

which he carefully viewed and the woman scalp he soon recognized was from his dear sisters head. How he wept. He fell upon his knees and prayed to God that peace might be made and continued weeping until one of the chiefs observing him snatched the scalp from his hands and took him to his tent. As soon as they had taken Mr. Smith away, they told me they would never let me go home and they were going to keep me to get revenge. He told me the militia had killed about twenty of their warriors that day, and he wanted me to shoot at a mark and if I should happen to miss the mark death would be the result. But I fortunately hit the mark and I told them I could shoot better than that. Fortune seemed to present itself and I quickly observed an antelope on the hill side and taking true aim I deliberately killed it the first shot. The whole valley seemed to echo, and re-echo with their wild screams from one section of the village to another. I could hear them shouting Brave Whe Ho. The White Squaw. Then the chiefs daughter immediately carried me into the camp and kissed me and painted my face in gorgeous colors and the old squaw soon roasted a piece of the antelope meat for me, which I had previously killed. After I had eaten the meat the chief Red Cloud stepped up to me and said Whe Ho go outside the teepee. I complied with his request and when I stepped outside the teepee Red Cloud ordered me to mount one of the swiftest horses in the village and one of the warriors told me he wanted to run a race so we ran the race and my horse being so much swifter than they have ever anticipated he was soon so far ahead of the other horse, the Indian did not want to run again. Then the warriors formed a large circle around a big ring they implanted and told me to ride around the ring three times and if I should fall they would kill me instantly, so the warriors all