

around which frightened our teams so they became uncontrollable. Thinking there might be some faint hope of escape, I sprang from the wagon. When my husband called to me, "Oh my dear! where are you going?" Those were the last words I heard him say. But our team was running so, and I jumped. I fell to the ground and before I could recover myself, one of the back teams came dashing by and the wheels passing over my body, I thought I could never make another attempt to rescue myself, but soon I was again so nerved by fear, or by the dread of death by such demon hands, I again made a desperate effort for life-- with all the strength I could procure I started for the river. When I met my brother and cousin, and they said, we had no hope of escape. As the Indians had encircled us, and the air was full of arrows. At that moment an arrow struck my cousin, which proved fatal instantly and he fell dead at my feet. In another instant three arrows penetrated by brothers body, he too fell at my feet, and his last words were, "Tell Susan I am killed, Goodbye my dear sister."

With naturally a sensitive nature, tenderly and affectionately reared, shuddering at the very thought of cruelty you can, my dear reader, imagine, but only imagine the agony which I endured. But neither the gloom of the forest, nor the blackness of night, nor both combined could begin to symbolize the darkness of my terror stricken heart.

My first impulse was to kneel by my brother, when upon kneeling I discovered two arrows lodged in my side. Just as I went to remove them, a horrible old warrior came up to me and demanded me to go with him. When I immediately told him no! I was going to stay