When the Mexican heard the shooting he began picking up rocks and throwing them at me. I took a shot at him with my bow, but the arrow barely grazed him. He then threw up his hands in token of complete surrender, and I kept him covered until the Indians returned. As the men in camp were making it pretty hot for the Indians, they retreated and came back over the hill to where I and the Mexican were, and when I told Carnoviste about the Mexican throwing rocks at me, he became enraged and ordered me to kill him at once.

I shot him through the heart with an arrow and he fell dead. Not satisfied with forcing me to kill this Mexican, Carnoviste ordered me to take his scalp, but I did not want to do it, for I had never before scalped anybody and I did not relish the task, but my chief threatened me with all kinds of punishment if I did not do as he ordered, so I took my knife, made an incision all around the top of his head, grasped his hair with my fingers and gave a quick jerk backwards and the scalp came off with a report like a pop-gun.