

He was a young man, and had no idea of making such strong medicine. He hoped the tribe would pass by his indiscreetness. He trusted that, as he grew older, he would grow wiser. The Cheyenne women were dead, not because of his medicine, but because of their wearing red blankets. All Indians know they should not wear red during the great medicine dance of the Kiowas.

The apology was accepted, and it is to be hoped that all Indians who may in future incline to attend this, the great annual assembly of the Kiowas, will remember not to wear red blankets.

## Chapter XII

The next day after the close of the Medicine Dance, we removed some fifteen or twenty miles to the southwest, crossing many sand-hills covered with the dwarf oaks heretofore described, about two feet high <sup>in height</sup>. We camped on the North Bank of Red River, at a point some miles farther west than I had before seen it. Nothing of peculiar interest to remark, except the immense number of Indians with whom I was traveling. There were between two thousand & twenty five hundred, having all their ponies, & mules & camp equipments along <sup>they</sup> made a large & imposing caravan, extending for miles in length, & presenting an interesting spectacle, when viewing the long continuous line slowly moving over the distant hill-tops & winding its course along these secluded valleys, almost unknown to civilized man.

The next morning being the 23<sup>rd</sup> of the month, we again removed down the river some fifteen miles to the confluence of Rice Creek - the stream upon which the Medicine camp had been situated. <sup>flows</sup> There were large herds of buffalo & the