

well as the old chief's oft-expressed wish to be remembered as the last Indian on the continent to give up his rifle.

When General Miles left Chicago heading in this direction it was the beginning of the end. Simultaneous with the General stepping quietly aboard the train at the big railroad depot in Chicago, the expedition which had been with equal quietude under preparation at Fort Yates, which forms part of the agency, was also ready to move. Almost at the same moment that General Miles' car glided out for the northwest, the members of his little command here, like so many automatons guided by his will, silently took their departure and were quickly lost in the inky blackness that enveloped the wilderness stretching to the camp of Sitting Bull on the banks of the Grand River.

The van was led by men of Sitting Bull's own blood, superbly mounted and accoutred, and everyone wearing the bright brazen buttons and showy blue cloth uniforms of Uncle Sam's service. This was no mere coincidence. It was to be part of the great object-lesson to the ghost dancers, and a demonstration of the value of General Miles' new method of solving the Indian problem by turning the Indians by wholesale into soldiers. One thing is certain, the band of well-fed, warmly clad, copper-faced athletes that led the way for the white soldiery bent on a mission of utility were a striking contrast to the starving, ragged, crazy wretches that with such a cunning leader as Sitting Bull formed such a menace in the Grand River camp. Close behind the blue-coated Indian horsemen's hardy ponies, but taking a slower pace on the frozen trail, came Captain Fouchet's cavalry command. The cavalry were encumbered with two pieces of modern light artillery machine guns, similar to those which so speedily settled the fate of Louis Riel's half-breed followers when his noted lieutenant Gabriel Dumont made a stand against General Middleton in the British northwest outbreak. To the rear of Fouchet's cavalry, and at times taking a double-quick to keep warm, for the night was bitterly cold, the infantry command of Col. Drum swung along in the darkness. A weary, difficult march it was, too, the depressing monotony broken at intervals by an infantryman's curses as he stumbled over an obstacle in the road or awkwardly tripped against a nearly benumbed comrade. The distance and the capabilities of the troops to withstand the fatigues of such a journey had been figured out to a nicety, and when the first faint light of dawn appeared, the expedition was within easy distance of its destination.

The broken order of a tripple separation of forces had been carefully preserved, and the Indian police were the first to sight the huddled cluster of ugly looking tepees on the river bank. Despite the early hour, all were astir in the village, where on every hand was evidence that a hurried exodus was contemplated. The ponies of the police

were pushed now for all they were worth and before Sitting Bull's dazed adherents had half a chance to realize the situation a dozen of the police had pulled their panting animals up short on all sides of the chief's abode. No time was wasted in ceremony. The proud old medicine man was hustled out, hoisted on a waiting pony and in a trice faced toward civilization. He raged and sputtered in a fury of rage for a moment, then straightened up, shouted hoarsely, not for help, but a command to his followers. Despite the threatening of the police Winchesters alternately directed at his head and those of his kinsman, the old medicine man retained his presence of mind and with powerful voice continued to direct his own rescue. Suddenly there was a puff of smoke beside a tepee and the sharp crack of a Winchester. The policeman at Sitting Bull's right, grasping the chief's bridle, reeled in the saddle, and toppling over was trampled under the hoofs of the ponies. Now all were in the mad helter skelter retreat from the village. The shot was instantly answered by a volley from the police at their blanketed tribesmen, many of whom were already mounted and in frenzied pursuit. The police volley told with deadly effect and the firing in a moment was general on both sides. Sitting Bull could be heard in the confusion, still attempting, though captive, to direct the fight. Raising his gaunt form, he was beckoning his sons and warriors on when, without warning, his body straightened rigidly, then dropped limp on the hard prairie. The police halted round the corpse, not knowing for the moment but it was a trick of the wily old chief. This sudden movement and the fall of Sitting Bull disconcerted the pursuers, who, remaining at a distance, suddenly fired at intervals toward the police. The latter held their ground, knowing the cavalry under Captain Fouchet would soon be at hand. To the surprise of all, however, the hostiles who had been consulting among themselves began a movement to close in from all sides. The rattle of Winchesters was now redoubled from both parties, the police using their own ponies as a protection. It was at this critical juncture that Captain Fouchet's men dashed up, and the machine guns, which had been put in position, opened upon the redskins. The latter were too dismayed at this unexpected onslaught to stand even for a moment, and all bolted for the river. The cavalry followed only a short distance, deeming it better policy not to drive to desperation the now leaderless mob.

In the village, excitement reigned supreme during the fight, the squaws running hither and thither, wildly, preparing ammunition. From the moment the police first struck the camp, the women had taken an active hand. An unearthly screech from one of Sitting Bull's wives was the signal that brought the braves thronging around the old chief's tepee when he was seized by the officers. The stolid despair of the women and children after the

battle when they fell into the hands of the troops was pitiful.

The soldiers and Indian police commented with awe on the peculiar circumstance that the mystic number thirteen marked the number of deaths accompanying the demise of the noted medicine man. None disputed that, no matter what controversy there had been as to his status during his long stormy career, he had died like a big chief, a man among men who had the misfortune to be on the losing side in probably the last great struggle between the two races.

JOSEPH COOK.

REV. JOSEPH COOK, of Boston, recently paid this city a visit. He delivered an alleged lecture in the Presbyterian Church, and after a short stay departed. Besides getting off a few stale anti-"Mormon" nothingisms in his supposed lecture, this reverend egotist prepared himself to tell all about "Mormonism" and the "Mormons" to the people of the east. A local cotemporary says that while here he had a special meeting with "twenty-five distinguished citizens and left well posted." This means that he met with twenty-five rabid anti-"Mormons" belonging to both wings of the crusade—religious and political—and left well stuffed with anti-"Mormon" misrepresentation and falsehood.

Doubtless he got all the information he wanted, as Joseph Cook is noted for taking that kind of mental pabulum only that feeds his prejudices. Hence he gets his supplies of statements about an unpopular people from their bitter and unscrupulous enemies. He takes nothing from the people themselves nor from those not connected with them who wish to do them justice. He has no use for the truth when it is favorable to those against whom his prejudice is enlisted. Joseph carries around a very small mind in a body of liberal proportions. His mental contractedness is disgusting when it is placed in juxtaposition with his profession.

Kansas City, Dec. 19.—A. J. Morris, the well-known packer, returned today from an extended visit to Mexico. He says President Diaz has issued a call for a convention of the governors of Mexican States to consider the advisability of the abolition of interstate tariffs. The convention will doubtless recommend the abolition. Morris regards this convention as one of the most important events in the history of the republic. He also says Mexico is very anxious for reciprocity with the United States.