

to which I shook my head and made signs for her to wash him. She burst into hearty laughter, came and took him to her side of the lodge washed him vigorously and proceeded to put clean garments on him which having accomplished she brought him and set him down near me. I took him up kissed him and showed him my watch and began to talk to him. He scrutinized the movements of my lips while I talked. This was repeated day after day with little ^{omitting} variation not ~~omitting~~ the application of soap and water.

At length he began to talk in answer to me much to the amusement of the Indians who observing that he uttered words in English while he could not speak in his mother tongue took occasion to tease his parents especially his mother by saying, "He Indian? No! He White Man!"

Zebaddle and his wife had never been to the Agency. After I had homed with them for a short time I prevailed ~~with~~ upon them to go with the other Indians to the Agency and draw rations. I told them "I ate supper with you many times, now you go to Agents house and eat supper with me". Having obtained the consent of the Agents' wife I brought them in at supper time and they partook of the first civilized meal of their lives. Nothing escaped their notice. When we returned Zebaddle and myself stopped at the trading post, where he bought pie tins, teacups and saucers, knives and forks, spoons, sugar bowl and coffee pot. While he was buying these things it became a mystery to me how to get them to camp we being on horseback. When the purchase was completed he wrapped his blanket about him, buckled the leathern belt tightly around his body packed all these articles about his waist inside his blanket and in that way carried them all the way to camp, about sixty miles. The next morning some fifteen of the