

Sitting Bull drew a square on the ground with his thumb nail. The Indians craned their necks to see what he was doing.

"There!" he said. "Your soldiers made a mark like that in our country, and said that we must live there. They fed us well, and sent their doctors to heal our sick. They said that we should live without having to work. But they told us that we must go only so far in this direction, and only so far in that direction. They gave us meat, but they took away our liberty. The white men had many things that we wanted, but we could see that they did not have the one thing we liked best, - freedom. I would rather live in a tepee and go without meat when game is scarce than give up my privileges as a free Indian, even though I could have all that white men have. We marched across the lines of our reservation, and the soldiers followed us. They attacked our village, and we killed them all. What would you do if your home was attacked? You would stand up like a brave man and defend it. That is our story. I have spoken."

The old chief filled his pipe and passed it around. Then we crawled out into the sunlight again. As I was about to leave, Sitting Bull approached me.

"Have you a dollar?" he asked.

"I have."

"I would like to have it."

When the silver coin was produced the chief thrust it into the bosom of his shirt.