

the dance they went out for a big battle with the whites. They returned with a very pretty little girl about seven years old and she said they had killed her friends. She was a very intelligent child, but alas, could not understand that her only safety lay in obedience. The child cried continuously unable to endure the presence of the ugly savage faces. She would frequently declare she knew the Indians would kill her. The savages admired the little girl and evidently intended to be quite good to her, but at length weary of her continual fretting, a council was held to decide her fate. As the Indians bade me sit down beside the tent, and told me to hold the little girl upon my lap, which I did, and when she sat down and was going to throw her loving little arms imploringly about my neck a deadly arrow pierced her heart and she fell dead at my feet.

The savages evidently were sorry for what they had done, though conceiving it their duty, and laid her to rest with all the honors due a beloved one of their own tribe. The next day when they started to move again, they placed me upon a horse of a vicious disposition and not being able to control the animal, which seemed to delight in frequent plunges, I was thrown violently to the ground, which resulted in breaking my ankle bone and before I could recover myself from out the horses feet he gave a plunge and striking my feet broke them both across the instep. The chief then came up and kicked me several times because the horse had thrown me, but as soon as he observed the result of my fall he set my feet and endeavored to care for me the best he knew how. The wounds, and abuse together brought on an illness which almost proved fatal, but by the good care of the chiefs daughter which she gave me was my only hope of recovery.