

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 policemen had fired nearly their last cartridge, and if we didn't make haste to relieve them they would surely all be killed.

"Forward, march!" Captain Fechet commanded, and the trumpeter sounded "Gallop". Away we went across country for the edge of the valley which it was now light enough for us to see about a mile ahead of us.

When we reached the crest of the slope we found ourselves immediately above the cabin in which the policemen were surrounded. It was now broad daylight, and we could distinguish this hut from the rest by a dense blue ring of rifle smoke which hung over it. The Indians in the woods near by were still firing heavily at it. No doubt they would soon have charged and murdered every policeman sheltered there.

We were about a thousand yards from the wood and a hundred feet or more above it. We opened fire upon it and the Indians therein immediately returned our fire; but we were too far from them and too high for their shots to take effect. Keeping up our fire, we moved down the grassy slope to the next bench, while the Indians continued their fire from the cover of the timber.