

This is why he sends you better Agents, who do not get drunk, act foolish, carry pistols to fight with, but do all they can to keep the Indians on the good road." "But, Comanches go into Texas, steal horses and kill people, Texans come here and steal ponies, but have not killed any Indians here. Washington steps between them, takes both by the arm, holds them apart, talks to them, tells them they must stop quarrelling. He says 'I shall put my soldiers between you; then if you fight, you will fight me. *Your* quarrelling must be stopped.'

Now the Kiowas have nothing to do with this trouble, it is between Washington and the Comanches. Washington gave you back your chiefs Satanta and Big Tree; his heart is warm towards you—the Kiowas and Apaches. He has told the Agent to give you your annuities; they are now ready for you, and I think you will not be sorry if you go in and get them."

While Thomisy was talking a great change in appearance came over Kicking Bird. After sitting some minutes with a thoughtful countenance, he said, "I know the Comanches have been raiding in Texas, I know they have done badly, and now I want to ask you two one question, I want to know what you both think. Had we better go in and get our annuities, or had we better stay out?"

This was an easy way of putting the question of peace or war; as going to the Agency now, under the existing circumstances, would manifest their friendship and loyalty to the Government; while remaining out would be no less significant of their sympathy with the Comanches.

The interpreter said "I am no chief, I only tell what others say; I have no advice to give, if you want to stay out do it; if you want to go in do that."

Thomisy saw a cloud of displeasure pass over their faces, and had him explain his answer. He then in reply to the question said, Washington's heart is soft and warm toward the Kiowas and Apaches; the Apaches have got their annuities, yours are there waiting for you. The Agent will not bring them to your camps; he says you can have them by coming after them, I think you had better go and get them. The Agents heart is warm, he does not want to see any trouble arise; but he is alone. Perhaps if his Kiowa and Apache friends come in, they can help him to stop this trouble, even after it has begun, so that it may not amount to much."

The "Ugh" of satisfaction spread through the lodge, with the expression, "Gut-ar-ke-to-zant Thomisy;" or in English "Thomisy's talk is good." Kicking Bird replied "Good! as that is your advice we will go in to the Agency, and I will make my camp and sit down where the Agent tells me, even though it does make me poor."

The cloud of gloom that had hung over the camp from their first arrival was lifted, and cheerful-

ness restored. Thomisy and Caboon returned to the Agency next day, and the day after 16 Kiowa Chiefs with their people came in, leaving only one sixth to one eighth of the entire tribe out.

The Agent entered in his diary "A wide spread war was averted."

But war was not wholly averted; two Kiowa chiefs accepted the Comanche pipe.

The Arapahoes and Apaches having followed the example of the main body of the Kiowas, the hostile element was shorn of its strength, so that had it not been for White Eagle, a young Comanche Medicine man or Prophet as they considered him, war might have been wholly avoided.

A FRENCH WRITER SAYS:

"When I think of this word war, there comes upon me a feeling of astonishment, as if one were speaking of witchcraft or the Inquisition, something long ago ended, abominable, monstrous, against nature.

When we speak of cannibals, we smile with pride to think of our superiority to these savages? Who are the savages,—the real savages? Those who fight in order to eat the conquered, or those who fight merely to kill?

Those little conscripts who are marching by yonder are destined to death as certainly as the troops of sheep the shepherd drives along the same road.

They are going to fall in some meadow, with a head split open by a sabre-stroke, or a chest pierced by a bullet; and they are young men who might be working, producing, being useful. Their fathers are old and poor; their mothers, who for twenty years have loved them, adored them as mothers adore, will learn in six months or a year perhaps, that the son, the boy brought up with such care, so much money, so much love, has been thrown into a ditch, like a dead dog, after having been ripped open by a cannon-ball, and trampled on, crushed, pounded into pulp, by charges of cavalry.

Why did they kill her boy, her handsome boy, her only hope, her pride, her life? She does not know. Yes—why? To fight, to murder, to massacre men! And we have to-day under our civilization, schools where they teach how to kill, to kill from great distances, with great accuracy, a large number of men at once,—to kill without judicial sentence poor innocent creatures with families dependent on them.

Men, philanthropists, scientists, use up their days in working, searching for something to save or sooth their brothers. They go enthusiastically about their useful labors. piling discovery upon discovery, enlarging human wisdom, broadening science, giving their country every day some new piece of learning,—prosperity, gladness, vitality. Then comes war: in six months the armies have destroyed twenty years of effort, patience, genius.