

the opportunity of securing to himself the honor of receiving the surrender of the famous chieftain, and immediately authorized me to begin the work, by starting at once for Sitting Bull's camp, leaving me to conduct the negotiations in such manner as circumstances and my own judgment might dictate.

I lost no time in preparation, and the following morning found me on the way to Ruined Timber, distant from Fort Buford about two hundred and thirty miles. My route lay along the Missouri, west from Fort Buford about ninety miles, sixty-five miles to Camp Poplar Creek, and twenty-five miles from that place to Wolf Point, where I turned away from the Missouri, on a line due north, for Woody Mountain, in Canada. Here I had to cross a plain, one hundred and ten miles wide, without wood and but little water. The entire distance seems to be one vast, undulating plain. But in fact, from the moment I left the Missouri Valley, I began the ascent of the Woody Mountain, for in reality, the northern edge of this plain forms the summit of the Woody Mountain Range. I met with no adventure in the two days occupied in crossing. It was altogether a lonesome journey. The only thing noticeable was the total absence of any kind of game whatever. My thoughts were fully occupied with the work I had undertaken. The chances of success or failure; the danger awaiting me, when I should attempt to enter the inhospitable precincts of the camp of the reputed savage and hostile chief. But I had no thought of turning back. For twenty years the U. S. Government had vainly tried to bring these same Indians into the Agencies. Every possible means had been employed. Famous Indian diplomats, priests, preachers, lawyers, and whole armies had been in turn employed to effect the capture or surrender of Sitting Bull, costing millions of dollars, and hundreds of human lives; but Sitting Bull, with his formidable band of Hunkpapa Sioux, were still on the war path, still a menace and terror to the pioneers of the plains, and I had undertaken to do that which had baffled all others. It was the one opportunity of my life, and I determined to succeed or perish in the attempt. The sun was almost down, on the evening of the fourth day out from Fort Buford, when I reached the northern extremity of the plain, or, as it is sometimes called, "the jumping-off