be taken back to their old home. Little Chief put their position in these words: "quote from Grinnell, p. 386.* A great many have been sick -- thinking about that."

Little Wolf gathered his warriors together and went to see the agent. Little Wolf, or Old Little Wolf, as he is sometimes called, was a tall, dark Indian, with long braids, wearing a large shiny metal cross haning on his breast. His cheekbones, nose, jaw, and brows were prominent, so that his head seemed knobby as the end of a walking-stick, resembling a medieval carving. He was all man, and talked plainly to the agent: "quote Grinnell, pp. 386-8. These people were -- make the ground bloody at that place."

Little Wolf stalked back to camp and conferred with Dull Knife. Dull Knife had the reputation of wisdom. People listened to his words. Little Wolf was a fighting man and nobody's fool. Ed Geary (Edmond Guerrier) offered to act as mediator, but the Indians were in such an ugly mood that he returned. Early next morning some 300 Cheyennes, including 87 warriors, hit the trail to the northland to rejoin the Sioux. This was September 9, 1878. Two days they marched unmolested, and camped on Little Medicine Lodge River for the night. About sunset a scout signalled that soldiers were coming. "Quote p. 389. "Little Wolf ran out of his lodge.--to end of paragraph.)

The soldiers sent a scout asking Little Wolf to surrender and return. He refused. The soldiers fired at Little Wolf, and the battle began. When darkness fell, both sides ceased firing. All next day they fought, and at evening the troops withdrew, leaving three dead on the ground. Five Cheyennes had been hit, but none killed. Coolly they remained in camp resting after the fight, and started on next day.

Three days later, near the Cimarron, they encountered a grey horse troop coming from the north. But the Indians were too many for the troopers and ran them off.

A third detachment, partly soldiers, partly citizens, under Colonel William H.