



N.C. Wyeth

Title

When the moon arose there was silhouetted across its face the dusky figure of a war-bonneted Sioux, rifle at shoulder, aiming at one of our party. Raising my gun I fired, and the brave came crashing down the bank.

Medium

Oil on canvas

Date

1916

Dimensions

dimensions unavailable

Accession number

SUPP2000.1680

Credit Line

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