

had thrown me away, I had no farther business in this country, and should probably return to my home. I had a good place to go to and I thought I would go to it and be with my wife and children, and I could not bear to go away and not see him and take hold of his hand again before we parted. And now I had but one word to say to him and I wanted it to sink down to his heart and remain there. I did not want him to throw it away. That word is this: If his people do throw him away, for him to go right straight forward, neither turning aside on one hand or the other, but keep right along in the road he had been travelling in, and the time would come around when the Kiowas would come looking all around for Kicking Bird, and saying where is K. B.? We want K. B. to go to our Agent and talk for us. The Agent would say I want K. B., he has not thrown him away. If he would keep straight forward in the same road he had travelled so long, the Kiowas would soon hunt him up and say "K. B. is our chief. Now remember 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 strong grasp. I have worked hard to bring my people on the white mans road. I have looked ahead to the future, and I have worked for the children of my people, to bring them to a position that when they are become men and women, they will take up with the white Road. I have but two children of my own, but I have worked for the children of my people as though they had been my children. Five years have I worked for this thing, sometimes I have been compelled to work with my back to the white people, so that they could not see my face, and have thought I was working against them, but I have worked with one heart and one object. All these years Big Bow has worked against me, to keep my people on the old bad road. He now for a while has come on the good road. The Agent has taken him by the hand and thrown me away after my many years labors. I am a stone broken in two and thrown away. I am chief no more. But what grieves me most is the ruin of my people. They will go back to the old road and I must follow them. They will not let me live with the white ~~man~~ people, but I shall not go away on the gallop. I shall go to my camp, after awhile I shall go a little farther, then a little farther until I get as far away as is possible for me to get. When they show me the big chief they select, I will follow him wherever he leads. When you take hold of my hand today, you have taken it for the last time. When you see me ride away today, you will see Kicking Bird no more. I shall never come back to this place."

Being exceedingly anxious to impress upon his mind the 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 in and knew to be a good road - free from stones, and the Kiowas would be glad to hunt him up to lead them back to it.

We went downstairs, his wife and daughter and the baby 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 lead my son in the same road, that when grown it would be easy to him, and he would travel in it, but today it is all cut off. They will know the white man's smooth and good road no more."

He then started his wife and children to camp and I parted with them after they were in the saddle. K. B. himself returned and seated himself in an obscure corner of the store, in apparent dejection. One and another of the white people gathered around him (present) until some half a dozen or so were about him. I saw that every one of them sympathized with him, and respected him as a good man, so I stepped forward and remarked to them that they knew why his people had thrown him away, it was because he had proved himself their true friend by laboring to bring them into friendly relations with the white people and to the way of being civilized, that we are aware of his worth and service to his people and to the whites and now in his time of trouble, I