

the direction of the fleeing ghost dancers. One of our police was lying on the ground behind a shed when some ghost dancer shot him in the head and killed him instantly. This was my brother-in-law John Strong Arms, who came with me from our camp.

Finally, there was no more firing and we proceeded gathering up our dead and the wounded.

Hawkman, another relative of mine, a cousin, who hailed from same camp I came from, was sent to carry the news of the fight to the Military Forces. We brought them to the cabin and cared for them. While we were doing this, my friend, Running Hawk, said to the police: "Say, my friends, it seems there is something moving behind the curtain in the corner of the cabin." The cabin, instead of being plastered, the walls were covered with strips of sheeting, sewed together and tacked on the walls making quite a bright appearance within. All eyes were directed to the corner mentioned and without waiting for any orders I raised the curtain. There stood Crow Foot and as soon as he was exposed to view, he cried out, "My uncles, do not kill me. I do not wish to die." The police asked the officers, what to do. Lieut. Bullhead, seeing what was up, said, "Do what you like with him. He is one of them that has caused this trouble." I do not remember who really fired the shot that killed Crow Foot - several fired at once.

It was about this time that the soldiers appeared on the top of high hills toward the Agency. According to the instructions received we were expecting them but ~~xxxxxxxx~~ they did not show up in our critical moment. Maybe it was just as well they did not for they would have made things worse as heretofore they generally did this. Immediately they fired a cannon toward where we were. Being ordered to display a "flag of truce" I tore off a piece of the white curtain, tied it on a long pole, ran out where they could see me, thinking they would cease firing but all was of no avail. They continued firing and the cannon balls came very close to where I was that at times I dodged. Finally, they stopped firing and made a bee-line toward us. They arrived and upon learning what had happened the officer ranking highest proceeded to where ~~xxxxxxxx~~ Sitting Bull's corpse was and with a ^{branch} brush took the third coup and said: