

aration, and then taken their own lives with their own hands.

This "throwing away" old, infirm, or sick people, does not appear to arise from any loss of affection, but from a superstitious fear of the evil spirits that have taken possession of the individual.

As a pertinent illustration of this practice, the case of *Gosh-e-quah* — a former Chief among the Wichitas might be mentioned. Having become much weakened through the infirmities of age & neglect, he was left last spring by his people to struggle with weakness, disease & wolves as best he could.

In this condition he was found, by one of the Agency hands, & promptly taken to the Agency. There he was properly provided with food, clothing & medicine & he was soon able to walk about the Agency. On the return of the tribe in the fall, they desired him to return to them, which he declined doing, telling them "You throw me away once; Agent pick me up & take care of me; Now I strong I slay with him". A lodge was furnished him on demand of the Agent, & a woman set apart to wait on him, & he re-

nursed at the Agency until his death

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST TRIP TO KIOWA CAMP. — APACHE CAMP. — DOGS. — RETURN TO AGENT. — MARTHA DAY, A MEXICAN CAPTIVE. — RETURN TO CAMP. — KICKING BIRD. — KIOWA HISTORY. — VISIT WITH THE AGENT TO INDIAN CAMPS. — KIOWA TRADITIONS OF THE CREATION. — FUTURE STATE. — HORSEBACK.

12th Month, 1st; 1st Day of the Week. — Kicking Bird having come in last evening, attended our meeting with us to-day, after which the agent furnishing me with a mule to ride, with some rations, I set out with him (Kicking Bird) and Dangerous Eagle for his camp.

We rode fast from about four o'clock until eight in the evening, when we arrived at the Apache camp, having been duly notified by the dogs that we were approaching some place.

After making our way through the midst of hundreds of dogs, every one of which appeared to exert his vocal and explosive powers to the utmost, filling the air with perhaps the most horrid din of snaps, snarls, yelps, growls, and howls, that my ears ever became acquainted with, we found a convenient place for lariatting our