

was not murder in the legal sense of the word. Lieutenant Casey had been for a year in charge of the Cheyenne scouts and had taken great interest in their welfare and proficiency, and his death was greatly deplored by the Indians as the insane act of a boy overcome by the excitement of the times. (*War*, 24; *Comr.*, 39; *Colby*, 10; *G. D.*, 46.)

On January 11 an unprovoked murder was committed on a small party of peaceable Indians on Belle Fourche, or North fork of Cheyenne river, by which the Indians who had come in to surrender were once more thrown into such alarm that for a time it seemed as if serious trouble might result. A party of Ogalala from Pine Ridge, consisting of Few Tails, a kindly, peaceable old man, with his wife, an old woman, and One Feather, with his wife and two children—one a girl about 13 years of age and the other an infant—had been hunting in the Black Hills under a pass from the agency. They had had a successful hunt, and were returning with their two wagons well loaded with meat, when they camped for the night at the mouth of Alkali creek. During the evening they were visited by some soldiers stopping at a ranch a few miles distant, who examined their pass and pronounced it all right. In the morning, after breakfast, the Indians started on again toward the agency, but had gone only a few hundred yards when they were fired upon by a party of white men concealed near the road. The leaders of the whites were three brothers named Culbertson, one of whom had but recently returned from the penitentiary. One of the murderers had visited the Indians in their camp the night before, and even that very morning. At the first fire Few Tails was killed, together with both ponies attached to the wagon. His wife jumped out and received two bullets, which brought her to the ground. The murderers rode past her, however, to get at the other Indian, who was coming up behind in the other wagon with his wife and two children. As soon as he saw his companion killed, One Feather turned his wagon in the other direction, and, telling his wife, who had also been shot, to drive on as fast as she could to save the children, he jumped upon one of the spare ponies and held off the murderers until his family had had time to make some distance. He then turned and joined his family and drove on for some 8 or 10 miles until the pursuers came up again, when he again turned and fought them off, while his wife went ahead with the wagon and the children. The wounded woman bravely drove on, while the two little children lay down in the wagon with their heads covered up in the blankets. As they drove they passed near a house, from which several other shots were fired at the flying mother, when her husband again rode up and kept off the whole party until the wagon could get ahead. Finally, as the ponies were tired out, this heroic man abandoned the wagon and put the two children on one of the spare ponies and his wounded wife and himself upon another and continued to retreat until the whites gave up the pursuit. He finally reached the agency with the wife and children.