

man and he hime him away in that timber. And he pays them and nobody will know. That's the way they been doing. Well, these boys always had good clothes, good money and good boots. Where did they get it? That's what the Indians said, "Where did they get it?" They don't buy them in the stores. Well, they think they know but, they dead now. But one is still living but we don't want to give their names because their folks won't like it. They know it. They heard of him. They heard of the name mentioned that he was doing it but they deny it. Well, one day-- they took seven of our best horses at different times. They took two one night. One of them was my sister's horse--iron gray pacing. An Indian Agent offered \$150 to buy it and she wouldn't take it. The other one taken was my own personal riding pony. Jet black pony. He had a circle on the front shoulder. I'm the one that goes after the horses. I know where they graze. I bring them in after breakfast. I go out and look over the horses and I bring them in. I know where they graze so I know where to go to find them. My father sometimes goes and gets them. Well, that night--after breakfast, Dad told me to go get the horses. He said, "Go see about the horses. I seen that fellow yesterday evening up there in the hills, riding." I went out there and I could'nt find them. I told him I couldn't find them. "I told you I saw one of them men riding up there late in the evening. He got them, he got them."

(End of Tape.)