

the horse acted— that I was traveling amongst dead people all the way down the ridge, but it seemed quite awhile before I could get away.

Finally I did get up through them, and went down and crossed the Little Big Horn to the other side onto the high lands, then turned and followed up the river, but keeping away in order to find the Indian trail, if possible. It was along toward morning before I found the trail leading up the Little Big Horn towards the mountains. Following that up and keeping off the main trail, I could hear the Indians traveling backwards and forwards, but could not see them. I heard no firing of guns. Reaching the outskirts of the Indian camp on * Pass creek at the mouth of Twin creek on the Big Flat, I arrived at their main camp close to daybreak. Riding around from the lower end to the upper end, and keeping away from the lodges, I found an old Indian driving up his ponies, or herding them, rather.

I rode up to him for the purpose of finding out, if I could, what had been the result of the battle I knew had so recently occurred. I was dressed up as an Indian, and had a blanket over me, so the old fellow could not tell who or what I was. As soon as I commenced talking to him in the Sioux tongue he asked me who I was. I told him I was Sitting Bull's brother; that I was looking for my horse; that I had been out on a scout and had not seen the fight, as I had just got back that evening. He suspicioned me of not being what I said I was and tried to find out who I was by getting up close to me, and I saw I could not get any information out of him. It was then daybreak, and on his asking me again who I was, I told him that they had always called me the "Grabber." That was the nicknames the Indians had for me when I was among them.

Quick as he heard who I was, the old man gave one yell and about two jumps, and was across on the other side of the creek hallooing that the troops were on them. Well, by this time the whole camp was in commotion. I had started back toward Tongue river on a pretty good gallop. I got quite a distance—five or six miles, I guess—before any of them came in sight, and by that time it was broad daylight. I had such a start of them that they could not catch me. They ran me clear back to Tongue river—a distance of forty miles. Not being able to overtake me, they gave up the chase. After they left me I was so tired out that when I got over on Soldier creek I went into the brush, unsaddled my horse and went to sleep. I guess I must have slept there all that night until the next morning between 10 and 11 o'clock.

When I woke up I could hear Indians talking. Crawling out so that I could see what was going on, I discovered that quite a large scouting party had camped right in below me—not over five hundred yards from where I was resting. For fear they might run across me or see me I led my horse into the brush, threw him down, tied his feet so that he could not get up and went off to the best hiding place I could find and stayed there until after dark. Then, everything being safe, I untied my horse, saddled him up and started to get out of there as quietly as I could. I reached the command about 4 o'clock the next day. The command had received rumors of the Custer massacre just before I got back.

(The Custer massacre will always be a prolific theme for speculative minds. The story today is an oft-told tale, and writers will never tire of relating it. The responsibility for the awful catastrophe will forever remain in doubt, and mayhap it is as well that it should. Custer had every confidence in himself, and his men shared that confidence. When the junction had been formed at the mouth of the Rosebud on the 15th of * June,