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 beleagured 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 policemen 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 on his stomach and face, lay Sitting Bull's son, a mute about eighteen years old.

In this room there hung an oil portrait of Sitting Bull in a deep gilt frame. It had been painted by a Mrs. Welden, a woman from the East who had spent several weeks visiting Sitting Bull the summer before. I had forbidden the soldiers to touch anything in the room, but suddenly I saw one of the special Indian policemen snatch this picture from the wall and smash its frame with his rifle. He also punched a hole through the canvas, but I got the