

had burst, they could be seen going by the dozens out of the woods and up the slopes on the opposite side of the valley as fast as their ponies could carry them.

As soon as the fire in the river bottom had ceased and the wood was silent, a white flag was seen to wave from the window of the cabin. Thereupon the command "Cease firing" was sounded by our trumpeters and we moved down the slope in skirmish line.

An Indian policeman bearing the white flag came out of the cabin and met us half-way down the hill. He pitched the flag down when he reached our line, and I told one of the troopers to take it along as a souvenir. He detached it from the pole it was tied to and holding it up called to me that it was a little shirt. It was afterwards identified by one of Sitting Bull's squaws as the shirt worn by her little daughter Wok-in-nogin in the ghost dance. Sometime afterwards Slocum and I sent this little shirt to the Army Museum at Governor's Island, New York.

When we reached the ground about Sitting Bull's two cabins at the bottom of the valley the beleaguered police came out to meet us. In a space hardly ten yards square in front of the cabin where they had taken cover lay the bodies of twelve dead Indians. Four of them were policemen, and Sitting Bull and seven of his followers were the others. Two policemen inside, shot in the abdomen, were mortally wounded, and another had a very painful wound through one of his insteps. Three of Sitting Bull's people were wounded.

In the cabin not occupied by the policeman we found Sitting Bull's two squaws and several other Indian women. I took a squad of soldiers into the cabin to examine it. I noticed that two or three of the squaws sat fast upon the bed which was very low. This aroused my suspicion and we pulled them off and lifted the heavy tick. There beneath it, flat