by the clang of India horse bells. We would find what looked like a whele tribe encamped all around us -an Indian tent city going up over night Usually my husband would have them removed to some more remote part of the I would ride over every day, with sweetmeats and cakes and things Indians love and visit the squar and little rosy cheeked paposes. all sorts of things for those papeoses. Once an Indian rode over to the hous and asked me to come and see his daughter. Her baby had died. Her husband had gone to the Cochrane races, and she was wailing in her tent. The baby had been buried over night. Incidenced I madd a big batch of brown sugar and mut candy. Th I jumped on house and was soon over to the Indian I left the little squaw waving to me, with a smile coming through camp. her tears and her fat cheeks full of candy. A few days later the Sher iff's wife, daughter of one of the old-timer ranchers said to me:

"Must'nt do that Mrs. Reeve. You'll have a dead Indian baby every day on your hands if you do".

I acquired quite a reputation if you please a s a Doctor! Just because I took the sting out of a scalded arm with some baking sods and After that one Indian after another would come to "Missis Boss" for lard. treatment for this or that ill. One boy lay out on our verendah all night waiting for me to come down. He had a bad case of blood poisoning in a leg that he had caught in a barbed wire fence. He had the most blind trust in my ability to heal it, and would not listen to my urgings to go to the I had to use stragey in fact to get him there. Agency doctor. love an automobile ride. I managed to get my patient aboard and soon had him over on the Reserve. Once in the hands of the Indian agent there was no escape for him, and althought I knew he would receive proper treatment I felt like a criminal when I saw poor Dan's eyes and realised he looked upon me as one who had betrayed his trust. He was terribly afraid that the doctor wou out his leg off and he said: "Missis Boss put medicine on".