

of a horseman riding at breakneck speed toward us. Soon we could make out that it was an Indian riding without bridle or saddle, pounding the animal's ribs with his heels to urge it on. Our column halted but the Indian's horse never slackened its gallop until it stopped in front of us.

Louis Primeau, our half-breed interpreter, was riding at the head of the command with Captain Fchet, and the officers of the two troops without any invitation from our commanding officer hurried to the front, also, to find out what news the Indian brought. It was Hawkman, one of McLaughlin's policemen. He was terribly excited and the interpreter reported that he said that the police had arrested Sitting Bull, but had been set upon by his whole band and that every policeman except himself had been slain. I took his Winchester out of his hand and smelt its muzzle. The bore smelt of fresh-burnt powder.

We supposed from his report and from his haste and excitement that the hostile Indians were close on his heels. We expected to see them come galloping over the first rise of ground ahead of us, the next instant. So Captain Fchet quickly deployed the leading troop and moved us forward.

We had not advanced many hundreds of yards before we descried another Indian galloping to meet us. This one was more coherent and intelligible. He informed us that the police had arrested Sitting Bull and that he had resisted and given the alarm, and then his whole band had attacked the police; that Sitting Bull and some of his men had been killed; but that Bull Head, chief of the police, and several of the policemen were dead, and the rest had taken refuge in one of Sitting Bull's cabins. The whole of Sitting Bull's band, he said, were now in the thick timber near the cabin pouring a heavy fire into the cabin, and the beleaguered