

JOKES TOLD BY SITTING BULL.

I

Watapeta, the camp crier, was making one of his daily rounds in the camp announcing the events of the previous day as well as the present day and the approaching plans for the following day. Having done this, he thought of touching up the minds of the natives by giving them a piece of his mind.

He said "Whilst I do not care to admonish you to become selfish I wish you to be under lookout for loafers who had become nuisance by their ever asking for a loan of articles, horses or anything especially a knife. He that does not own a knife is to be pitied. Do not lend to such a person a knife. Then he shall see his mistake and necessity and may provide himself with a knife."

Just as he got through with his advise-giving, one of his ponies, which was hobbled, got tangled up some way in the sage brushes and fell on the ground. He ran as swiftly as his feet could take him to the pony, to loosen the hobbles, when to his dismay discovered he had not his knife in his possession. It was a critical moment. He tried every way to release the pony but failed. It happened some boys were playing nearby and to them he said: "Grand children will you lend me your knife -- my pony is in danger." One of the boys made a quick answer. "No. Watapeta just advised us not to lend knives to any body."

II

A certain portion of a Sioux Reservation was opened for settlement and homesteaders flocked in and effected a county and organized according to white man's custom. County officers were elected and they proceeded to perform the duties involved with their offices.

One of these officers called at the home of He-alone-is-a-Man, and through the interpreter asked how many horses he owned and the value of