

least. but most of them I knew well enough to call them by name. I was especially fond of the young swaws

When one gave a job to an Indian he moved ^{the} on our place with all his relatives and connections from far and near, including his horses and dogs. We would be awakened the following morning by the clang of Indian horse bells, and ~~riding over a~~ ~~looking out~~ toward ~~the~~ some especially shelte we would find them encamped all around ~~the ranch~~ ---an Indian tent city going up over night. Usually the boss would have them removed to some more remote part of the ranch, as their nearness to the rancho was not always desirable. I used to ride over two and three times a day to visit the squaws, to take cakes and sweet things to them and the children. Indians love sweet food. I've had an Indian come to the house and offer to trade ~~an whole bunch of venison~~ love; y lynx hide for a small tin of molasses. All sorts of hide and bead work--- beautiful stuff --- were offered in trade for jams and sugar---anything sweet. We never took advantage of them and we never let our men do so either, as far as we were able to prevent them. I made all sorts of things for the little fat papooses and ~~as~~ I acquired quite a reputation among them, for some reason or other, as a doctor! Just because I took the sting out of scalded arm with some baking soda and lard. After that one after another of the Indians would come to the house and ask for "Missis" and want treatment for this or that ill. One boy who had blood poisoning in his arm, ~~from catching it in in a barbed wire fence,~~ ~~and~~ lay on our verandah all night waiting for me to ~~get up~~ come down. I had no idea he was there, till I stepped out in the morning. His arm was in a frightful state. He had the most ~~blind~~ ^{in my ability to} trust ~~in that I could heal it,~~ and would not listen to my urgings to him to go to the Agency doctor. Agency doctor would cut his arm off he averred. Missis please put medicine on. I had indeed to use stratagem to get him ~~there~~. ^{like the Resem} Indians love a ride in an automobile, and I managed to get my patient aboard a flivver and soon had him over at the Agency office. Once in the hands of the Indian agent, there was no escape for him, and although I knew he would receive the proper treatment I felt like a criminal when I saw