

After making a long detour, I at length returned to the trail several miles nearer the Agency than I had left it. There was still no indication that the Kiowas had passed, and being anxious to reach the Agency before dark I travelled more briskly.

Perhaps about the middle of the afternoon a party of Indians appeared some distance to my right travelling in the same direction I was going. On seeing me one of them left the party and came galloping toward me, he proved to be Big Bow, formerly a notorious raider, who parted with Agent Tatum at the Wichita Agency with the threat that if he ever met with him where it was practical he would kill him, and even followed him about twenty five miles on his return from that agency for that purpose but as there were armed men in the ambulance with the Agent the desired opportunity did not present. Latterly he has become more friendly and finding me unaccompanied by the Kiowas lectured me roundly for travelling alone. He continued with me until the trail his people were travelling upon came into the one where<sup>in</sup> we were going.

Soon after we came to a camp of Apaches, who were busily engaged eating their suppers - a grand opportunity for my Kiowa friends to prove their friendship, by rendering what assistance they were capacitated for. Knowing the voraciousness of their stomachs was bounded only by the supply of food, which if considerable might occupy some time I drove on.

Soon after coming to a stream I missed the proper crossing, and found deep mud in the bottom, the banks steep and near together, the mules could not pull out, the pole of the ambulance broke and I found myself in a sad dilemma. I took my trunk and