

for the Indians were in sight coming over the landscape in all directions. The traders horses were unable to keep up with me, for they had given me the swiftest horse, so if anything should happen to them I could reach the Fort in safety. When I reached the Fort and the war whoop was shut out from my hearing, I gave thanks to God for my escape this far.

What a terrible realization it is for the war whoop to be audible for many miles back of you and knowing if your horse whould fail it would be death, or a re-capture.

My dear reader, you can only imagine the reality of such an experience. At this Fort I met a white woman which made me realize more and more that I was again entering civiliation. She was only a stranger to me, but she seemed to me like one of my dearest friends, and her very presence gave me joy beyond expression.

But I was obliged to leave this Fort during midnight as it was not strong enough for my protection, if the Indians should make a violent attack. Just before I left this Fort an old man with snow white hair knelt down by my side and prayed to God that I might see my loved ones at home again. His prayers gave me new courage and after traveling many a weary hour, we succeeded in reaching Fort Bounty unmolested.

Starting from Fort Deer Creek in the night threw the Indians off their guard for they supposed that I would surely remain there several days. The next Fort we reached after leaving Fort Bounty was Horse Shoe Fort. We received here telegrams that the Indians were still in pursuit, and not to stop long, or we would not get to the next Fort. We only had one more Fort to reach. Then I knew I would be safe for that was such a strong Fort. It would have been a impossibility for the Indians to re-capture me. So we