in. The pony was attached by means of a lariat, or rope halter, to the hind axle of the ambulance, and the woman acting as guide, the party started out, leaving White Wolf in camp.

As the woman could not talk in English, conversation could only be carried on by signs, which haply the Quaker understood.

After passing two or three miles they came near a pony herd guarded as usual, by herders well armed with revolvers, knives, bows and arrows, and a tomahawk each. One of these herders soon galloped up with arms in readiness for attack; the woman first motioned to the driver to pay no attention to him, then spoke to him, whereupon he at once turned and galloped back to the herd. Farther on two other herds were passed, in the same manner as the first, the presence of the wife, and little daughter of the chief, seemed to be a perfect protection from the herders.

After having passed about two miles beyond the last herd, the woman made the sign for stopping. She then pointed to an Indian camp in the distance, and by signs informed her guest, that she had conducted him past all Comanches, that they were all behind him; and that the camp in the distance was the camp of Kicking Bird, the Kiowa chief — the camp to which Thomisy was going. She then mounted her pony with her little girl and returned.

When our traveller arrived at the Kiowa camp, and had informed where he had spent the night. they were struck with astonishment beyond measure. They stated that White Wolf considered him a spy, and had threatened to kill him if he should have the opportunity; and "here you have been in his camp all night, and he sent his wife and little girl to conduct you past his wild young men, who are instructed to kill any white men who come near their pony-herds."

"Mighty strong medicine!" exclaimed the Medicine Man, when he heard of Thomisy's staying in White Wolf's camp. "Mighty strong medicine! Comanche no kill Thomisy: medicine too strong!"

White Wolf was one of the two Comanche chiefs who had not yet given up raiding in Texas, some of whose young men were committing depredations in that State at this very time; fifteen of whom had recently been killed there, and he was at this time endeavoring to induce the Kiowas to join him in an expedition into that State to avenge their death, by pillage and murder on the frontier settlemnts.

Thomisy was the name applied by the Kiowas to a Quaker employe of the Government, who in the days of President Grant's Peace Policy. had been sent to the Wichita Agency on the Washita River in South Western Indian Territory. Here he had formed the acquaintance of the Kiowa chief Kicking Bird, by whom he had been invited to their camp, "To be a father to their children" as he there was to those of the Caddoes and Wichitas.

As the Government had hitherto been unable to bring the Peace Policy to bear upon the wild and raiding Kiowas, it yielded to his application seconded by that of the Agent. Thomisy was placed by the department in the Kiowa camp, where, at the opening of this story, he had been engaged over a year, moving from place to place as they moved, and living as they lived.

CHAPTER II.

"What does all this mean, White Wolf?"

"Heap fire — no water — corrall all burn up" came the surly reply as the Agent, Thomisy, Doctor and Interpreter sprang from the ambulance at White Wolf's camp, and began in solid earnest tearing down the fence and rolling the rails in the dirt to extinguish the fire. The chief, and a dozen or more braves who had been standing by in helpless bewilderment, seeing the effect of the white man's work, threw aside their blankets and were soon engaged in saving the rails. The fire was soon extinguished — the rails so scattered that no two lay together.

"Fine day— work good medicine— fire no burn now, White Wolf— get all your people— come in to big lodge— make good medicine." It was the Agent who spoke this time.

There had been a conflict between the Indians of the Kiowa and Comanche reservation, and the U.S. troops stationed at Ft.Sill two and a half years before. Several Indians— perhaps one hundred and fifty, had been sent as prisoners to Ft. Marion, St. Augustine, Fla. in charge of Capt. Pratt U S.A.

Many of the ponies belonging to these tribes had been captured, and sold. A part of the proceeds of this sale, had been expended in the purchase of a hardy race of sheep, from among the Navajoe Indians, and divided among the chief men of these tribes. White Wolf, who had given up raiding, and moved in near the Agency, received a portion of these sheep, and had built a corrall in order to protect them from wolves. During the exceedingly dry, hot weather immediately preceeding the time in which this visit occurred, everything combustible had become like tinder, and this hot sabbath afternoon, when the little company, above named with the Agent's wife, arrived at the camp, whither they had gone to hold a religious meeting with the chief and his people they found the corrall all ablaze.

White Wolf in person summoned his people to come to the Medicine making.

The service began by the singing of a gospel hymn, after which a prayer was offered, followed by short addresses. Thomisy spoke of his visit to their camp three years before, of the kindness with which he had been entertained, saying he had felt a deep interest in them ever since that time.