

raggs which represented the prayers of the people. Sitting Bull and the chiefs preached to the people and told them that if they did not believe all that they told them and if they did not dance with the rest that they would either turn into a dog or that the earth would open up and swallow them. At this time Mr. Grindstone shouted, "I don't believe it." The people stared, not knowing what would happen. Again he repeated, "I don't believe it. You see that the earth hasn't swallowed me and I am still on two legs." Then the Indians laughed. The crisis had passed and they all turned and went home. The laugh had saved them.

Now that the Ghost dance proceedings had gone so far the government deemed it wise to order all the white people into the garrison. All the white persons practically were gathered in except the Farm School people. I had gone to the garrison a day or so previous and when the government decided to order the people to come there they would not let me go out again. Word came that night that the Indians had come down from the reservation and that there was going to be a battle. They, (the Indians) had heard that I, too, had gone to the garrison and they said "If Wenonah too has gone to the garrison then even she has deserted us and there will be war," I wanted very much to leave the garrison and go back to my house and thus let the Indians still have their faith in my loyalty to them at least for I was not afraid of them. Colonel McLaughlin and Colonel Drum, who were in charge at the garrison, plainly saw the situation and asked me if I cared to go out and I told them that I did. Consequently they allowed to me to go and as I rode over the prairie over each little butte I could see an Indian head looking at us. As they discovered it was 'Wenonah' they spoke my name and dropped out of sight; we were not molested once. They were all delighted to think that I had returned to them. This occasion happened sometime in October or possibly in November and I was detained at the garrison but a short time.

On Sunday following I went to see Sitting Bull and found thousands of people gathered there. I ehld services with Mr. Grindstone and to this day I never hear 'Nearer My God To Thee' but I think of that dreadful time. Our converts sang the song in a wild rough way and the music, screams, and shouting of the awful dance were mingled with our voices until you could scarcely hear anything. The incident was one which would never occur again in a life time and would surely never be forgotten. After our services I went to the Holy tent