

disguises, so as to pass readily for Indians when it suits their convenience to do so; and I have no doubt, while it must be admitted that Indians have done, and are still doing, more or less raiding in that state, that a large amount of the so-called Indian depredations and barbarities, even of the darkest dye, are committed by these savages with white skins.

A still darker shade, if possible, is given to their crimes by attributing to others what they themselves have done. This they do by furnishing telegrams and newspaper paragraphs, — anonymous, of course, but giving the authority of Major or Captain Someone, who has lately arrived from such a place and reports so and so, — giving the details of their own deeds. Sometimes the Indians thus reported on the war-path have been sick in their own lodges, on their own reservations, or running buffalo hundreds of miles from the scene of the reported depredation.

This has lately been the case with Satanta and Big Tree, whose doings in Texas since their release have furnished hundreds of paragraphs for the newspapers, while to my certain knowledge the latter was at home, sick in his lodge, and the former enjoying — after two years' confinement in prison — the pleasures of the buffalo chase, on territory assigned for the purpose.

23*d.* — Breakfasted with an old Kiowa warrior, an uncle of Kicking Bird, who had a Mexican wife. I was directed to sit on the side opposite the entrance, at the right hand of Kicking Bird, under what is com-

monly suspended from the lodge pole as the medicine sack. Of this I took no notice on sitting down, but presently, on turning my head, felt something softly brushing my ears, which proved to be a quantity of hair.

This had once covered the heads of the victims of the old man's prowess. After I had finished my breakfast, I reclined back in a position to notice more particularly this peculiar institution of the American savage.

The scalps had been trimmed and stretched, while fresh, upon small hoops, about four inches in diameter, and strung upon sticks, by running a stick like an arrow, only larger and about two feet in length, through them, near one edge. There were three of these sticks, each of which contained a dozen or more of these sickening trophies of his former bravery, the long hair of which hung down, and was partially concealed by a blanket. The sight was as ghastly and sickening as civilized eyes ever beheld, but to the savage mind a trophy attesting the bravery and strength of the possessor, as it is not presumable that the original proprietors of these locks yielded them up without a struggle.

I had often before partaken of the hospitality of this old man and his wife, but always in warm weather, when the meal was served in the open air, under an awning, and had never before been inside of their lodge. The wife is a fine-looking little woman, who was undoubtedly captured by him while young; and it would not be at all surprising were the scalps of her parents