

"No, a pistol."

"Did he stand up after he first fell?"

"He rose up on his hands and tried another shot, but his pistol would not go off."

"Was any one else standing up when he fell down?"

"One man was kneeling, that was all. But he died before the Long Hair. All this was far up on the bluffs, far away from the Sioux encampment. I did not see it. It was told to me. But it is true."

"The Long Hair was not scalped?"

"No; my people did not want his scalp."

"Why?"

"I have said he was a great chief."

"Did you at any time," I persisted, "during the progress of the fight, believe that your people would get the worst of it?" /p.415/

"At one time, as I have told you, I started down to tell the squaws to strike the lodges. I was then on my way up to the right end of the camp, where the first attack was made upon us. But before I reached that end of the camp, where the Minneconjou and Uncpapa squaws and children were, and where some of the other squaws-- Cheyennes and Ogallalas--had gone, I was overtaken by one of the young warriors, who had just come from the fight. He called out to me. He said: 'No use to leave camp; every white man is killed.' So I stopped and went no further. I turned back, and by-and-by I met the warriors returning."

"But in the meantime," I asked, "were there no warriors occupied up here at the right end of the camp? Was nobody left, except the squaws and the children and the old men, to take care of that end of the camp? Was nobody ready to defend it against the soldiers in those intrenchments up there?"