Grouard himself says that no human being will ever know the horrors that constantly surrounded him. Little by little he managed to pick up a word here and there of the strange gargon of his savage associates. Sitting Bull, in order to secure his captive's perfect safety, sent him to the lodge of his mother and sister, and to the latter, says the scout, more than to any earthly power, is he indebted for the preservation of his life.

The first fifteen years of his life had been passed under the influence of a loving foster mother. The next four years were spent amid scenes such as the American continent will never witness again. Inured to hardship and deprivation, with a stature of six feet and a constitution that mocked at the ills of flesh, he felt himself able to meet every trial that frontier life entailed. Yet, he found himself now, at nineteen years of age, in the center of a sea of savagery, cut off from every hope that had risen in his breast and debarred even of his liberty.

86 There was a practical side to this enforced existence * also. He had never attempted, and never imagined he would ever be compelled to attempt, to live on meat rations solely. The Sioux had no other wish than to live so. But Grouard found himself failing daily from this cause. Ravenously hungry, the meat diet, minus salt and pepper, did not supply the substitute or satisfy his cravings for bread, though he ate to satiety. What made matters worse, he knew nothing of the Sioux language, and therefore could not make his conditions or wants known. His waking hours were filled with a desire for bread. He thought of the crust he had thrown away, and lamented his extravagance. At hight his sleep was disturbed by dreams in which he saw huge loaves of golden-hued bread floating through space almost within reach of his outstretched arms. And often he awoke with a start just as he was preparing to sit down to a feast of biscuit and coffee. He grew pale and emaciated. He was in a delirium of torment. He felt that his mind was getting enfeebled. He thought of escape, but his guards never left him. He contemplated self-destruction, but neither means nor opportunity presented themselves.

Then he was stricken down with a strange sickness. How long he was ill he did not know; but one day he awoke to the sudden consciousness that there was burning bread within the lodge. He sat up, weak as he was, to reassure himself that he was not dreaming. White Cow, the sister of Sitting Bull, was baking some dough in the ashes of the tepi fire. He stretched out his
87 arms with an imploring gesture. The savage woman nodded her head and gave him a portion of the half-baked dough. He grasped it in both his thin hands and fell back upon his bed of robes. The knowledge that he had the bread overcame even his desire to eat it, and he clung to it with a joy that was childish. White Cow noticed it, and smiled, and soon she nearly frightened Grouard's wits out of him by placing some coffee in a cloth and pounding it preparatory to placing it in a can of water over the fire.

From that day on a new life opened to poor Grouard. He lived again, and hoped; and then it was he made a firm resolve to turn the term of his captivity to good account. His anxiety about bread, as well as the desire for it, grew less and less, until finally he ceased to care for it. It was many months before he knew how White Cow had secured the flour and coffee, but it came about in this wise:

In the spring and fall the Indians came out from the agencies and brought small quantities of coffee, flour, sugar, salt and pepper with them. For these articles they would charge and get fabulous prices; that isthey would trade the commodities off for ponies, furs and mules.

White Cow divined at once the cause of Grouard's decline, and some Indian traders very opportunely came to the Sioux village with provisions. Un-