

things, and have the Kiowas' here to give to them, whenever they come after them; now, I want you to listen to this talk, and not forget I am your friend, and will do everything for you I can, to help you keep on the good road. Your friend,

J. M. HAWORTH.

We got a late start for the camps, and went as far as the mountain, near the head of Sulphur Creek, when, as it was very dark, and we feared we might miss the camp if we proceeded in the night, we camped out, spread our blankets on the ground, and were soon asleep. But in the course of the night a "norther" arose, with sleet and snow. The weather became very cold, and our blankets, having become wet, soon froze, so that the latter part of the night was not very comfortably spent. About four o'clock A. M., I arose, and finding a recess in a rock on the lee side of a cliff, built up a fire, and sat by it until daylight, when we made some coffee, broke fast, and proceeded on our way.

3d. — We arrived at Kicking Bird's camp a little past nine o'clock A. M.; found that all the chiefs except Quo-i-sau-be-at (Wolf-bow-case) were absent on their buffalo hunt. He, with what men there were about camp, soon came in, and I delivered the agent's message to them, and requested a guide to the other Kiowa camps; one was promised for the next day, but not being furnished, we were compelled to lie over another day.

In answer to their numerous questions, I gave them in substance the following reply: "There is no new road made for you. The commissioner told you, at the council, that the Comanches had got off the good road, which Washington had given them and you, and had gone back to the old bad road of raiding and killing people. He told them how they might get back on the good road again; that was, to stop raiding, and give him five of those raiding men. They have not got back, and now, if they do not get back in eight days, there may be trouble between them and the soldiers. I cannot tell.

"The Kiowas and Apaches have not left the good road; the agent has your annuities ready for you, and wants you to come close by, so as to get them, and be where he can take care of you."

5th. — Trotting Wolf coming in last evening, I read the agent's message to him, and gave him much the same talk I had given the others, when he set to work, and soon reported a guide to be in readiness this morning, to conduct us to Lone Wolf's camp. Accordingly, we were under way in good time, crossed several streams, tributary to the Washita, in deep channels, cut down in the red sandstone, also a number of ridges of variegated gypsum. Saw one or two herds of buffalo, with which our guide had to have a race, but his pony not having been trained for running buffalo, the race amounted to nothing more than the wild sport. Arrived at Lone Wolf's camp late in the afternoon. In

This was mere pretence, they had really gone to the present at the presentation of the Comanche Pipe to the Cheyennes, Apaches, which a delegation of Comanches had gone to offer them.