

both sides watched the progress of the battle, the two chiefs struggled for the mystery. The Crow, at last convinced that he was over-matched, and fearing the stigma of being overcome by Sitting Bull, seized a rifle and deliberately shot at the latter. In his rage and excitement, the Crow warrior took the worst sort of aim and made the lowest possible score, as the ball caught the Sioux beneath the toes and furrowed its way on a straight line through the sole of the foot. The next instant Sitting Bull had plunged his knife to the hilt into his adversary's breast, and the battle was ended.* Then the Sioux chief's wound healed the bottom of the foot contracts, and Sitting Bull, although soon recovering his wonted health, never placed his left foot on terra firma afterward without limping. Sometime previous to the event just narrated, Sitting Bull, while battling against the forces led by Gen. Harney at Lockwood Buttes, on the Little Missouri, received a terrible wound through the body, and although the great medicine men of his tribe shook their heads and twirled their thumbs and despaired of saving the life of their patient, Sitting Bull pulled through and lived to fight many battles afterwards.

These circumstances, although unknown to Grouard at the time he found himself face to face with Sitting Bull in the latter's lodge, could not have heightened the captive's terror one iota. He had heard enough of Sitting Bull to know that he was the unrelenting foe of the white race. The reputation of the wily savage for cruelty was the theme at every camp fire. No wonder, then, that Grouard expected nothing but a lingering death by torture at the stake.

Great was his surprise, therefore, when Sitting Bull motioned him to lie down upon a pile of buffalo robes at one side of the lodge, an invitation Grouard was not loath to accept. The glowing fire, the warmth within the lodge, and the soft, warm robes--these influences added to the exhaustion of bodily and mental forces--broke the charm that had driven sleep from his excited brain, and his senses were almost instantly steeped in forgetfulness.

* While he slept his fate was settled. At the council which was called that night, Sitting Bull's voice was the only one raised in behalf of the unconscious captive. While in his dreams Grouard was again passing through all the agonies that had come to him since his capture and speculating upon the terrible ordeal that awaited him, this man, this savage, he whom civilization denied every generous impulse, feeling of pity, quality of mercy, was disputing with the mighty counselors of the Sioux nation over the disposition to be made of the pale-faced stranger.

For some reason that will never be known, Sitting Bull had formed a sudden attachment for Grouard, and later developments prove, though the Sioux chief gave no earnest of his intention to anyone, that he had determined not only to spare his captive's life, but to throw his protecting influence around him forever after. So it ha pened, when the council, headed by Gall and No Neck (both able and beloved warriors), decided on the death of Grouard, that Sitting Bull at once arose and said:

"The coups of Sitting Bull are like the stars, shining and almost numberless. I look; I act; I talk afterwards. That which I will, is so. The captive in the Sioux lodge is resting on the robes that Sitting Bull has taken with his own hand from the buffalo, and it is my will that the captive shall not die. When Little Assiniboine was taken from his people, it was Sitting Bull who bore him to his lodge and made him his brother. So with the paleface within the lodge of Sitting Bull this night. He is Standing Bear, the brother of Sitting Bull. My will is spoken."

This speech was received in silence. Little Assiniboine, then