

## ON THE GREAT HIGHWAY

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### C H A P T E R   X V

#### Sitting Bull

The dirty brown blanket that hung on the shoulders of Sitting Bull revealed a figure of impressive strength, and the snaky boldness of the dark eyes that shone under a low, slanting forehead bespoke the master mind of the fighting savages of North America - priest, doctor, politician, woodsman, warrior.

There was an inexpressible dignity in the strong face of the old chieftain, as he stood there on the prairie, with one moccasined foot thrown lightly forward, while the weight of his sinewy body rested solidly on the other foot. The stained feather which fluttered in his braided black hair, the red and yellow paint smeared on his cheeks, and the gaudy girdle of porcupine quills and beads seemed trivial and out of harmony with the eagle nose, straight, powerful mouth, and the general sense of reserved power, which expressed the born commander of men.

There he stood - the mightiest personality of a dying people whose camp-fires were burning in America before Solomon built the temple in Jerusalem - native American incarnate, with knife and tomahawk and pipe, facing a