

at a rapid walk towards the camp. I had approached within about thirty steps of the outer line of tepees, when I was discovered²³ by an Indian watchman, who came rapidly toward me, his rifle in his hands, ready for use. I reined in my horse and awaited his approach. He came and stood by my horse, and looking up through the darkness, asked, "Who are you, and where did you come from?" I replied by asking, "Where is The Lung's tepee?" He repeated his question. I then told him that I was a friend of The Lung, that I had come to visit him, and inquired again for his tepee. He partly turned his face away and muttered, "I wonder who it is?" Whoever he is, he speaks our language," and then turning to me, he said, pointing to a tepee, only about fifty steps away, "That is The Lung's tepee." "That's where I'm going," said I, and giving my horse the rein, I was soon at the door of The Lung's tepee. Dismounting, and taking the end of my lariat in my hand, the other end²⁴ being attached to the horse, I went into the lodge, Indian fashion, without the ceremony of knocking. I found The Lung and his wife still up, and I was given a hearty welcome. Mrs. Lung immediately set about preparing something for me to eat, while The Lung plied me with questions about his relatives at the Agencies in Dakota. But he did not have me long to himself. In less than five minutes, the tepee was crowded full of Indians who wanted news of their friends across the line. I gratified their wishes to the best of my ability; but in the midst of the interview, I heard my Indian name (Ho gahu, which means Fish) called by some one outside, by whose voice I recognized Chief Call. I responded promptly by going out, where I found that the glowing fire within had so blinded my eyes that I could discern nothing; but a little way off I heard the voice of The Call, saying, "Come this way," and as I approached him, groping my way through the darkness, he added, "I'm going to kill you." "That's easily done"²⁵ I replied, "I'm here alone, and there are a thousand of you. But if you want a deed done worthy of record, why don't you have me killed by one of your little boys, or by a squaw; surely, it would not be an act of bravery for you to kill me." He laughed, and said, "come with me." I followed him to his lodge,