

more complete and to verify the dreams which Sitting Bull had in relation to this time couriers would come in on the gallop and address different persons and say, "I saw your father out in the White mountains, risen from the dead," and to others, "I saw your son, etc." Sitting Bull was endeavoring to make the people believe that he was a Christian and believed in the Christ as they did; consequently that a resurrection would come, not in the future for the Indians, but **NOW** and that the Indians, their ancestors were all risen from the death; all the buffalo, deer and their best dogs were also again alive and that everyone now would live happily for ever and ever and ever as in the olden days before the advent of the white people into their country. These couriers would shout that they had conversed with the different ancestors, sons, chiefs, etc., and the people were worked up to a state of wild excitement.

He told them that The Christ had come for the Indians but not for the White people; that the Indians would all rise from the dead but that the white people would not and that soon all the land would again be as in the time of their fathers. The Indians which had joined the Congregational faith were not so much influenced but many of the Roman Catholics were enthusiastic over the dances, and Sitting Bull, because he knew just enough about the Bible to speak with some authority, and because of the faith the people had in him from the other things he had foretold them which had come to pass, relied upon his word. It soon became evident that something serious would result from these dances if they were not stopped. At two villages in particular there were 'prayer trees' erected, at Little Oak Village and at the village of Flying Bye. Mr. Reed, who was in charge of some of the Indians, erected a log house and held services for the people. At this time the excitement was so intense that all times of the day and night the Indians were coming to tell me of different things that were going on here or there or to warn me of their dances and the like. I could not even sleep with my clothes off at night for the reason that they came at any time to see me. I called one of my helpers, Mr. Grindstone, and said to him, "You go the village of Little Oak and I will go to Flying Bye where these two main prayer trees are to be held and we will see if we can break up the meetings." Mr. Grindstone was a little old man but possessed a great deal of character. He went, according to my suggestion to the village of Little Oak. There he saw the prayer tree and hundreds, even thousands of people around it. This tree was filled with