

As soon as I was able to walk again, I remember of the beautiful camping place, the Indians had selected. It was in a beautiful valley and the surrounding hills were covered with luxuriant foilage.

Several of the squaws and I were strolling about when we came to a beautiful little spring. The water was so cool and refreshing the chiefs daughter bathed my face and vowed that I would soon be well again. Beyond this spring we observed a cluster of plum bushes which were laden with large ripe plums which was indeed a grand treat.

Before leaving this camp the warriors had another massacre upon the whites, they were only gone one day, and when they came back they had with them one scalp and the hands and feet of a woman. The old chief Big Crow, who always delighted in torturing me would repeatedly throw the hands and feet of the dead woman, into my face. I could not endure this torture no longer, as I had not yet thoroughly recovered from my recent illness and I requested the chiefs daughter to make him stop torturing me, or I never would get well again, she requested him to leave the camp which he did and went over to his own, teepee but only to study some other means of torture.

The next morning when we were getting ready to travel again, he led my horse up to the teepee and to mount the horse at once, this I was obliged to do, and upon mounting, I quickly observed the scalp, I had seen the previous day attached to my saddle, and he told me if I should remove the scalp from the saddle, my scalp would be a substitute, no one can imagine the sorrow as day after day as I rode along, that scalp was always dangling on my saddle. I often thought I would try to make them think It had lost by the