

About the time the ghost dance was in full blast I was asked by McLaughlin to haul freight from Mandan, N. D. a rail road town about 65 miles North of the Agency and about 105 miles from my place. I went and brought the freight stopping at the trader's store at the Agency. Late in the night McLaughlin and Lewis Primeau came to me and said: "No matter where the ghost dancers go, you and your uncle better remain where you are. The soldiers from the Heart River, Slim Buttes, and Fort Sully are coming."

I left the Agency very early in the morning and as one of my horses got played out I was delayed on the way and did not reach my home till about day break the next morning. I went to bed and fell asleep immediately. All at once in my sleep, I heard the report of guns. I arose and sure enough there shooting going on toward my uncle's place, and I started toward it at once. I saw the Indians from the camp fleeing in all directions. I was informed on the way, that the chief was killed. As I was nearly at my uncle's house the police pointed their guns at me.

One of them, Eagleman, told them to stop. He address me very politely by saying, "Son-in-law, do not come any further. Stop right where you are." I obeyed. Then he ordered Cross Bear, one of the police, to come and see me. He told me that several were killed on both sides. I asked him: "did you kill any women?" he answered "no. My niece, (Mrs. One Bull) just went out of sight here. go and get her back and then go to your home and stay there." I looked for my wife found her and we went back home.