

wayside but they were so cunning it was too desperate an undertaking so I decided to not make any effort to dispose of the scalp for I knew death would be the result if any of them should happen to observe me. So we journeyed on day after day and each day appeared like a week, finally they came to a lake, which they deemed, would be a fine place for antelope hunting. Here we remained for about four days. The warriors succeeded in killing several antelope, and had a big feast, and a war dance, then they were ready for another attack on the whites. One day they came dashing into camp, they had with a handsome young woman, and as a warrior stepped to the side of her horse to assist her in dismounting she drew a pistol and shot him through the heart. She was immediately condemned to suffer death by torture, and was accordingly tied to a stake when numerous gashes were cut in her body and limbs. These filled with gun powder and finally ignited with hot irons. The suffering woman's screams were dreadful and she would have been tortured this way until death mercifully rescued her had it not been for an old squaw who knelt down by the suffering victim and prayed for them to kill her at once and not to allow her to suffer such a horrible death. Her request being granted a tomahawk soon ended the poor sufferer of her misery.

The next day they were more blood thirsty than they had been the previous day.

They were gone for two days and when they returned they had a very small child. One of the warriors told me they had killed its father and mother and he told me when its mother fell to the ground she screamed, Oh, you have killed me, this he would tell me and laugh, but I told him if he did not cease torturing me I would call