

had no army with me, did not even have my gorgeous colonel's uniform, and when I requested from the General permission to investigate matters, the old chap looked rather cross-eyed at me, and granted the permission, with the request that I would advise him of the result, etc.

The next day, Red Cloud and other chiefs took me out to the "hostile" village or camp in the Bad Lands, and Red Cloud addressed the council, telling them that I was "Little Beard" who had been their agent winters ago, when I was a boy, which he did not like, and also that I had come from the army which he did not like, that he and I had quarreled a great deal, and that in those days I did many things as a boy, as he thought, to show my power and authority, but my answer was to that it was for their good and some day they would see it.

Then Red Cloud stated, "I see it now, and if we had in those days listened to him we would not have this trouble now."

Then the old chief turned to me with the following words.

"Little Beard, we have not behaved half as badly as we did in your day, but you never sent for troops. Why have these soldiers been brought here, coming in the night with their big guns, it looks as if they have come to fight, and if it is so, we must fight, but we are tired of war, and we think of our women and children, and our property, our homes, our little farms, and our cattle we are raising. Can you not send these soldiers away, and if you will, we give you twenty five of our young men you can take as hostages, and everything will be settled in one sleep."

My reply had to be, "My friends I am no longer your agent, and