been broken at the Police farm in 1879, had proved its fertility, and was engaging the attention of a continually increasing number; ranching prospects were extremely promising. The new settlements being opened to the North and North-East gave Wood Mountain a new importance, as trails to the Missouri River and other regions in the United States converged there.

Variety lent the spice of its attraction to offset the thrills of the tension endured for six years; but it was not so piquant. The day of the White Man, with all its advantages, had indeed begun. Police and civilians, alike, at Wood Mountain, were infected by the optimistic possibilities of the prairies; but there was something lacking; something which all the advantages and possibilities could not replace. Wood Mountain, whatever its future might be, could never be the same. It had ceased to be the stage for the drama of the Sioux; it had become a place of memories.