

spotted and they called it bird, on account of its great speed. They also took the scalp from my saddle and were better to me, for a while than they ever had been, but this fright was only temporary for them, for when the traders came to trade for me they declared, they would never allow me my freedom. Despair then settled around me and I gave up all hope of ever getting home and I was so grieved I became ill, and they would not allow me to taste of any food for they thought I would surely die, if I should eat, especially when I was so sad, I would have starved that time had it not been for an old squaw who lived in neighboring village would come to my teepee and when they were all fast asleep and slip the food to me.

One afternoon when I was kneeling upon the ground crying two little Indian boys came up to me and taking my hands from my face requested me not to cry anymore. That their mama had sent them over after me to come and do her work. Finally the old chief told me I could go and stay one day, if his daughter went with me, so the little boys led me to their camp, and when I arrived I was surprised to find it was where Mr. and Mrs. Smith resided. They were very kind to me. Mr. Smith was a white man from Fort Laramie who had married a squaw, but he had taught his squaw to speak quite good English. So I did not feel like I was so far from civilization when I was talking to her.

They had coffee and bread and buffalo meat for dinner. The bread was indeed quite a treat to me as it was the first bread I had eaten since I had been taken into captivity. Mrs. Smith also gave me a dress and numerous garments to complete my toilette.