

power and personal influence, which was constantly growing. One day all the Sioux camp -- Oglala, Hunkpapa, Minniconjou, Sans Arc -- were going to make a surround: the scouts had located a big herd of buffalo a little above the mouth of Antelope Creek, on the Yellowstone.

There were so many hunters in this party, that a hundred Indian 'soldiers' or police were appointed to control the hunt. They rode on the flanks and rear of the hunters, and the order was that no man should pass the four leaders. If he did, the police had been told to push him back.

When the hunters reached Antelope Creek, they knew the game was not far off, and eagerly pushed forward. They were impatient to charge the buffalo. Immediately, all the police ran ahead of them, and began to push them back. White Bull, Sitting Bull's nephew, was right up in front. One of the police tried to shove White Bull back, and when White Bull did not back up, the policeman struck him across the naked shoulders with his quirt-- a stinging blow. One Bull was right beside White Bull. He cried out: "Here! You mustn't beat my brother like that!" One Bull took after the policeman, and whipped with his quirt -- hit him three or four times. At once the hunters and the police drew away from each other, leaving a space between.

One Bull took his stand beside White Bull. The police had their guns ready. They began to come forward. When they were within ten paces, one of them pointed to White Bull, and yelled: "Kill him!"

White Bull pumped a cartridge into the chamber of his Winchester. He stood shoulder to shoulder with One Bull. Said he, "If there's anybody in that crowd who thinks he is man enough to do it, come ahead!" Everybody was all ready to begin the fight.

Just then Sitting Bull stepped up.

He took his stand beside White Bull; he also had a loaded Winchester ready. The three men stood there, all alone, facing the great crowd of