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braves, concealed in the timber, had been watching his movements, and now while he was busily engaged skinning the buffalo, they approached, under cover of the ravine, shot him, took his scalp, and made good their escape. His body was found by his father, Old Scarlet Thunder, and was brought by him into camp, a little before sunset that evening. Then indeed, there was weeping and wailing in that camp. Language utterly fails me when I try to describe the scene that followed. His old mother, his five sisters, and scores of friends and relatives tore their hair, slashed their limbs with knives, till the ground where they stood was wet with hot human gore, rent their garments, calling in a loud wailing voice upon the name of the lost son and brother.

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CHAPTER V.

A restless night in Sitting Bull's tepee; An exciting adventure on leaving the camp; Safe return to Buford with twenty lodges of the hostile Sioux.

It was no time for negotiations. Not a time for anything, in fact, but silence and obscurity on my part; so, with my companion, I sought the seclusion of Sitting Bull's tepee, where we spent the night in fitful and unrefreshing slumber. Early in the morning, at the first faint dawn of day, I was awakened by a call from Chief Gall, whom I joined in a walk about the camp. He informed me that the twenty lodges he had promised me had silently taken their departure during the night, and that I would find them in the evening, encamped about twenty miles down the Milk River. He said that five women and nine children belonging to the party, but who had no horses, ⁴⁴ had / remained behind, and desired to ride in my wagon. He also informed me that Strong Hand