

take the stick, and sit down. Each stick thus given was a pledge from the giver to the receiver for a pony, to be given when the visitors are ready to return to their country. Old men, from time to time addressing the Kiowas, urged them to liberality — to show the largeness of their hearts, the warmth of their friendship, by giving ponies to these poor Pawnees who had come so far to see them and renew their friendship, and not allow them to return on foot as they came. I know not how many ponies were thus pledged to them, but there must have been many.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the Pawnees arose in a body, ceased their singing, took up their flag, and a part following one Kiowa chief, and a part another, accompanied them to their lodges to partake of their hospitality. The head chief, with four or five others, including the flag-bearer, accompanied Kicking Bird to his lodge, thus becoming his guest.

Late in the afternoon our visitors gave an entertainment by which they received pledges for several more ponies. Having erected a kind of canvas amphitheatre, about six feet in height, by setting poles in a circle perhaps forty feet in diameter, and stretching the canvas around them so that it could be slipped down sufficiently to allow of looking over it, they proceeded to exhibit the Pawnee war dance to the music of a drum, a string of bells, and their own voices toned to the highest pitch of anger. They were fiercely painted in bright colors, and while dancing they appeared to be searching in every

conceivable place for the enemy, their uplifted implements of war, consisting of revolvers, tomahawks, war-clubs, bows and arrows, knives, and even swords, with their fierce and angry looks, showed but too plainly how they would be treated when found. Individuals occupied the intervals between the dances by narrating their own former valorous exploits, not even omitting to mention that their victims were in some instances Kiowas, concluding by throwing their war implements upon the ground with such force, in case of tomahawk or hatchet, as to cause the metal to ring again. Then, with gestures of covering it up, they would go away leaving it to lie there; thus intimating that, though they had been foolish, and fought, they now rejoiced in the beams of peace, and hoped that the red men everywhere might live in peace one with another; all of which was received by the Kiowas with the loud response of "*How, how!*" — "~~Yes, yes!~~"

In mentioning the dance and the music, words fail to convey any idea of it; and I shall not render myself ridiculous by attempting to describe that which is indescribable.

The reader should imagine himself placed in some of the most wild recesses of America, far from the abodes of civilized man, surrounded by hundreds of these untamed sons of the wilderness, ornamented in all the wildness of their unrefined tastes with tinsel and gaudy-colored paints, — the most diabolical gestures of nearly nude men as though searching an enemy, or actually