

furiously away by a trail nearly parallel with the one taken by me, and the natural conclusion reached by all, was that he meant me, and this was the opinion of Black Bull, who urged me to return with him to the Trading Post, believing, he said, that I would be waylaid and murdered before I reached the camp. This was perplexing; success apparently almost within my grasp, and now this unexpected difficulty presents itself. What should I do, I had given my word to be in camp that night, and I had the promise of Sitting Bull and all his leading warriors to start for the American lines in ⁵⁹ / the morning. If I failed to reach the camp that night, they, of course, would fail to move in the morning, and our agreement would be void, and total failure would probably result. Better go ahead and be killed, than go back and be laughed at.

Penciling on the back of the dispatch my determination to go on at all hazard, I sent Black Bull back with it, while I slowly and thoughtfully pursued my way to the camp, closely scanning every ravine and bunch of poplars or sage bush, that might serve as a hiding place for the enraged warrior; but nothing unusual occurred, and I reached the camp in safety. Supper was waiting me in Sitting Bull's lodge, which was to be my home for the next ten days. While smoking a pipe with the Chief, after supper, I told him what I had heard of the difficulty at the trader's store. He said that a little while before my arrival, the Black Moon's son had returned to the camp, his horse wet ⁶⁰ / with sweat and apparently exhausted, which fact was noticed and commented on by