



The sagamore was busily engaged preparing his evening meal when the reporter entered. Truth to tell, the dishes did not rival the snow in whiteness, nor could the general arrangement be compared to that of a first-class dining-room. The venerable Milicete laboured with the air of a man who would fain sit at ease and eat the food prepared by other hands. When he had got the carcass of a rabbit properly adjusted for cooking and set the tea a-steeping he lit his pipe and, with a grunt of relief, turned to his visitor.

"My brother," said the reporter, questioningly, "you have been married?"

"Had three squaws," tersely rejoined the old man.

"So many as that?"

"Ah-hah."

"All at once?"

"Ugh!" grunted the sage. "S'pose I'm heap fool?"

"Not necessarily," said the reporter. "In union there is strength, we are told. If that is so, then the more union the more strength. A man united to three women ought to be as strong as a horse."

"Wait till you been married two or three times," the old man replied with a shrug.



"Well," said the reporter, "a man three times married ought to be something of an authority on the marriage

question. A great many very wise and very learned people have been discussing whether marriage is or is not a failure. What is your own view?"

"It's failure," promptly answered the sagamore.

"Tell me why," the reporter said. "Do you speak from conviction born of reason, or experience—or both?"

"From what I see this long time."

"Tell me about it."

"When I'm young Injun," said Mr. Paul, "I git married to good lookin' squaw. He's big strong squaw—kin carry heap big load. I like that bully."

"And you were very happy," suggested the reporter.

"Ah-hah. I think big heap 'bout that squaw. He kin plant potatoes—make baskets—haul wood—do heap work every day."

"Did you ever quarrel?"

"One time. I give him so heap good lickin' he never gimme no talk back any more."

"A dutiful wife," said the reporter. "But how could marriage be a failure if all that was true?"

"He died one day," briefly responded Mr. Paul, with the air of one who had given a conclusive answer. "He come in from haulin' wood one day when it rains—ketch cold—die."

"And I suppose you had a close call yourself," said the reporter.

"Me?"



"Yes; of course you got wet and cold the same day?"

"What makes me do that?"

"Why,—weren't you out, too?"

"Me out ketch cold? You s'pose I'm heap fool? I stay in camp all day so I kin nurse him if he git sick."

"Ah! Just so. But she died, you say."

"Ah-hah."

"How it must have grieved you!" cried the sympathetic reporter. "I suppose you lived alone for many a day. And how lonely you must have been!"

"Pooty lonesome," said the sagamore. "So lonesome I git married agin right away."

"Oh!" It was not exactly the answer the reporter expected, and he ventured no further observation.

"I marry big, good-looking squaw right away," pursued the old man. "He ain't like last one—but he kin swing axe pooty good."

"We fight sometimes—I lick him—then he work better. Jist when I git him broke in he cut his foot one day—ketch cold—die."

"Yours was a sad experience," said the reporter. "But you married again?"

The old man frowned darkly and did not answer for some time. The reporter repeated the question. The old man simply nodded.

"And was she a good woman?"

"Worst old squaw in this country," growled the sagamore. "Won't do no work—won't carry no load—won't do anything but jaw all time."

"That was not pleasant. What did you do?"

"I went at him one day—try give him heap good lickin'."

"Yes? And what was the result?"

"He lick me," ruefully responded Mr. Paul. "Pooty near broke my back. After that he make me haul wood—make me pound splints—do all work round that camp. I run away—he foller me. I come back—he come too. He stick to me like one flea. He pooty near kill me 'fore he died."



"What caused her death?"

"Gin."

"And you did not marry again?"

"I live with myself ever since he died."

"And you think that marriage is a failure?"

"That's what I think. I had three squaws. Now I'm old Injun—I got to chop wood, pound splints, make axe-handles, carry big loads, same's if I never been married at all. Man's fool git married."

"Mr. Paul," said the reporter, "if you knew a bright and healthy woman, good natured, strong, easy tempered and willing to work—and if she were to come and agree to keep your house in order for the rest of your days, if she were to live so long—don't you think you would be rather glad to see her?"

"You know any squaws like that?"

"I have no doubt there are lots of them."

"If you see any," said the sagamore, "you tell him come round here see me right away."

"All railway companies," says *Chambers's Journal*, "are very particular about civility being shown to the public, with perhaps one exception, known to most railway men; but even that company has now improved in this respect, as well as in many others. A bald-headed director of this company was travelling with strangers, and at one of the stations one of them asked the name of the place. A porter pointed to the name board, remarking, 'Can't you read?' The director was somewhat vexed, but said nothing. At the next station another of the passengers asked if they changed there for A—. 'Sit still, and don't bother; this ain't a junction,' the porter replied. The director, who was much surprised at the incivility of the porters, told the strangers who he was, and expressed regret that they had been so spoken to. 'I will see, however, he said, 'if they will speak in the same way to me.' At the next station he put his head out the window, but could get no one's attention till the train was moving off, when a porter came up and shouted to him: 'Keep you bald head in, old buffer, or you'll catch cold.' He fumed with rage; but the strangers seemed to enjoy his defeat. There was trouble at those three stations the next day; and three faces were seen no more on those platforms."