

The matter was reported to Sitting Bull. He at once decided to help his nephew to locate the pony and "would leave no stone unturned" till he had recovered the pony. He expected to accomplish this through the sweat bath ceremony with the presence of the sacred stone he had in his possession. Accordingly the sweat-booth was built and several prominent medicine-men were invited to attend. As soon as everything was ready Sitting Bull closed the booth air tight and pitch dark. The medicine men sang some sacred stone songs, then Sitting Bull offered a prayer to the sacred stone imploring aid to locate the lost pony.

When all ceremonies had been complied with he told the medicine men that the sacred stone had informed him as follows: "There is a deep gulch about four or five miles West of the camp and Stanchan was led there by some one from the camp and pushed the pony over the deep precipice and although the animal was not killed outright, it would soon die."

No sooner had this announcement made then, a big rush was made to the place designated and sure enough there lay Stanchan, all broken up but still breathing. The owner, One Bull, seeing the condition Stanchan was in, wept bitterly. Stanchan seemed to recognized its master, looked up into One Bull's face, neighed and died.

The party committing this outrage was never apprehended and no effort was made to find out the guilty party for certain obvious reasons -- one reason being, it was feared some very near relative might be implicated and for further reason, Sitting Bull gave another pinto pony to One Bull to save further trouble.