

of him as the most genial Indian I have ever known, so do I think of "Chief Bray Wolf" - whom he brought to see us upon one occasion - as the most impressive and at the same time the saddest looking. He had attached to him in a marked degree the suggestion of living in the past, so frequently to be noted among the passing generation of his race, living over in memory the days of happiness, plenty, and freedom, which alas it might know no more. The true freedom and happiness which had reigned throughout their land before the White Man came.

CHAPTER XVI

350

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The End of the Trail

A negro preacher boldly announced from the platform that he was going to set forth the facts "without dress or garbage."

It is the only way to write history. The way in which I have written this history of the Bad Lands, of the heart of the great Sioux country, of wild Nature herself. The white man made it bad in truth; all but stilled its pulsations forever, in his futile, ill-advised efforts to tame it. But the "Red Man," at least, never made any mistake like that. He did all that might humanly be done to save Nature's handiwork, the sublime land of his inheritance, from desecration at the hands of the invader. Therefore, I would not deem this history fairly told did I fail to tell the infamous story of the killing of the great Sioux chief, "Sitting Bull," telling it as current in the range country and among the Indians themselves and as verified from other well-informed sources.

A famous reigning chief of the period who from the outset refused to bow his neck to the yoke of the invader, who more than any other, perhaps, stood in the way of materialization of the White Man's plans, Sitting Bull was one of Nature's great noblemen. A Bismarck of his people, his name ranks high on the