

It was a fortnight or two after this event when we were summoned from our six o'clock Sunday dinners by the sound of "officer's call." Fort Yates was a very compact little post built in the days when the Sioux were fresh from the warpath of 1876. A loopholed block-house, relic of those times, guarded it on one side. The commandant's office stood in the center of the little square parade-ground, which was surrounded on three sides by the barracks of the enlisted men and on the fourth by the line of officers' quarters.

Within five minutes after the bugle ceased blowing, every commissioned officer of the garrison was in the "K.O.'s" office. Colonel Drum was at his desk facing the center of the room and Major McLaughlin was seated at his side.

"Gentlemen", the colonel addressed us, "I have called you here to tell you that Major McLaughlin - has just received information that Sitting Bull and his people have made all their arrangements to leave their village. The major has had confidential policemen watching every move these Indians have been making for several weeks, and one of these policemen has just galloped up from Grand River to report that Sitting Bull and his whole band are all ready to get away at daybreak in the morning. They expect to join the Indians in South Dakota who are off their reservation.

"Now I have an order from the Division Commander directing me to "secure the person of Sitting Bull." I received this order several days ago, but at Major McLaughlin's suggestion and request I have delayed acting on it in order to give him every chance to control