

"Where you sleep when in Kiowa camp?" I replied, "When I am at home, I sleep where I please—in my tent or in my ambulance. If you come to see me I tell you where to sleep." He then asked, "Have you bed in ambulance?" "Yes." "Blankets plenty?" "Yes." "Then you sleep in ambulance, but you no go way till you see me," promising me his protection.

Although by the attempt to induce me to choose my sleeping-place, this wily chief had thought to withdraw from me his protection, he saw that he had failed. So I retired to my ambulance and slept without anxiety, feeling that I had his word that I should not be molested.

In the morning I arose, prepared my mules for travel, and, seated in my ambulance, awaited the appearance of White Wolf. Finding me thus ready for leaving, he seemed displeased and said, "I tell you no go way till you see me." I smiled and said, "Well, I did not go. I am here." Then he asked, "What for you get ready?" I replied, "This white man's road,—feed mules, hitch up, eat breakfast, then ready to start." This seemed to satisfy him and breakfast soon followed.

During the meal, I noticed his squaw dressing up their little girl in her best attire. Near the end of the meal, White Wolf enquired, "Can my wife ride with you?" I said, "Yes." "Can my little girl ride with you?" "Yes." "Room plenty?" "Yes, room plenty, they can ride." When ready to start, he repeated the same inquiry and received the same answers. So they climbed on, a pony was hitched behind, and we set off.

We had not traveled far before we were challenged by a Comanche pony herder. The woman motioned to me to drive on, and, putting her head out of the ambulance, signalled to the man that all was right. This experience was repeated a number of times, and I was protected from the herders who would not, otherwise, have permitted me to pursue my journey.

After we had gone many miles, she told me by signs, "The Comanches all behind. Kiowa camps in sight." She then climbed out with her little girl, mounted the pony and rode away.

Thus had I been protected not only through the night, but had been conveyed beyond danger and assisted on

my way by a hostile Indian who had vowed he would take my life if opportunity offered. He knew not the Scripture, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," but he had the spirit of it in his heart and obeyed it—a lesson for civilized man.

The Kiowas were dumb with astonishment when told I had spent the night in White Wolf's camp. "Mighty strong medicine! White Wolf no kill! Medicine too strong!"

#### WHITE WOLF CONVERTED.

Some two years after this, during which time the Kiowas and Comanches had given up their raiding and had begun to give some attention to agriculture and cattle raising, a fine school was established at the Agency and some were adopting the truths of Christianity. Among these was White Wolf. Frequently some of the Agency people went out to their camps to hold services with them. At one time the Agent, his wife and myself attended a meeting at White Wolf's camp, which proved to be a remarkably interesting and memorable occasion. The Indians had been closely reasoned with of "Righteousness, Temperance and Judgment to Come." I ventured to make a few remarks, in which I alluded to my visit to White Wolf's camp, and the kindness I had received, and of the interest I had henceforth taken in him and his people. It was observed White Wolf was much agitated, trembling and manifesting deep feeling. At length he arose and in much brokenness said,—"My friends, you have been talking to me and my people. If it is not improper I would like to talk to you." He was encouraged to proceed. "My people will be surprised to hear my talk. None of them ever heard such words from my mouth, not even my wife, as I am going to speak now. I do not know what you will think of me. You may think me very weak—*maybe a woman*. You see the springs of my heart are all broken up. You all know I have been a great raider, not only in my early life, but I encouraged my young men in raiding after all the Kiowa and Comanche chiefs had given it up. After the time 'Thomissy' came to my camp *I feel very bad*. I knew not what made me feel so miserable. I never felt so before. I think it all bad to raid. I look