

the great spirit and have him come and destroy them all. This he thought might be true and at once departed. But when they left this camp the child became ill and fretted continuously so one evening they threw it out by the roadside wither to perish for food or to be devoured by the wild beasts. All pleading were in vain to try to rescue the child, as that was only an act they considered would make them more popular.

After several weeks continual traveling we came to the Republican River. We had not tasted one partical of food for several days only the prickley pears we gathered from the roadside, as we traveled along. Eight more days passed and all the rations I still could procure was the prickley pears. I knew I could not live much longer if I did not partake of some substantial food soon, so one night when they were all fast asleep, I slipped over, and taking the old chiefs moccasin, filled the foe with fire and ashes and ascended the tree, and soon set fire to the dead old tree, which was soon in flames, slipping quietly back to my blanket which was thrown upon the frozen ground, I soon pretended I was fast asleep, as fortune was in my favor, I was not discovered but only a short time elapsed when the burning branches fell upon the teepee and some of the fire, striking the old chief. He came directly over to me, and asked me if I knew waht the trouble all meant, and I told him that was the "Great Spirit" and they would all be killed if they didn't quit torturing me and let me go home.

This he positively believed, and the next morning they gave me some food and new clothing, and they also gave me the best pony in the village. It was indeed a beauty. It was black and white