

where the old man slept and started out with him between them. Then a guttural sound of alarm was uttered, some said by Sitting Bull himself, but more probably by his deaf and dumb son who slept with him. This aroused some of his bucks who came running out of their tepees rifles in hand. The old chief called on them to rescue him from his captors.

Thereupon Catch-the-Bear fired, hitting Bull Head who instantly shot and killed Sitting Bull before he himself fell to the ground. Then the scrimmage became general and the little body of police were soon overpowered and driven into the old man's cabin, and the hostiles withdrew to the woods near by. The police defended themselves until their ammunition gave out, then Hawk Man, one of their number, slipped out and mounting a bareback horse, which he found in the village, rode at full speed to meet our column.

Later in the day we started back to Fort Yates. Along with us in Indian wagons, for we had no wagons of our own, we hauled the bodies of Sitting Bull and our dead policemen. We also took our wounded policemen and Sitting Bull's two squaws with us. That night we bivouacked at Oak Creek, twenty-five miles from Yates. It was the place where the Grand River Indians habitually camped on their way to and from the agency to draw their supplies. Not a stick of fire wood was to be had and we had no bedding except our saddle blankets; so it is needless to say that we were all too cold to sleep.

About three o'clock the next morning, however, the rumbling of wagon wheels broke the cold silence of our bivouac, the most joyful sound that could have fallen on our ears. In a little while Colonel Drum, kindly, beloved old soldier, arrived with two companies of the 12th Infantry bringing rations and our tentage and bedding rolls. After breakfast the whole command, infantry, cavalry and Indian police, returned to the post and the agency.