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This closed my interview with the wily warrior, and though short, it was far more satisfactory than I had dared to hope for. Sitting Bull impresses all who see him with his genius, not particularly as a warrior but as a statesman or tactician. He has a noble, kindly face, and an eye that discloses his trait of acute observation. His stature is tall and commanding, broad of chest and strong in limb. He declared his age as forty-four, but as Indians, as a rule, cannot compute time, his statement does not appear wilfully absurd; I should judge his age to be about sixty-five.

The story which Sitting Bull tells of an officer who was pursued and who shot himself to escape capture is authenticated by a discovery made by General Sherman two or three years ago, when on a visit to the battle ground. Six or seven miles from the field of disaster, the General, with his party, came upon the skeleton of a man with remnants of officers clothing, still adhering to it. An examination of the skull disclosed gold filling in several of the teeth, and served to identify the skeleton as that of Lieutenant Harrington, of the 7th U. S. Cavalry, who was with Custer.

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