



The reporter had frequently promised his little boy that he would some day take him (the boy) on a visit to the wigwam of Mr. Paul. The bright spring day was propitious and they set off together. Lockerby G., for that was the boy's name, had arrived at the age of six years, and was the pride and joy of the household. On this occasion he was dressed in his best. His flaxen curls hung to his shoulders, and were surmounted by a tiny silk hat. He wore a dear little jacket of the finest texture, and a white vest, across which hung a gold chain, to which was suspended a watch. Lockerby G. also wore gloves and a cane and a most elaborate necktie. An urchin who saw him pass remarked to another urchin that "There goes an eejit," but this unkind remark, clearly prompted by jealousy, was not resented. They reached the wigwam and entered.

"My brother," said the reporter, "I have brought my little boy with me to-day. He has been asking about you so often and appeared to think so much of you that I thought I would bring him along. Lockerby dear—this is Mr. Paul."

Lockerby, with the head of his cane in his mouth, stared at the sagamore.

"I ain't shook hands with nice little boy this long time," said Mr. Paul coaxingly.

"You hush up your mouth," said Lockerby.

"Why, Lockerby!" exclaimed the reporter, "you mustn't talk like that. You are not afraid of Mr. Paul, surely. Now, that's a little man—shake hands with Mr. Paul. He likes little boys."

"Won't, neither," said Lockerby G.

"He's bashful," sighed the fond papa. "But he's such a bright child. Why, do you know, Mr. Paul, he can draw the most wonderful pictures you ever saw. Lockerby dear, take my note-book and pencil and draw a house for Mr. Paul."

Instead of complying with this request Lockerby G. wedged himself out from between his papa's knees and marched across to a dish that stood on a bench at the other side of the wigwam. It contained a semi-liquid material, of the nature of which Lockerby was in doubt. He poked his gloved finger into it and then sniffed at the glove. The result was not satisfactory to his epicurean nostrils, and he turned away with an ejaculation and grimace of deep disgust.

"Lockerby, dear," remonstrated his papa, "you mustn't do that. That isn't nice, you know."

"Don't care if it ain't," said Lockerby, removing the cover of a barrel and advancing his nose to the opening.

"Lockerby, dear, come here to me. You mustn't look at things that way. That is awfully impolite. Mr. Paul won't like you if you are rude."

Lockerby disdained to reply. He reached after some bead work on a shelf and brought all the contents of the shelf down with it, breaking a bottle and seriously damaging some other things. But he got the bead work.

"Lockerby!" cried his papa, jumping up and taking him by the arm, "See what you've done now, you naughty boy. I shall have to whip you for that when we get home. Come right away from that. Here—give me that bead work."

"Yah-ah-ah-ah!" screamed Lockerby—kicking and struggling to get free. But his papa carried him bodily over and held him down on his knee, while Mr. Paul picked up the fragments of the contents of the shelf.

"You have been real naughty," said his papa to Lockerby.

"I'll never bring you to see Mr. Paul again."

"Want mamma!" whined Lockerby.

"You must apologise to Mr. Paul for your naughtiness," said his papa. "You must tell him how sorry you are for what you have done."

"Take me home!" yelled the hopeful son. "I want to go home!"

before. I suppose it is because you are strange to him. What will you think of him?"

"Oh, he's all right," said Mr. Paul, with significant emphasis on the pronoun. "He's smart boy. Smartest boy I ever seen."

"I was afraid," said the reporter, "you would think him a little rascal. He has acted so dreadfully to-day."

"When I see boy like that kin wind great big man round his little finger—I call him smart boy," was the sagamore's unexpected rejoinder.

"I hope you don't think he is spoiled?"—in a slightly injured tone.

"No," said Mr. Paul, "it ain't him."

"It ain't him—did you say? I don't understand," said the reporter.

"I mean he ain't one's spoiled," said Mr. Paul.

"And who is?" demanded the reporter.

"His father," promptly rejoined the sage.

"Mr. Paul! That is an insult, sir! Come, Lockerby, let us go—we are not wanted here." And in high dudgeon the reporter rose to go.

"You said what's so, that time," grimly retorted the old man, making way for them to pass out.

In the path outside was a copper-coloured urchin. He stepped aside, but Lockerby G. could not lose so good an opportunity, and therefore scratched the boy in the face as he passed.

The youthful Milicete emitted a shrill whoop and fastened both hands in Lockerby's ringlets. The war cry brought Mr. Paul to the door, and when the reporter attempted to chastise the other boy for presuming to assault so eminent a person as Lockerby G., the old warrior, with a yell and a leap, seized him. Mr. Paul took the reporter across his knee. The young Milicete took Lockerby G. across his knee. What followed may be imagined. A little later a battered man and a sobbing but very meek and subdued boy of six years were hurrying down the path, casting furtive glances ever and anon over their shoulders. Mr. Paul leaned against his wigwam and soliloquised.

"Some people," quoth the sagamore,—"they're heap fools. They make their papposes b'lieve never was any papposes like them in this world. Let 'um have their own way—pet 'um up—dress 'um up—tell other people how heap



"You pooty well to-day?" queried Mr. Paul, with a great show of interest in his youthful visitor.

Lockerby removed the cane from his mouth. "Mind your business," said Lockerby.

"Oh! Oh!—Lockerby dear," remonstrated the reporter, "you mustn't say that. Go over and shake hands with Mr. Paul."

"Won't!" promptly declared Lockerby, with a decided pout.

"Tell Mr. Paul you're sorry," enjoined his papa. "You must do that first."

Lockerby had one hand free. He raised it aloft and gave his papa a vigorous slap in the face. His papa captured the offending hand and once more spoke—but this time to Mr. Paul.

"Mr. Paul," he said, "I'm awfully sorry. I'm awfully ashamed of Lockerby. I never knew him to act so strangely

smart papposes they are—laugh when they do bad things—make 'um so they git so proud bimeby they git to be boss right away. Then when them papposes gits big—run away—turn out bad—their fathers and mothers they go round and whine and wonder why Manitou put so much trouble on them. Ugh!"

With a grunt of supreme disgust the old man turned and strode into his wigwam.