

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.

The day after our return the dead policemen were buried in a single grave at the agency with full military honors, and, at the same hour, in the cemetery at Fort Yates the body of Sitting Bull was buried by the prisoners of the post guardhouse unaccompanied by any honors or ceremonies.

M. F. Steele

Lt. Col. U. S. Army Retired.