

and I dismounted we sat down on the bank to rest for we were both so fatigued we were unable to stand. And the arrows in my side, I knew would soon prove fatal, if they were allowed to remain much longer. Fortunately, a Frenchman that made his home with the Indians, came up to me and asked me if those arrows in my side weren't almost unendurable. I told him I knew they would soon prove fatal for the agony, that I had endured, and was enduring was almost indescribable. He then voluntarily offered me his pen knife, and I soon removed the arrows from my side. I suffered dreadful from those wounds, and soon observed that I had two ribs broken, which rendered my condition much more horrible. While I was sitting here suffering both physically and mentally and trying to comfort Little Dan, who was crying like his heart would break. Several warriors came near us then they would toss scalps into the air, and laugh, with all the vengeance they could procure. Then the Old Chief Big Crow came up and threw a scalp into my face which I soon recognized, was taken from my own dear brothers head and their clothes were still wet from the life blood of my dear ones lying upon the battle field.

After they had tortured me with the scalps all they deemed satisfactory to themselves, they soon departed. But one of them soon returned with a piece of raw buffalo meat which he compelled me to eat.

After they had taken refreshments, we were again placed on the back of the saddles with the same old chiefs previously mentioned. Soon a warrior, rode up by the side of me and struck me severely with a large whip. When looking at him real closely I observed that he had on my husbands