

to camp because I promised that I would ; but I think he had better not go until this matter is settled," and left without my seeing him.

I expressed regret to the agent that Kicking Bird had gone away without my seeing him. The agent after dinner proposed that I should ride up to the store and see him, if I felt like it. As that accorded with my feelings, — although I had little hope of seeing him, as he had told the interpreter that he should go to his camp without stopping, — I went, and was very agreeably surprised to find him, his wife and daughter, still there. I went in, engaged an interpreter, and had an opportunity with him in a private apartment. I found he thought himself rejected by the agent, as well as by his own people, and was feeling very badly.

I told him that I had not come to make a talk to him, but as I understood that his people had thrown him away, since he and I were brothers and walked in the same road, when they threw him away, they threw me away also.

We were one and travelled one road, and the Kiowas could not throw him away without throwing me away with him. I had lived with him and his people a long time, and had learned to love them, to regard them as my people, and, as he knew, had worked hard with him for their good. But since they had thrown us away, I had no further business in this country, and should probably return to my home, and be with my wife and children. I could not bear to go away, and not see him and

take hold of his hand again before I left. And now I had one word to say to him. I wanted that word to sink down to his heart ; I did not want him to throw it away. That is, even though his people had thrown him away, to go straight forward in the road he had been travelling, not turn aside either on the one hand or the other, and he would find that the Kiowas would soon come back hunting for Kicking Bird, and saying, "We want Kicking Bird to come and go to our agent, and talk for us." The agent had not thrown him away, and he will say to the Kiowas, "If you want to talk to me, bring me Kicking Bird." If he would but keep straight forward on the same road he had travelled so long, the Kiowas would yet hunt him up, and say to the agent, "Kicking Bird is our chief." Now remember this my last talk.

Kicking Bird replied, "I long ago took the white man by the hand ; I have never let it go ; I have held it with a firm and strong grasp. I have worked hard to bring my people on to the white man's road. Sometimes I have been compelled to work with my back towards the white people, so that they have not seen my face, and may have thought I was working against them ; but I have worked with one heart and one object. I have looked ahead to the future, and have worked for the children of my people, to bring them into a position, that, when they become men and women, they will take up with the white road. I have but two children of my own, but have worked for the children of my people as