

CLIPPING FROM THE EVENING LEADER.

Grand Rapids, Saturday, September 12, 1885.

SITTING BULL

A Half Hour in the Tent of the Great Sioux Chief -- He Talks about the Campaign Against His People.

"Sago, Tatanka-i-yotanda, ne-Kat-a-Kush-e-stom a-che-Sioux wee-chasta ya tape."

"Sago! How! niche nah po taw!"

Yesterday afternoon, after the "Wild West" entertainment, Mr. Circle, the affable press agent of the combination, took a number of newspaper men in tow and guided them to the teepee in which Sitting Bull was holding a levee. The patry comfortable filled the rude tent, and Mr. Houser, a very intelligent half-breed, was present to act as interpreter. Mr. Bull has so far succumbed to the enervating influences of civilization that he was smoking a cigaretter with evident enjoyment. He was seated in a reclining camp-chair with his feet curled under it, encased in beautiful mocasins of a pretty design. He wore a pair of dark woolen trousers, a vest of fancy pattern, a "biled" shirt, with a pair of gaudy sleeve-buttons at the wristbands, and a tawny silk scarf around his neck. The scarf was pinned in front with a gold pin which have been improved with a little soap and water judiciously applied. He had a large cheap, prize package cameo ring on the third finger of his right hands, and a brass chain and crucifix encircled his neck. His features are of massive proportions, of a deep brindle tinge, almost of a copper hue, and the effect was heightened by a layer of red ocher laid on with a liberal hand. His hair is long and glossy, jet black, and braided in long scalp locks, the two main plaits hanging down into his lap, the ends being trimmed with otter skin. The general expression of the face indicated good nature, latent fierceness, great firmness of character, considerable savage curiosity, much craftiness,