One day, in the month of May, 1870, I, with my brother, Willie Lehmman, and my two sisters, Caroline and Gusta, were sent out into the wheat field to scare the birds away. Gusta was just a baby at the time, probably two years old, and was being cared for by Caroline. I was about eleven years old, Willie was past eight years old, and Caroline was just a little girl. We sat down in the field to play, and the first thing we knew we were surrounded by Indians. When we saw their hideously painted faces we were terribly frightened, and some of us pulled for the house. Willie was caught right where he was sitting. Caroline ran toward the house, leaving the baby, and the Indians shot at her several times, and she fell, fainted from fright. The Indians had no time to dally with her, so they passed on thinking she was dead, and they often told me she was killed, and I believed it until I came home several years later.

They chased me for a distance and caught me. I yelled and fought manfully, when the chief, Carnoviste, laid hold upon me, and a real scrap was pulled off right there. The Indian slapped me, choked me, beat me, tore my clothes off, threw away my hat—the last one I had for more than eight years—and I thought he was going to kill me. I locked my fingers in his long black hair, and pulled as hard as I could; I kicked him in the stomach; I bit him with my teeth, and I had almost succeeded in besting him and getting loose when another Indian, Chiwat, came up. Then Carnoviste caught me by the head and the other Indian took hold of my feet and they conveyed me to a rock fence nearby, where they gave me a sling and my face and breast plowed up the rocks and sand on the other side. I was so completely stunned by the jolt that I could not scramble to my feet before the two Indians had cleared the fence and were upon me. They soon had me securely bound upon the back of a bucking bronco, stark naked. The Indians lost no time in getting away from there, and as we raced through the brush and under-