

chiefs son, and I told him they could kill me if they wanted to for I wouldn't never consent to marry an Indian. But the old chief came to my rescue and told me I didn't have to marry his son, if I didn't want him, and he told them not to kill me, because I was so brave. Then the old chief came and told me to go into the teepee and said he would send me home as soon as peace was made.

The next day Mr. Bents came over and invited Mitimoni over to visit with his squaw. When we arrived at his camp he introduced us to his squaw and to my surprise she could speak English equally as well as Mr. Bent. But she like Mr. Bent was only quarter breed Indian. Their teepee was decorated, with many gorgeous decorations which looked to me very grotesque. The old squaw took me on her lap and kissed me and told me she was so sorry the Indians had killed my husband and friends, then she would caress me and tell me not to worry for she thought I would get home some day. She combed my hair and tried to comfort me all she could in her grotesque way.

After supper, Mr. and Mrs. Bents escorted Mitimoni to our teepee and invited us over again the following week.

In several days about four hundred fifty warriors went out to fight on the Arkansas River. While the warriors were gone several traders came to trade for the captives. But they did not trade that day but the chief told them to come again the following day, as we were going to move near Fort Lion, that day. We succeeded in moving and the traders returned the following day as the chief requested. But the militia came with the traders so they would not be molested. They succeeded