

large red polished boulder a mile or so from the Fort which appeared to be an object of veneration to the Sioux. We used to have rattle snakes practically in our front yard at Bennett. After I had been sent East to school one was killed in our woodshed. At one time I excavated a box containing a dead Indian & rolled it down a bluff a squaw promptly grabbed an axe & chased me. I was at top & she was at bottom & I was a good runner for 10 yr. old. Water to supply the post at Bennett was hauled about six miles in tanks & then placed in barrells. We had three by the back door one filled each day & allowed to settle to get rid of the Missouri mud. When a fire occurred there was nothing to do but allow the building to burn. While we were at Bennett the 12th Inf. replaced the 11th Inf. or vice versa. The Gen. Terry carried some of the troops & struck cross ways of a bridge pier on lower river & broke into. I used to be quite friendly with an Indian & his family at Bennett. Man was named Red Skirt. He had a large broad nose which looked as tho it had been mashed upon his face. Another Indian I saw frequently was known as Steppes. He was a Nez Perce & had had both feet & an arm lost by freezing. His occupation was horse breaking & gambling. Cattle used to be driven up from Texas to supply the Indians with meat. I used to ride out to meet the herds & see the cow boys. Went with my father once when a sort of inquest was held over a cow boy shot in a quarrel. Have the skull of a murdered horse trader in my basement at present which my father boiled upon our kitchen stove. About this time the Ghost Dance excitement occurred & I was sent East to school. Some of the Indians who escaped after the Wounded Knee killing surrendered at Fort Bennett. I donot consider that affair any credit to our troops. At Fort Sisseton an old squaw called Judy used to borrow my mothers wash tubs. She always returned them. She had killed a former husband with a knife account infidelity & used to enjoy show-