

A CROW INDIAN SPIED IN A BUFFALO HORN SPOON

By Chief Sitting Bull

As told to One Bull -- his nephew.

When a young man took unto himself a wife it was taken for granted that he had complied with all the requirements of a hunter, a warrior or a scout. Such was the custom of the Dakotas. This was rather a preparation for a future career.

When I had attained the age of twenty years, I ended by single blessedness by my successful winning the hand of Tatiyopa, (Pretty Door). I am not going to take this time to tell about her and personal qualities, suffice to say that she was all that a real woman should be.

For my part, (not to flatter myself) the records in the minds and hearts of my fellow tribesmen, as regards my attainments and accomplishments on the war-path, hunting and acts of kindness and other way, proved to be more than satisfactory to all concerned.

Pretty Door and I decided to go off on a private hunting expedition. We were then camping at the mouth of Powder River so the next day we started. Our equipment for the trip consisted in a riding pony for each of us, one extra pack-pony and another pony for our travois. Our tipi was rather small. The poles served important part of our travois. All our household goods, provisions and cooking outfit were carried on this travois. Pretty Door rode her pony and led the pony hitched to the travois, while I rode my hunting pony and led the extra pack pony, which carried our tipi and other extras in the make-up of our camping outfit. I, of course, had my bows and arrows well in hand. Pretty Door had a belt on which was attached a pretty knife case and another one for an awl. In those days all women supplied themselves a sharp knife or awl carried in suitable cases on their leather belts. These served as weapons for protection.

We left the camp without any fuss of any kind and proceeded toward