

White House at Washington, and hear from his own lips the grievances of his people. But Garfield had fallen, and was in his grave. President Arthur refused to allow the savage who was responsible for the slaughter of Custer and his men to go to Washington. Sitting Bull was sullen and revengeful. Warned by signs of discontent and restlessness among the young fighting men, the military authorities removed the angry old chief and his family to Fort Randall, hundreds of miles farther down the Missouri. There I found him with army pickets guarding his little camp of thirty-two tepees, around which Indian braves, squaws, and almost naked children sprawled in the sunlight.

Following Sitting Bull to his tepee, I crawled after him through the covered hole which served as a door. We were joined by Allison, the famous white army scout, who acted as interpreter, and by a number of Indians, who entered at the request of the old chief. We seated ourselves on the ground around a heap of burning twigs, Sitting Bull sitting at the head of the circle. He threw his blanket, under which he wore a fringed shirt of deerskin. The two wives of the household shook hands with us, giggled, and paraded several half-nude and very dirty children, the heirs of the family.

There was silence in the tepee. Sitting Bull laid his tomahawk and knife on the ground, and began to fill his long pipe with tobacco and killikinick, the dried