

from the Kiowa camps interview with the chief. He had gone a week this morning, but with the utmost kindness. Lord, everything from their hands. It was of it during their stay. One day, then escorted them to the Agency. From their departure they travelled is great hills, valleys, cañons, and

While at the camp some were making captives of the charge of Satanta; but such measure, as being would not permit it to be a speech to them in the that when he was a young man, — went on the way the Kiowas knew to travel upon another and another and would not leave it to

The buffalo, deer, and antelope, and he wanted to learn that he might have some could no more be found the same effect, adding the Kiowas entering upon the way to travel than the

Guadalupe speaks in

and his words sink deeply into the hearts of his Indian hearers; hence his great influence among them.

Last night died Ne-wah-kass-ett, chief of the Wichitas. He had been sick a long time, was some better for a week past, and yesterday came to the agent's, about four miles. In the evening he was taken worse; the medicine-woman was called in, and administered medicine, but he continued to get worse, and died before morning. Early this morning Keechi, the brother of the dead chief, took his rifle, and entering the lodge of the medicine-woman, without saying a word, deliberately shot her dead, for having administered bad medicine. In all probability the woman had done the best she knew, and deserved a reward instead of death. When the circumstance became known in the village, the house or lodge in which she lived was torn down, and, with all her effects, piled upon her dead body and burned; after which Keechi came to the Agency covered with blood, having cut his arms and breast in mourning for his chief, whom he will, unless prevented by the agent, succeed in the chieftainship. This circumstance illustrates the powerful hold of superstition upon the minds of this benighted people, often, as in this case, leading them into deeds of violence and blood.

13th. — This morning, Little Captain came into the school, wanting to talk to the scholars. He told them that Guadalupe was going away, and asked him to come and talk to them, as he had not time to do so himself. "He told me to tell you that he wanted you to try hard