

"Have you another dollar?"

"Certainly."

"I would like to have that, too."

I gave him a second coin, which also disappeared in his shirt.

"Tobacco?"

A bag of fragrant birdseye followed the money.

"Ugh!" said the old man.

When I got into my canoe to resume my voyage down the Missouri, the chief came to the water's edge to see me off. He was dressed with some show of rough splendor, and was accompanied by his two fighting nephews. As I looked back I could see him standing on the gravel shore, his countenance as void of emotion as a bronze mask. It was the face of old America, unreadable in victory or defeat.

A man like Sitting Bull brings one face to face with original human nature. There was cruelty and cunning in him, but like Lord Bacon, the greatest philosopher since Plato, he was the product of his ancestry and surroundings. Bacon confessed, as Lord Chief Justice of England, that he had accepted bribes, but he asked his country to judge him by the official usages of that time. Sitting Bull slew innocent men and women, but he could point to the moral standards of his race for justification. Like Phocion, who saved Greece from the Persians, the Sioux leader had fought for his race, but unlike Phocion, he had not sat at the