took in a hundred dollars a day sometimes, he never defrauded me of a cent. I was about to move to Bloody Run, and had sent Boxer over to see if the shanty was ready, and he took his canoe and went over. It seems on his way back he felt sick, and drew his canoe up on the point of the island, east of the Run, where the fever came on, and he laid down by the water's edge to drink, and there he died. There I found him as I was going over to the Run. I buried him on the island, and can show you his grave, and say, there lie the bones of an honest Indian. I proceeded to Bloody Run after burying poor Boxer, and was there taken with the small pox myself. I laid down by a spring, and remained there during the attack, four days and four nights, which time was passed in great misery, and seemed an age to me, but after the crisis passed, I was enabled to reach the Prairie, where I soon regained my health, and then moved my family to Bloody Run.

In Bloody Run I lived about two years. When I first went over there the cabin we moved into leaked, and one day I was on the roof fixing it, when I saw a deer coming down the coulee, from the north, directly towards me. I thought it was chased by something, and not being entirely recovered from my sickness, I did not get down to harm it. Soon after the deer passed I was attracted by an exclamation from my son, and looking, I discovered a large gray wolf making towards him. I got down quickly, and snatching up a gun loaded with small shot, that my wife had been hunting with, I advanced towards the wolf, but it did not retreat until I sent a charge of shot into its face.

Bloody Run was a great hunting ground, and Martin Scott,* of whom I know many interesting anecdotes, made it his favorite beat, when in pursuit of game. From this circumstance it is said the Run derived its name, but that is an error, for the true origin of Bloody Run, is known to some old settlers now alive, and is as follows:

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* See vol. ii, p. 119, *Wis. Hist Collections*, for a notice of Col. Scott. L. C. D.