

westward for several days until they thought the soldiers had lost all trace of them, then they stopped to camp on a creek that came down from the mountains. Here the warriors again decided to have another big battle. They were so boastful over their previous battle that they were ready for a still greater battle. When they had painted and equipped themselves for fight, they called Mrs. Eubanks and I out of the teepee and shot the air full of arrows and started their ponies off on the run, giving the war whoop as far as we could hear them. Such a sensation that passed over me when the war whoop could be heard for miles, for we prisoners well knew what it meant and the cruel fate some of our friends would be obliged to meet.

In the afternoon Mr. Smith came over to my teepee to inquire about my health, as the hardships which I was obliged almost rendered me helpless the greater part of the time.

But when Mr. Smith arrived my eyes were so swollen I could scarcely recognize him. For I was so heart broken, I could not keep from crying. But he was very consoling and would tell the Indians they must not whip me so much or I might die. But all he could say, did not effect me, for I was so grieved that the whole world had turned to darkness and there was not one ray of hope in my terror stricken heart. After we had been talking and Mr. Smith was starting to go, the patter of hoofs could be heard and looking out we could see the warriors coming over the hills like a swarm of black birds. Soon that horrible war whoop was audible which almost made my heart cease its motion. As they came nearer and nearer the confusion that prevailed was almost unendurable. They had taken sixty head of horses and the scalps of six white men and one woman. They gave Mr. Smith the scalps