

hanging in her lodge as evidence of her husband's valor.

They have a very pretty little girl, probably about eight years of age, and I could but hope that the time may soon roll around, when such a spectacle as her father's lodge affords may be done away forever, and remembered even by Kiowas only with disgust and abhorrence. Truly this would be a very great change from their present state of feeling; but knowing that there is One who can change the hearts of men, as a man turns a watercourse in his field, such a thing not only is not impossible, but through the efficacy of divine grace, is probable.

30th. — Having removed to the Washita River, above the mouth of Rainy Mountain Creek, on the 25th instant, our mules and ponies were turned upon new pasturage, and last evening the young man to whom their keeping is intrusted reported several head as missing, — mine among the number. This morning Kicking Bird set out himself to look for them. He soon found the tracks of my mules, — which he knew by their shoe-prints, — accompanied by those of a single unshod pony; whence he was led to believe they were stolen by an Indian.

He accordingly pressed rapidly forward, following the trail for many miles, until it at length brought up in a Comanche camp, where he found the mules lariatied, thus proving the correctness of his supposition. I need scarcely add, that he was in no very pleasant humor

about it, and it was in all probability well for the Comanche that he had reached camp before being overtaken. He returned late this evening, with my mules, without having found his own stock.

1st Month, 11th, 1874. — Last night an infant son of Ko-yone-mo, Stumbling Bear's daughter, died. I was awakened in the night by the death-wail in the lodge, but a few steps from my ambulance, in which I slept. This morning the body was buried, at some distance from camp, being borne to its last resting-place by the mother. The child had been sick for nearly two weeks, and its death expected for some days.

As there is so much superstition among them, I did not press the matter of seeing the burial, or the jugglery of the medicine-man. But I heard the passionate cries of the mother, whose face and arms were smeared in blood, from gashes of her own inflicting. The wailings of the family and near relatives, as they left the lodge for the burial, burst upon the ear in a prolonged, dismal cry, which gradually died away in the woods as the distance increased and the party approached the grave. I heard also the groanings, singing, and unearthly noises made by the medicine-man in his attempts to drive away the evil spirits which were the cause of the child's sickness and death, repeated from time to time after it was considered dangerously sick; but all was of no avail. The child is dead.

In connection with this account I should mention a circumstance in which I was particularly implicated, as