

of Lieutenant "Bull Head," a Yankton Sioux / Indian well known to be the sworn enemy of Sitting Bull on account of an old feud between the Yankton and Arrikaras tribes?

All these are among the many unanswered questions submerged in the great fog-bank of official obscurity, as related to the administration of Indian affairs, upon which the world vainly seeks light.

The "Ghost Dancing" had stopped and Sitting Bull had retired to his little log cabin to sleep. The hour was 5:30 A.M., December 15th. "To sleep," what record is there! The tom-toms had sent their last echo over the hills - the prayers of the dancers had melted away in the graying skies that still held stars. They called it a "Ghost Dance" - what ghosts of death and fate are hovering over this little log cabin while the great Indian chief sleeps? - perhaps to dream. Did he dream of battles, or was his spirit faring forth to new frontiers where he might touch the hem of the garment of the "Great Spirit," the healer of all life's woes? While he slept, what shadows of debauchery, of fell purpose, were hanging their somber drapery over his humble doorway?

Twelve hundred yards away, the soldiers were bivouacked. The camp was sleeping. By the corral, close to the old chief's cabin, the Indian police were dismounting from their steaming horses, lathered with the foam of hate. Over coulé and gulch, driven by the wings of death, the police had made a famous ride. Some of them held the horses while others took location for trouble. They were truly brave men. Brave, as the Indian always is, under stress of danger. Brave, also, because they were / ³⁵⁷ under orders from competent authority. Had they not been ordered to bring back the body of Sitting Bull, dead or alive, although it was commonly understood that the last two words were not included in the order. To the Indian, even against his fellow Indian, obedience to orders was his unflinching duty. That trouble would result, was just as certain as that, at the first indication of it, the old chief would die. And so his death warrant had been signed.

Followed closely by Red Tomahawk and Stone Man, Bull Head walked in and shook the sleeping chief. "We have come to get you," he said. "You can walk to Yates