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somebody told me so--I don't know who told me or where I was told of it."

"Of what tribe are you?"

"I am an Uncpapa."

"Of the Sioux?"

"Yes; of the great Sioux Nation."

"Who was your father?"

"My father is dead."

"Is your mother living?"

"My mother lives with me in my lodge."

"Great lies are told about you. White men say that you lived among them when you were young; that you went to school; that you learned to write and read from books; that you speak English, that you know how to talk French?"

"It is a lie."

"You are an Indian?"

(Proudly) "I am a Sioux."

Then, suddenly relaxing from his hauteur, Sitting Bull began to laugh. "I have heard," he said "of some of these stories. They are all strange lies. What I am I am," and here he leaned back and resumed his attitude and expression of barbaric grandeur.

"I am a man. I see. I know. I began to see when I was not yet born; when I was not in my mother's arms. It was then I began to study about my people. I studied about many things. I studied about the small-pox, that was killing my people--the great sickness that was killing the women and children. I was so interested that I turned over on my side. The God Almighty /398/ must have told me at that time (and here Sitting Bull unconsciously revealed his secret), that I would be the man to be the judge of all the other Indians-- a big man, to decide for them in all their ways."

"And you have since decided for them?"