

though they had *all* been mine. Five years have I striven for this thing, and all these years Big Bow has worked against me to keep my people on the old bad road. When I have brought in and delivered up white captives to the agent, Big Bow has taken more. Now for a little while *he* has come on to the good road. The agent has taken him by the hand, and thrown me away after my many years' labor.

"I am as a stone, broken and thrown away, — one part thrown this way, and one part thrown that way.* I am chief no more; but that is not what grieves me, — I am grieved at the ruin of my people: they will go back to the old road, and I must follow them; they will not let me go and live with the white people. But I shall not go away on the gallop; I shall go to my camp, and after a while I shall go a little farther, and then a little farther, until I get as far away as it is possible for me. When they show me the "big chief" they select, I shall follow him wherever he leads. When you take hold of my hand to-day, you have taken it for the last time; when you see me ride away to-day, you will see Kicking Bird no more: I shall never come back to this place."

Being exceedingly anxious to impress on his mind the

* His meaning was, that he had been rejected both by the agent and the Kiowas for very different reasons: the former, as thinking he did not use his influence sufficiently in behalf of civilization; and the latter, because of his earnestness to leave their old customs, and adopt those of the whites.

necessity of his continuing on the good road, I again expressed to him the concern of my mind that he forsake not the road he had travelled, and knew to be a good one free from stones, and the Kiowas would yet be glad to hunt him up to lead them back to it.

We went down stairs; his wife, daughter, and the babe were there. He looked upon his infant son, and then upon his daughter, and turning to me, said, "I have taught my daughter to love the white man and his way, so that she may grow up in it and love it. I expected to have led my son up in the same road, that, when grown, it would be easy to him, and he would travel in it; but to-day it is all cut off: they will know the white man's good and smooth road no more." He then started his wife and children off to camp. I did not know what he was doing until I saw they had mounted, and I parted with them in the saddle. Kicking Bird himself returned, and seated himself in an obscure corner of the store in apparent dejection. One and another of the white people about the store gathered about him.

Though they knew not to the full extent the force of the storm that was bowing him to the ground, yet it was easy to see that he was in deep trouble. I saw that every one of them sympathized with him, and respected him as a good man.

I stepped forward and said to them that they all knew Kicking Bird, and why his people had rejected him. It was because he had proved himself their true friend by laboring to bring them into friendly relations with the