

that Chief Joseph would not leave them behind; he said he had never heard of a wounded Indian who got well in the care of the soldiers. But White Bird had brought away his wounded, he would soon be here. "Here he comes now."

A second crowd of Nez Percés came pouring down the hillside, and their chief White Bird was with them. Sitting Bull said, "Before Long Hair died, we killed four Nez Percés.\*"

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but now I want to be friends with you. You can stay here as long as you please. The Red Coats say that as long as we obey their law, we can stay. If the soldiers want me, they will have to start the war. All I want is to be at peace.

Sitting Bull's camp looked like home to those war-weary Nez Percés, who had fought harder and marched farther than any Indian nation known to history; whipped the troops almost every time, marched more than fifteen hundred miles through strange country. The Sioux made them welcome. Big Mane, and others, made feasts for them. One of the Nez Percés had his broken arm in a sling; another, a big warrior naked to the waist, was bleeding from a bullet wound just over the right nipple. Sitting Bull did what he could to make them comfortable. He said, "I wanted my women and children to sleep sound of nights so I came to this peaceful country. There is plenty of meat here, and traders."

George Peo-peo-tal-likt, one of the Nez Percé survivors, says, "Sitting Bull was a fine man. He was very kind to us and to his own people. He was a good hunter, and at that time lived mostly on deer. The Sioux