

was gone. He was buying cattle down on the Illinois River there. Them Indians had worlds of cattle. It wasn't no market for them. Just raise them there and kill them, you know, if they couldn't sell them. There's no railroad to ship them out and people didn't come in to buy them. The woods and whole country was full of them. He was down there buying. He was buying forty or fifty head at a time and driving to Muskogee and sell them over there. That Katy railroad went through there. That's the first railroad that ever went through the Indian Territory.

(Yeah.)

And that man was buying because they could ship them, you see, and sell them.

(Sell them.)

He'd drive over there and sell them to that man, and he made quite a bit of money that way. Late one evening there's a wagon drove up there by the gate (words not clear) outside of the yard there. And they drove up there. There was four men riding along behind that wagon there. They had eight head of horses with them beside--they had a big wagon, chuckwagon--they had with them to haul their stuff, you know. And there was a big team pulling that. They stopped there, and one of them come inside. They stopped and one of them opened the gate, and come in, and I told my mother I seen someone. I said, "Mother, there's somebody coming to the house out there." I was sitting there watching, I guess. I said, "Somebody's coming." She come to the door. She said, "Well, they got a wagon and four other horses standing." I said, "Yeah. I don't know who he is either." He come in there. He was a tall slim fellow--had on cowboy hat, boots and things. You could tell he was a cowboy 'cause he stink and the way he was dressed.) He pulled his hat off. Nice mannered fella, and I was talking to him. He said, "Lady, I'm looking for a man out here by the name of