

which they worked themselves up to high pitch of excitement until they dropped exhausted. Usually by the second sundown the last warrior collapsed. Our moderns, though not credited with nearly the strength or endurance of the Red men, are making these originators of the long distance dance record seem like amateurs. It must, however, be admitted that the savage ceremony was a trifle more strenuous than the waltz or one-step.

By means of this dance and the constant reiteration of his promise that the whites were to be obliterated, "buried under earth to a depth of five times the height of a man," Sitting Bull spread his insidious propaganda, agitating the reds against the whites and gathering to him again a great following. But his latest medicine led to his death. Fearing the result of his influence over the reservation Indians the government ordered his arrest. Major McLaughlin was agent of the Standing Rock reservation where Sitting Bull was located and the Indian police under his command were dispatched to bring in the chief.

It was in the gray of breaking dawn that the police arrived at Sitting Bull's house and the chief was taken completely by surprise. He promised to go quietly and asked permission to dress in his best clothes. In the twenty minutes' delay while he was preparing for the journey a great crowd of his followers, who had just ended a ghost dance the night before, gathered before his door. Sitting Bull started quietly enough, but his son, Crow Foot, aroused in him a spark of courage he seldom or never before had displayed.

"You call yourself a brave man and you have declared you would never surrender to a blue coat, yet like a woman you give yourself up to Indians in blue uniforms," Crow Foot shouted.

Stung by the taunt, Sitting Bull halted and started to exhort the crowd, which made a menacing movement toward the police. ~~Catch-the-~~