



A fresh scalp was drying in the sun outside the warrior's wigwam. The reporter's eye fell on it and a midwinter streak went up his back. He would have hesitated about making his presence known, but the quick ear of the warrior had caught his footfall, and before he could retrace his steps the old man's face appeared in the doorway. A benign expression rested on the brow of the sagamore and his visitor was reassured. He pointed to the gruesome trophy.

The sagamore's eye followed the extended finger and a savage frown corrugated his erstwhile tranquil brow.

"Who's spirit has my brother sent to the Land of Souls?" the reporter queried.

"Bank teller," briefly answered the warrior.

They entered the wigwam and proceeded to thicken the atmosphere.

"My brother is very brave," the reporter said at length.

Mr. Paul shrugged his shoulders and uttered an expressive grunt.

"Few men," continued the reporter, "can meet the lofty and piercing gaze of a bank teller and not quail. He is king of the rooster in his own domain. How did you do it?"



"I had little check sent me," said Mr. Paul. "Mr. Blaine wants me start some ghost dance in this country, so people here can't holler at him 'bout them Yankee Injuns. I took that check—went down to that bank—told that bank teller I want my money. He look at me same's if I'm old thief—ask me if I'm Paul. I told him yes."

"He look at that check—then look at me agin—same's if mebbe I got some smallpox. Then he told me if I know anybody round here. I told him yes. He look at me some more same's if he b'lieves I lie. He told me I better take that check away. I told him I want my money. He told me I can't git any. I told him if that check ain't good. He told me check's all right—but he don't know me. He talk same ways's if I'm little dog ain't got no friends."

"Yes," said the reporter, "that is the way they all talk. They own the earth, you know. And they are heirs

presumptive to the property of his nibs in the moon. A bank teller has more gall than a yoke of oxen. What did this one look like?"

"Goggle eyes," said Mr. Paul—"stick out big."

"So that you could snare them with a hay rope," suggested the reporter.

"Ah-hah," said the sagamore—"he had little glass he stuck in one eye when he look at me. He ain't got much chin—jist like one toad."

"Ah," said the reporter, "a reflective chin. One that was always on the point of retiring modestly into his bosom to meditate."

"Ah-hah," assented Mr. Paul. "He had heap big nose too—pooty red."

"Well," said the reporter, "a man like that ought to be a bank teller."

"Yes," said Mr. Paul, "better have man like that in one cage."

"And how did you come to lift his hair," queried the reporter.

"When he told me that check's all right, then I git mad. I told him I'm all right too—I want my money. He told me go way from that pooty quick if I don't want heap good lickin'. I told him come out from that cage I fix him pooty quick. He told me I'm dirty old Injun—if I don't



go 'way from there he have me locked up right away."

"And then?" said the reporter.

"Then," said Mr. Paul, with a significant sweep of his arm, "I haul his head-through hole in that cage."

"And you took his topknot?" cried the reporter gleefully.

"Took hull top his head off," grimly responded the warrior.

"And didn't the working of his ponderous brain almost scare you to death?" anxiously queried the reporter.

The sagamore shook his head.

"Didn't it make a noise like that of distant thunder?"

Again the old man shook his head.

"I can't understand it," said the mystified reporter. "I always understood that if you opened the skull of a man connected with a bank, especially a bank teller, you would imagine you had struck a threshing machine or an electric light station."

"I didn't," said Mr. Paul. "That skull's empty."

The reporter fainted on the spot.

When he came to himself again he was lying across the warrior's knee and was being fanned with an axe handle.

"And you actually killed him?" he gasped, when the warrior stayed his hand.

"Dead," rejoined the sagamore.

"And didn't the heavens fall or the earth open to swallow you?"

Mr. Paul shook his head.

"Was there no frightful upheaval—no awful evidence of the wrath of the Manitou?"

"None at all."

"And do you really mean to tell me that you pierced the shell of a bank teller's dome of majesty and didn't even get hit with lockjaw, or the measles, or paralysis—or something?"

"Ah-hah."

"Got off scot free?"

"Ah-hah."

"Did you bring the skull home with you?"

"Ah-hah."

"Where is it?"

"My son put handle in it—took it out in woods pound splints with."