

to eat than to quarrel." And again, "Meat is cheaper than bullets."

And now, when a quarrel arose in the camps or at the trading-post, Sitting Bull would take up a sacred pipe, and carrying it aloft as a medieval monk might have carried the Cross, would walk into the middle of the riot and try to quiet it. "Friends," he would shout, "Wait. My uncle, Four Horns, is chief. Wait. Do not kill your brothers." And when he had got them to listen, he would make presents to both sides and sooth them until he had brought them to their senses.

Thus he rehearsed the duties which would be his when he became a chief.

At the end of the second robe season, Garreau refused to pay Sitting Bull, as agreed. He wished for some more pliant warrior, who would not watch the traders all the time. Sitting Bull was indignant, but hardly surprised. He quit. From that day he went to trade at Fort Union, Fort Pierre, and later at Fort Buford, Fort Sully, Fort Rice, or Standing Rock. He never came into the trading post at Berthold again: when he camped there, it was usually ten miles off on the flat, and he sent others in with his robes, with strict instructions as to their value. He saw now that uncle Four Horns had been right: some of these white traders are liars.

Yet Sitting Bull left Garreau's employ with certain valuable qualifications which he had gained there. He knew to a hair the value of a good head-and-tail buffalo robe, knew what the traders preferred, and was thoroughly familiar with the goods they handled. He was the best trader in the Hunkpapa camp. Though, as time passed, he became exasperated with white men to the point of fury, he never ceased to approve the manufactures they brought to his people. He knew how useful they were. It is worth noting that in the sketch of his war deeds, he almost always appears in some garment or with some weapon made by white men.