

a bevy of small children came trooping in, pushing over one another in the effort to get hold of a finger of the good father, or at least to hold on to his robe while he led them into another room where one of the sisters gave to each a ginger cake, hot from the oven. The room was filled with the shouts and laughter of the children and the father explained, "Children get hungry, and we always have some cakes for the little ones at recess. I let the boys be noisy in the playroom as long as they don't fight. It is good for them." Looking at the happy, noisy crowd around the black-gowned missionary and sister, it was easy to see how they had felt safe in the affection of the Indians through all the days and nights when others were trembling behind breastworks and files of soldiers. Referring to what the Indians had told me, I asked Father Jutz if it was true that the hostiles had sent word to them not to be afraid. He replied, "Yes; they had sent word that no one in the mission need be alarmed," and then, with a gentle smile, he added, "But it was never our intention to leave." It was plain enough that beneath the quiet exterior there burned the old missionary fire of Jogues and Marquette.

The conflict at Wounded Knee bore speedy fruit. On the same day, as has been said, a part of the Indians under Two Strike attacked the agency and the whole body of nearly 4,000 who had come in to surrender started back again to intrench themselves in preparation for renewed hostilities. On the morning of December 30, the next day after the fight, the wagon train of the Ninth cavalry (colored) was attacked within 2 miles of the agency while coming in with supplies. One soldier was killed, but the Indians were repulsed with the loss of several of their number.

On the same day news came to the agency that the hostiles had attacked the Catholic mission 5 miles out, and Colonel Forsyth with eight troops of the Seventh cavalry and one piece of artillery was ordered by General Brooke to go out and drive them off. It proved that the hostiles had set fire to several houses between the mission and the agency, but the mission had not been disturbed. As the troops approached the hostiles fell back, but Forsyth failed to occupy the commanding hills and was consequently surrounded by the Indians, who endeavored to draw him into a canyon and pressed him so closely that he was obliged to send back three times for reinforcements. Major Henry had just arrived at the agency with a detachment of the Ninth cavalry, and on hearing the noise of the firing started at once to the relief of Forsyth with four troops of cavalry and a Hotchkiss gun. On arriving on the ground he occupied the hills and thus succeeded in driving off the hostiles without further casualty, and rescued the Seventh from its dangerous position. In this skirmish, known as the "mission fight," the Seventh lost one officer, Lieutenant Mann, and a private, Dominic Francischetti, killed, and seven wounded. (*War, 20; G. D., 42.*)

a<sup>3</sup>news a<sup>3</sup>