

chief. Now you are allowing yourself to be taken by the Ceska maza." Sitting Bull then changed his mind and in response to Crow Foot's remark said, "Ho ca mni kte sni yelo." "Then I will not go." By this time the ghost dancers were trying to get close to the Chief in every possible manner, trying to protect him and the police did their best, begging in their way, not to cause any trouble but they would not listen, instead they said "You shall not take away our Chief."

Lieut. Bullhead said to the Chief: "Come, now, do not listen to any one." I said to Sitting Bull in an imploring way: "Uncle, nobody is going to harm you. The Agent wants to see you and then you are to come back, - so please do not let others lead you into any trouble." But the Chief mind was made up not to go so the three head officers laid their hands on him. Lieut. Bullhead got a hold on the Chief's right arm, Shavehead on the left arm and Red Tomahawk back of the Chief - pulling him outside. By this time the whole camp was in commotion- women and children crying while the men gathered all round us - said everything mean imaginable but had not done anything to hurt us. The police tried to keep order but was useless - it was like trying to extinguish a treacherous prairie fire. Bear that Catches in the heat of the excitement, pulled out a gun, from under his blanket, and fired into Lieut. Bullhead and wounded him. Seeing that one of my dearest relatives and my superior, shot, I ran up toward where they were holding the Chief, when Bear that Catches raised his gun - pointed and fired at me, but it snapped. Being so close to him I scuffled with him and without any great effort overcame him, jerked the gun away from his hands and with the butte of the gun, I struck him somewhere and laid him out. It was about this moment that Lieut. Bullhead fired into Sitting Bull while still holding him and Red Tomahawk followed with another shot which finished the Chief.

The rest of the police now seeing nothing else for them to do but to defend themselves became engaged in a bitter encounter with the ghost dancers. It was day-break and the ghost dancers fled to the timber and some already started running away into the breaks south of the Grand River. The police took refuge behind the sheds and corrals adjoining the Chief's residence, knocked the chinks out, firing in