



The Sagamore

The reporter stepped briskly into the wigwam, but halted suddenly the moment his eye took in the full interior. He saw at a glance that his visit was not opportunely timed.

On one end of a bench sat Mr. Paul, his back turned to the other end, and his eyes wandering in every direction but that where the reporter stood. At the other end of the bench sat a buxom forest maiden, with her back partially turned to Mr. Paul, and her attention also fully absorbed.



"Introduce me," said the reporter, with an insinuating smile.

"He's my squaw," said the sagamore, with manifest pride.

"Since when?" inquired the reporter, after acknowledging the introduction in his best manner.

"Since to-day," replied the happy groom. "He come here to-day—gonto be my squaw."

"Oh! Is that so!" commented the reporter, and the forest maiden smiled a sweet assent. The reporter tendered his congratulations.

"I shall come to see you a great deal oftener," he declared fervently to the sagamore, a remark, however, which was not received with that cordiality he might have expected. The sagamore simply stared at him and made no reply whatever. Conversation suddenly showed a tendency to lag, and the reporter began to feel slightly uncomfortable.

"It looks as if there would be another storm," he said at last, with a cheerful determination to be agreeable.

"Here!" cried the reporter, seizing an arm of each, "what's the trouble now? You surely are not going to quarrel?"

"You let go me!" cried the forest maiden fiercely.

"But you mustn't fight," protested the reporter. "Sit down, both of you, and let us talk it over."

"You lemme go!" The look which accompanied this ominous question caused the reporter to fall back at once. No sooner had he done so than the maiden freed one hand and planted a fist with terrific vigour squarely between the eyes of the sagamore, who went down like a log. Seizing a stool she was about to follow up the advantage when the reporter once more intervened. It required all his agility to withstand the onslaught promptly made upon himself. The old man scrambled to his feet and also took a hand in the fray. The reporter tried to get between the two and restore peace, but he might as well have tackled a whirlwind. The forest maiden's blood was up, and she made no distinction whatever between the peacemaker and her opponent. Seizing the sagamore and the reporter each by the topknot she swung them around and tumbled them both in a heap on the floor. The sagamore managed to get up and prudently shot through the door, and the reporter, with a desperate wrench, freed himself and followed. The pursuer was at their heels and the struggle was renewed outside. When at length the erstwhile smiling bride had wreaked enough of vengeance and had strode away, hurling fierce invective over her shoulder and vowing to kill either of them if they ever dared to look at her again, it was a handsome pair that got up on their elbows and surveyed each other. Their clothes were torn, their faces bruised and their general anatomy in a state of general disjointedness.



It was quite clear to the reporter that the respective positions of these two persons had some relation to the fact of his sudden and unexpected advent.

"My brother," he said, with a broad grin, "you seem to have received your valentine."

Mr. Paul turned with a great show of surprise, and with profuse cordiality welcomed his visitor.

"What's that you said?" he inquired, when the reporter had got comfortably placed.

"I say you seem to have found your valentine."

"What's that?" queried the sagamore.

The reporter winked a prodigious wink.

"No use you wink at me," declared the sagamore. "I can't tell what you say when you wink."

"If," said the reporter, with another broad grin, "I were sitting on the same bench with one of the finest looking girls in the settlement and somebody winked at me—I think I'd blush."

Mr. Paul at this remark cast a shy glance out of the corner of his eye toward the other end of the bench. The other end of the bench reciprocated, and a really charming little pantomime was enacted, to the high delight of the romantic reporter.

There was no reply from either end of the bench.

"Your fire is getting decidedly low," was the next remark. "Have you settled the question who shall make the fires?"

"Ah-hah," said Mr. Paul.

"Ah-hah," said the new Mrs. Paul.

"And cut the wood, and pound the splints, and carry the loads and all that?"

"Ah-hah," said Mr. and Mrs. Paul.

"I am curious," said the reporter, "to know how you have settled this question."

Mr. Paul thereupon made a remark in the Milicete tongue to the new partner of his joys and his bench. She replied in the same language. Mr. Paul repeated his remark a little sharply. The reply was the same. The sagamore straightened himself up and spoke again, this time in a decidedly vigorous tone. The forest maiden likewise straightened up and her reply was not less forcible. Before the reporter could realize what it was all about the two occupants of the bench were on their feet confronting each other and hurling guttural expletives with a volubility and energy that could not possibly be mistaken for anything else than the beginning of a storm. They soon began to gesticulate, and finally clinched.



"My brother," said the reporter, "we have had a close call. Will she come back, do you suppose, and finish the honeymoon?"

"No more honeymoon here," rejoined the disconsolate bridegroom.

"What started the row, anyhow?" the reporter demanded.

"I told him git some wood fix that fire—he told me go git wood myself—then we fight."

"Well," said the reporter, "I am going to a doctor. When you make up your mind to get married again let me know. I will not be the first to tender my congratulations. Good day."

"Good day," said the sagamore. "If you ever hear tell 'bout me have young squaws come round here any more you kin holler."

"There is no fool," said the reporter over his shoulder, "like an old fool."

And the sagamore did not dispute the statement.