

ing just how she had done the job, knife & all. At Sisseton also I remember all the troops being turned out one night to save the post from a prairie fire. The smoke, leaping flames, wagons with barrels of water. Men with wet gunny sacks & others on horse back dragging hides ? across the line of fire are indelibly impressed upon my mind. I watched from my bed thro a window. At one time at Standing Rock Agency my father became interested in the skeleton of a very large tall Indian which was upon a scaffold in a tree. He took a sack one dark night & climbed the tree. Soon he heard a howling & wailing which drew nearer & nearer. The wives of the Indian had come to mourn. They remained until nearly morning. My father was stretched out upon the scaffold along side of the bundle of bones. When he departed it was without the bones & hurriedly. Sorry that I have nothing of real interest for you.

Sincerely,

James F. Ryan
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