

would not be observed by the soldiers should they happen to pass nearby. Near this camp the Indians made another horrible massacre. They destroyed an immigrant train, killing the passengers and brought to camp two beautiful horses and thirty head of cattle. The horses they kept but the cattle they slaughtered that evening. As they continued their journey to a creek they designated as Big Sandy, they committed a horrible massacre each day. Here they stopped for several weeks. Where they indulged in war dances and dog feasts. But they are naturally of such a roving disposition they never remained only a short time in any one section of the country.

They again traveled through the mountains killing all kinds of game that roamed in the locality, through which they passed. One day they had unusually good success and killed two elk and a deer. Leisurely they traveled along, and they had been remarkably good to me. Until one morning they ordered me to mount a very unruly horse. I was dreadfully excited for I knew I wasn't strong enough to manage such a wild vicious animal. But I knew any resistance was useless, so I endeavored to mount and as I did so the horse sprang like a tiger and threw me many feet into the air, which resulted in dislodging my ankle, and also my wrists. I suffered intense agony from the sprains which rendered me in a helpless condition for many days. The medicine man of the Cheyenne Tribe, Red Cloud set my wrists and ankle and ordered the squaw to place me in a travine, which consisted of a basket which was attached between two willow poles and these poles were attached to the ponies sides like shafts in this basket I rode for many weeks as I was so ill I was unable to ride horse back.

One evening we came to a large lake where they set up