

CHAPTER III.

The First Photograph of Sitting Bull, and His Age.

While the writer is making every effort to procure facts and such matter as will be of interest to his readers, he is just at this time in doubts about perfecting his plans to have Sitting Bull sit for his photograph. Never up to this time has he been situated so that one could be taken. It is expected that he will come down from Fort Buford on the steamer "General Sherman," en route to the Standing Rock Agency, where he and most of his tribes will remain for a time. I have arranged with a photographer, at quite a large expense, to go down on the steamer and secure the first photo that has ever been taken of our surrendered red brother.

A river pilot just down from Fort Buford states that the old chief is quite reticent and sullen. He recognized him, however, saying he always had a good and warm heart for river men, and finally wanted a dollar in the way of heap-good-friendship. Soon after this interview, a party of citizens, ladies and gentlemen, called upon the sullen chief at his camp, and he refused to come out for the purpose of making an exhibition of himself, and after exhausting their
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patience and persuasion and a-heap-o'-good-honey-tongued-coaxing, as the cunning warrior would phrase it, they offered him one dollar apiece if he would come out and talk a few momens, but he stubbornly and very sullenly refused.

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Of our military officers that have seen Sitting Bull and conversed with him, all agree in saying that he is an artful and brave warrior, and an Indian of very superior ability, and possesses unusual powers of endurance. His indomitable energy and bull-dog tenacity has drawn toward him the utmost respect of all his