

City. I had paid for the freight until Sioux City; from there it was to come C.O.D. all the freight officers here have telegraphed to Sioux City, but no one knows anything at all about my goods. You can imagine how I feel. If I should lose my goods I would be poorer than any poor Indian. If I had not always helped others as I have done, I would not feel so bad; but as long as I can remember, I have done all to help others, whites & Indians, & gave my time & my money, & now when I am childless & helpless people seem to take advantage of it. If the Captain would have acted right I would have my goods long ago. All my beautiful Indian trinkets are with them & Circling Bears painted robe. I have nothing of value with me at all. I wish you would write to me. Dr. Bland & his wife wrote to me when they learned of Christies death & their letter did more towards softening my heart than anything else could have done. It is such a comfort to hear from one's friends when our hearts are bad & hopeless from grief. I have received letters from Mrs. V. Solen Parkins & Mr. Parkins & all my Eastern friends & Christies death has caused more grief among them than I ever imagined it would, for he was but a child. He suffered terribly & his dying groans are still in my ears & I will hear them while I live. If his body & I were only in Dakota I would be more content. I hate to have him lie here. Although there is always sunshine here & the grass green like in Spring, I hate this city. The sky is black with the smoke from the factories & one can hardly look across the Missouri. Remember me to all our friends & if you see White Eagle, too, & Hohicikana my brother, & if your heart has not turned from me because I am a white woman, write to me as you have always done. It will be some comfort to me in my great troubles. I never gave you cause to be displeased with me in any way. If I spoke against the dances & war it was because I am your true friend, have seen more of the world & knew what the result would be. A true friend will warn, & point out the dangers. Did you let me ride my wild horse when I wanted to? No. You forcibly detained me for my own good. Oh, my friend, may the Good God who used to watch over both of us, open your eyes to the truth.

Address. C. Weldon,
Care F. Schleicher,
R. 406.
1106 Baltimore Ave.
Kansas Cy. Mo.