

To be taken from home where I had plenty of good substantial food and now to only have the one kind of food, deemed the surroundings still more horrible.

The second evening after my capture they had a big War Dance which to an observer of our nationality is a most horrifying scene. At the beginning of the dance, they erected a pole in the center of the circle and decked it with human scalps. Then they all circled around this pole for several times, and then they all thrust their heads into the ground and moan, but the next scene they all rise, and through their lances into the air, and give the war whoop which makes the whole village ring.

The militia came in sight of the Indians during the dance, but did not dare attack them. For the militia only consisted of about two hundred, while the number of warriors were about five hundred and were equipped for battle, any time the soldiers should attack them.

They are always exceedingly desperate during the War Dance. But fortunately they did not torture us this time. The following day, just about sun down, how the sombre sky seemed to frown upon us as we arrived at the village. When I dismounted I was surrounded by a number of squaws and each of them seemed to think they were entitled to me.

They fought over me until they had my dress almost all torn off me. When the old Chief Red Cloud, the medicine man of the Cheyenne Tribe, came to my rescue, he ordered me to mount an old pony and go to his lodge. When we arrived at his lodge his squaw and daughter, Mitimoni rushed out, and lifted me from the pony and carried me into the teepee.

They soon prepared a supper for me of buffalo meat and