in his brain. With the nerve of the true American soldier, recovering from their surprise, and forming their ranks so that the danger of mutual destruction was reduced, a vengeful fire was poured into the group of nearly two hundred Indians. In an instant they realized the extent of their delusion when they saw that the "ghost shirt" formed an armor no more impregnable than their nakes skins. Those who had not fallen in the first mad tumult, turned and fled toward the south, where the ground, broken into ravines, offered some shelter from the leaden storm. Women carrying papooses, half-grown children, and old men and warriors wearing the ghost shirt, could not in the smoke and dust be easily distinguished. Into the fleeing mass was poured an exterminating fire. So soon as the body of fleeing Indians had separated itself so that there was no danger to the cavalrymen, the Hotchkiss guns began their frightful work. Out of their steel lips there poured a stream of death-dealing missiles reaching after their fleeing victims far beyond the range of the cavalryman's carbine.

When the smoke of conflict cleared away, a sad sight revealed itself. The dead and dying were everywhere. Where the insane conflict had begun, friend and enemy lay side by side, some grappled in a death embrace. Among the tepees and away toward the south, and even under the shadow of the ravines, where the bullets from the far-reaching machine guns had reached them, men and women, and even little babes, lay in death, or with wounds, many of which would result in death. It was the saddest, apparently the most senseless of all the tragedies connected with the dealings of this nation with its "wards."

Big Foot and his "band" were fairly obliterated.

Many occurrences illustrated how desperate was the fanaticism of the deluded red man, and how bitter his disappointment at the failure of the object of faith. One young buck, one of the strongest and bravest, and who fell almost at the first fire, lay mortally wounded. When nurses of the Red Cross Society/page 585/ came to him and saw his condition, he asked as a