

But there was one thing which he had learned, a thing that linked him with the greatest minds of all the ages - the value of human liberty. Before that simple prize the wonders of science, literature, and art shrank into insignificance. It has been my lot to meet and talk with most of the great men of my own time, and I have observed that after all was said about methods and policies, the supreme goal of all sane effort was freedom. The noblest minds in all human history have finally come to Sitting Bull's rude creed. The painted nomad, ignorant of Luther, Bruce, Hampden, Washington, Kisciuszko or Toussaint, knew the supreme lesson of history - compared to which other human knowledge is unimportant - that nothing can compensate men for the loss of liberty, and that everything else can be endured but that.

I had paddled down the muddy waters of the Missouri with Paul Boynton, the adventurous traveller, who spent his time floating along the rivers of the world in an inflated rubber suit. The great Sioux war was over, and I had sat in the peace council at Fort Yates, where three thousand surrendered Indians were camped on the plain, and heard the great fighting chiefs turn orators. The story of Custer's last charge and his death was on every tongue. When Sitting Bull marched across the British frontier and yielded his warriors as prisoners of war, he was told that President Garfield would receive him in the