

She also talked very encouraging to me and told me she knew the Indians would give me my freedom some day. She said they would only tell me they were going to always keep me just to make my life all the more miserable. But the old chief fearing some plan might be made for my escape came after his daughter and I just at sun down, and of course we were obliged to return to our own camp.

The next day the Indians tortured me so, by whipping me and gave me no food, so I thought I would take my own life. So I waited until they were all outside the teepee, then I threw a rope over the top teepee pole, and was just climbing upon a box to loop the rope about my neck when the old chief appeared and was going to whip me for attempting to kill myself, but the old squaw came in and made him leave the teepee until he would promise not to whip me. I told her I was starving to death, so she immediately roasted me a piece of meat.

The next day the chief ordered one of the ponies killed, which was enough meat to last for several days. Before we left this camp the weather became severely cold and I was obliged to go to the lake and carry a keg of water, for the use of the chief and his family. Some mornings when I went after the water I thought I would surely perish, but I knew to return without the water would mean severe punishment. The warriors fearing the soldiers might come upon them when they were least suspecting them decided to cross the Platte and take a different route. When we crossed the Platte, two Indians swam their ponies on each side of me with every intention of murdering me should the soldiers make an assault and might make my escape. After we had crossed the Platte they decided to camp in a thicket of willows so we