

man on the Indian Police force so he gave me away for the job. So I became an Indian police.

About four years after we finally landed on the Standing Rock Reservation my uncle, S. B. was taken East to the Great Father's City by a personal friend who went by the name of Buffalo Bill. A man by the name of Ble (Wm. Halsey) went as interpreter. While interviewing the Great Father he was told that all Tribal moneys were deposited in the U. S. Treasury in the name of S. B. He was required to sign a paper which he complied with. His friend, Buffalo Bill, presented him with a fine white horse which he brought back with him. He also bought a bay horse at the same time.

Now my uncle, S. B. like the rest of the natives was issued a Cow and likewise I was given one. A yoke of oxen was also issued to me and I started to make my future home on the Grand River. My uncle told me that the place where he was born was at a location where there were many cellars (cacheing places) about two or three miles South of Bullhead, S. D., south side of the Grand River) I headed for this place but it was about the time the Grand River was high and I was unable to cross it and having been delayed on my spring season work, I did not wait for the water to go down but moved down the river where I had ever since hold. My uncle took a claim where he was killed.

We were there six years and by that time my uncle had accumulated 20 head horses, 45 head cattle, 80 chickens, He raised oats, corn, potatoes, chicken coops, built a root-cellar - a long log house and a small round log house, stock sheds, put up 2 hay stacks each 15