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This morning after getting ready to start for the Agency - ponies all saddled and my mules hitched up - I could see no reason for delay, though fully aware of the natural dilatoriness of the Indian, thinking they would soon start, I slowly drove off, and continued to wend my way slowly untill nearly noon. No sign of the Kiowas coming on, and having long desired to again visit the elevated plateau where we spent the night, when on our visit to the Kickapoo camp (page 233) I left the trail and made a detour of several miles in order to gratify it. While admiring the wild scenery of the place a strange animal arose at my left and a little in advance not more than thirty feet from me, and stood watching me. As he neither manifested fear nor hostility, I stopped to take a view of him. He resembled the Lynx except the tuft of hair or tassel slipping the ear of the Lynx was absent. On account of the high grass I could not see the lower part of his legs, but the color of his body was a light fawn, the darker on the back. He stood about two or two and a half feet high, with high broad head and large glaring eyes. His chest was broad and the muscles of his arm were strongly developed. Being anxious to ascertain what it was I drew a picture of him to show the Indians having no doubt but they could tell me, but was doomed to disappointment; they had never seen anything like it. They kept the picture some days, finally returning it, with information, that they had concluded it was the visible manifestation of my protecting spirit; invisible to other eyes, tho continually with me to protect me from harm. They told me he would not render himself visible even to me unless alone and in some secluded spot, remote from all other eyes.