

he too had lost all dread of fear, decided to take me across the river. I could realize this was a perilous undertaking but I had undergone such dreadful peril, I thought I would surely succeed in arriving home in safety as I was all ready so near those who supposed I was not on earth or still in captivity.

It was with unfaltering courage that we reached the opposite shore as the cakes of ice were all the time drifting around our boat, and we were carried down the river for over a mile, before we could reach the opposite shore. Finally we succeeded in reaching the landing in safety and I took the stage, which took me directly to my girl hood home. It was almost three o'clock in the afternoon March 9th, 1865 when I was escorted from the stage, into my father's house, where joy prevailed throughout the whole house. Soon the news was circulated of my return, and hundreds of my friends rushed in to offer their congratulations and sympathy. Oh, the joy that reigned supreme in the family is almost indescribable. It seemed to me like I had arose from the dead, and had awakened and found myself in Paradise.

"The darkest cloud had its silver lining, if not it's golden border." Till I had known sorrow, I did not could not know sympathy. I was now free once more and no longer a captive of the Ogallalla Band, but a free woman, tenderly cared for by my own dear father.

What a contrast, to be with my own generous people, who were so kind to me, for I had been snatched from society of loving friends and tender and affectionate, relatives and friends, and was plunged into hopeless, helpless servitude to these inhuman, fiendish monsters, whom I had seen brutally murder those so dear to me.