

and I'm staying with her. Come over some time," she said. "I'm gonna look for you." I said, "When?" "Come this evening." Well, I had no reason to hurry back home. . . and I didn't have no plans to go to Canton. So I said, "Well I'll put my horse up at the feed yard, and go and visit her." Which I did. The old lady she stayed with was a nice old woman. She was a widow. "Jess," she said, "If you want to stay, stay right here. I got an extra room for you. There's a bedroom here." "Well," I said, "I don't know--" Then this girl talk Indian. She said, "Give her two dollars and let her go and get us eggs and bacon and whatever you want--help her out." "Well," I said, "I'll give you two dollars and you can give it to her." So I give her two dollars and they went in the other room and talked. "Now you kids stay," she said. "I'm going to town and get something for breakfast." Well, she was gone two hours that evening. So this girl says, "I'm getting my money about Wednesday. You just stay here with us--for a week, anyhow." "Yeah," I said. "But my folks might want to know where I am. Well, I said, "I can drop a card to our preacher--missionary there that lives a quarter-mile from our house--he can tell 'em where I am." "you do that. I got stationery." So I wrote to our missionary. He live about a quarter of a mile from us out in the country. Told him to tell my folks where I was--that I would stay here about a week. And it went out that I was hiding out with that girl! I was on the streets every day. Came back in the evenings. Sometimes I stay uptown at noon. Her father was at Canton--a Cheyenne camp, somewhere. When he came back, someone told him, "Your daughter's married to Jess Rowledge." Which wasn't true. But anyway I saw the old man in town. I didn't think he knew anything about it. He said, "Where's my daughter?" "Is she with you?" I said, "No. You mean Emma?" "That's all the girl I got!" I said, "Well she come and she's staying with a white woman here in town." And I didn't tell him I was there. "Why?" I said. "Why do you ask me?" "Well, these women folks are telling me you and her are married! Run off and married!" "No," I said. "That ain't true." "Everybody knows it!" "Well, I don't care--it's true or not--it's not true. She can tell you that and that white woman she stays with can tell you that--the same thing. She must