

to eat meat, to another for bread and coffee, and so around. No one in camp is deficient in food while another has it. The manner of partaking is worthy, perhaps, of description. The company is seated, or squatted, rather, around on the matting that forms the beds at night, their feet gathered under them. Short boards or thick pieces of hide are placed before each one; the meat is taken out of the kettle by the fingers of the woman who officiates as cook, and apportioned to each one, and placed before him; bread is apportioned out, and cups for the coffee furnished to each. The party is some time in partaking of the meal, which is enlivened by much conversation, amusing tales, and laughter, while the meat is torn to pieces by the teeth and fingers, sometimes with the assistance of a knife. On the arrival of a visitor, no matter what his business or of what tribe, food is set before him, and after he has rested and refreshed himself he may explain his business.

Their taste being, in some respects, rather obtuse, the flesh of which they partake is not objected to, even though it be too long since it was killed, or even whether it was killed at all. Many a buffalo calf, dying with its mother, is thus served up. They have no idea of being filthy in their habits, as who has? What if they did not wash their hands before mixing the bread, or taking up the meat? Meat is meat, and, therefore, clean. No matter if it has been carried thirty or fifty miles, swinging and flopping upon the sides of a mule, until covered with dust, sweat, and hair; it needs no washing, or at least gets none, before being put into the camp-kettle. If the hair, boiled into strings and served up with the beef, is unpalatable, it is quietly taken out of the mouth, and thrown away. Hair is clean, dust is

clean. If dirt is, as has been defined, matter out of place, there is none in an Indian camp; for what can be out of place where nothing has a place?

As might be expected of a people whose subsistence depends upon the chase, they are not particular as to the kind of meat used, unless proscribed by "medicine." The buffalo, antelope, or deer, has the preference; if these cannot be obtained, a pony or mule, a dog or a wolf, supplies the deficiency; and even the poor little land tortoise does not come amiss. To the latter I became somewhat partial, from the fact that, being thrown into the fire alive, and roasted with his shell on, there could none of their filth be introduced. Do not consider this act cruel. A tortoise thrown into a hot fire, with his back down, never struggles, or gives any indication of pain, but is apparently dead immediately, while he would live for hours with his head severed from his body. The Kiowas and Comanches do not eat birds or fish, neither does the Kiowa eat the flesh of the bear. They are forbidden, in the code of *laws*, as unclean — tabooed — or, in plain Indian, "bad medicine." Hence with them the wild turkey is valuable only for its feathers, which they use to wing their arrows.

After a meal, water is always offered to all who have partaken of it, to rinse the mouth and wash the hands. After this the pipe may be in order, but not necessarily. If it be introduced, the women withdraw, and some important subject is discussed. The pipe is always circulated from one to another, from the right towards the left.

The chiefs and principal men in a camp always have a smoke in the evening, in which every one observes his "medicine" or religious vows, made upon some occa-