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A WOULD-BE PRISONER.

Policeman Barney Flynn felt that the time had come for him to assert himself. He had told the man to move on, and the man had retorted by making various sarcastic and otherwise objectionable remarks. The comparatively new man on the "force" is always the one who prizes his dignity very highly, and Policeman Flynn seriously resented the insinuations that the man made.

"Get a move on ye now, or I'll run ye in," he said.

"Well, run me in," retorted the man. "Don't stand there talking about it, but do it."

"I will," said Policeman Flynn.

"Well, why don't you?" demanded the man.

"I will," said Policeman Flynn again, and he took the man by the shoulder. "There's no man on the beat can give me anny back talk. Will ye go quiet-like, or will I take the club to ye?"

"Oh, I'll go along all right," answered the man. "I was thinking of dropping in on the sergeant anyway, and we'll just go together. I haven't seen him in 'most a year."

Policeman Flynn hesitated. Men who want to see the sergeant are a rarity, and there is always a chance that they have "infloone" somewhere.

"Av ye'll g'wan about yer business now I'll l'ave ye go," suggested the officer of the law.

"But I won't," said the man. "I'm under arrest and I'm going to the station. If I've violated the law, you have no right to compromise the matter with me. It's your duty to lock me up."

"Come along with ye, then!" exclaimed Policeman Flynn. "I'll lock ye up fast enough, an' av ye don't come willing I'll call the wagon."

"Nevertheless, he wasn't exactly satisfied. The prisoner was too willing, and it is extremely disconcerting to have charge of a man who wants to be arrested. Still, Policeman Flynn made a great show of representing the majesty of the law while they traversed a block. Then he stopped.

"G'wan, now," he said. "I'll not be bothered with ye any more. G'wan home."

"I won't," said the man. "I'm your prisoner, and if you connive at the escape of a man you've placed under arrest, I'll prefer charges against you. I'm going with you."

"You'll be sorry for it," suggested Police Flynn. "You'll find no featherbeds at the station, an' there's rats in the cells."

"I'm taking my chances," answered the man. "Come on."

"I won't," said Policeman Flynn in his turn, for it was beginning to dawn upon him that he might have some difficulty in making a case against his prisoner. His threat to arrest him had

been only a "bluff" anyway; the "bluff" had been called.

"Oh, come on," said the man. "Come on to the station. What's the use of standing here in the street?"

"Oh, g'wan about yer business!" exclaimed Policeman Flynn. "Get off me beat an' don't bother me no more. I'm tired."

The prisoner caught the policeman by the arm and pulled him along.

"Hang it all!" he cried, "why don't you do your duty?"

"L'ave me loose!" exclaimed Policeman Flynn. "D'ye think yer the whole police force? I'll not arrest anny man on compulsion."

"But you've already arrested me," urged the man.

"Then I'll let ye go."

"But I refuse to be liberated. Come on, can't you?" And he almost dragged the reluctant officer along the street.

"L'ave go me arm!" cried Policeman Flynn, "or I'll bat ye over the head. I'll not have anny man makin' me lock him up ag'in me will. L'ave go, I tell ye."

"Then come along peaceably," said the man. "You've no right to let me go, and I won't go. A police magistrate is the only man who can free me, and you're trying to usurp his functions."

"I'll not take ye," insisted Policeman Flynn. "Jest g'way from me; that's all."

"I won't do it," said the man. "If you don't take me to the station now, I'll stick by you until you are relieved and have to go in to report. I don't want anny imitation arrest. I want the real thing, and it's only fair to me that I should have it. The way you're acting makes me feel mighty small and of no account. Ain't I worth arresting?"

"Av coorse ye are."

"Then run me in."

"But I don't want to. I've troubles enough now."

"But you must; I insist."

Policeman Flynn drew a long breath.

"Be a good felly, now," he said, "an' g'wan about yer business."

"My business is to go to the station with you."

"What for d'ye want to be contrary?" persisted Policeman Flynn. "Can't ye do a good turn for a man?"

"Do you ask it as a favor?"

"I do that same. I ask ye to plaze g'wan home an' don't bother me. Could I speak fairer than that?"

"Oh, well, as a favor to you," returned the man, "possibly I might consent not to be arrested on this occasion."

"'Twould be a great favor. I don't want ye. I've no use for ye at all. G'way from me, won't ye?"

"Sure," said the man. "As a personal accommodation to you I will leave you."

Five minutes later Policeman Flynn was leaning against a lamp-post fanning himself with his helmet and solemnly shaking his head.

"Bad luck to me!" he muttered. "When I went on the force I thought I might have trouble kapin' a prisoner, but I never knew 'twould be so hard to lose one."—The Cosmopolitan.

Jacob Hollyhock (reading newspaper)—I see the new King of England has given an order for a bath and a garter to Kaiser William. 'Pears like to me, after he had him washed, he mought hev tricked him out with more clothes than that.—The Cosmopolitan.

Irish Tramp—Good mornin', sor. If ye plaze, how far is it to Phaynixville?

Countryman—It's a good way. Who do you want to see there?

Irish Tramp—Sure, an' it's meself I want to see there. Good mornin' sor.—The Cosmopolitan.

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