

prosecution. You have many women and children, who will suffer if I do so. You also have fresh meat and hides that will spoil and do no one any good. I shall not accuse you of taking what does not belong to you. I shall regard you as a neighbor who lacks provisions at home and has come to us, who have plenty, for the food he needs. I shall camp here and hold you so that while you can't hunt buffaloes, you can care for your meat and hides. I shall send a messenger to our agent with a request that he change the order of arrest to one that we escort you back to your own reservation."

A voice from the outside shouted, "If we choose to disobey you, what will you do?"

The council men said something I couldn't understand. They no doubt rebuked the insolent fellow for what he said. One of the council men then told my interpreter to tell me, "Pay no attention to that fellow. He is a fool."

I replied, "Even a fool is entitled to an answer when he asks a question, and I shall answer him."

"Yes, answer him," assented the council man.

I then said to the man on the outside, "I shall answer your question, which implies I have so few men I can't arrest you if you disobey. I shall not quarrel with you. I shall go home, but the next time I come after you, I shall bring all our white soldiers, as well as our police, and make you do as I command you. Then you will pay damages for all the buffaloes you have killed."

The council men thanked me for being generous with them and said their soldiers would see that my orders were obeyed.

It took us about three days to escort them to their reservation, after which we left them and returned to Standing Rock Agency.