

Page 130, insert after first paragraph.

Several mornings after the circumstance mentioned in the diary on the 18th inst. while sitting upon my inverted camp kettle (my usual seat) writing, my back turned toward the entrance of my tent, I heard a rustling at the entrance and turning to see who might be there, was surprised to see the burley form of White Horse (a Kiowa Chief) entering, with his bow strung and three iron pointed arrows in his hand. He was a notoriously bad man, and had but just returned from a short absence from his tribe. He appeared to be much excited, and his bow being strung, and the arrows in his hand portended mischievous designs. Notwithstanding this, and the unmistakable signs he gave me, I arose exclaiming "Why White Horse, how do you do? Long time I no see you", at the same time advancing toward him offered him my hand, which he surlily refused to accept. I took hold of his arm and giving it an energetic shake with both of my hands, pointing to the camp-kettle bade him "Bēsóh" - (Sit down) fixing ~~my~~ my eye upon his with some sternness, and keeping it there. He obeyed. In seating himself his eye wandered from mine and fell upon a colored picture of a Jaguar, and rested upon it. I instantly caught up a pointed^{ing}, and quickly pointed^{ing} to the picture, with a quick, sharp voice asked him if he ever saw that animal. He answered "Yes!" The first word he had uttered.

"Where you see him?"

"In Mexico".

"You kill him?" "Yes!"

"You get skin?" "Yes!"

"I want to go to your house and see it."

"All right you come!"