

like a wild animal's. I led him to a seat, a lounge set against the wall, on which he sat with indolent grace. Major Walsh, brilliant in red uniform, sat beside him, and a portable table was brought near. Two interpreters brought near. Two interpreters brought chairs and seated themselves, and at a neighboring desk the stenographer took his place. I afterward learned that two Sioux chiefs stood on guard outside the door, and that all the Indians in the fort had their arms ready to spring in case of a suspected treachery. On the previous night two of the Indians had been taken suddenly ill, and their sickness had been ascribed by some warriors to poison. So restless and anxious were all the savages that nothing but the influence and tact of Major Walsh could have procured for me and your readers the following, indeed, historical, colloquy with this justly famous Indian.

"I turned to the interpreter and said, 'Explain again to SB that he is with a friend.' The interpreter explained. 'Banee' said the chief, holding out his hand again and pressing mine.

"Major Walsh here said: 'Sitting Bull is in the best mood now that you could possibly wish. Proceed with your questions and make them as logical as you can. I will assist you and trip you up occasionally if you are likely to irritate him.'

"Then the dialogue went on. I give it literally:

"'You are a great chief,' said I to SB, 'but you live behind a cloud. Your face is dark, my people do not see it. Tell me, do you hate the Americans very much?'

"A gleam of fire shot across his face.

"'I am no chief.'

"This was precisely what I expected. It will dissipate at once the erroneous idea which has prevailed that SB is either a chief or a warrior.