

I picked out three horses. Some Santee Indians were there, and they, of course, recognized me, telling the whole story later on to Sitting Bull. My trouble with Sitting Bull afterwards was through these Indians. I started back at daybreak. I rode pretty fast, for I was afraid some of the half-breeds would overtake and kill me. It took me three days to reach Sitting Bull's camp. Then I got back to camp Sitting Bull saw \* these horses and supposed  
 112 that I had stolen them. I told him I had. I told him to take his choice of any of them he wanted, and I gave one to his sister and one to his mother. He was tickled to death over it -- to think I had gone out and made this raid, and told every Indian he met about it.

It was about ten days afterwards that two of the Santee Indians came into camp along in the evening. Of course, they went right to Sitting Bull's lodge and told him the whole story about my being up there with the troops. If you ever saw a mad Indian, he was one. I never saw an Indian quite as mad as he was. My being in his sister's lodge prevented me from being killed right then and there. I don't think he would have hesitated a minute in killing me if it had not been for that. He asked me why I went; if I was inclined towards the whites; what was my reason for it, and told me that he should kill me.

As quick as this became known through the camp the other faction that was not for killing me, came to me and told me that they would stand by me. Of course, there was only one thing for me to do; I had either to kill Sitting Bull or be killed. That was the way I looked at it! I had a gun and ammunition, and I thought I would have as good a chance to kill him as he to kill me; but his sister and mother prevented our coming together as much as they could while I was at their lodge. The other faction wanted me to go to their side of the village, but that I would not do. Sitting Bull's mother wanted me to remain  
 113 in her lodge, \*saying her son would get over his anger. ~~She was naturally a peace-maker, and told me not to pay any attention to the threats he made. She was a pretty good Indian woman.~~ Every time the camp moved I would get on my horse and pull to one side, and Sitting Bull would go to the other side, and we never came together.

Indians are like average mortals. Some of them wanted to see the trouble between us urged on, and did everything they could to keep the fight going, while there were others who wanted to quiet it down.