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Prophecy of Sitting Bull - would be killed
by his own race.

By One Bull. 

Soon after Sitting Bull had returned to Standing Rock from Fort Randall, he felt as though all the White People were bitterly against him, especially, the Indian Agent. It seems every thing he did was under suspicion. Not being used to be bossed round by any one, he could not conceive the idea that he was a subject under some one who was foreign to him.

He was living, near the Agency where he was continuously ordered and advised to do this and that by the government officials, including the Indian police.

Likewise, that certain bands of the natives on the reservation, outside of his own, through the jealousy of the nation chiefs, selected and appointed by the Indian Agent, seemed to have got it in for him. He realized that he was not himself any more.

One morning he got up early to look after his ponies, which he had left hobbled, some distance from his home. He had to walk about three miles before he found them.

It happened that, just as he had reached the top of a hill, he seemed to hear a voice from some where nearby and he stopped right short to listen to it. It was a meadow-lark ^{perching} sitting on a little knoll, facing