Sioux who want by the name of John Hanska or Tall John, for he nearly seven feet in height, rather slim. Now this special officer was well ground on the three R's and was considered among the Tribe a good mixer but as an officer he generally went beyond his authority.

A half a mile horse race was on. Just then a crown was uncontrollable that he had resort to drastic measure to keep order in doing so he forget the race had already started. He attempted to get across the other side of the race-track when he was run over by one of the riders and knocked him unconscious. Immediately he was taken to the Agency hospital. Hardly a word of sympathy was expressed in his favor — on the contrary the general sentiment seemed to be that he got what was coming to him.

That evening, whilst the camp was at its glory with old time victory dances and other old time dances he, much to the surprise of the natives, returned and proceeded with his usual official duties — displaying his club and badge — for there was no uniform to fit his peculiar figure.

Now, they all got round him expressing their deep regret of his accident but glad be had recovered from several individuals. He seemed to doubt them and paid no attention to them.

and regret in my behalf on account of my accident, but I have something to twll you. Whilst I was unconscious my soul left my poor pody and I was heading for the gates of heaven. St. Neter was sitting there at the gate and as I approached he said, "John Janska is your name is it not?" I said "I know you recognized me." Then St. Peter said, "Did you fully made up your mind definitely of your coming up here? You see — this heaven up here is for white people. The happy hunting ground below is for Indians. You are half white and half Indian. You have the priviledge to go to either of these two places that you choose". "I answered, my friend, I am still undecided in this matter". St. Peter siad, "you go back and when you have