

coat, which I ordered him to give to me, which to my astonishment, he complied to my request, and immediately gave me the coat.

Soon my attention was drawn to an object lying near the roadside, of whom I recognized. It was the form of Mr. Garret, who had been cruelly murdered, and thrown by the road side. Directing me toward the dead form of Mr. Garret they told me that would soon be my fate.

Little Dan began to cry and I told him I thought death would only be a grand relief, but to pacify the little fellow was beyond my power and the Indians told him if he didn't cease crying they would murder him. But I begged for them not to torture him any more for he was my papoose.

But the warriors were still for fight, and shot at us several times until the old chief ordered them to stop for they were greatly alarmed for fear they might get wounded as we were riding just back of the saddles on the same ponies.

That evening when we stopped to camp the Indians were so fatigued they all went to sleep, except the two who stood guard for fear we might make our escape.

Just before daylight, I sat upon my couch, and looked about me, as my mind was too full of care to admit of repose. And looking around I discovered Little Dan and when he saw me he came over to me and knelt down by my side and said he believed he was going to die for he had been very ill all night.

But I tried to comfort him the best I could and told him that surely God would rescue us from their demon hands.

When the squaws awoke, they arose and roasted some buffalo meat for breakfast. Which they demanded us to partake of.