

ous swing, turned his back toward me; seized the other arm above the elbow & commenced marching him toward the entrance of the tent, at the same time telling him "I shall permit no such talk or action in my tent" On arriving at the entrance he made some resistance about going out, whereupon I put my foot against him & gave him so forcible a shove, that losing his balance he landed on his face some distance from the tent. Picking himself up, & gathering his blanket over his head he started away. Suddenly a wild whoop from behind me, inside the tent announced the presence of other guests. On turning, what was my surprise to find a half dozen braves inside whooping to the full extent of their ability; but upon my looking upon them they quietly withdrew leaving me in peaceable possession of the tent. The children did not return until I rang the bell after dinner, when they again came in as demurely as nothing unusual had occurred.

(resume 2<sup>nd</sup> paragraph page 116)

<sup>No 2</sup>  
X Some three weeks after, early one morning a little girl entered the lodge where I was making my camp home, bringing an invitation for Kicking Bird & myself to breakfast out. I knew not where, but with the little girl for guide we soon brought up at a lodge of not very prepossessing exterior. On entering & casting a glance in the direction of the place usually occupied by the man of the house I discovered that my new friend was the warrior I had so forcibly ejected from my tent. Stepping to him, & offering my hand I gave the usual Kiowa salutation "My brother." Looking up apparent surprise, he asked "You know me?" "Yes" was my reply. "Where you see me?" "I saw you leave my tent one morning." "Ugh, all right." "All right" I replied, whereupon he gave me his hand, & seated me by his side. I partook of his proffered meal, & he having tested my bravery to his satisfaction, we were ever after warm friends.

Appropos to this though occurring some