

night at the Apache camp, and arriving at the agent's about noon to-day. I might say that I have been treated with the greatest attention and kindness, though no doubt many of the Indians look upon my being among them with mistrust, fearing that my motives may be to their disadvantage.

MARTHA DAY,

a Mexican woman, who had been some two years in captivity among the Quahada Comanches, last night made her escape to the Agency, where she has been cared for, clothed, &c.

She yesterday informed Black Beard, her owner, that she intended to run away from him. He told her that she had better not make that attempt, as it would cost her her life; if the agent should not kill her, he would return her to him, as she was a Mexican, and he would kill her. Apparently in great distress of mind, she proposed to herd the mules, as she could not sleep. As it was rainy, and the proposition accorded so well with their propensities to laziness, it was fully assented to, and she took charge of the mules. These she soon left to take care of themselves, while she set out for the Agency. Eluding the guard, she entered the porch on her arrival, where she sat until morning. After the family had arisen, she came in, and was of course well taken care of. The Quahadas, armed with bows, arrows, and revolvers, watched every window and door to which they could gain access, in order to get a sight at her, but

were foiled in all their attempts. In the evening she was put on the stage, in company with the father of Clinton Smith, and started on her home journey, rejoicing in fear, and yet manifesting a thankful heart. We have since been informed of her safe arrival at her home and among her friends. She was quite a good-looking young woman, intelligent, and appeared to have had some education before her capture by the Indians, and is now about eighteen years of age.

The following day the Quahadas were very inquisitive about her, wanting to know where she was, and to be paid for her; but all attempts in that direction were fruitless, the agent simply informing them that he had sent her where they would not see her. If they had brought her in and given her up, they would have received one of their prisoners whom McKenzie had captured; but now they would receive nothing.

8th and 9th. — Returned with Kicking Bird to his camp, spending the night near the Apache camp, the lodge being so full that I spread my blankets upon the ground outside, and enjoyed a good night's sleep, though surrounded by hundreds of Indians, who, but a few months ago, would have rejoiced at such an opportunity for securing the scalp of a white man.

After leaving the Apache camp, where Kicking Bird, Trotting Wolf, and myself took breakfast, and, consequently, were far behind the other Kiowas, while riding along in company with these two chiefs, my mind became unusually overshadowed with Divine Goodness,