

165-167      Calling me in one day, she said, "I have learned from a woman prisoner that an Indian in camp named Crow Dog says he witnessed the death of Lieutenant Harrington. I recall your speaking of Harrington in connection with the story of a skeleton found near the Custer battlefield."

I went to the officer in command of the prisoners and got a permit to take Crow Dog to my cousin's house. While there he related the following story:

"Just about the time we had nearly all of Custer's command killed, three mounted soldiers dashed through our lines. We killed one of them, but the others were about to escape into the timber on a creek that had a high steep bank. As they reached the timber, one of them with his horse running at full speed went directly over the steep bank, but the other drew in his horse to find an easier place to go down, and we killed him the instant he stopped. About eight or ten of us took after the one who went over the bank. Just before we got into the creek, we saw him mounting the opposite bank. By the time we had crossed the creek and gained the opposite bank, he was too far away for us to shoot at him with certainty.

"I rode a horse that was unmatched for endurance among the several thousand horses we had in camp. After we had gone as far as I thought a good horse could run, all the other horses except mine gave out, leaving me to continue the chase. The soldier's horse seemed to be fresh for running.

"When we passed over broken ground, I gained on the soldier, but when we struck level ground, he gained on me. For that reason our distance apart remained about the same all the time. The race continued longer than I thought a horse could stand it. The soldier began shooting at me over his back. None of the shots seemed to come near me. I used my quirt on my horse to increase his speed, and he responded to the blows. Finally, he threw up his tail, a sign he couldn't exert himself any more. The soldier raised his six-shooter. I thought he was going to shoot me, but he shot himself through the head instead and fell to the ground. When I caught up, I saw he had used his last cartridge."