



"My brother," said the reporter, "you will rejoice with me that the millenium has taken another long leap in this direction."

"What you talkin' about?" demanded the sagamore, surveying his visitor with a critical eye.

"I am talking about the age of peace and good will," replied the reporter. "It has long been looked for—the time when all men shall regard all other men as brothers—and it is about to become a glorious reality."

"All men look at all other men like brothers," repeated the sagamore.

The reporter nodded.

"That time's comin' pooty quick right away—eh?" questioned the other.

"That is my profound conviction," rejoined the reporter.

"What makes you think that?" asked Mr. Paul.

"A political meeting in the West the other evening was opened with prayer," was the reporter's answer.

"You think that's good sign?" queried the sagamore.

"Undoubtedly," said the reporter.

"What makes you think that?"

"How," asked the reporter in reply, "could any man, after confessing himself to be the vilest sinner, throw mud at any other sinner? Suppose, for example, it were an election for a chief of the Milicetes. Suppose you and Tom Sank were the candidates. You held a meeting. It was opened with prayer, in which, of course, all would join. Could you, then, get up and denounce Tom Sank as a pot-bellied old snoot from Snootville, who hadn't sense enough to go in when it rained, but who always managed to soak the deluded constituency that had anything to do with him? Could you do that?"

"Yes," said Mr. Paul, cheerfully, "I kin do that."

"And say that he was a dirty old skunk, from skunk swamp, who stole something every day of his life and robbed an orphan every week?"

"Yes," said Mr. Paul, "I kin say that."

"And say that his mother died of a broken heart and his father stole sheep?"

"Yes," said Mr. Paul, "I kin say all that."

"Well," said the reporter, "it is generally supposed that a prayerful spirit is the very opposite of a lying and abusive one."

"Not in them politics," replied the sagamore decisively.

"Do you mean to say that the speakers at a political meeting opened with prayer pitch into their opponents as fiercely as if it were opened with drinks all round?"

"Ah-hah," assented the sagamore.

"What, then, is the object of prayer," demanded the reporter.

The sagamore assumed a devout attitude, his hands folded on his bosom and his eyes cast upward.

"You look at me," said the sagamore.

"I see you," said the reporter.

"You s'pose I look like a man tell lies?" queried the old man.

"You are the picture of conscientious truthfulness," replied the other.

"When I look like that," said Mr. Paul, "them people b'lieve what I say 'bout Tom Sank."

"Am I to understand, then, that the whole thing is a piece of acting?" the reporter demanded.

"Ah-hah."

The sagamore grinned.

"You ought to be tarred and feathered," said the reporter.

The sagamore grinned again.

"You ought to be yoked up with Mr. Wiman and Mr. Farrar," declared the reporter.

"What's that?" sharply demanded the other.

The reporter repeated his remark.

A moment later there was a rush for the door of the wigwam and two men flew down the path at an awful speed. The reporter has since declared that his escape was nothing short of a miracle.



"And you simply have the prayer for the purpose of deluding the public into a belief that your policy is the one that makes for righteousness, while the policy of your opponent makes for everything that is vile and nasty?"

"Ah-hah."

"Well, then, the millenium has not been squinting in this direction at all," grumbled the reporter.

"Not in them politics," said Mr. Paul.

"Don't you think," queried the reporter, "that you ought to be kicked?"

"Mebbe you think so," rejoined the sagamore.

"I do," fervently declared the reporter. "I think you ought to be kicked by a cyclone. You are a sanctimonious old humbug."

**Humourous Items.**

PROUD YANKEE.—"Well, there's one thing you cannot deny. A ship that flies the American flag always commands attention and respect." Boastful Britisher.—"That's because it's a curiosity."

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"IN our country," said the Englishman, as he leaned back in his chair, "before we marry we arrange to settle a certain sum upon the wife." "Yes, I know," replied the American, "but with us it is different. It is after we are married that we settle everything on the wife and arrange to beat our creditors." "Haw! I see. And how do the creditors take it?" "They never find anything to take."