

formed in a large circle with bow and arrows drawn ready to murder me should I fail in the attempt. Then they brought out the wildest and most savage horse in the village and painted it in gorgeous colors and then with all the nerve I could procure I mounted the horse, knowing if I should fail my death was at hand. Then one of the warriors took my horse by the bridle and led it inside the circle. When he struck the horse with a large whip and it at once started around the circle with great speed. When I came around the ring the third time I gave the war whoop which delighted the Indians and they all screamed and shouted Brave Whe Ho and shot their arrows far into the azure sky above us.

As soon as I could stop my horse, the chief seized my horses bridle and led it to our camp. The chiefs daughter Mitimoni assisted me in dismounting and the squaws seized me and caressed me, and carried me into the teepee. That evening they had a big feast and Mitimoni took me over to see Mrs. Eubanks. I also was allowed to talk to Mr. Smith and I asked him if he thought the Indians would ever let me go home, he said he begged them to give Mrs. Eubanks and I our freedom, but he could not get any definite answer from the chief. I began to cry for I knew the chief would tell Mr. Smith if he intended letting us free, but we were obliged not to let our grief be known, any more than we could possible help for that only delighted the Indians to see us so heart broken. The following morning the Indians gave a big Buffalo Dance. About two hundred warriors decked their hair with feathers, and painted their faces and put on their best costumes which were made of silver dollars which made them look quite gaudy. After they had all completed their