

buckskin shirt and leggins, with his hair flying loose and his face painted with small white spots. That was his medicine. I dared him to lead a charge. Crazy Horse refused. I led the charge myself.

I saw a soldier on horseback left behind; his horse had played out. I charged him, Crazy Horse following. The soldier heard me coming and tried to turn in his saddle and aim his carbine at me. But before he could shoot, I was alongside. I grabbed him by the shoulders of his blue coat and jerked hard to throw him off his horse. He fired in the air, screamed and fell flat from his horse. This was another first coup for me. Crazy Horse struck this man second. Other soldiers were left afoot. I saw one with Indians all around him, turning from side to side threatening them with his carbine to keep them at a distance. I rode straight at the soldier. When I got close he fired, but I dodged and he missed me. Then I rode him down. Bear Lice counted the second coup. The survivors of these two bunches of soldiers moved up and joined those to the north and west, about where the monument stands now. Another bunch of soldiers was down the hill nearer the river. The air was full of dust and smoke. Here and there through the fog you could see a wounded man left behind afoot. I saw one bleeding from a wound in his left thigh. He had a revolver in one hand and a carbine in the other. He stood all alone shooting at the Indians. They could not get at him. I rode at his back. He did not see me coming. I rode him down counting the coup. Brave Crow counted the second coup on this enemy. By this time, all the soldiers up the hill had let their horses go. They lay down and kept shooting. I was east of them with Crazy Horse. I charged alone at the soldiers at a dead run, hugging my horse's neck. I passed within a dozen feet of the soldiers but was not hit.