

the power of the white man, as we older people do, and they think that they can hold their own. The troops came here, Sitting Bull in the North at once sent his runners through to us to stir our young men up, and unless the soldiers are taken away, we will not be able to hold our young men."

A few days later, Special Indian Agent Cooper who had been sent out from the Indian Office in Washington, to investigate conditions, came to me and announced "Major, I have instructions from the Indian Office to investigate you on charges," and after argument showed me a copy of a telegram from Agent Royer to the Indian Commissioner, reading as follows, "McGillycuddy is here abusing the administration, inciting the Indians to disturbance, and doing me dirt and I want him removed."

Major Cooper was at a loss what to do. So, to expedite matters, I opened up on the Indian Office by wire through the Governor, and insisted on an immediate investigation, as it was a charge that, if true, should warrant my being led out and shot, but I heard nothing more about it.

The end of December came and with it the "Battle of Wounded Knee."

Riding in from the battle that day, to the agency, I was intercepted by a party of blanket Indians on a cross road in a wagon, and one of them accosted me in these words, "Little Beard eleven years we made an agreement and promise with you that if we would give you fifty of our young men to act as police, you would have the white soldiers taken away, the police would control, and we would have a home government.

We kept our promise, and you kept yours,"