

“ Our Great Father has been trying to make a good road for all his children, — broad enough for them all, — if they would not quarrel and fight. But Comanches go into Texas, steal horses and kill people ; Texans come here and steal ponies ; but they have not killed any Indians *here*. Washington steps between them, takes both by the arm, holds them apart, talks to them, tells them they must stop quarrelling. He says, ‘ I shall put my soldiers between you ; then, if you fight, you fight me. Your quarrelling must be stopped.’

“ Now, the Kiowas have nothing to do with this trouble : it is between Washington and the Comanches. Washington gave you back your chiefs Satanta and Big Tree ; his heart is warm towards you — the Kiowas and Apaches. He has told the agent to give you your annuities ; they are now ready for you, and I think you will not be sorry if you go in and get them.

“ It is because the agent loves you that he sent you this message ; it is because I love you that I brought it ; and I now want you to listen to my talk, and the message of the agent, and come in quickly.

“ If you love the Comanches — who, by getting on the bad road after Washington gave them back their women and children, made it such very hard work for you and your friends to get back Satanta and Big Tree — better than you love your wives and children, and so stay out and miss getting your annuities, the loss will be yours, and you cannot blame the agent for it.

“ The road you used to travel was a bad road — you