

was prepared to depart when surprised by the Indian police.

The event leading up to the killing of Sitting Bull, and that tragic and ill advised occurrence itself, at once threw the tribes of the Sioux into the wildest excitement. From all sides came reports that they were gathering under other leaders and rendezousing in the inaccessible hills of the country called the Bad Lands. Hundreds of young warriors who had remained near the agency, and who were considered "friendlies," stole away during the night and joined their friends in the war dance. Into the camp which they had formed no white man save one was permitted to enter. This man was a pious Catholic priest, known as father Juby, known to many of them for his sincere goodness and friendship toward their race. But although they received him kindly and heard his message, they refused to be influenced by it.

The first reliable information regarding the location of the camp of the hostiles was brought in by Louis Shangraux, one of the bravest fellows that ever left Pine Ridge Agency. The mission of peace attempted by the thirty-two Indians headed by this half-breed (part French part Indian) was one of the most dangerous and exciting expeditions ever carried out in the history of border warfare in this country.

At noon Monday, the 15th of December, there appeared a sight never to be forgotten. Over the hill, a quarter of a mile to the northwest of the agency came riding at full speed thirty-two men, sixteen abreast. Their horses were covered with foam from a long and rapid ride, and as they advanced they chanted in loud tones their song of victory, heralding their exploits. As the cavalcade drew near the song became louder. Louis Shangraux rode at the head, with No Neck immediately behind him.

Every man was superbly mounted and well armed. Six-shooters were strapped to their sides, while the gun-case (in many instances neatly beaded and ornamented) was strapped to the saddle, ^{p. 570} only the butts of trusty