

(Kangi Sunka, the Indian who killed Spotted Tail about ten years ago) also announced his intention of returning. At this declaration from two such prominent men, Short Bull sprang to his feet and cried out, angrily:

"At such a time as this we should all stick together like brothers. Do not leave; remain with us. These men from the agency are not telling us the truth; they will conduct you back to the agency and they will place you in jail there. Louis is at the bottom of this affair. I know he is a traitor; kill him, kill him!

And, running to the place where the guns were stacked, Short Bull grasped his gun and, followed by many of his young men, surrounded Shangraux. Louis' situation was desperate. He knew these furious men might kill him at the slightest resistance, so he laughed as good-naturedly as possible under the circumstances and told them to put up their guns, as he was their friend instead of their enemy.

"No, do ^{not} let the friendlies return!" cried the young men; "kill them or compel them to remain with us. They will tell the agent all they have seen, and the soldiers will know how to enter our camp."

With clubbed guns many of the desperate youths rushed upon the friendlies and scouts; others cocked their Winchesters, and for a few moments it looked as if poor Louis and No Neck, Two Strike and Crow Dog would lose their lives. Crow Dog sat upon the ground and drew his blanket over his head. He told your correspondent afterward that he expected to be struck and killed any moment, and that he did not wish to know the person who should commit the dastardly act—murdering a brother Dakota.

The wiser heads prevailed, however, and after a great hubub, in which several young men were knocked down, order was restored. One of the horses and several of the dogs of the friendlies were shot during the melee. When the one hundred/p.579/and forty-five lodges started from the camp, another difficulty arose. It was during this trouble that Crow Dog made his famous