

In dealings with the trader, the Indian -- the squaw, particularly -- is susceptible of the soothing influence of sweet things. Sugar and molasses are held in great esteem. A squaw having a fine robe, worth at least ten dollars, will part with it for ten or fifteen cups of coarse brown sugar, worth, probably, from two to three dollars. I once offered to the daughter of an Arrapahoe chief, as much on account of her beauty, perhaps, as of the beautiful specimen of her handiwork, two, and then three, dollars for a paint-pouch which she had made. She refused, but subsequently accepted five cups of brown sugar, worth about seventy cents.

In dealing with an Indian it is certain he will never be satisfied with the bargain agreed upon, so that it is always a measure of prudence and foresight to strike the bargain low, and then raise on a fair margin. I remember, at one time, a very fine and powerful bow was offered me by a squaw for a red blanket I possessed. A warrior, who was riding with her, probably her husband, sang out, with great emphasis, "how!" I replied, "how." "You swap?" said the warrior, taking hold of the corner of the blanket, and pointing to the squaw. I looked inquiringly. He pulled his bow out of the case, and, handing it over, again began pulling at the blanket. As I was anxious to secure a good bow, I made the exchange. The next day the warrior and his squaw appeared in front of my tent. After loitering about for some hours, occasionally poking their heads into the tent, and performing certain pantomimic gestures, all of which I could not comprehend, the interpreter explained to me that the squaw said she had given me a bow for a blanket, and now wanted something to make the bargain good. I at once sweetened her temper with a few cups of sugar. She left delighted with my liberality. \*

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\*Sheridan's Troopers on the Borders: A Winter Campaign on the Plains, by De B. Randolph Keim. Philadelphia, 1870. p. 228.

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