

ruins of much of our property had fallen into ashes, the smoke faded away and night had covered the traces of confusion and death. Mr. Larimer had been shot, but succeeded in concealing himself among some bushes and scarcely daring to breathe, as Mr. Larimer relates. He could hear the noise of the chopping and breaking of boxes, and the voices of the Indians calling to each other and finally the chanting of their monotonous war song as they took their way across the hills carrying his yearning thought with them for dreading to dwell upon what might be the fate of his wife and child. At one time almost resolving to rush back and sacrifice his own life with no hope of saving them. But his knowledge of Indian character persuaded him they might be redeemed with money and he determined to save his own life, with the faint hope of some day rescuing them. When the morning dawned, Mr. Larimer urged by his anxiety for the fate of his family, returned to the wagons to examine the ruins, although dreading to dwell upon what the fearful spot might disclose, when proceeding only a short distance lurking Indians could be discovered upon the hills near by, but not withstanding his dangerous position hastened to the place and ascertained the number of the dead and the absence of his family. Then sought shelter under a projecting rock to await the arrival of travelers, they were in the rear the previous day. Fortunately, they arrived after many long hours of perilous waiting, and carefully viewing the grounds where the massacre occurred and mode of burial was sad indeed, as the four dead bodies were solemnly consigned, uncoffined to the earth. A buffalo robe that had been left was placed over them and then the earth was piled upon their unconscious breasts. As Mrs. Larimer told me of her escape. It was indeed a perilous undertaking. After many days, travel the greater part of