

I had so forcibly ejected from my tent. Stepping to him, and offering my hand I gave the usual Kiowa salutation "My brother". Looking up in apparent surprise, he asked "You know me?" "Yes," was my reply. "Where you see me?" "I saw you leave my tent one morning". "Ugh, all right." "All right " I replied, whereupon he gave me his hand, and seated me by his side. I partook of his proffered meal, and he having tested my bravery to his satisfaction, we were ever after warm friends.

Appropos of this though occurring some months later, in response to an appeal personally made by Ed. P. Smith - Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in Kansas Yearly Meeting, a middle aged man came to the Kiowa and Comanche Agency in order to go into Satanta's camp as teacher in Kiowa Camp. One day not feeling very well he lay down at the root of a large tree, when suddenly he heard the twang of a bowstring and an arrow whizzed just above his head, and stuck in the tree - quickly following was another - then another - and another - a regular cloud of arrows all a little too high to harm him if he lay still, but so close that he dared not move. The result was, they tormented him to their satisfaction, and continued afterward to render him miserable until his return to the Agency when the tribe next went in for rations, after being in camp ten days. Getting within twelve miles of the Agency Satanta and his son rode up, one on either side of the mule he was riding, gave it a sharp cut with their riding whips, keeping their positions, and applying the whip at every jump, they made a shorter trip to the Agency than was usual, and the poor man came in looking so badly that all were alarmed at his woe-begone appearance. This first trip to the Indian camp was also his last; ten days experience