

One middle-aged man, who has always treated these reports with the utmost scepticism, was particularly struck with them. He could not sufficiently express his surprise, but beat upon his mouth in utter astonishment. Sun Boy, who had often told him what he saw in the east, would say to him in Kiowa, "What you think now? You think all lie now? You think all chiefs who have been to Washington fools now?" Again and again would he look them over, with his hand upon his mouth, dumb with amazement. After he had looked them over several times, being a war-chief, he called in his warriors, and exhibited the pictures to them, talking to them all the time. I could understand but a part, yet would gather such expressions as these: "Look! see what a mighty powerful people they are!" — meaning white people. — "We are fools! We don't know anything! We just like wolves running wild on the plains." Such an effect on the war-chiefs and warriors cannot but be very salutary, and must conduce much towards deterring them from going on the war-path against such a "mighty powerful people." I could but wish that a good stereoscope, with suitable pictures, could be exhibited in every Indian camp in the land, and properly explained to the people.

13th. — Last evening, in coming in to the Agency, I got some distance in advance of the Kiowas, who were coming in for rations, in consequence of their taking several hours for a nooning. Though I drove very slowly, to permit them to overtake me, they did not; so

I encamped by myself, at the head of Cache Creek. Just at dusk, on returning from a little stroll among the rocks near by, what was my surprise to find my ambulance taken possession of by an Indian, who was sitting in it, revolver in hand, ready to defend his position! On my approach I recognized him as a Comanche chief by the name of Wild Horse. I went up to him, wanting an explanation of his proceedings. He said that coming to the place with some of his people, intending to encamp there for the night, he saw my ambulance, and, coming to it to have a talk, he found no one with it, and placed himself there to keep his people from stealing anything from it in my absence. I expressed my gratitude to him for his kind attention, at the same time would greatly have preferred entire solitude, but felt no uneasiness for my personal safety, and gave as little opportunity for the exercise of their pilfering propensities as circumstances would permit.

While I was in camp this time, a German belonging to Hackbush's surveying party was murdered by an Indian. This was, as usual, attributed to Kiowas. I endeavored to investigate the matter, and am entirely satisfied that it was not done by any of that tribe. Otter Belt, a young Comanche, says he was encamped near the surveyor's, and saw a party of nine Cheyennes go to their camp. Under the impression that they had gone there for no good purpose, he went to the camp himself. The Cheyennes inquired what he came there for; he replied, "To see you. What for you come?"