

feet were dressed with moccasins. With miraculous rapidity the Indians mounted into the wagons and commenced the work of distributing and destroying the contents. Mrs. Kelley kept her seat in the wagon until her presence was regarded as irksome when the chief threw her violently to the ground and dragged her some distance as I soon joined Mrs. Kelley signs of alarm were manifest in our appearance. We then thought there might be some hope of escape. I was almost afraid to make the attempt yet not withstanding, we made a few steps for the purpose of starting hastily toward the timber, but the vigilant eyes of the savage chieftains were immediately upon us and in an authoritative manner he called in English saying Come Back. Realizing the futility of the present effort I obeyed and asked him for protection, which he did not seem inclined to promise that we should have. As still related by Mrs. Larimer, darkness was coming upon us. It is only those who have looked over the dark abyss of death that know how the soul shrinks from meeting the unknown future. For while hope offers the faintest token of regard, we pause upon the fearful brink of eternity and look back for rescue. As Mrs. Larimer continued her narrative to suppress her grief was almost an impossibility. For as she told me of the massacre the recollections of our previous massacre all came before me and I could no longer suppress my emotions and we both wept for we both had undergone the blood thirsty vengeance of the savages. As Mrs. Larimer again related, by force, she was thrown upon an old pony and begging imploringly for her child, they hesitated then placed the child in the arms of its mother. As we turned to leave the Valley of Little Box Elder, with anxious eyes we strove to penetrate the shadows of the woods, where we thought a part of our friends might have taken refuge. The smouldering