

draw thousands of persons to the exotic encampment of the "Wild West." It was evident that the old chief was a good "card," although Cody himself never seemed to have a very exalted opinion of the warlike merits of Sitting Bull.

"I was at the time mayor of Montreal, and I had received a special invitation to "dine" with some friends in Sitting Bull's tepee. Adirondack Murray, who at that time resided in Montreal, was one of the party of five or six who sat or rather squated down at the Indian feast. While the public flocked to see the cowboys, vaqueros and the bucking bronchos, our interest was concentrated in Sitting Bull; and when the repast was over, we had quite a long conversation with the old chief through a French half-breed interpreter, who was a perfect master of the Sioux language. Outside of his prosaic avocation as a showman, Sitting Bull preserved the dignity and the meditative seriousness of his race, and at first restricted himself to grunting yes or no to our -- I must confess it -- rather indiscreet questions. But he became a little more communicative when I addressed him personally in French. He understood the language fairly well, having learned it from the missionaries and the half-breeds who visited his camp when he had been driven into Canada, with his people, after the Custer massacre."

"I can vouch for the accuracy of Adirondack Murray's statement in the New York World, when in answer to his inquiry, he makes Sitting Bull respond vehemently: 'They tell you I murdered Custer. It is a lie. I am not a war chief. I was not in the battle that day. His eyes were blinded that he could not see. He was a fool and he rode to his death. He made the fight not I.