

if he remembered Pale Face Jumping Deer. He smiled and said he did. The doctor said "This is Pale Face Jumping Deer. He has come to see you." Piapot gave me a cordial welcome.

Twenty years had made a great change in his appearance and he was becoming very frail.

While the doctor was attending to his patients, I talked quite a while with Piapot. The first question I asked him was, "Is Grey Eagle and his family in camp?" He shook his head several times, then said "No, Grey Eagle dead many Summers." Then he told me about a year after he left the government reservation another evil spirit entered his camp and brought a bad fever that killed many of his people, including Grey Eagle and all of his family. A look of sadness passed over his face when he told me, and I too felt deep sorrow surge within my breast.

While the doctor was attending to the medical wants of his many patients I walked about trying to locate some of the Indian boys with whom I had played in the years 1883 and 1884. But although I made much inquiry there were none to be found in camp at that time.

To this very day enduring scenes and sweet recollections of those childhood years, gleam bright on memory's wall, and ever will, 'till the last fleeting breath and faltering heartbeat are stilled forever.