

hand. As he did not approach me, I slowly stepped toward him and offered him my hand, which he hesitatingly took, asking if I was alone and who I was. I answered "I, Kiowa; Who are you?" He replied "Kiowa" and asked "If you Kiowa, who your chief?" "Kicking Bird" I replied. He repeated "Kicking Bird" in much surprise, then asked if I knew Stumbling Bear. I answered that I did, and that he and Trotting Wolf, with their people would soon be here. He dismounted, but still kept his bow strung. By this time the Agency wagon came in sight with a load of wood. He manifested some uneasiness when he saw it, until I informed him who it was, when he settled down again. He informed me he had been with some warriors into Colorado, and was just on his return, - that his men were encamped in some timber about two miles to the North West. That seeing my tent he had come to see who was there and would now wait to see the Kiowas when they came. About an hour after Stumbling Bear, Trotting Wolf and several of their chiefs came with their people, and encamped nearby.

The Indian with whom I had thus made acquaintance proved to be Cat - a Kiowa War Chief, who was just returning from a raiding expedition into Colorado whither he had gone immediately after driving off some 200 mules from the guarded corral under the guns of Ft. Sill; which daring exploit had rendered his name famous with his tribe.

From this time he attached himself to the friendly element of the tribe, and was ever after a warm friend of mine. In the afternoon, Kicking Bird and his people came, and put up their lodges around and near my tent.