at a time like that. Did they tie you?"

"No," said Mr. Paul.

"Strange," said the reporter. "There are always a lot of bonds of love and brotherhood lying around at a time like that, and people often get bound by them."

"I had to git tied up afterwards," said Mr. Paul, "but it was done with stickin' plaster."

"And did anything else occur?" queried the reporter.

"I come away," said the sagamore, "jist when 'nother man got up on bench and hollered out 'Let us pray.' I got hit with more stones right away."

"More stings of conscience," said the reporter. "The air is full of them at a time like that and in a crowd like that."

"I got away quick's ever I could," said Mr. Paul, "and come home."

"Didn't you see the aldermen?"

"Them aldermen," said Mr. Paul, "ain't gonto git no chance at me. I seen Mr. McDonald. He's first man met me when I got in town. He told me 'bout them aldermen. They're bad men. Far's I kin find out they got forty-one thousand six hundred million dollars and forty-one cents in boodle this summer. S'pose I go near them? Mr. McDonald he didn't say so, but from what I kin hear they suck eggs and when they go on their holidays farmers finds their sheep gittin' scarce. Mr. McDonald he says they pull wool over people's eyes, anyway."

"It seems to me," said the reporter, "that you must have left Toronto very much as you found it. I thought you intended to fix things up and restore harmony in the park on Sundays."

"If they ask me to do that," said the sagamore, "I go agin. I been there—I know what to do."

"What would you do?"

The sagamore took down his tomahawk and scalping knife.

"I go up there," he said, "camp in that park. Any man comes 'long and opens his mouth on Sunday 'bout religion, politics, free speech or anything else—I scalp him right away."

"And if you die in this noble work," said the reporter, "you shall have a monument 500 feet high."

The Wrong Nose.

He went into a chemist's and asked for something to ease a headache.

The druggist held a bottle of hartshorn to his nose, and he was nearly overpowered by its pungency.

As soon as he recovered he began to rail at the druggist and threatened to punch his head.

"But didn't it help your headache?" asked the man of pills.

"Help my headache!" gasped the man. "I haven't any headache. It's my wife that's got the headache!"

Seized for Rent.

A gentleman in the West Indies was agreeably surprised the other day to find a plump turkey served up for dinner, and enquired of his black servant how it was obtained.

"Why, sir," replied Sambo, "dat turkey has been roasting on our fence tree nights, so dis morning I seize him for the rent ob the fence."

Stray Notes.

SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN, IF POSSIBLE.—Sym pathetic Lady Guest; "Don't be unhappy about the rain, dear Mrs. Bounderson; it will soon be over, and your garden will be lovelier than ever." Little Mrs. Bounderson (who is giving her first garden party): "Yes; but I am afraid it will keep my most desirable guests from coming."—Punch.

"THESE firemen must be a frivolous set," said Miss Spillikins, who was reading a paper.

"Why so?"

"I read in the paper that after the fire was under control the firemen played all night on the ruins. Why didn't they go home and go to bed like sensible men, instead of romping about like children?"