

on his stomach and face, lay Sitting Bull's son, a mute about eighteen years old.

In this room there hung an oil portrait of Sitting Bull in a deep gilt frame. It had been painted by a Mrs. Welden, a woman from the East who had spent several weeks visiting Sitting Bull the summer before. I had forbidden the soldiers to touch anything in the room, but suddenly I saw one of the special Indian policemen snatch this picture from the wall and smash its frame with his rifle. He also punched a hole through the canvas, but I got the portrait away from him before he completed its destruction. I carried it back to Yates with me and informed Major McLaughlin of the circumstance, and told him I should like very much to keep it, if the dead chief's squaws could be induced to let me do so. A day or two later McLaughlin told me the squaws said I might have it for two dollars. I handed him the two dollars for them, and I still have the torn canvas which I keep as a valuable relic.

Sitting Bull's people, some four hundred men, women and children had fled, but Captain Fehet's orders were to "bring back the body of Sitting Bull" to Fort Yates. So we made no pursuit. In a log stable hard by was tied the fine horse that Colonel Cody had given to Sitting Bull several years before at the time when the old Indian quitted the Wild West Show to return to his home on Grand River. Upon this horse an Indian messenger bore Captain Fehet's report of what had happened back to the commanding officer at Yates.

We have never known exactly how the combat was brought about between the police and Sitting Bull's braves; but the story as it was interpreted to us at the time, and as I recall it to-night, twenty-six years after, was like this: The policemen approached Sitting Bull's cabins without arousing any of his people, about half-past five o'clock. The chief of police, Lieutenant Bull Head, and Sergeant Shave Head went into the cabin