

Hence, they did not care to have a third party as interpreter.

Two Packs likewise was gifted with a special aptitude in narrating events and stories that people liked to listen to him.

Well, they started out for the nearest town to dispose of this steed. They went in their lumber wagon with the favorite tied by the side. They watered the animal well before starting out and drove rather slow. They reached the burg and Two Packs bridled the horse, brushed him up, and mounted on it. Then, he paraded up and down the main and only street. While this taking place, Brass was trying to interest some prospective horse buyers. At last one of the horse-traders asked to look over the animal with a view of buying it. Two Packs rode up and down, and in an unnoticeable manners, was irritating the animal by his gentle kicks on the pony's sides that one would think it was full of life within him. Everynow and then Two Packs would say "Whoa, Boy! Whoa Boy!" Grass then said "This be a good Satterday horse (saddle horse)" "He too plow heap big pull."

The horse-trader was busily whittling away a stick with his pocket knife. He asked "how old is the horse." Grass answered "Once four year old" The horse-trader asked "how much money do you want for the horse?" Grass said "Sell cheap- fifty one hundred dollars(\$150.00) The horse-trader quickly pulled out five ten dollar bills and jokingly said, "here is your money." Without saying another word Two Packs grabbed the money and turned the animal over to the white man. Grass was stung -- but as his partner was satisfied with the money he reluctantly had to give in.

X

A big Fourth of July Celebration was in full blast -- horse races, war-dances, fire crackers and a big feast.

Among the special police appointed to keep order was a half breed