

Some times I have been compelled to work with my back to the white people, so that they have not seen my face, & have thought I was working against them, but I have worked with one heart & one object.

neither turning aside on one hand or the other, but keep right along in the road we had been travelling, in, & the time would soon come around when the Kiowas would come looking all around, hunting for Kicking Bird, & saying where is Kicking Bird we want Kicking Bird to go to our Agent & talk for us, & the Agent would say I want ^{the agent has not through} Kicking Bird, ^{fish away} if he would keep straight forward on the same road he ^{had} travelled so long, the Kiowas would soon hunt him up & say ^{to the Agent} Kicking Bird is our chief. Now remember this, my last talk to thee.

Kicking Bird replied, "A long ago I took the White Man by the hand, I have never let ^{it} go, I have held it with a ^{firm} strong grasp, I have worked hard to bring my people on to the White Mans road, I have looked ahead to the future, & have worked for the children of my people to bring them to a position, that when they are become men & women they will take up with the White road, I have but two children of my own, but I have worked ^{for} the children of my people, as though they had all been my ~~own~~ children, Five years have I worked for this thing, & all these years Big Bow has worked against me. To keep my ^{whom I have brought in captives & delivered to the Agent} people on the old bad road, & now for a little while he has come onto the good road, The Agent has taken him by the hand & thrown me away after my ^{in any} years labor. I am as a stone broken & thrown away, one part thrown this way & one part that other way, ^{I am chief no more} but what grieved me is the ruin of my people, They will go back to the