

He heeded not the tears nor the sobs of anguish for sin.

In their affliction they turned their gaze to the stars, to the moon above, during the long and weary hours of the night dance. The heavenly bodies seemed to look down with pity and compassion upon the supplicating throng beneath, but their cries met no response.

On and on they danced, dragging weary limbs about the circle/p.560/ hoping trusting that He who lived beyond the stars would take pity upon them. The hoot of the owls in the great cottonwood trees, or the yelp of a coyote upon the plain, mocked the sanctity of the song, and these sounds were the only answers to their pleadings.

As time passed and the Messiah failed to appear, there came a change in the minds of the worshipers. Some of the more sceptical advocated a cessation of the ceremonies, but they encountered the most bitter denunciation on the part of those still firm in the faith. The trouble between the two factions reached its height during Agent Gallagher's visit to No Water's camp upon Wounded Knee Creek. Those who had lost faith in the Messiah attempted to dissuade the others from driving the agent back to Pine Ridge; but the latter were strongest and carried the day, compelling Mr. Gallagher to return to the agency more hastily than he set out.

A few weeks afterwards Dr. Royer entered upon his duties at Pine Ridge. With the new administration came an order to all Indians not believers in the new Messiah to locate near the agency. The Indian police were kept very busy for several weeks notifying the distant camps of this command, and assisting those who were unable to travel. Early in November all the anti-Messiahists were encamped near the agency, under the surveillance of the military. The converts to the new doctrine encamped on several creeks twenty miles from the agency until the middle of November, and then, becoming alarmed at the presence of so many troops, fled into the Bad Lands.