

several, but having made no statement, they had supposed that the proposed movement in the morning was all that agitated his mind. While we were yet discussing the matter, a little girl came into the tepee, and said that her father wanted me to come to his lodge, and immediately went out again, when sitting Bull told me that that was Black Moon's son's little daughter. Then it was the enraged warrior himself, who wanted to see me. What for, There was no use trying to evade a meeting; I might as well go and take my medicine at once, and be done with it; so taking my rifle, I followed the little girl to her father's lodge. Going in, I found the warrior apparently in the best of good humor, filling a pipe, preparatory to a smoke. He motioned me to a seat, where his squaw served me with a large hot pancake and a cup of coffee, and while I was eating, supposing that ⁶¹ / I knew nothing of his encounter with the trader, he told me all about it, evidently with a desire to conceal nothing, not even his threat of vengeance, and concluded exultingly, while his countenance actually glowed with savage satisfaction that he had kept his word.

While my heart was saddened by the thought that someone's life had been sacrificed to the avaricious greed of an Indian trader, yet I was certainly rejoiced to know, that after all, he had not chosen me as the object of his vengeance.

Several weeks afterwards, I learned that the mail, due in Woody Mountain that evening, had failed to arrive, and that some days later, fragments of human remains dragged around and scattered about by wolves, with shreds of clothing, revealed the fact that