

11<sup>th</sup> Mo 1873

manifested his displeasure by striking me down in his wrath when <sup>my polluted fingers</sup> took hold of the sacred ornaments of the shield, which not being done, - was an omen of his pleasure & my protection.

Soon after dinner, the camp was thrown into consternation by the announcement that White Soldiers were approaching; young men were at once sent out for the ponies, women & children were running in all directions, from lodge to lodge, - arranging their valuables for a sudden departure, - The whole herd of ponies & mules were soon run into camp, I had arranged with Kicking Bird that he & I should mount our horses, go out to see the soldiers, & ~~that~~ before any thing should be rashly done, as I was of opinion that there was no occasion for alarm, accordingly a horse was led in for me to ride, - every one, apparently securing a horse, pony or mule either to ride or pack with valuables, my blankets were brought out, & I was asked what should be done with them, I bade to let them remain where they were. Soon a scouting party was ready to start out, with Kicking Bird & myself at its head, we started in the direction, the soldiers were reported to have been seen, & scoured the plains for some hours or until dark without seeing any signs of living human beings, except an Apache camp in the distance, & a small camp of Comanches, near by & at which we stopped & had conversation without dismounting, on our return in the evening, we found that tranquility had