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A coyote foretells sickness in Sitting Bull's family.

By One Bull.

About the latter part of the month of June in the year 1887, my uncle and myself, located on the Grand River, made a flying trip to the Agency on some important business with the Indian Agent. The Agency was about forty miles from home.

We left our home on horse back early in the morning and arrived at the Agency about one o'clock in the afternoon. After a very nice conference with the Agent in his office we started back toward home. In those days there was not a single house located between the Agency and our homes, so it was rather a very tedious ride for ~~us~~ travelling between these points.

It was dark before we were well out of the Agency district for we had been invited out by some of our friends who kindly asked that we stop over night with them, which we politely declined because we had promised to get home that night without fail.

When we were about half way we got completely tired out from riding and it was growing pitch dark. Uncle suggested that we stop and sleep in the open prairie, and as there being no other way to get relief we decided to do this and ^{proceeded to} unsaddle our horses and as we had long picker ropes with us, we tied one end of the ropes around the horses neck and the other end tied on the pommel of our saddles.

For our bedding we used our saddles for pillows and our saddle blankets for covers.