

I said, "We are poor, and just came down from the prairies, and as we were passing Fort Stevenson the soldiers gave us some letters to carry for one trip."

I have always had the utmost regard for the truth and always hated a liar, but I was talking for my life when I lied to Sitting Bull.

"Well," said the chief, "you have no right to carry those letters. After a while we'll have some fun with you."

I thought sure our time had come. I looked up the road that we had come over and said to Joe in French, "We'll never travel that road again." Joe shrugged his shoulder and said, "Well it's fate." We talked in French because we thought the Sioux might have picked up a few words of English. I can't explain why for I have never felt the same way since, but I experienced quite an elation of spirit notwithstanding that I was absolutely sure the Indians were going to kill us.

Escape from the Sioux Warriors

It was now getting dark and a dispute arose over the disposition of our two horses, Lady Jape Gray, the stuff in the pack on her back, and our personal belongings. To settle the matter Sitting Bull called his warriors in a council circle about forty yards from the fire around which we were huddled bare naked. This was on the very edge of the coulee leading into Strawberry Lake. I said to Joe, "Lie down and let us roll into the coulee and they will never miss us." "We'll be killed sure," said Joe, "but we

The sun shone on us next day and millions of mosquitoes seemed to find out that two naked human beings were available for food. They fairly swarmed upon us, and there was not a spot on our bodies as large as a pin-head that they had not bitten.

We arrived at Fort Stevenson early in the afternoon. Our travel was slow during the night, but when daylight came and we got our bearings we made good time. We were travelling light as we had only our bodies to carry. There were bastions on the fort and one of the sentries saw us coming. He reported to the sergeant of the guard, and he in turn reported to the officer of the day that two Indians were approaching the fort bare naked. The guard was sent out to capture us, but when the sergeant saw who we were he ran to meet us with "What's up? What's up?" I replied, "O, nothing much. The Sioux have your mail, horses and our clothes, and came very near getting us. We have walked from Strawberry Lake." He exclaimed, "This is awful; come right up and report to the officer commanding. Wait a minute and I'll get you some clothes."

He brought only pants and with nothing but these on our bodies we were ushered into the presence of an old Frenchman, De'Troband, who was in command of the military unit of which Fort Stevenson was headquarters. Our feet were bleeding and our backs and arms red with mosquito bites. We were sent without clothes purposes to show the commander our condition. He asked



CANADA'S "CONTEMPTIBLES" RETURN HOME VICTORIOUS

The Lord Mayor of Liverpool making the speech of farewell to the First Contingent of Canadian troops to return home since the termination of the war. Two thousand men of the Royal Canadian Regiment, part of the regular army, left Liverpool for home. They were the first men to reach the firing line in France from Canada.

had better be shot than burned alive." I was watching the council circle carefully and as soon as I saw their eyes were off us I nudged Joe with my elbow and whispered, "Roll, roll!" We rolled about a hundred feet into the coulee, and down we sprinted for our lives, barefeet, bare naked as the day we were born, right into the lake.

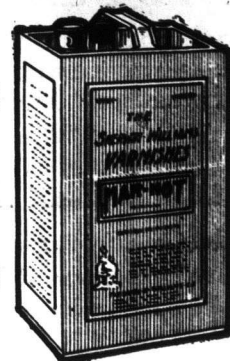
It was quite dark by this time and as Strawberry Lake was covered all about the edges with cat tails and other weeds that would easily hide a man, we were safe for a time at least, but we didn't know for how long. We were standing in water up to our necks, with Indians running up and down the shore firing at random into the weeds, the splash from the bullets often reaching our faces. I think they must have shot one hundred rounds. It was blowing a regular hurricane and pouring down torrents of rain, and this is probably what saved us. Failing to locate us in the lake they conceived an idea that we had run down the road. Anyway they left us, but we stood in the water for another half hour. Finally half dead with cold we stole quietly out in the pitch darkness and scrambling up the bank took to our heels, but not along the travelled road. We kept away from that. After we got away a couple of miles we stopped to get out breath and Joe said, "We're safe now, we will travel that road again." So away we went in the darkness toward Fort Stevenson with not as much on our bodies as Adam and Eve in the garden.

how it happened, and as we related the incidents he used very unparliamentary language most of which was directed against the United States Government for allowing such hostiles to be alive. One of the things I remember him saying was, "They should be wiped off the face of the earth." There was a decanter of whisky beside him and pouring out three glasses we all had a drink. In fact, we had several drinks and because we had not eaten since noon the day before, the whiskey went to our heads and I suggested to the general that we should go to our quarters before we said or did anything foolish. We were both in such a state that we didn't care whether we ever got anything to eat or wear. The general agreed, and we were taken to our quarters, fed, clothed and our bodies and feet doctored, and we were soon asleep. Neither of us were conscious again until next morning.

Other Depredations of the Sioux Chief

I meant to have said that just the trip before the one we attempted from headquarters to Fort Totten, Chas. McDonald, a white man with a slight trace of Indian blood, and Joe Emla, a Cree half-breed were killed by Indians. My regular trip was from headquarters to Bismarck, the territorial capital, but as no word had come from McDonald and Emla, Martin and myself went to investigate their disappearance as well as carry the despatches. It was while

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