

his word that he would not again make any attempt at suicide. So we were able to release him from the shackles that chained his wrists and ankles to the floor, and to give him the liberty of the cell. I sent in furniture, and arranged for food from the officers' mess—eccentric conduct, confirming the general idea that I was cracked.

As long as there was something to be done, I had not time to worry, and the time we have for worrying is the greatest curse we know in our little lives. My friend sent his priest to tell me that he had confessed, so with the holy father I had no need for further secrecy. Sharing a secret takes away half the strain.

And at this time I shared no secrets with Brat. He went his own dour way and I went mine, because we dared not be seen in conference. After the trial he went on furlough, by doctor's orders, returning on the eve of the execution completely restored to health.

Sam twitted me in his nice way for my sentimental conduct, hinting at duties apart from those which needed a cap and apron. He visited the prisoner himself, talking in the sign language, telling stories of Sitting Bull, Spotted Tail, Crowfoot and other mighty chiefs he had known in the early days. My