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short speeck:

"I am going back to White Clay (the location of the agency); you can kill me if you want to, now, and prevent my starting. The agent's words are true, and it is better to return than to stay here. I am not afraid to die."

Imagine the surprise of the friendlies when, upon looking back from the top of a ridge two miles distant, they saw the one hundred and seventeen lodges of hostiles coming after them. They halter to wait for Short Bull to catch up, and then the entire outfit moved toward the agency, all happy in the prospect of peace and forgiveness.

But the hopes of the friendlies were short-lived, for Short Bull became scared after having proceeded four miles farther, and, together with his band, left the rear of the column and returned to the Bad Lands.

Sunday and Monday morning, the Indians moved along the trail, reaching Red Cloud's camp, in sight of the agency headquarters just before noon. Monday. Louis and the scouts had ridden ahead and reached the general's presence as narrated in the fore-part of this article.

By this time it had become clearly evident that if the policy of force was to be made effective it would be necessary to concentrate a powerful military body in the land of the Dakotas. General Miles, one of the most successful and experienced of our army in dealing with the Indian was fortunately in command. From his headquarters in Chicago he directed the concentration of troops at Pine Ridge under the immediate command of Colonel Forsythe, of the Seventh Cavalry regiment. General Miles had already by the publication of an able article in the North American Review defined his position with regard to the treatment of the Indians, and the country expected of him a degree of temperance and patience and good judgement which could only result in great good. In so far as human foresight could control events this expectation was not disappointed, and if it had been possible for officers and men