

Frontier life for me commenced when my husband, little son and self stepped off the train at Sioux City. We found the heat so intense, and the mosquitoes so thick at the hotel, my husband went down to the steamer on which we were going northward, found there were no passengers, but the captain said we could go on the steamer at once, which we did, and found the breeze from the river delightful. One of our brothers the year before, had gone westward to hunt a new business location. After spending a winter at Ponhonne and putting in a stock of merchandise, he concluded it was a good opening for business, he wrote my husband and brother George, if they would all do the same, and all go in together, it would be a benefit to all of them. They did so, and brother George and wife went out in the spring. After settling up the business,

my husband and I trailing along
about the first of August. The trip
up the river was delightful. On
the north side the land was high
bluffs and rolling prairie, on the
south, low-lying hills with a growth
of cedar. There were many sand-bars,
which were hard to avoid, causing
delays sometimes, and we could hear
the creaking and grinding of
our little stern wheel as she
tried to extricate herself. My
husband had some anxiety about
a place for us to live. Brother
George met us at the landing and
told us he had persuaded a
woman who owned a log-house
of four rooms, to take the larger
for herself, and let us have the
other three. She had it freshly white
washed, and had beads inside
coffee sacks together, and with nails
driven in had covered the earth
floor. She felt so sorry for that woman
coming from the east, to whom the
whole thing looked like a girl's
play-house.

My husband being deft in the use of saw and hammer, took some dry goods boxes apart, and soon had a good kitchen table, nailed against the logs in the kitchen, 8x10 light in the window turned down side ways, sliding back and forth outside of which a wild rose bush was growing. In the bed-room, nice size, was a window put in the same style, but here the rose-bush grew up from the inside, and covered the window. The owner told us in the early spring she opened the window, pushing it out and giving it the sunshine and air, so she had roses inside before they were blooming outside. In the room we used for sitting room and dining room was a half-sash 8x10 window, over which a morning glory had grown inside, and trailed over. It seemed like a romantic camp. The distance was so great, we moved only two or three pieces of furniture, some old mahogany which we have yet. I fastened

a carpet down over the packing under the deft fingers of my husband, cupboards and tables soon blossomed which were stained and varnished. Everything was soon in order, and we were very comfortable. The other two families lived in one end of the long log building where the merchandise was kept, until the large ^{building} was completed, consisting of two large rooms with an arch between, a tin shop back, and another large room for storage.

Ponhomme was situated on a high bluff overlooking the turbid Missouri, and the Santee Indian Agency on the other side of the river. We met the Episcopal missionary ^{Rev. S. D. Hinman} resident at Santee, who was the same one who was with them during the Minnesota massacre. Soon after the massacre, I was at Fort Snelling, and saw two of the leaders of the massacre, Little Six and Medicine Bottle, who were afterwards executed. I wondered what would be the future of the rest of those people, and now I was coming to live among a remnant

of them. Although there were only twelve houses in sight, we were never lonely, as there were three families of us, and when enough of the merchandise was moved out of the old store, and our dishes had room among the barrels and boxes, so we could all sit down at the table at once, we were in great glee. The buildings, as I remember, were all of logs, with the exception of the new store, among them, a school-house, court-house and hotel. There was school in the school-house, and sometimes missionaries came and held service in the school-house. My husband said to me: "Mary, the hotel is so small, why don't we entertain the missionaries in our own home, which we did after that, and so our home was dubbed 'The minister's hotel.'" I said: "That is all right if it is, if missionaries come out to preach to us heathen, the least we can do, is to make them physically comfortable."

Life was rather quiet the first fall we went there, but we were all happy. Sometimes we took long horse-back rides through the waving grass, sometimes scaring up a covey of quail, sometimes having a coyote dash out of the brush in front of you, but above all, to be where you could see from sunrise to sunset. In time, as the merchandise was moved to the new building, the two families had the whole of the log building for their home. After the Indians from the upper agencies, farther up the Missouri heard of the new store, they began to come down. They did not dress in citizen's clothes like the Santees, but in bright colored blankets, and made a picturesque figure on the landscape. In the fall my husband bought us a home of our own, which we fixed up to be comfortable. It was a very mild winter, I remember only two snow storms, and no snow on the ground after the storm was over. The second day of January

I had my plants out of doors, sprinkled them, and let them dry in the sunshine. As long as the steamboats came up, we used to enjoy going to the bank, and watch them. Our firm put in a large stock of goods before the steamers stopped running, in the fall, but still had to keep teams on the road going to Sioux City during the winter, which was very hard on them. Each one of us took one of the holidays for our very own, Christmas was mine, and we kept it up as long as we were within reach of one another. My husband and I were great readers, and had all the best periodicals, and we took much comfort in our own home. The traders, up the Missouri, finding we had such a large stock came themselves to buy goods, so we sold at wholesale and retail. As spring opened up, people commenced to come into the country, to take homesteads. There was a colony of Bohemians came in, and they were good, thrifty people -

The ~~Territorial~~ Governor Durban tried to get a foothold in Bonhomme, not being successful, he determined to start a town of his own, eight miles farther on, which he named Springfield. The governor was very energetic in inducing people to move to his new town, and soon it was filled with a fine class of citizens.

Then, one day I received a note, by Indian police, from S. D. Hinman⁺ of Missionary at Santee asking me would it be convenient for me to entertain Bishop Clarkson of Omaha, Dean Hoyt of Yankton and himself for one day. I replied it would be convenient and a pleasure. He came over early in the morning; we watched for the coming of the bishop and the dean. They visited during the day, and he returned at nightfall. The next morning the bishop and dean started and went seventy-five miles to hold service for three people: H. C. Green a civil engineer, his wife, formerly a teacher, and her brother, a young

man, who had taken homesteads on "The Jim" When they returned, the bishop said to me: "It is wonderful to see how homelike women like Mrs. Green, in her dug-out, and you in your log-house, can make your houses, with your books, your birds and your flowers." One day Governor Burbank said to me: "Mrs. Mead, there are three ladies in Yankton, I have told about you, and they want to come up" I said: "Bring them up." He said: "Anytime?" I said: "Yes" One day he appeared at the door with the wife of ^{Gen^l} Edwin McCook, Mrs. Warner and her mother, Mrs. Morrison, In a little while, I went over to our sister's, after our mother. She had a charming personality, and they enjoyed visiting with her, and on their return to Yankton, insisted on her accompanying them, where they entertained her for two days before her return. The governor stopped at the door one day and said to me:

"I have Representative Hannibal Hamlin of Maine in the store and I want you to meet him." "Oo-oo" I said. "That sounds formidable" "Not a bit of it" he said "I want you and John to come up this evening and we will have a dance and a little supper at the hotel, John says he will come if you will." I said: "We will be there" There was a nice company and the dining-room was just large enough for two quadrilles. Some of the young men, with their pants in their boots, danced with as much vigor and "seeming" pleasure as though in dancing pumps. The evening passed pleasantly, the supper was nice, and when I went to bid the rep. good night and said I hoped he had enjoyed the evening, his sides shook with laughter, and he said he had enjoyed every minute of it.

Time passed pleasantly on, and finally the firm concluded to buy the Shoutan Creek ranch, consisting of two hundred acres of land,

near the mouth of the creek, where it emptied into the Missouri. This move was made because the location was favorable for obtaining trade from the Yankton and Ponca indian reservations. It was also a stage relay station. The buildings were situated in the center of the valley, and my husband and I were to take charge of the place. My husband went on ahead to put in shelving and arrange for the merchandise. He was gone two weeks, which seemed a long time to me. When he came down, I asked him when I was going. Not until the store is in order, and the upper rooms cleaned. Another week passed, and then into the middle of another week, then myself said to me: "Why don't you go up there yourself, you are a pretty good digger. I put the thought in action, and I baked up some bread, pies and doughnuts, then went out in town to see if I could get a man to take me up there. I could only find one who would take me as far as Springfield, but engaged him to go, as I knew brother

George would help me out when I got there. So I took my little son, and we went to Springfield. Brother George engaged a man to take me up there, my husband had hired a man and his wife to cook for us, and we went after them. We reached Choteau in late afternoon. As we came down the valley, it seemed everyone in front of the buildings was looking at the other side of the valley and laughing. As I looked across, I saw the stage come ambling down on the other side, drawn by a yoke of oxen, and the driver putting in all the flourishes possible, and the passengers had their heads out the windows laughing. The horses in the country had the epizootic. As the rumble of our wagon came nearer, my husband turned and said: "What in the world did you come up here for?" (emphasis on world) His face had a look our husbands sometimes wear when they do not understand our movements, and wonder what we will do next. We unloaded, and went in and had

Supper. After the woman had done up her work, I went to her and told her that I would take possession now and serve the breakfast, which I did. ~~After~~ After which the black oil-cloth was taken off the table, Everything on that floor was thoroughly scrubbed until the boards like ourselves must have fairly panted. Then I put on some pretty table cloths I had brought, and set the table with my silver, as we had it at home. We put a carpet down from the doorway to the front end of the dining room, and a small table and couple of rockers for a pleasant place for the passengers from the stage to sit while they were waiting. I put some pretty white curtains up at the windows, then called my husband. He was surprised and delighted. I asked him if he had any idea what I came up there for. He replied: "I thought it would be too hard for you." I said: "Here is where I am going to stay." So we moved the rest of our belongings up there, and bid good-bye to

our little home in Bonhomme for which we had cared so much. Business increased rapidly, and the officers from Fort Randall made their drives so as to stay there all night on their way to Yankton. They became very fond of my husband, for the homelike air he put into his surroundings, and his invariable good humor. I was in the store one night when they came in with a "Gullo Mead", we came in early tonight, we'll have a good visit" He said: "Boys, I have only one bed left," "Oh, well," they said give that to uncle John, who was the oldest of the group. Give us some blankets and we will take to the front end of the dining room floor." and from the laughter issuing from the room soon after, they could not have considered it any hardship: My husband built on two bedrooms the only place there was on the house to build any, and still there was a call for beds, so he

built three rooms, two bed-rooms and a sitting room, just the width of the porch away from the other building. There were some cow-boys there who were waiting for a herd from Texas, to take farther up the country, and they volunteered to help him. It seemed to me, it took but a short time to complete the work. It was about this time ¹⁸⁷³

I believe, Bishop Hare came to take up his life-work among the Indians. His residence was to be fifteen miles farther up the river, at Yankton Agency. After he was once given the new sitting room and bed-room, he came quite often. I thought he was having his residence remodelled.

I was conscious one Sunday that more people than usual were in the house, and many people stopping to eat meals, and then passing on. That night after I retired, and had slept for some time, I was awakened, and became

conscious of the chink, - chink of money. I wondered and thought I would investigate, I dressed, and made myself presentable, went into the store, one man whom I knew, greeted me, with "good evening, Mrs. Mead, did you come after your husband?" I said: "No, I came to ask these gentlemen, if, after they have finished this game, they will please not gamble any more; my husband and myself were brought up to have the Sabbath respected in our home, and we brought our home life with us." There was a tall man at the end of the table, who had the cards in his hand, and looking at me intently, he slammed the cards on the table, and said: "Madam, you are right, and for one I will say, it will be a long time before I ever do any more gambling." I said: "Thank you," and turned and went up to my room. The game ended there, and the only sound heard in the house, was the foot-step of each man as he went to his own room. In a few moments, my

husband came to our room, and said: "Mary, I was proud of you tonight." I asked: "But how did it happen?" He said: "Two men came with teams, and the man who usually attended to them, had gone to bed, so I attended to them. When I returned, they had got into the game, when they had finished that game, I was going to tell them, I could have no more of it, but you did a better job than I could - why, Mary, there were as many as twenty men in the store; it was a party of civil engineers from Washington, D. C." I said: "I do not care who they are, or where they came from, the President could not gamble in my house." With me, the incident was closed. A cow-boy who was at the table, went "up country" and returned three weeks after, He said to me: "Do you remember that tall man who was at the table that time you broke up that gambling game, I saw him up country, and he said: "Hank, I want to borrow ten dollars to buy

some "grub" for my family. "Yes," I said, "you want it to gamble with." He answered: "Hank, do you remember that little woman who came down and broke up that game at Chotrau creek," I said: "I ought to remember; she made me lose twenty dollars." "Well, Hank, I have never gambled since." "Then take the ten dollars, for you have done better than I have." When my husband was away, I tried to take special charge over everything. The stove-pipe from the store went up near the end of the dining room table, I saw a man sitting there lean over, and listen intently, and heard his name spoken in angry tones, by the man below. He rose from the table and started for the door. As he neared the door, I saw him put his hand to his hip. I fairly flew, and took as firm a hold of his collar, as I would a lad in school, whom I felt, would do as I wished him to before I was through with him. I said: "My husband is away, on business, I have charge of this house, and while I do there will be no shooting affray here."

You have a wife and two little children. If she stood as I stand now, what would you want anyone to do for her?" You are right, Mrs. Mead, he said, and again sat down at the table. He gave his driver some money, told him to go and settle the bill and bring the team to the side door. He did so, and they drove away. The cowboys had been very good about keeping the Sabbath around the ranch. But one Sunday morning, I was standing just inside the dining room door, when I heard someone say: "Oh, boys, come on, let's have a race." I just leaned over, looked down and smiled. Instantly, he put the spurs to his horse, and as memory recalls it, started for camp, as fast as his horse could carry him, while the boys fairly yelled with laughter. The next day one of them said, while he shook with laughter, Mrs. Mead, that was one of the funniest things I ever saw. I said: I did not say anything. "No" he answered, "You did not say anything, but after what you had said, a fellow would have to have a lot of nerve to try and start a race."

The Texas herd was heard from at last. The boys went to meet them when they were crossed at Running Water, held them at their camp sometime before starting northward. The night before, two of the boys came down for some supplies, and said the boys sent word, would Husband and I come up and eat with them from the mess wagon. We did, and took a few luxuries for them. It was something to remember to see them riding slowly around the herd, crooning a Texas lullaby. The sun was dipping low behind the horizon when we bid them good bye, we never saw but a few of them afterwards. The 22^d infantry was transferred elsewhere. The ladies in bidding me good-bye said: "That regiment coming from Detroit, has never been on the frontier, and won't they think they are killed? But we have been here seven years and had a pretty good time" - The transfer was made. My husband was away from home. I saw an army ambulance containing two officers, a lady and

a drivers stop in front, & and view the outside architecture of that building, as though they had never seen anything like it in Detroit. The Bohemian in the store, went out and said: "You wants to stop here?" "If we can," the Colonel replied, "You can, you wants to," They alighted with solemn looking faces. As ~~one~~ ^{they} came up, I sent the maid to show the lady her room, and render any assistance necessary, The boy showed the officers to their rooms. I went to the kitchen and ordered the supper. When they were called to supper, and they entered the dining room, the lady stepped from her room and said: "Major, I want you and the Colonel to come and see what a cosy little room I have, and here we thought we could not stop here. After supper, I am going to take you to our quarters; they are really nice. By the comments I heard they were satisfied with everything."

Our mother and sister from Washington, D. C. came to visit first one and then another of us. It was pleasant for all of us, and we were not so far apart, but we could have our usual family gatherings.

The ladies who had visited me in Bouhonnay, had sent repeated invitations for me to visit them. My husband had business, and I accompanied him. The governor took us ladies for a drive all over the city. I met General ^{A. M. D.} Mc Cook, a man of commanding appearance and fine physique. We exchanged a few civil war reminiscences. My husband had been telling them about the fishing. The next morning, as we bade them good-bye, he said: "Mrs Mead, just two weeks from today, look for Wife and I up there, and we'll all go fishing." That morning my husband said to me: "Ain't this the day the Mc Cooks come?" I said "yes". But when the stage came in, it brought the news that he had been shot the night before, and died that morning. He belonged to a family.

"Albert's Hist. of the Civil War" x5es pg 193

known during the civil war as: "The fighting Mc Cooks," a father and five sons, all of whom died violent deaths, except one, who died in Colorado some years ago. There were many noted people who sometimes only dined, and some spent the night. Among them, was Col. Fred Grant, with some other military officers, who were on a tour of inspection of the army posts up the Missouri. The cooks had ice-cream for dessert that day. After they had gone, and the passengers on the stage had eaten, a company of cow-boys came in for dinner, I said: "Boys, you may have what ice-cream is left." Two of the boys, gave knowing glances across the table, and soon left the room, one at a time. The cook said they quickly grabbed the ice-cream freezer, and took it into the store. Not long after, I heard an awful racket in the store, and went to see what was the matter. I found the boys fairly mopping the floor with those two boys

and one said: "Just think, those two boys ate up all that ice-cream" I said: "How could you boys?" and one drew his finger across his throat, and muttered: "Too full for utterance" My husband stood by laughing, letting them have it out. The next winter was very severe, both Indians and white people losing heavily in cattle and horses.

X In the following Spring of General Custer and his Command ^{came} ~~came~~ from the south land and ^{landed} ~~landed~~ in Dakota in one of her very worst blizzards. The people in Yankton, did all in their power for them, under the circumstances. As they approached Choteau, my husband said to me, I had better have the cooks prepare an extra supply of food: "I said: "I do not think they will want it." He replied: "They always have, at the other places they have been." The high water had taken out the bridge at Choteau. The General had been informed, so sent

one troop, some officers and teamsters
ahead of the command. I had the
cooks bake fifty pies, forty loaves
of bread and three six gallon jars
of doughnuts. In my simplicity, I
thought I had enough for a standing army.
In the meantime the governor, an
editor from a near-by town, and
a number of others came, like small
boys following a circus. It was
late afternoon. We went out expecting
to see them dismount and go into
camp. Did they? Not a bit of it.
They simply surrounded the kitchen,
porch, door and windows, and said:
"Have you anything to eat?" Very
complacently I said: "Oh yes," and
I never saw food disappear so
rapidly. One man asked for a dozen
doughnuts, when I looked wonderingly
at him, he said: "I can eat them all
right." Soon a maid touched me
on the shoulder and said: "Do you
know, there are eighteen people in
the house now, and it is nearly
supper-time." I could let them have
no more at present. After supper,
the girls and I commenced to cook and

Cooked until twelve o'clock. At mid-
 night, my husband came and said a
 man wanted a dozen fried eggs.
 We fried them, and then I told my
 husband that would be the last, as
 the girls and I had to have some rest.
 The next morning my husband sent
 a man and team to Springfield,
 for additional supplies, and to
 Bonhomme for our sister and the
 one at Springfield to come and
 help us, which they did. Five of us
 cooked all the time, doughnuts, pies &
 baking powder biscuits. I became so
 tired, I had to kneel in a chair, and
 roll and cut the doughnuts, then
 sit by the stove to fry them. In the
 midst of all this hub-bub, I missed
 my five year old son, and someone
 told me he had gone fishing with
Captain Berdeen. After a while, I
 went out again to look for him, and
 found him riding on top of a ~~log~~
 load of logs and poles to replace
 the bridge. When I chided him for
 worrying me, a kind Irish face
 looked up at me and said "Don't

worry, Mum, we likes to have him with us, we'll take the best of care of him, and return him to you." The bridge was finished by the middle of the afternoon, In the late afternoon, General Custer and his command came on, crossed over and camped on a beautiful table-land with a back-ground of low lying hills. The next day was one of their resting days. These were spoken of by Mrs. Custer, in her book. "~~Boots and Saddles~~" They all seemed to enjoy the day one way and another. The soldiers came at nightfall to fill their knapsacks with food, as they said they did not expect to strike another place like ChotEAU, and were gracious enough to tell me that the last pie and the last doughnuts were as good as the first ones. My husband invited a few of the officers, he became acquainted with, to dinner, Later, one of them came, and asked if Husband and I would go out to their camp. five for a little while. We did so, and after chatting about

Their trip up the Missouri, some soldiers came and sang that beautiful song: "Come where my love lies dreaming" Now when I hear that song, I close my eyes and seem to be transported again to that scene, the grouping of the officers, my husband, little son and self. The good night's work was said, and we went back to the ranch-house. The next morning with an ever perfect military discipline, they were ready for an early start. First came the band, all mounted on white horses, with all their accoutrements shining in the morning sunlight. Then General and Mrs. Custer on horseback, then lieut^{ant} Colonel Calhoun and his wife, who I believe was a sister of General Custer. Then the wagons unwound, and trailed off over the hills, while the band was playing: "The girl I left behind me" And so they started out with light hearts and buoyant spirits, little dreaming of the awful tragedy that later awaited them at the Little Big Horn.

Frequently people came from the east to visit at the agencies, and see a little of indian life. A couple came from Philadelphia, and the house was so full, I gave them our room, I heard him say to his wife, "I believe I left my pistol in Sioux City." As they came in, I said: "Here is a gun that always stands loaded at the head of the bed, and pulling out a dresser drawer, I showed a loaded revolver. She threw her hands up over her head, and said: "Don't think I'm going to sleep in there with all that artillery." I said: "My husband and I do, every night, but I'll take out the gun." That year the grasshoppers came in such clouds as to darken the sun, it was impossible to place a finger on the house or sheds without touching a grasshopper.

After they were gone, we found our garden was completely ruined.

The onions were fairly devoured out of the ground. This grasshopper invasion was very hard on the home shadders. Many during the next winter were obliged to send east to relatives for help. That year we left Choteau. We went to Springfield, One of our sisters had a hotel which we took charge of until through Bishop Hare it was bought and remodelled for a school for indian boys and girls, and it is still in operation - I had a cook who was fine in that capacity, but of a tempestuous nature. The bishop wished to retain her in his service to clean the house, and wished her to take her meals with one until it was cleaned. That day the bishop was a little late for dinner, after which he stood up

in his most characteristic attitude with his hands crossed in front of him, and said: "Mr. Mead, Miss Galligan for whom I have no provision desired me to bring her dinner to her, and she did not wish to stop and dress for dinner." I replied: "I'll send her dinner to her" He said: "Thank you" and the concealed mirth in the Bishop's face is something I can never forget. I went to the kitchen and said: "Jen, I shall have to ask you to take Miss Galligan's dinner to her, She said: "Why?" with a rising inflection. I replied: "Because she does not wish to dress for dinner." Jen said: "Who ever saw her dress for dinner?" I said: "Jen, be good now, and take her dinner, and watch me when she comes home." On her return at night, I said: "Mary, how did you ever have the nerve and

gall to ask the bishop to bring you your dinner. Did you think because you are not working for me you would take your meals with Bishop Hare and the boarders. You will eat with Jenny the same as you always have." The incident was closed. After he did get some provision and take to the house, he said she would follow him around and say = " Mr Hare, Mr. Hare, what will you have for dinner ?" So, he bought a cook-book, went into his room and locked the door, and tried to study up what to have for dinner, until the two missionary ladies arrived, who were to take charge of the school and came to his relief, and Miss Galligan sought other fields.

About this time my husband secured a tradership at Pine Ridge. He could not take me with him that winter.

In the spring he came after me. Meantime, he had two nice log rooms built. The end of the road, at that time, was Thatched. He got his team there, and we camped that night, near Fort Niobrara. Dr. Mc Gillicuddy had brought his wife down to take the train east, so she accompanied us in the morning, and was company for us on the trip. There did not seem to be anything in sight but those long-horn cattle and cattle ranches. It seemed to me we were nearing the end of the world. As we neared the agency, and I saw real buildings made of pine boards and real churches, I found it was not the end of the world at all. We drove up to our home. My husband had done all a man could do, to make our home pleasant. He had selected some pretty print and made some curtains, and put up at the windows. He had a wash-stand which I still possess, a relief from Red Cloud Agency, a pail, tin dipper and wash-dish so ablutions could be taken at any time. What more could heart wish? Everyone I

met, reached out a welcoming hand, and I soon became interested, both out doors and in. There was a stockade from each end of the store, enclosing all the out buildings, stables, hay-stacks, and place for drying beef hides. I was out, raking in the back yard one day, when an elderly, pleasant faced indian stepped up, and taking hold of the rake-handle, said: "Mama, wan-ε-cha," meaning he, not me, was to do it. Ever after, we were firm friends, and he was always my helper, knowing he would get a few tid-bits, not in his own tepee. One morning we saw him standing outside the door. I said to the maid: "What do you suppose that old fellow wants this morning?" "Oh, she replied, "nothing but tea and coffee, sugar and baking powder." He understood our sarcasm, and while a broad smile lit his face, he said = "Tal-low, - matches," showing

he could think of two more things than we. Dr. M^c. Giljicuddy was the agent in charge of the reservation at this time. On the return of his wife, they called. We found them delightful, and during our entire residence on the agency, they always tried to make life pleasant for their employees and the other residents on the agency. Oftentimes, when officers were being transferred from Fort Robinson elsewhere, they gave receptions which were very enjoyable.

About this time occurred the sun dance of the Indians. I tell this as it was told me. There were a number of virgins who cut and dragged the pole to the grounds. No one else handled it until it was set up on the grounds, where a buffalo's head was placed on top and various trimmings. There were ropes attached to the pole, to which the men,

who were to endure the torture, were fastened. I once had a stick, about eight inches long, that was given me as a relic of the sun-dance. It had blood-stains on it, and they told me it was one that had been used. The way they put it in, was to take a butcher knife and cut a slit ~~on~~ an inch long on each side of the breast, and run the stick from one side to the other, on each side of the ~~front~~ breast, and attached by thongs to the rope of the pole. I saw one who had been thus prepared, go to the pole, and put his arms around it, and looking heavenward, sobbed and prayed. Just then I made my exit. I could not stand any more. I did not see the others, but friends told me one indian danced for a long time, then when he ran backward an indian put his arms around him and jerked him backwards, and then he tore away. Another one danced hard, tore away, and

fell over on the ground, then jumped right up again. In other parts of the grounds, the indian women were dancing various dances, in some places they were dancing the Omaha, some of the men had whistles made from the leg-bone of an eagle, which they held in their mouths, and looking up at the sun, danced while they blew on the whistles. It was an uncommonly large sun dance. It was said there were between eight and nine thousand indians present, and not more than forty or forty-five white people present. A friend and his wife were walking around the grounds, and came upon some who were having refreshments. With true hospitality they were offered some soup, fearing to offend them, they made a pretense of eating the soup, but ate mostly crackers. In preparing the animal for the soup, they were evidently in a hurry, as there were many hairs around the edge of the dish.

One day I was at the sun-dance, and a little girl, about three or four years old, came in mounted on a horse, which had strips of bright calico tied onto the horse which came up around the girl. She came in smiling, as though going to a picnic. The medicine man took her off the horse, laid her down on a blanket, and with a sharp butcher knife, cut a slit in the top and in each lobe of the ear, while the women beat drums, to drown the sound of her cries. One day I saw three or four indians sitting at one end of the inclosure, One of them, Blue Bird, I knew, and I smiled at him, but his face was perfectly immovable. Just then, the police touched me on the shoulder, and told me, if I wanted to go the other side of those indians, I must go around the inclosure. Then, I knew at once they considered them as sacred, for they sat there

facing the pole, where they were to endure so much torture.

At a particular place during the sun-dance, they held ceremonies to invoke the help of the Great Spirit for the success of their hunts when going after deer, buffalo and other animals.

The last day of the dance was give-away day. I saw a young woman step out of a two seated two horse buggy, and with a wave of her hand, turned it over to a young woman standing near, expecting it to be reciprocated.

After the sun dance was over, life again went on as placidly as usual, until one day when one of the traders with his wife and one of the missionary ladies drove wildly up to the store, and told the clerk to tell my husband to take his family and leave as soon as possible, for the Indians were all painted up and the

indian women had gone onto the hills crying the war-song. He said he was going up to Ben Tibbets, twelve miles away. Soon two other families came and were much excited. One woman was so prostrated, I felt sorry for her. I had her lie down, and tried to quiet her, but soon they, too, had gone where the others had gone. Our family never returned, but went on to Sidney. My husband went to see what we had to defend ourselves with; he found we had nothing, but an old revolver that would not work. He went to hitch up the team, and while he was gone, a note came from the doctor, saying the trouble was over, and he hoped we had not been frightened. One can not blame women at the agency, who had small children, being frightened, when they saw the indians in their war-paint,

right in front of their windows, and did not know what moment they might be subject to an attack. One lovely girl said: "Oh, mama, let's pray, let's pray!" Her mother answered: "I have something else to do beside pray, right now." She was trying to find her younger children. But the doctor with his usual firmness and quick decision had the difficulty settled very soon. For some time after that, the women at the agency kept their trunks packed, ready to leave at any moment, but they had no occasion to leave.

As usual I had a number of fets: a deer, an antelope, two crows, and a chicken hawk! # Deer sometimes came near the agency, and were shot, so then I put a red flannel strip around my deer, for the Indians would not shoot it, if they knew it was

My Pet.

We built a small house and moved into it. Then, on looking it over, found most of his land was on the other side of the river, so we built a larger house, and moved into that, on the other side. It was prettily situated on a table land. There were three men at work building stables, sheds and corrals. One morning, I heard strange noises, and looking out, it seemed as though the whole flat was covered with grouse. Some of them were strutting around, raking the ground with their wings, no doubt making eyes at their sweet-hearts. The men heard them, and arose to look at them. I said: "Do you think there are seventy-five or eighty of them." They said: "Every bit as many as that. We have probably encroached on their old mating ground."

My son had a pasture of four hundred and eighty acres. The grouse soon dispersed and nested in this pasture, We never allowed any shooting there, and they soon became very tame, and came up around the house, and ate with the chickens, as did the quail, with their young broods. I took up life on the ranch with the same zest as usual, and it was as on most ranches, the interest ~~settled~~ centered around the horses and cattle. The White river ran directly through the whole length of the pasture.