

If we had been dependent wholly upon the fire of our carbines we should have had a sharp fight and a hard task to dislodge the hostile Indians. Every advantage was on their side. They outnumbered us and had repeating rifles while we had single loaders; and they had a wood for cover, which is about the best natural cover troops can have against small-arm fire. But luckily we had not forgotten to bring with us the little mountain Hotchkiss gun. It fired an explosive shell about an inch and a quarter in diameter.

This little gun was hurriedly dragged to the crest of the slope and trained on the wood below. Immediately after the first shell exploded among the Indians they began to move out, and the time the third shell 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.