

started for the mouth of Milk river. On our way to the Indian village I learned his name was Sitting Bull. He told me by signs who he was. He also told me where his village was. It was on the head of Bark creek, which stream empties into the Missouri above the mouth of Poplar creek. We camped on Milk river the first night after my capture, and left the next morning. The Indians had taken everything away from me and cut the mail sack open and rifled it. We were traveling continuously for three days before we got into the hostile camp.