

That was the official end of Sitting Bull. I have no doubt that his effigy decorated in such garb as would have forever discredited the old medicine man among his followers, has been exhibited for the delectation of the gullible, but I am also very certain that the grave beside which I stood last June, when I was moved to write this story of the bloody end of the turbulent life of Sitting Bull, contained all that death left of the once powerful prophet and leader of the Sioux people.

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