

I could to scare my enemy. Finally I broke free, grabbed the soldier's pistol and struck him three or four times on the head with his own pistol, knocked him over and shot him in the head and fired at his heart. I took his gun and cartridge-belt. Hawk-Stays-Up struck second on his body.

"Ho hechetu! That was a fight, a hard fight. But it was a glorious battle, I enjoyed it. I was picking up head-feathers right and left that day."

"All this time I was between the river and the soldiers on the hill. There were not many left. All at once ten of them jumped up and started down the gully where I was, shooting all the time. In front, two soldiers were leading, one of them wounded and bleeding from the mouth. I and a Cheyenne waited for them. When they came close I shot one. The Cheyenne shot the other. We both ran forward to count the coups. I struck first on one soldier, but the Cheyenne beat me to the other one. I got only the second coup on that enemy. The eight soldiers left kept on coming. I had to get out of the gully onto the ridge. Taking the dead soldier's gun, I started up the hill. Suddenly I stumbled and fell. My leg was numb. I looked for wounds but could not find any, until I saw that my ankle was swollen. My skin was not broken, only bruised. I must have been hit by a spent bullet.

I found a shallow ditch, crawled into it and lay there till all the soldiers were killed. At the time I stopped fighting, only ten soldiers were on their feet. They were the last ones alive. The fight began before it was time for the midday watering of the ponies and only lasted about an hour. There were very few cartridges in the belts I took from the soldiers. They looked tired, but they fought to the end.

When all the soldiers were dead, With-Horns found me, put me on his horse and led it back across the river. People were camping out on the