

graves, before anything could have the opportunity to molest them. This was a great relief to me, for I had always worried and wondered whether they had been properly laid to rest or had been devoured by wild beasts.

While here at the Fort I met Mrs. Larimer who had been taken a prisoner by the Indians previous to my arrival, related to me the sad experience in which they met with the savages. Their train consisted of eleven persons and five wagons. The persons were Mr. Kelly and his wife and child, a Mr. Wakefield, a Mister Sharp and three hired men, besides Mr. Larimer and child and herself. The same unsuspected apparition came upon them with the same startling swiftness that we had experienced. As Mrs. Larimer related. The Indians came upon them before they could prepare for defense, but Mr. Larimer's knowledge of Indian character taught him that prompt action is the only safe guard against Indian treachery, so he at once ordered the wagons corraled, but realizing our helpless condition remonstrated a single shot being fired, fearing to provoke an attack which though probably was not a certainty, and entreated them to forbear, and death would be the result, if any defense was attempted. The ready facility with which the wagons were coralled most likely intimidated the savages.

The savage leader however advanced uttering the word How, How, and placing his hand upon his breast said in English, Good Indians, and pointing toward his men he added. Heap Good Indians, hunt buffalo, antelope and deer, then offered his hand with usual salutation of his people. How, How, and turning in his saddle he motioned for his men to advance, and follow his example. They were desperate looking fellows their only mode of dress to the waist was a coat of red paint their heads were invariably uncovered and their