HON. CHARLES SUMNER COOK OF PORTLAND.

TODAY'S subject we have taken on a sort of explan writ.

Fall not, sir, at your peril; you have got to come and "sit."

We admit all your objections and will note them in the book.

Mark von "law," sir, "Def'ts exceptions—Cartoonist vs. Cook."

But the issue is unquestioned; no escape for any man.

Are you ready? At the camera! Now look as pleasant as you can.

Now—I respect a man's aversion to being jangled up in rhyme.

Any rhymester, who would do it, really should be "doing time."

To push a man—disjuncta membra—in a broth of poesy,

Seems to me, somehow, suggestive of a human fricassee.

And as I have, sir, no incentive to develop human woes

I will hold my wayward fancy down to Cumberland County prose.

He's a lawyer and a good one as it's needless to explain; for he's about the ablest counsel that we have up here in Maine. He's the head and front of pushing in a lot of enterprise; for his safe and sane conservatism is where his power lies. He's the luminous guide and counsel for the railroads and express. And he's butcher and promoter, and I may as well confess that. In the thing that we call politics, he's served his party, too. I don't want to get too eager and mix into things, you know, that belong to Portland's Faithful, as the Faithful come and go, but I've heard emphatic statements that, when fit occasion come and they're looking for the proper man to send to Washington, there'll be no need to trouble or to strain their anxious eyes but they'll fill the place, in Congress, with a man, about his size.