you are telling the truth? We have been lied to so many times that we will not believe any words that your agent sends to us. If we return he will take away our guns and ponies, put some of us in jail for stealing cattle and plundering houses. We prefer to stay here and die if necessary, to loss of liberty. We are free now and have plenty of beef, can dance all thetime in obedience to the command of Great Wakantanka. We tell you to return to your agent and say to him that the Dakotas in the Bad Lands are not going to come in."

No Neck rejoined:

"Think, my people, how foolish is this action! Do come in, and all will be well; remain out here, and you will be killed."

Short Bull added:

"It is better to die here as brave men, and in obedience to the commands of the Good Spirit, than to live like cowards at the agency on scanty rations, disarmed, without horses and guns. No, we will not return! If we dance, our Good Spirit will protect us, and when all dancers are sincere, the bullets of the soldiers will harmlessly fall to the ground without power to hurt. There is no army so powerful that it can contend with Wakantanka; therefore we are not afraid to remain here."

The gathering broke up, and nearly every one continued in the ghost dance. For two days the hostiles would not have further words with the friendly scouts. Friday and Saturday, the 12th and 13th, the last council was held. The scenes accompanying the closing of this gathering, Saturday afternoon, were very thrilling, and for a space of two hours it seemed as if a general/p.579/ battle would ensue between those who desired to return to the agency and the hostiles.

About noon, Saturday, Two Strike--who had been one of the leaders in the dance--arose and announced his intention to return to the agency with the scouts, accompanied by about one hundred and forty-five lodges. Crow Dog