

learned to love them—to regard them as my people and, as he knows have worked hard with him for their good. Since they have thrown us away, I have no further business in this country, and shall probably return to my home, my wife and children. I could not bear to go away and not take hold of his hand again before I left. And now I have one word to say to him. I want that word to sink deep in his heart; I do not want him to throw it away. That is, even though his people have thrown him away, to go straight forward in the road he had been travelling, not turn aside either on the one hand or the other, and the Kiowas will soon come back saying, 'We want Kicking-Bird to come and go to the Agent, and talk for us.' The Agent has not thrown him away, and will say to the Kiowas, 'If you want to talk to me, bring me Kicking-Bird.' Now remember this 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 firm and strong grasp. I have worked hard to bring my people on to the white man's road. Sometimes I have been compelled to work with my back toward the white people, so that they have not seen my face, and may have thought I was working against them; but I have worked with one heart and one object. I have looked ahead to the future, and have worked for the children of my people, to bring them into a position, that, when they become men and women, they will take up with the white road. Five years have I striven for this thing and all these years Big-Bow has strove 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 by one hand, and one part thrown that way by the other. 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 awhile, 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."

They went down stairs, and the Chief starting his wife and two children off to camp, came and sat in an obscure part of the store, in very dejection of spirit. A few whites gathered round, sympathizing with him in his trouble. Thomisy then said, "You all know Kicking-Bird. His people have re-

jected him from the chieftainship, because he has proved himself their true friend by laboring to bring them into friendly relations with the white people and the way of being civilized. You know his worth and services, to his people as well as to the whites; and now I propose, in this time of his great trouble, we manifest our respect and love, by uniting, in making him some present that he may have to look upon, if he should not return soon.

This will remind him that he still has friends among the whites." This proposition met with a hearty approval, and several articles of his selection were purchased for him.

He then said, "You have done this to show your good feeling and friendship towards me, now what can I do to manifest my friendship for you?" Thomisy replied; that which will give us the best proof of your friendship toward us would be to continue hereafter on the same road you have been traveling—not turn from it in any direction, and you will find that it will eventually be for your own good."

A voice from one of the company said, "Kicking-Bird, you have not thrown Thomisy away."

He quickly replied "No; he my brother."

"Why then not take him with you to camp?"

He replied, "I will if he wants to go now."

Thomisy then said, "last night, Woman's Heart came to the Agents house very angry, and told the Agent that Thomisy and Kicking Bird told him about all Kiowa chiefs, which is not true. I talked straight talk, to Agent about all Kiowas; and now the warriors, through listening to the misrepresentations of Running Wolf, and Woman's Heart, had thrown him away, and his life is in danger.

My going with him now will only make it harder for him, and perhaps bring him in the present excited condition of the warriors, into greater danger. Perhaps I had better not go with him just now but I do not throw him nor his people away."

He replied, "That is good; that is the way I feel. You go and sit down by the Agent, not go home. In thirteen days I will come for you. I now know why Thomisy has not talked, and why I have had to keep silent even when my heart was full, I could not speak. We have been secretly watched.

I see it all now. I will go to my camp, collect my band of people. And when I come again, you will know who is chief of the Kiowas."

Thomisy returned to the Agency. Kicking-Bird went to his camp. In twelve days he returned the acknowledged "chief of the Kiowas." Soon after he brought in the whole tribe, except the two bands belonging to Lone-Wolf and Woman's Heart, and had the name of every male over sixteen years of age registered, as friendly to the Government. They put their children in school, and for the first time in the history of the tribe raised corn and other crops. Most of the Comanches finding themselves so weakened, gave up their hostile intentions, while others by listening to the bold pretensions of White-Eagle continued hostile. Although joined by Lone-Wolf and Woman's-Heart they were easily overcome. Many captives were taken, among whom were the two Kiowa chiefs mentioned. These captives were all sent to Ft. Marion in Florida; where we will leave them for the present.