

of the original outcry, its neck was so tightly clasped as to cause it to stop breathing.

The girls being hotly pursued tossed the puppy over the canvass walls of our tent, & rushed on passed. The pursuing Comanche woman came in, but as there were nobody there but, <sup>an</sup> Apache & white man, (presumably not understanding Comanche), she got no information & withdrew. After which the Apache calmly laying aside his pipe, drew forth the puppy from under his blanket, whether he had hidden it before the entrance of the woman, & deliberately tossed it into the blazing fire, & turning it about from time to time soon removed its hair, & then proceeded to open it, taking out a part only of its entrails, it

was ready for the Kettle against the girls had come in with water in which to boil it.

Seeing what the prospect was for supper, I became very sleepy & bidding the girls to awaken me when supper was ready I prepared my blankets & lay down, when to all appearance I was soon asleep. True to the trust reposed in them, when supper was in readiness, the most vigorous exertions were put forth to arouse me, from my sleep, which proving ineffectual, they rolled me back to my place & remarking that, "White man sleep heap sound" they gave up further effort, & had their puppy to themselves, entirely to my satisfaction.