

the travelers -- a shelter that would permit them to rest in comfort at least one night on the journey. With this object in view. I had made arrangements to put up a station, consisting of a house for wayfarers and shelter for teams -- enough to shed a dozen or so ponies -- on Oak Creek, twenty-two miles from the agency and eighteen miles from Sitting Bull's camp on the Grand River. The logs for this station were being brought out that fall of the ghost dancing and this fact was of assistance in deluding Ditting Bull and his people into a sense of security when a detail of police was sent to the station, ostensibly to work on the structure, actually to be within reach when the order was given for the arrest of the medicine man. Hawkman No. 2 was engaged in bringing logs up from the Grand River for the buildings.

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It was observed by the policemen on duty at their headquarters that he could not rest. There being an air of expectancy about the agency at the time no particular attention was paid to Hawkman when, impelled by fate, he went out and got his horse.

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Hawkman rode with the detachment into camp and, while Sitting Bull was making ready for the journey, he sat in his saddle with the other policemen waiting for the prisoner to be brought out of the house. He was not affected by the flashing eyes and glowering faces of the ghost dancers, who gathered about with rifles in their hands and threatened the police, and no suggestion of fear stirred him when Sitting Bull came forth and began railing, but he brought his Winchester to a ready when Sitting Bull called upon his people to rescue him, and in that moment he died: There were four shots fired in rapid succession mortally wounding Bull Head and Shave Head and killing Sitting Bull, and at the fifth shot Hawkman fell dead. He had