

and E. C. Brooks was the second lieutenant of "G" troop.

Exactly at midnight the little column of cavalry, about one hundred troopers, trotted out of the post. It was a beautiful moonlight night and not very cold for that time of the year. We wore our light blue overcoats and carried no blanket rolls on our saddles. We had between forty and fifty miles to ride before dawn and the horses must not be weighted down with packs. The gait was the trot from start to finish.

Halfway from Yates to Grand River our trail crossed Oak Creek where the command was halted, and Captain Fechet called the officers to him at the head of the column. "Gentlemen," said he, "Colonel Drum told me an Indian courier would meet us here and tell me how the Indian policemen are getting on with their job and guide us to them. We have been here several minutes but there is no sign of the courier. My orders are to secure the person of Sitting Bull. What do you think we should do, wait here for the courier or go ahead?" Our unanimous answer was "Go ahead."

"That is precisely what I had already made up my mind to do," he answered, "but I am glad you agree with me. You may return to your troops."

In a minute or two the command "Prepare to mount, Mount" was given by word of mouth, (trumpet signals carried too far one the still, crisp night air), and the troopers who had been dismounted to rest their horses swung themselves back into their saddles and the trot was resumed.

Day was beginning to break and we were still about two miles from the edge of the steep slope down which the road leads into the valley of Grand River, when suddenly we saw ahead of us the dim figure