

wams, and I knew the girl must be in there. I decided to wait until nightfall and then crawl up in the rear of the wigwam, and make a slit in the buckskin with my jack-knife. When night came I crawled up and cut the tent and peeped in. I was right in my calculations. The girl was sitting just in front of me. It was a critical moment, but the girl was brave I knew. So I made known my presence to her. I told her if there was no one in the tent, I would cut a hole large enough for her to get out. She nodded assent, so I did; she was out in an instant, and we were off towards our horse like frightened deer.

The nearest fort was twenty-five miles away, and, as we had a good start of the Indians, I felt sure that we would make it safely. Just as we were mounting our horse we heard a loud whoop from behind, and knew the Indians were after us. We urged our horse to a steady gallop, but the Indians gained on us rapidly. When we were about two miles from the fort I saw that all was lost if I did not get off and face our pursuers with my winchester; I jumped off. The girl urged the tired beast forward as fast he could go. The first Indian I met was a chief and I "put daylight through him in a jiffy." Then followed some hard fighting. I was quickly surrounded by the demons, and then my recollection faded.

When I again came to my senses, I found that I was safe in the fort, with that girl nursing me as tenderly as she could.

Well, I was in bed for a good while, but when I was able to get up I found that all my hair was gone—that the Indians