

started back to Canada. We finally drifted to Fort QuAppelle Reservation. At this place S. B. was called and papers relating to the cession of Black Hills were read to him. After some discussion regarding the matter S. B. was asked what he thought of the papers. Sitting Bull said that it was all right the way it was put on paper; whereupon the Canadians applauded.

The Canadian Officers then told S. B. to remember these things even after he had returned to his Country. The interpreter also fore told S. B. that when he got back home he would be killed - saying this the interpreter burst into tears. His name was Ci ka yo.

From there we started back home and in time arrived at Fort Buford, when very soon after we were placed in a row and disarmed. They did not demand my gun so I kept it. Again they took away all our ponies. Then they gave us rations. Soon after this, a steam boat arrived and we were all loaded thereon. We navigated down to Standing Rock Agency. We were there ten days, when we were again loaded on another steamboat and this time landed at Fort Randall - just opposite Yankton Agency. We camped inside of an enclosure within the military reservation. We were kept there about two years. My uncle, S. B. made friends with one of the officers there and through that, we were treated very kindly.

Two years passed and we were again loaded into a steam boat and brought back to Standing Rock.

A year after returning to Standing Rock McLaughlin, the white headed inspector took my uncle, S. B., Harry McLaughlin, John Sport (William Whitesell) and myself to Saint Paul, Minn.

Upon our returning home, my uncle was requested to furnish a