

would soon be here. "Here he comes now."

A second crowd of Nez Percés came puring down the hillside, and their chief White Bird was with them. Sitting Bull said, "Before Long Hair (Custer) died, we killed four Nez Percés, but now I want to be friends with you. You can stay with us here as long as you please. The Red Coats say that as long as we obey their law, we can stay. If the soldiers want me, they will have to start the war. All I want is to be at peace."

Sitting Bull's camp looked like home to those war-weary Nez Percés, who had fought harder and marched farther than any Indian nation known to history; whipped the troops almost every time, marched more than fifteen hundred miles through strange mountainous country. The Sioux made them welcome. Big Mane, and others, made feasts for them. One of the Nez Percés had his broken arm in a sling; another, a big warrior, naked to the waist, was bleeding from a bullet wound just over the right nipple. Sitting Bull did what he could to make them comfortable. He said, "I wanted my women and children to sleep sound of nights, so I came to this peaceful country. There is plenty of meat here, and traders."

George Peo-peo-tal-lik, one of the Nez Percé survivors, says, "Sitting Bull was a fine man. He was very kind to us and to his own people. He was a good hunter, and lived mostly on deer. The Sioux served dog at their ceremonial dances and feeds; only noted warriors were allowed to partake. Sitting Bull always thought things over before giving an answer."

The hundred refugee families were happy with the Sioux; they say, "The Sioux were having a good time, and we joined in." They stayed with them two years and more; one of the Nez Percés married a Sioux woman.