

ceased the whole militia came into the house to see me, and also all the occupants who resided at the Fort. After I had met all the friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bullock escorted a number of chosen guests and myself to the dining room, where a bountiful supper was served. It was the finest supper I had viewed for six long months. How I thought of the privations I had undergone more and more as I glanced around me. How they were protected and well cared for and I had been obliged to travel with the savages without food or shelter. It was almost impossible for me to suppress my emotions.

After supper I told them of the conduct of Big Crow, who had assisted in the massacre of our train, and had continually tortured me all the time I was in captivity. When they immediately telegraphed to the Forts to capture him and put him in irons, if they possibly could and bring him to Fort Laramie. He was imprisoned and sentenced to be hung Feb. 14, but however they prolonged his death until June 1st. He would often tell me that he would like to kill me and said if he ever got free he would kill more white people than he ever had. He seemed like a demon, and often said if he could get the chance he would yet take my scalp before I could reach home. About this time soldiers were having a serious time with the Indians at Mud Springs. The Indians had made several attacks but were each time defeated.

But as their ammunition was almost exhausted and the Indians were receiving reinforcements. Col. Collens with one hundred men and an immense amount of ammunition succeeded in reaching Mud Springs unmolested. As they arrived at the Fort in the night the Indians were all taking their rest, to make another assault at sunrise. Had reinforcements failed to reach Mud Springs