

THE STORY OF WHITE WOLF,

A COMANCHE CHIEF.

CHAPTER. I.

"How do you do White Wolf?"

It was Thomisy the Quaker who spoke.

The Indian addressed looked up with surprise at the white-topped ambulance, in which sat a lone unarmed White Man, who had just emerged from a deep ravine, and was now right in the midst of the hostile camp of one of the most lawless bands of the warlike Comanches.

The Quaker spoke again. "How do you do? Come here," beckoning with the hand.

The chief arose slowly from the log seat, where with his wife and some braves he had been partaking of supper, advanced a few steps toward the ambulance and stopped. Thomisy again beckoned with his hand. The chief took a few steps more and again stopped. He then asked "Have you revolver or knife?" "Look and see", replied the Quaker as he arose from his seat, and pushed back his coat showing that he wore not the usual belt of weapons.

The chief came a little nearer, hesitated, then stopped with the question, "May be you have carbine, have you?" "Come and see", was the reply.

The chief came up cautiously and looking through the ambulance noticed a small ax, "What you have that for?" The Quaker explained that it was used to cut off limbs from trees, when they grow so low down as to be in the way of following the trail when driving. This appeared to satisfy the chief, and looking around he remarked "The Sun will soon go away. Will you sit down by me and sleep?"

"I came here for that purpose," was the reply.

White Wolf called to his wife, who came in a few moments, directing where to drive and where to stop, and after the mules were unharnessed — an operation in which she had no experience — she led them away to water and staked them out to grass for the night, and then entering her lodge, proceeded in the preparation of supper for her guest; while Thomisy and White Wolf sat down on a log and enjoyed quite a pleasant conversation. Soon supper was announced, and they entered the lodge to partake of the meal.

"Where will you sleep?" enquired the wily chief after supper. "Just where you tell me", was the Quaker's response, who well understanding the Indian idea of hospitality, and duty of protecting a guest, had even gone there in order to avail himself of it, and now did not intend to withdraw himself from the protection thus afforded, by making choice of his own sleeping place.

"Where would you prefer to sleep?" was the next question. "Just where you prefer to have me". "Where" asked White Wolf "do you sleep when at Agency — or in Kiowa camp?"

"Why, I am then at home and sleep where I please; sometimes, I sleep in lodge, sometimes in ambulance."

"Have you bed in ambulance?" "Yes."

"Blankets, plenty?" "Yes."

"Well, you sleep in ambulance. No go away in morning until you see me."

Although the Quaker knew not the intention of the chief in this last requisition, he knew full well that prudence required compliance, which he promised, and soon after retired to his ambulance for the night; where he now felt perfectly safe, as the recognized guest of the chief, who, though an avowed enemy, would according to Indian honor protect him as perfectly as he would a member of his own family.

In the morning when Thomisy awoke the sun was shining, and though no Indians were stirring in camp, he arose, fed his mules, and after awhile being anxious to start as soon as possible, hitched them to his ambulance, and quietly sat in his seat awaiting the Chief. Soon he appeared, and remarked rather sharply, "I tell you last night no go away in morning until you see me." "Well, I am here," said the Quaker.

"But what for you hitch up?"

"Why, that is white man's road; when white man have work to do, or journey to go, he gets up, feeds team, harnesses, gets all ready; then goes in house and eats breakfast; after breakfast, all ready to start."

This pacified the Indian, who sitting down entered into conversation which was soon interrupted by the announcement of breakfast.

"Can my wife ride with you?" said White Wolf to his guest after they had finished the meal.

"O! yes was the reply, if she is going the same way I go." "May be you too much load?"

"O! no; room enough." "Can my little girl ride in ambulance too?" "Certainly," answered the guest. On coming out of the lodge a Mexican captive stood holding a pony saddled and bridled, with blankets upon the saddle, in accordance with the Indian custom in travelling.

The guest was again asked if the woman and little girl— whose faces had been elaborately painted, could ride in the ambulance, on being again answered in the affirmative, they climbed