

Page 64, after paragraph 3, insert:

My mind continued thus absorbed in the sense of the Divine Presence until arriving at the canon of Cache Creek - about midway between Ft. Sill and the Agency. On ascending out of the canon I saw a couple of men on horseback, in Indian costume - perhaps a mile away, on an eminence some distance to one side of the trail on which I was travelling. On discovering me, they put their horses into a swift run, to the trail, and then toward me. My pony became impatient and struck into a run to meet them. They did not whoop as is usual with Indians. The wind occasioned by the speed of my pony, blew the skirt of my coat back as we rapidly approached each other, showing my person without arms. As we drew near together they separated and arranging themselves one on either side of the trail, stopped, each having his right hand upon the handle of his revolver, without withdrawing it from its sheath. My pony slackened not his speed, until between them, when he suddenly stopped, and ^I called out "How" the usual salutation of white men upon meeting Indians.

They asked me - in unbroken English - for money. I had One Thousand Dollars in Greenbacks, which the Quarter Master at Fort Sill had given me to carry to Capt. Black Beaver at the Washita River, and which I had without folding placed flat in an inside pocket of my vest. I replied "I have none for you." "What have you in your breast pocket?" "Letters for the Wichita Agency" I replied. "Let me see them." They were handed ~~him~~. He examined them by holding them singly between his eye and the Sun, and carefully passing each one between his thumb and finger, handed them back. After examining