

and informed me that they had come to ask me to be a father to their little girl. I told them that if they would bring her here, and leave her with me, I would be a father to her, and treat her as I would one of my own children. They talked together a little, and then Kicking Bird said, "We cannot leave her; we have lost five children; she is all we have; we cannot leave her here; but we want you to be a father to her, as you are to these children here." I said, "Do you mean that you want me to come to your camp and live with you, that I may be her father?" Kicking Bird replied, "Yes, that would be good — what we want. If you will come I will be your friend, and nobody shall do you any harm; my people will be your brothers." I replied to him that I could not leave these children yet, and I would have to think of it a great deal before deciding to come. To this he said, "You think, and when you make up your mind to come, let me know, and my wife and I will come and get you, and you shall live with me in my lodge, and be a father to the Kiowa children, as you are to the Caddoes."

This interview had not the effect to lighten the burden already on my mind; scarcely daring to doubt but that it would be my duty, at no distant time, to give up to go among that fierce and bloodthirsty tribe.

*4th Month, 4th.* — Last evening I told the boys, on their going to bed, that I intended to stop their unnecessary running about in the night, if I had to send some of them down stairs to sleep in the school-room; where-

upon A. J. Standing said, "The first boy we catch running about for play we shall send down stairs to sleep." But we had no sooner got into bed than they had a candle lighted, and some of them were running about as lively as though they were bent on testing the matter, and ascertaining whether we were in earnest in what we had said to them.

I quietly got up, went to their sleeping-room door, and opening it suddenly, distinguished the flying form of one boy, and all was dark in an instant. I produced a light, went to the bed of the boy I had recognized, and found him apparently fast asleep. However, I was not long in arousing him, when he snatched up his clothes, and ran down stairs. I followed him. He jerked the bar from the door and opened it suddenly, in order to make his escape to his village — a proceeding I had anticipated, and was consequently on hand in time to frustrate that design. I barred the door again, and while he was dressing, opened the school-room door; but he being determined on going home, I had to be on the alert to prevent him from giving me the slip, and making good his escape.

I ordered him into the school-room, after making him understand that if he would go to his bed, and lie there until morning, he could go up stairs; otherwise, he must go into the school-room. He resolutely determined that he would do neither, and being nearly grown, strong, and active, I soon found that his going into the school-room was depending upon my physical