

"Chief Gaul."

During March, 1875, Chief Gaul and his band came in from the hostile camp to the Agency in very destitute circumstances having eaten all their ponies and dogs for food and most of them finished the journey on foot. A friend of mine and I took a gunny sack of bread and thought we would go out and meet the Indians, present them with the bread and see Gaul. When we rode into camp Gaul came out of a tepee. He wore a pair of mocassins, a belt with a few cartridges and a colt's revolver and no clothes but a britch cloth. He was the best muscled man I have ever seen and had a look of hate on his face that, with his physical build, would go a long ways in winning most any scrap. He said, "I see you have guns. You are two yellow dogs and I do not want you here." He pointed in the direction we had come and went back into the tepee. We gave our bread to a young Indian woman who, unlike Gaul, took it gratefully.

Witnessed an under chiefs burial "Little Lousey." Belonged to Yankton Band of Indians.

Yr. 1873 - When we reached the camp we were invited to go into the lodge where the remains were. An old medicine man painted the face in gaudy colors and the clothing that adorned the body was loaded with beads and quills. New elaborately beaded mocassins covered the dead man's feet and shells laced together covered his chest. Hair was wrapped with strips of otter skin and the head was covered with a wig made of animal fur decorated with elk teeth and feathers of an eagle. The body was lain on a painted buffalo hide robe, a new winchester rifle, bows and arrows and a hunting knife laid beside it