

banks he had come to marry her and of course she at once refused him. He thought perhaps she could not understand him so he went and got Mr. Bents the interpreter to talk for him. She soon told Mr. Bents she understood what the Indian said to her, but she said she would rather die than marry him. She told him they had killed her husband and friends and she despised the very sight of an Indian. As the chiefs son did not care very much for Mrs. Eubanks nothing more was said about her.

The following day they brought little Dan over to see me, and he was crying bitterly, and told me he was starving to death. When I told the old squaw she immediately roasted him a piece of meat which he ate and was greatly refreshed. But the poor little fellow was so home sick and began crying, I told him, we would get home some day and how very very happy we would be. He soon ceased crying and was taken to his own lodge.

The next day they dressed me all up in Indian fashion, painted my face again, and decked my hair with feathers, and requested me to take a seat out beside the tent. I began to wonder what they were going to do for I did not know what moment they might take my life.

Soon the chiefs son came out of the teepee all rigged out in his best toilet, and came over where I was and immediately sat down beside me. And told me he wanted to marry me. I told him No. I would not have him. Then fifty warriors came up with their bows and arrows drawn, and their demon eyes were all set upon me, and Mr. Bents came up to me and told me he was afraid the Indians would kill me if I didn't marry the