

MS 29 326

The Oxen that laughed. By Sitting Bull
as told to One Bull.

Some time after my return from Fort Randall where my people and I were held prisoners, at Standing Rock Reservation, I moved to the Grand River Country to the place where I was born. The Indian Agent, James M. Laughlin, wishing ^{that} my entire mode of living ^{be changed}, gave me several minor implements to start farming. Since I left Canada, I was left afoot practically, though, when I returned to my people at Standing Rock Reservation, they kindly helped me out with what I needed, ponies, household goods, clothing and other necessities of life. Like the rest of the natives, one thing I received as my share of annuities issued, was a yoke of oxen. I already received a brand new lumber wagon - a Moline and a set of work harness. I started to learn to drive this ox team for I had to haul my wood and water some distance from my new home. I got along very nicely only one thing I could not control them ^{when} driving near water on a hot day.

One hot summer day, I took my two wives out into the woods to get wood for fuel and to pick wild fruit. I drove the oxen ~~teamed~~ hitched to my new wagon and as they were travelling along so nicely, I did not try to hurry them ~~along~~. I just let them take their own way of moving along. After securing a good load of dry wood and a pail-full of berries, we started back for home. We took a different route home for a change.