

The regular Army doctor attended the sick in camp. One morning the doctor and I heard a loud wailing in one of the tepees, and entering found an Indian buck laid out for burial. Upon examination the doctor found that the man was not dead, but unconscious. There was great rejoicing on hearing the news. The man recovered.

Sitting Bull did not practice medicine as far as I knew.

Sitting Bull never appeared nervous, was usually reserved, but after we became real friends it was gratifying to see the genuinely friendly attitude on his part in all of our dealings together. He would visit me in my quarters when I failed to show up in camp. He would enjoy leaving his card, in fact, it was my card I had left purposely in his tepee, and he would return it with his name written on the reverse side. The nearest he came to being jovial was when he dropped the card on my table with a smile and a twinkle in his eye. Even then I had become acquainted through older officers with some of the great wrongs done the Indians at the Indian's patience and forbearance.

Standing Holy, according to Mr. Zermack, Superintendent at Pine Ridge, South Dakota, wrote me that Standing Holy married three times, had twelve children by her first husband, Urban Spotted Horse, none by the other two,

I have forgotten Sitting Bull's nephew. My daily contact was with the family, two squaws, twin boys about four years old, and Standing Holy, the ten year old daughter.

None of the Indians rode horses at Randall. Sitting Bull used to talk of horses, their qualities, endurance, etc.

His tepee was like the thirty others, about six persons occupied it, just the family mentioned above.

I do not remember Grey Eagle.

The rations issued to the Indians were drawn from the Post Commissary,