

scrapings of willow bark. No one spoke. The chief looked at the fire, and took no notice of us until he had puffed at his pipe for a few moments. Then the pipe was passed around, and as each man smoked, Sitting Bull watched his face closely. When the ceremony was ended, the old leader gazed at the pink and violet flames flickering among the broken fagots, and pursed his lips. The wrinkles on his forehead grew deeper, and a look of shrewdness came into his dark face. Aboriginal America was about to utter its thoughts to the millions of men and women who brought gunpowder and Christianity from the continents beyond the seas. The chief put his thumbs together, as though he were comparing them - an odd trick that I have noticed in other Sioux politicians - and began.

"I have lived a long time, and I have seen a great deal, and I have always had a reason for everything I have done," he said, in a deep, low voice - still staring thoughtfully into the fire. The listening Indians nodded their heads. "Every act of my life has had an object in view, and no man can say that I have neglected facts or failed to think."

He took a long pull at his pipe, and as the smoke glided from his lips he watched it musingly.

"I am one of the last chiefs of the independent Sioux nation," he said; "and the place I hold among my people