

By John Lamot

In the fall of 1868 I was working for Baker and there were a couple of Indians. One was shot and the other was hung at Levin's on Sun River. Baker got me to go up on high wood to work with cattle, so I come back down and when I did he got me to go out North with a load of freight to help Charlie Conrad, and so when I got there I loaded up and I told Baker that there was a whole lot of danger out with the Indians. He said "No, there is no danger; not any more than there is here." He kept at me and told me what I had to look out for was that they were great to steal. They would rob, and I had to look out for that, and that they were great to bluff. They were going to bluff like everything, So, I got a man to go with me to show me where to go.

I had never crossed the Teton before so this Baker described to me where I had to go and this man, who was going to go with me, told me where I had to go and said he would catch up. I did not know why he would not start with me, but it was not long after I got started before I found out.

I got across the Teton and as I was going up the hill a war party jumped me up and they were on the bluff. They shot their guns off and I had to knock them away from me and from my head. They put bows and arrows on me. I pushed them away from my breast. I thought they were awful on ~~the~~ bluff.

I made out, though, to get to the top of the hill and they would stop my team and I was having an awful time with them, and I know now that they were making signs that I was crazy, and so I went to work and started my team and kept going as good as I could, and they would keep stopping me and going after me with their guns.

I jumped in the wagon and grabbed an axe that was in there. I had a barrel in the wagon and broke the head in and threw out some hard tack (crackers). They began picking them up and thought they were pretty good, and then I raised the barrel up and put it on the side of the wagon and

#2.

shook them hard tack out and I emptied pretty near the whole barrel of them, and then I drove on.

I got to where they call Bull Bear Springs and I was told to camp there. This man never caught me up, so I camped, and I had not camped such a great while when these Indians come. I had trouble with them right along.

So, I got my supper. I had a little bit of a coffee pot, some sugar, beans and coffee, and had my supper. They wanted me to cook for them. I gave them my coffee pot, sugar, coffee and some more hard tack and let them cook. It was such a small coffee pot it took them a long while before they could get coffee. They had to melt snow in the coffee pot.

I got to go to bed and in the night they tried to take my blanket away from me. I had an awful time trying to get to sleep. I lay there and far in the middle of the night Charlie Conrad come. He wanted to know whose team was that and asked "Who are you?" Said I, "Lamot." "Bakers," he said. So I said yes I was Bakers. He said "I want you to get to camp and as early as you can in the morning. I am having fits there. I am having an awful sight of trouble." Said I, "I am having an awful sight, here, and I will hoke up now if I had the cattle." Said he, "The cattle is right out ~~here~~ close. I will drive them in if you will hitch up. I don't make much noise on account of the Indians. They are a big party."

He went out and drove them in and then I yoked them all up but I never hitched a chain until I got them all in their place, and as quick as I went to chaining them together the Indians all woke up, because they heard the chains rattle.

So I started and I drove until day light and when I looked back there was a squaw on a trail wagon. H don't know how she got there or anything else, and then the Indians caught me up again and they tried to turn my team towards the Marias, and I looked back at this woman and I would see her and she would make signs which way for me to go, and she made me

understand her. So I went on the way she wanted me to go. They would turn my team every little while, but I would turn them back.

So we got to pretty near Dead Indian Coulee and the Indians left me but the Indian woman stayed on the wagon. After she stayed on a while she started to get off and I stopped the team and she got down and made signs where I had to go. She showed me a whole lot of horses I had seen feeding on the hills. After she showed me, she asked me, "Would you give me a piece of bacon," just as plain as could be in English. I tried to talk to her in English and she did not answer me at all after. I gave her all the bacon I had. Every bit.

I drove then until I come to the camp. They were awfully tickled for me to get there. Starr was there and he come out and Charlie Conrad got out and we unloaded and went in camp and we had an awful time there. They were having an awful time. They were pretty mean.

We traded considerable so I eat some hard task for supper and By Golly next morning when I got up, Charlie Conrad said "Oughtn'd we to have some breakfast?" Said I, "Yes, we will cook breakfast." So we mixed up some flour (they furnished the buffalo fat to fry the bread) and then made some coffee and mixed up the bread. I started frying and said this Interpreter, "Do you know what the Indians said?" Charlie Conrad said "No." "They said 'When you cook you have to cook for them, and when they cook they will cook for you.'" So they made me cook all day way until way in the night before I could quit. They made me.

So the next morning when I got up I said, "Had we better not cook?" and he said "Yes." I took a big dish pan and filled it pretty near full of flour and then I mixed it up and said "You cook while I go and look for the cattle." Said he, "All right." I went to look for the cattle and I found a good place where I could cache (hide) and I lay there in the cold all day.

until it was getting night, and I came out of there and I went to camp, to lodge, and I pretended I had walked and was awfully tired, but I was not. Charlie Conrad was still cooking, so they made him cook for me so I got something to eat. He had to cook way in the night before they let him quit. So that went all right.

We went to bed and got up the next morning. He said to me "Hadn't we better cook?" I said "Yes." I said "I will mix the bread, you start cooking and I will go and get the cattle." He said, "No you don't. You do the cooking." I said, "I won't do no such thing. I won't cook." He said, "Neither will I cook." They said when they cooked they cook for us, and when we cook, we cook for them.

So the Interpreter, Starr, was talking to the Indians all the while and laughing and I did not know what they were doing that for, so pretty soon a woman got a big pot and filled it up with meat. The Interpreter kept talking to her. She took the kettle full of meat outside and comes back in with it, poured water in it and put it on the fire to cook. The meat got cooked and she got some dishes, got the meat in them and she was awful careful getting the meat out of the kettle. She put it in two big dishes, a whole lot. She was awful, awful careful, and so she handed me a dish and she handed Conrad a dish.

Said I, "Conrad, I can't eat this." He said, "I can." I turned around and got close to the lodge and was pretending I was eating and was all the time pushing it underneath the lodge to the dogs outside, and when I got my dish empty, I handed it back to them for some more, pretending I wanted some more to eat.

Well, they all started laughing. This Starr started talking. It made me mistrust something when they handed me back the dish. Said Charlie Conrad, "How can you eat that? I can't touch it." He said, "Just look, it is all manure, buffalo manure." Well, it was, so I mistrusted and wrote a note

#5.

to him. I took out my pencil and wrote him a note saying, "Do as I did, on account of mistrusting that the Interpreter put a job up on us." So he wrote back to me and said, "What do you do?" I said, "I pushed it under the lodge and fed it to the dogs, and so I did not eat this that they gave me the last time." As I knew they would mistrust if I could eat all the second dish I pushed part of it under the lodge and gave them back the dish.

It went on for a while after breakfast about an hour and I was pretty hungry. Said I to Starr "They said they would cook for us when they cooked and we would have to cook for them when we cooked?" He said "Yes." Said I, "There is a whole lot of dried meat hanging up here drying and I would like some of that meat roasted." Starr laughed and talked to the Indians, and they roasted a great big slab. Charlie Conrad said "I like roasted meat, too. So they roasted him some, too, and after that we always liked roasted meat so we did not have to cook any more. We would get them flour and coffee so they could make it for themselves, and when they made it they would give us a cup of coffee.

They began running the white men, the traders, out of camps. There were several different places where they were camped around there. There was an awful sight of Indians, an awful sight. There were several different camps right close and there were traders in them all. There was Carl and Steel had an outfit; Fur Company had an outfit and Powers had an outfit, and I was with Baker. Well, it kept getting worse and worse, the trouble in camp, and at last they shot at Joe Pierson. He was working for the Fur Co. They run him out of camp and they took all the guns and everything. They run Steel's outfit, Jimmie Arnold and his men, out and took all the stuff and they shot at Frank Pierson. He was working for the Fur Company, and they run the Powers outfit out (I forgot their names that was trading for them). Capt. Nels and Charlie Duwal was coming out and they run them back to Ft. Benton.

#6.

It kept getting worse and worse so we did all our correspondence, Charlie Conrad and myself, down by writing to one another, not talking because we got afraid of their Interpreter. So, it kept getting worse and worse. They tried to make us leave the outfit we was in and we thought they were bluffing, as Baker always said, so we would not leave. We stayed right there with it.

We were always having an awful sight of trouble, and at last the young Indians came in there with their robes and blankets on and sat right in front of us. We could see just their eyes. They had the blankets all over their heads and all that they showed was their eyes. The Indian's name whose lodge we was in, they called him Full Bear. He then comes and these Indians all jumped up and they dropped their robes and blankets and they had their guns. This Indian, Full Bear, he jumped up with a Six shooter and points it towards them, and he started to talk. They were hollering and I think what he was saying was "Whoever shoots I will shoot them." I don't know, but I think that was what he said, and then he began to holler kind of different and all at once there was a whole lot of Indians come rushing in there with their guns and these young Indians who were in there pretty near broke their necks getting out.

Then he tried to get us to go to leave to camp and we did not do it, so these old Indians loaded up our stuff; in spite of us they loaded it in the wagons and went and got the cattle and made me yoke up and made us go. So we started and there was quite a party of these old Indians stayed with us for a long ways, until we got pretty close to Bull Bear Springs again. When we got close there the Indians left us and told us not to stop until we got to Benton.

Well, the cattle was getting pretty tired and we had to camp. Said Charlie Conrad "We ain't got nothing to eat." Said I, "Yes we have plenty to eat." So I got up on the wagon and took off some power fleshes filled

#7.

with meat and I began to open them up and I opened three up and there was nothing but dupoya and dried meat in them, and the fourth one I opened was Indian dried tongues. You ought to have seen him eat that tongue. We had an awful good meal, an awful good meal.

So we drove to Benton from there. This dried meat was to go to the Interpreter's wife.

By John Lamot

I had a trading post on High River - Dick Bary and myself. Dick Bary used to be with Jessie James and that gang. I had hired a Blackfoot Indian by the name of Blackfoot for an interpreter and he was married to a young girl, and when she came to the house she said, "I am a white woman now. I am going to live with the Whites." She did not have her husband but got Irish John, a nigger, for an interpreter. She was afraid to get her husband, afraid that he would not tell what she wanted to tell.

"I am a white woman and I ought to have a white woman's dress." I told her, "Yes." So I went and got ten yards of calico in the trade room. I gave it to her with thread and needles. She said, "I can't make it; I can't make it. I can't cut it." I said, "I can cut it for you." I got a butcher knife. (It was a dirt floor.) I got to measuring her and cutting it with a butcher knife. When I got it cut I handed it to her with needles and thread, and she said, "I can't sew it. I can't sew it." So, I went to work and sewed it and made it for her, and she went and put it on and came back and said, "Now I got a white woman's dress, I ought to be able to cook."


We wanted her to cook awful bad. I said, "Yes, we want you to cook." She said, "Can I cook some ears?" Said I, "Yes." They are dried apples in strings. She went and got them and cleaned them nice and clean. All I had were five gallon camp kettles. Two or three men walked in then and she went to cleaning the dried apples. She cleaned them good and clean. She put them in the kettle and when she thought I was not watching her she got up and pushed them down with her hand as hard as she could. These men tried to have me stop her but I told them, "No, let her go." I was going to have a big trading party the next day and it did not hurt to see. I could give the Indians a lot of apples and they would be all soaked up. They would think I had a big heart.

She got the kettle over two thirds full of dried apples pressed in tight. She said, "Now, can I cook some beans?" I said, "Yes, you can." I was close to the fireplace and I was trying to knock out a chinking out of

#2.

the wareroom. She would look at me every time I hit the chinking and I pretended I was fixing the fire for her. When she was not looking at me I would knock the chinking, and got it knocked out at last. She started putting water in the kettles and I said to the men, "Let's go in the other room."

So, we went in the other room and I took out some robes and put them close to where I knocked this chinking out so we could watch her. She did not have them on the fire no length of time until the apples began to fall out and she would just take off a few that was dropping off and put in dishes and in rags. So it was not long until she come to me and she called me by an Indian name, Little Mule, and said "I want you to get something to put them ears in." So I got up and went in the trade room and got ten yards of cotton and tore it into one yard strips, because I tought it would make good dish towels.

I kept watching her put them in there, and you ought to have seen her when the beans began coming out and it just kept her jumping from the bean pot to the dried apple pot, and she filled those rags full of beans and dried apples. When she got all done putting the beans and dried apples that  out into the rags, she had a put full of dried apples and a pot full of beans.

When they were cooked I took these dried apples and beans in the trade room, on account of a big trading party coming the next day, so when the Indians I gave them a load of dried apples for tails (presents) came they thought I had an awful good heart.

Afterwards she come on this side of the Line and my sister come to the country and she got acquainted with my sister, and got so she could talk good English, and she told my sister about what I had done to her and about my getting her to cook the dried apples and beans. She told my sister thtt I ought to have stopped her and I told her, "No, it was no such thing; that I

#3.

was doing her a good lesson in teaching her how to cook beans and dried apples." She said, "No, I have never forgotten it. Every time I cook beans or dried apples I think of the first time I cooked them."

By John Lamot

In the fall of '71 and '72, I was stopping with Conrad and a beggar's outfit. I went over to Kipp's Fort one day and they were having lots of trouble there with the Indians drinking. Calf Shirt was there and J. D. Weatherwax, a great friend of Calf Shirt's. The Indians were quarreling and having an awful time in there.

I went out of the fort and started to Conrad's Fort. As I got out of the fort I stopped a little while in front of it and Weatherwax and Calf Shirt came out. An Indian ran out ahead of them. I stayed there to see what was going on and this Calf Shirt was holding on to Weatherwax's arm and would not let him go, and this Indian came out in front from across camp with a gun and two gun sticks. He kneeled down on his knees and put the two sticks in his hand to make a crotch to throw his gun into to make a dead rest.

Calf Shirt kept holding Weatherwax and Weatherwax was trying to get away from him. At last this Indian shot. Before he shot I jumped to one side, as I was in line with this Indian. Calf Shirt let go of Weatherwax's arm and started for this Indian. The Indian broke and ran across the creek and got on his horse and left camp. Calf Shirt took a horse and followed him. I don't know how far he followed him but afterwards I heard that he killed him. He was a nephew of Calf Shirt's.

Another time I was trading and I went out to Old Mans River with Running Crane. I had some liquor and I went trading in this lodge. Traded until late in the night and began to have trouble and I did not know what it was about. Come to find out, some white man had killed an Indian and they wanted revenge. So, they drew their guns on me and I had to keep knocking them off. They would go against my head and I was knocking them off all the while. At last two women came in singing and I thought they were awful drunk. One woman came up behind me and lay down and the other woman came

#2.

up in front of me singing and gave me a push and knocked me down. With that there were three or four women outside of the lodge and they reached in and pulled me outside away from these drunken Indians. They took me down to a little lodge and there my furs were in that little lodge. They fixed a bed and piled my furs and robes on top of me to hide me, so they could not find me.

Next morning they got a little sober and I got my horses and packed up and went and took my furs to Charlie Conrad's and sold them to Baker. Conrad was working for Baker.

Another time I was over towards Lee's Creek, up close to the mountains and we were trading with the Indians for liquor and this George Starr's father was there and they were drinking, and he came down from camp and told us he had killed a half-breed, a Flathead half-breed. I put him in a prospect hole at Lee's Creek, that in '68 the McClellan party had dug.

We kept trading right on and traded all our stuff off for liquor and everything, and started back for Belly River, Conrad's Fort, Stand Off Bottom. As went along in the morning, we traveled quite a while, and we run across another camp of Indians. We had traded plumb out but we had half a barrel on top of a lay over robe and these Indians had been down to Ft. Hoop Up and had got full and come back and had little liquor; they had it about all drank up. They stopped us and wanted us to trade. We told them we did not have a drop of liquor and we did not. We had to stop and trade anyhow and we told Cornick, the interpreter, and Bill McClure and Rock Darush, that if they could get the Indians to leave us alone to get breakfast I would trade with them, but I would not trade with them at all unless, on account we had had no breakfast and had had nothing to eat, and if they would keep away from us until we got through eating I would trade.

So they talked to them and talked to them and got them to leave and they said they would. I took three camp kettles, big five gallon camp

#3.

kettles, and filled them with water and got the barrel down and began heating water. I threw a whole lot of black tea in there and I put a whole lot of tobacco in it, and we had an awful time to cool it off. We put it in the barrel and we had so much hot water we put cold water in it and by the time the Indians began to come it was still cold, and we started trading.

We traded all the balance of that day and I kept the kettle on to boil more water to have hot water all along to have more liquor and would keep on mixing more liquor, and every time I would get a chance I would pour it in the barrel when I would get some made.

We traded all that afternoon and all that night until next morning day light. An Indian that had a three gallon keg came in just day light and he wanted to trade again, so we traded and just when I got through trading he said, "I traded three kegs of this and I can't raise a song any more." Bill Corniek said, "This isn't singing whiskey." He threw up his hands and said, "Oh, I did not know that."

So when we got through we traded for lots of dried meat and robes. We told them we wanted lots of dried meat and horses and not robes, but they made us trade for robes too. So we traded for some lariats to use for lash ropes to lash the stuff on, and we loaded up and they let us go to Belly River to Conrad's Fort.

I was trading one time with the Indians and I was having trouble with them. They were having an awful sight of trouble. They would get off a ways and shoot at us and come back and trade and get off and go away from us quite a ways, and we did not know where they were going, so we had an awful sight of trouble. So at last when they went away once I told the boys we wanted to get away from there. We couldn't because we had too much stuff. We were right close to a cut bank and there was a crack close to the cut bank and we all got down and threw our stuff in that crack. We

#4.

pushed the stuff off into the crack and covered it all, so as to give us a chance to get away.

We started away and we got way off and it was night and we went to bed. The next morning I heard someone holler, "Who is that?" and Billy Russell was there with his gun drawn on us. He thought we were Sioux, so it was lucky I hollered before I got out of bed, because if I had raised myself up I am sure he would have shot.

When I got up he told us they were having an awful sight of trouble and he had just got away. They were trading the same as we were. It was Kipp's outfit, cattle, and he had a crowd of men with them trading. They were about five miles below where we were trading, and that was what was making so much trouble. Russell told me that when the Indians had come to them from where we were, they had to jump down on the other side of the train to stand them off. So one end had come up on the opposite side and Charlie Duwall went underneath the cattle, underneath between the pointers and wheelers, and as he went through, the pointers kicked him and knocked him down and he hollered that he was shot. He thought he was dead.

Then we went on to Belly River again and got rid of our furs. We came back by there and picked up our stuff and made another big trade. We did not have no trouble the last time.

I was on High River the winter of '72 and '73 and I was trading with Dick Bary and in the fort there was Ace Samples and his brother, Dan, and Red Bucklin was together. Jim Scott and Saul Abbott was in another house together; that is in the same fort. Fred Canouse was in there, too.

We were trading right along and I went to Ft. Kipp. I started down there with a team to get some more goods. It was awful, awful cold, and the Indians had stolen all my clothes. I had no clothes and they thought I was awful tough. I would grab an axe and cut a hole for the horses and rush and get wood and build a fire. It was on account that I was so cold, and

#5.

they would say I was so tought I did not feel it, but I felt it.

I made that trip there and when I got back Jim Scott, Saul Abbot and Fred Canouse moved out to Elbow River from Belly River and started a new trading post out there and went trading, and during the time Fred Canouse got trouble in the house with the Indians and Fred Canouse wanted them to start shooting, trying to get Saul to start shooting, because he knew they were going to start first if he didn't, and if they could start first they would have the best of it, but Saul thought they could throw the Indians out of there. So they did not start shooting and the Indians started and they shot Joe Muffraw with a handful of trade balls, and shot Fred Canouse in the arm and they killed one Indian. Saul Abbott shot him through the juglar vein, and Donald Fisher, he was cooking for them and he was in the kitchen and he told me he thought his time had come. He heard the shooting and he took the axe and had the door locked on him. He took the axe and went through to get butchered just like a sheep. He thought he would go in where the killing was going on because he did not have no gun with him.

Fred Canouse fetched him back to High River and he stayed with Dick Bary and myself, and we tried to tend him the best we could. We could do nothing with him at all. Saul Abbott was the only one that could handle him at all. He told Saul Abbott when he came to relieve us, that we were awfully mean to him. He said we would get up on his arm and slide down on it. Saul Abbott had a butcher knife and he would cut out the little bones that were broken in his shoulder, and he would stand that all right. Quick as we could we got him ready and shipped him to Benton and from there he went to Helena and Dr. Glick had an operation and cut the bones and put his arm back up and he got out of it all right, but he could not raise his arm.

15

I was with Conrad. This happened just below Stand Off and Weatherwax was there and Don and Dick Bary traded there. They were trading there and this Dan Harden was an awful mean man. I was going down the street with Charlie Conrad and we met Dick Bary with his head down studying. Charlie Conrad stopped him and said, "What is the matter, Dick?" He said, "I got to go North and I don't want to go North, because Dan Harden is North and if I go North I know one of us has got to die."

"Oh," said Charlie, "You oughtn't to think of that. You ought to get along all right."

"No," said Dick Bary, "One of us has got to die if I go out. He is all right when he is sober but we have had trouble."

So he went out North and went trading with Bahn as partner. He got out there to Stand Off and they were trading with Bahn, and it wasn't long until Dan Harden come around and he said, "Dick, give me a couple whiskey."

Dick went and got it and gave it to him. He was a little full and he spilled it all on the floor and said, "Give me another." He gave him three or four cups full and he spilled them all on the floor. He said then, "When I get through tormenting you I intend to kill you."

So he went out and Dave Mills was in there and he was an interpreter for them. Dave went out a little while after and pretty soon he came back in the house and said, "Dick, Dan Harden is coming." Dick said, "Too bad, too bad."

When he heard of Dan Harden coming he had put away his six-shooter because he was an awful quick tempered man and had put it away. He put it away the first time, and then goes and gets the six-shooter and straps it on.

Dan Harden came in the fort and just as quick as he got in there Dick Bary said, "I want to talk to you." Dan saw right away that Dick had his six-shooter on. He said, "Dick, I will go out of your house. I will go out of your house."

Dick said, "No. Stay right where you are until I get through talking to you."

Dan said, "When I am going out don't you put your finger on your six-shooter." So Dan started to go out.

There was kind of a partition made that people would have to go through, and a dirt floor and you could not hear him walk, so when Dan started to go out, Dick Bary made two or three steps so he could see the door, and as quick as he got behind this kind of a partition he started to put his hand on his six-shooter. Dan Harden turned around and as quick as he turned around, Dick Bary shot him in the eye.

He lived all that day and that night and the next day they thought he was going to get over it, because he kept moving one leg but could not talk, and Dick Bary said, "Boys, when I shot him, I shot him to kill him. If you can save him don't spare any money, but if he is a cripple for life I will take care of him, but, when I shot I shot to kill him."

That night he died just about sun down and as quick as he died there was quite a crowd of us there and just the minute we pronounced him dead, Dick Bary said, "When I shot that man I shot to kill him. Do what you think is right with me. Anything you think I deserve don't be afraid to do it."

There was half a dozen spoke up at the same time and said, "Dick, you saved some of us doing it. Someone had to do it and you saved us."

So there was nothing done to him.

Girard and a fellow named Joe (don't remember the last names).

Girard came to me and asked me if I would not go to Old Mans River and build a fort. Old Solomon heard of it and he came to Girard and said, "I will send Bill Hart out there to help the boys build two houses and I will trade one and you can trade the other and it will be protection."

So I went out there with them to help build and we took a whole lot

of liquor with us. We were way down the lower end of where Ft. McLeod is now, way down where the old Ft. McLeod was, and in the morning we saw a party of Indians coming. They called them the Mule Family and they were supposed to be the worst bunch of Indians that were out, and so we unloaded the load right in the snow and we covered up the best we could our bed and stuff, so as to cache it.

We started to cut timber and felled one log there and was going to pull it out a little ways to build, but the team could not move it, so we started to build right around our stuff. This log was right close to where we had put our goods.

The Indians came and camped right close to us and we made them understand that if they would keep away from us until we got built, as quick as we got built we would have stuff to trade. They did not know we had stuff to trade at the time but thought we had just come to build, so we got built and as quick as we got built, bot the house chinked and dobbed a little, we opened up and started trading.

Well, someone had to be going out amongst the Indians because we were not through fixing the place, so I played kind of crazy. They all thought that they knew me. At that time the Indians called me Short Man, and they would ask me for my pipe to smoke. As quick as they would go to change to pass it around I would step up and take the pipe out of the Indian's mouth. I knew that was not the custom, but that would help and they would think I was crazy.

They got to arguing that I was not Short Man at all because Short Man was not crazy. I got to going around just as I pleased when they thought I was crazy and they called me Short Man's brother, because Short Man was not crazy.

Well, I felt happy then to think they thought I was crazy and we traded right along and this Joe did not understand trading with the Indians and he was awful mean to them, and I kept telling him he was going to get

killed. I could not break him and sent word to Girard to send someone out that I would not stay there any longer, but they couldn't get anyone and I had to stay a while.

We ran pretty well out of goods and liquor and Joe said, "I will go in and get an outfit and another supply." There happened to be some men there going in, two men, and I said, "Now, when you get in there you can hire those men to come back with you, because, Joe, the first opportunity they get to kill you they are going to kill you and it won't cost more than \$10.00 to them to stay over one night with you."

But he would not put out any money, so when he went in he got his outfit alone and that morning I tried to hire a man to go in because I knew that he was killed. I had had a dream in the night and knew he was killed, and so I had to give this fellow an order for a gallon of liquor to get him to go in. I gave him the order for this gallon of liquor and just as I got in there, I started telling what I sent him in for when the man came in and told Girard that Joe was killed down at Slide Out between there and Old Mans River. They found him just exactly as I had found him, shot three times, in my dream.

They all said my dream was a forewarning but I don't believe in them forewarnings.

By John Lamet

There was a boy by the name of Eugene August who wanted me to go to Indiana with him. He had run away from home. He was gone about eight years from home, and he knew that I had run away from home, so he wanted me to go with him and we would have a lot of good times, he said. Said he had a whole lot of sisters.

I told him I would go, but I had to get a pair of boots made, so I went and ordered the boots and they would not have them ready until Saturday night. Well, I think it was about the next day he came to me and told me he would have to go right away. He had got a man in his place and he would have to get back pretty quick. I would not go without my boots.

My brother always kept telling me to put on his boots. He always had nice boots and he kept telling me to put his boots on, so I made up my mind. I did not know if I could wear them. He wore a lot smaller boot than I did, but I said to myself "I will wear them if it kills me."

So I told him I would go but I had to go and get some clothes. I thought an awful sight of my shirt, coat, vest and boots. When I had that on and a paper collar and a neck tie then I was dressed. I could not make enough money to buy underwear. I had to keep that to spend. I had to have enough money to spend. I liked to run around awful well.

So I went up town and I bought a little valise. I bought two nice white shirts, two nice white starched bosom shirts. I bought two boxes of nice paper collars, linen collars, and three different neck ties. You could see those ties a block off. They were flashy; they were pretty nice, I thought. I tried to buy a pair of socks in there but they were all too heavy and thick for me. I knew I had to have a thin pair of socks. I went into two different clothing stores before I found socks that would suit me, and I found two pair of nice, thin, silk socks. Bought them and then I went in a drug store, as I was going home and happened to think of it, and bought two cakes of Castile soap. I knew I would have to use them.

#2.

So I goes down to the boarding house and I takes my brother's boots and takes me in a room and I whittles up one bar of this Castile soap. I shaved it all up in one bunch and then I rubbed the instep and around down close to the heel and leg of the boot, and then I soaped my socks well, the leg, instep and heel, and then I tugged and pulled, and pulled and tugged until I got the boots on. I stood up and looked at my boots, and My Golly what a pretty set of boots I had. I had a nice pair of boots.

Then we got all ready and started for the train. We had to go to Indiana. I did first rate until I got on the train and after I got on the train I was there only a short time until I knew I had a pair of dancing boots on. I could not keep my feet still. They were going all the while and I was wishing to get off that train, and when they sung out "Crow Station" I was tickled to death, because I knew there was where we got off. I had been dancing from Chicago clean out there with my dancing boots on. I could not keep my feet still at all.

There we took a stage out to Cedar Lake. There were two ladies in the Stage and one gentleman, and us two made five. We went on and we had not gone very far, going through the timber and plenty well in the night, until all at once the axle broke. Well, I was tickled to death to get out, on account of dancing all the while in that coach with those dancing boots on my feet. I was dancing all the while and could not help it.

So me and my boy jumped off and helped them unhitch the horses. I was awful tickled to help them unhitch on account it eased my feet walking around. When we got them unhitched the stage driver said, "I got to put a lady on this horse and another lady on this other horse, and this gentleman has to ride this horse and I got to ride this other one, and you can stop here and build a fire and stop in the coach, and I will be back here tomorrow and pick you up."

#3.

I had never been out in the country before, out in the wilds so far west, and I was scared of the bears, tigers and all the other wild animals and so I would not camp, but he wanted to build a fire. He was used to the prairie and wanted to build a fire but I did not. The driver said there was a house ahead, so I picked up my little satchel and made him go, but every step seemed like ten miles. My feet were in such misery with those boots on.

We kept on walking and walking, and I thought we had walked a good many miles, but by rights we had walked only a little ways. He said, "Look, there is someone camping over there. It is a fire. Let us camp here." Said I, "No, let us go and camp with them." So we started and we had not gone only a little ways and we saw that we were looking through a window into a fire place. It was a fire place in place of a camp fire and in a house, so it tickled me and I rushed up to the door and I rapped. They said, "Come in," and opened the door. There was an old man in there, an old woman and two nice looking girls. I asked them if we couldn't have some supper, breakfast and a bed, and they said, "Yes." The driver had come by and told them we would be there pretty soon, so they told us to set down and they would have something ready pretty quick.

As quick as I sat down again my dancing boots began to work and I couldn't keep my feet still. It was no time until they called us in to supper. They had chicken and everything; they had an awful nice supper. I tried to eat because I was awfully hungry. I tried but I couldn't, my feet was dancing too much and I had to wait until they got through eating, and as quick as they did I got away from the table and asked to retire.

He lit a little piece of candle about four inches long and he walked up to a corner that had two poles and little slats nailed across to make a ladder to get up to the second floor, up to the loft, and he took us up there and at the other end of the room there was a little table and he set the candle on it and went back downstairs.

There were a lot of dresses hanging around the bed and we had a lot of fun about sleeping in the girls' room. I wanted my boots off, so I tugged and pulled until I got them off, and then we went to bed.

We had no more than got to bed a few minutes, I don't think, when "Rap, Rap" came at the door, and the old folks said, "Come in." Two young fellows came in and they talked and said they were glad to see them and everything. They talked there for a while and then the old man excused himself and said that on account of being old, he and the old woman would go to bed.

After they went to bed I began to hear them downstairs. I heard "Choo Choo," and then "Tee, Hee" and then the other, "Choo, Choo", and it was going on for quite a while. This boy with me said, "I may know them young fellows. I will get up and see. They are courting." I said, "What?" "They are courting," he said. I did not know what that courting was, and he said, "I will get up and see if I can tell who they are."

So he gets up and it was nothing but a common board floor and you could look through the cracks. I was in bed and he got up and began looking through the cracks. I noticed the first thing that his head was dodging back and forth, first one way and then the other, and I began to think this courting must be something awful nice, so I thought I would get out and see what courting was.

I gets out of bed and I could look straight down, but I began to look first one way and then the other. So at once I raised my eye up and saw at the far end of the room a big knot hole. I made up my mind if I could get at that knot hole I could see what courting was, and so I put out one hand and as I reached that up the floor would squeak, squeak, and I would put down my other hand and the floor, By Golly, would keep asqueaking and I would hold my breath. But, I kept going on the while to this knot hole. When I got to it, I put out one hand on one side of it and I reached out my other hand and

#5.

put on the other side, and I was down on my hands and knees, and as I reached over to look in the knot hole, up went one of the boards and down I went. I fell right square on my back when I hit the floor below. It knocked the wind out of me. I got up as quick as I could. These boys hollered, "Murder, murder!" They ran out of the house and shut the door, so the girls could not get out. They were awful scared. I guess they thought probably the Devil had fallen through the floor.

So, when I got up I started to hunt the ladder up. They started ahead of me and were running around the house, and I could not find the ladder. They kept hollering, "Murder! Murder!" all the while. This old man ran out of where he was sleeping and we both ran right together. As he come out of the room, I ran right up against him. Said I, "I am used to getting up in my sleep. I must have got up and fell through the floor," and I said "I can't find the ladder." He lit another piece of candle and showed me the way up.

This Eugene August, I was with, had half the sheet shoved in his mouth to keep from laughing.

The next morning I gets up and I had an awful time getting my dancing boots on again, an awful time. I waited until breakfast was called before I put them on. I did not want them on any longer than I could help. So I went down to breakfast and they were all ready to sit down. The two girls sat on one side of the table and me and this boy sat on the other. They were looking at me all the while, and I was pretty hungry, and was eating as fast as I could. They were all watching me and I was eating just as fast as I could eat. Every little while I would throw up my eyes and I could see they were just looking at me, and I was eating.

The old man got talking to this boy and said, "Your partner had quite an accident last night. He got up in his sleep and fell through the floor. He said, "Oh, yes. I heard them boys when they come here and I thought I

#6.

might know them and I got up and was looking through the crack, so he got up and you see that knot hole there, He went over to look through the knot hole and there was where he fell through."

I could not eat my breakfast after that. I could not eat a thing. I could have killed him for telling that. The old man said, "You must have been here before." He said, "Oh, yes." "What is your name?" He did not let him know at all.

We stayed until towards evening again and the stage come along and then we had to go on, and went to Cedar Lake. There we got our supper, bed and breakfast, and this here boy asked the landlord if he could hire a team and driver to go out to August's place. He said, "Yes." He called a driver in and told him to hitch a team up, and By Golly, we would be ready to go out.

We got up in the morning and had breakfast, and after breakfast this young fellow stepped up to the counter to pay his bill and the old fellow took a pencil and went to figuring out what we owed, and he had about figured when the boy told him that he wanted seven pounds of soap put on the bill, and the old fellow jumped clean over the counter, dropped his pencil and hollered, "Mother, Mother, I found Eugene August! I found Eugene August!"

The old fellow would not let the driver go. He said, "I found Eugene August and I got to take him to his father." So he drove the buggy out himself, about eight miles, to his father, and when we got out near his father's place we seen a wagon coming and he said, "There is your mother, father and sisters." They had a regular, big wagon and it was chuck full. We drove up to them and this man stepped out and stopped his team to be sure the old man stopped his and they spoke. The first thing this man said was, "Do you know this young man, Mr. August?" and , "Do you, Mrs. August?" They said, "No, no, I do not." "Do any of your girls know him?" "No, no." He said, "I have fetched seven pounds of soap." They all jumped out of the

#7.

wagon and I have never seen a young fellow kissed so much. His mother, father and sisters all kissed him.

So we had to go to church with them, and oh, I had an awful time in that church. I never was in a church like it before. They would kneel down and stand up and do it again, and at last I could not go through the performance, and the two girls would push me and the old fellow would push me, the same as though they had known me all their life, and when we were kneeling they said, "Get up, they are all looking at you."

Well it was no time until church was out and then we went home. When we got home his mother told the girls to go and smother a hive of bees and fix a room upstairs for our room. They fixed the room up and they put a four quart pan of honey up there in a comb and lots of cake on the table, and this boy we went around. The old man gave me his shoes while I was there; I couldn't wear them dancing boots any more.

We stayed there pretty near a week and the boy said, "Let's go on. You don't know my mother. She is awful mean. She is good now but if we stay she will be mean. If you wait until you found out what my mother is you won't want to come back again, so let's go as I have to get back to Chicago."

We started for Chicago after getting ready. When I got back home I always swore that I would never, never again in the world wear dancing boots, and I know that when I see young girls and boys in a dancing hall they must have dancing boots on like I had that time.