

Making medicine to counteract any evil influence
I might as a bad Medicine Man "bring to bear upon their
children"

from the guarded corral under the
guns of Ft Sill; which daring ex-
ploit had rendered his name
famous with this tribe.

From this time he attached
himself to the friendly element
of the tribe, & was ever after a
warm friend of mine.

~~The next morning while the
men from the Agency were in
my tent, several chiefs & war
chiefs came in. White Horse
came & seated himself by me &
pointing to Josiah Butler the
Teacher of the Agency School
exclaimed "Behanna" (Texan)
I answered "Behanna? No!" He
gave a very scrutinizing look at
J. B. whose long hair, beard & wide
brimmed slouch hat, bore no slight
resemblance to the typical Tex-
an, exclaimed "No! Behanna!
no good - steal ponies - no~~

and proceeded, in advance of the tribe, to the place of
our next encampment, on the South Fork of Cache Creek,
perhaps twenty-five miles from the Agency. After rais-
ing my tent, a part of the tribe arrived, and encamped
near by. This morning the Agency men and team re-
turned, and in the afternoon, Kicking Bird and his people
came, and put up their lodges around and near my tent.)

It is astonishing in what an incredibly short time the
whole aspect of a portion of country may be changed
by these people. At noon to-day, except a few lodges
upon the opposite side of the creek, though higher up
and scarcely visible, my tent was the only indication of
the proximity of human beings. The whole beautiful
valley of Cache Creek was a solitude, from the moun-
tains to the Agency. Presently a long, dark line is seen
coming over the ridge which bounds the valley on the
north, and in less than an hour the solitary vale is teem-
ing with life and activity. — both sides of the creek
being dotted with human habitations for nearly a mile
in extent, in which are living several hundred of these
wild people, each chief surrounded by his own band.
Their lodges are so simple, and so easily taken down
and reconstructed, that one may be in a camp at break-
fast, — everything moving along in the usual manner;
presently the ponies and mules are driven in, and the
whole village is transferred to their backs and is gone,
leaving little to mark its former site.

Again, as in the experience of to-day, a wild and
solitary place is selected for a camping-ground. In the

Quest M.S.