

dot on the open plain. They intended to ride over the soldiers and end the battle with one swift blow. Slowly at first, but gradually increasing their pace until their ponies were on a dead run, they dashed gallantly toward the corral, while the main body of the savages, some distance in³⁷⁷ the rear, prepared to take advantage of any opening that might be made in the defenses. It was a brilliant charge, splendidly delivered.

"Such was the discipline of Powell's men that not a shot was fired as the Indians, yelling and whooping madly came rushing on. There was something terribly ominous about the absolute silence of that little fortification. The galloping men were within 100 yards now, now fifty. At that instant Powell spoke to his men. The enclosure was sheeted with flame. Out of the smoke and fire a rain of bullets was poured upon the astonished savages. The fire was not as usual, one volley, then another, and then silence; but it was a steady, persistent, continuous stream which mowed them down in scores. The advance was thrown into confusion, checked, but not halted, its impetus being too great, and then the force divided and swept around the corral looking for a weak spot for a possible entrance. At the same moment a furious fire was poured into it by the warriors, whose position on their horses' backs gave them sufficient elevation to deliver a plunging fire upon the garrison. Then they circled about the corral in a mad gallop, seeking some undefended point upon which to concentrate and break through, but in vain. The little enclosure was literally ringed with fire. Nothing could stand against it. So close were they that one bullet sometimes pierced two or three Indians. Having lost terribly and having failed to make any impression whatever, the Indians broke and gave way. They rushed pellmell from the spot in frantic confusion till they got out of range of the deadly storm that swept the plain. All around the corral lay dead and dying Indians, stoically enduring all of their sufferings and making no outcry, but mingling with them were killed and wounded horses, the latter kicking and screaming with pain. In front of the corral, where the first force of the charge had spent, a mass of horses and men