

and one tribe to another, with all the savage energy of their bombastic natures. No human being can out-brag an Indian, and they spend hours in oratory over the most trifling occurrences, and often tell lies in their illustrations.

The presents having all been distributed, the feasts being over, the long talks ended, the great orators having ventilated themselves, while the white dignitaries listened and grunted their approval with the dignity becoming the representatives of the Great Father in Washington, the great camp began to disintegrate, band after band began to move out, until all but a straggling few, camp scavengers who hang around to pick up anything left behind, were gone. The Sioux moved in many directions, some for the far north and northwest, others for various points for winter quarters. The Cheyennes seemed to keep well together and moved off up Horse Creek, the Arapahoes soon following. The Snakes were amongst the first to move, and though the head chief and a few others had talked a little in their turn to the Indian Commissioner, their story was soon told.