

Big Tree was very sick. We made medicine for him, and he is now well, and running buffalo up above here on the river.

I want you to send this talk to my father at Washington.

Your friend, LONE WOLF.

On our return, about four o'clock P. M., we perceived a party of Indians driving ponies at a distance. Though they were at least two miles out of our course, our guide insisted on going to them, and in fact was determined to do so.

As we were comparatively unacquainted with the country, and knowing that we could not get into camp until long after night, we had no alternative but to go with him.

They proved to be a party of seven young Kiowa warriors returning from a raid into Mexico, upon which they entered just after my leaving them last summer.

Two of them were own brothers of our guide. They stated that they were very successful at the first, getting a good many ponies and mules, two scalps, and several Mexican blankets. They were afterwards pursued by a party of Mexican soldiers, who recovered most of their ponies and mules, so that the trophies of the expedition were two scalps, two or three blankets, and a few miserable-looking Mexican mules and ponies.

They left their stock upon a creek where there was plenty of good growing grass, and accompanied us to

camp. Several of them knew me, for they shouted my name upon our meeting.

The night being very dark, the guide missed the way by several miles; but, reaching the Washita near the mouth of Rainy Mountain Creek, he discovered our locality, and by changing our course and following up the creek several miles, we arrived at Kicking Bird's camp late in the evening.

On approaching the camp, the returning braves arranged themselves under their leader in marching order, and brought in, elevated upon long canes, the scalps they had taken in Mexico. These had been trimmed, and stretched, while fresh, over small circular hoops; each was carried by the brave who had taken it. Then, after placing the interpreter and myself in front, they struck up the "Song of Triumph," accompanied at intervals by the war-whoop and the discharge of their fire-arms. This last is a signal that they had killed some of their enemies. They continued to ride slowly, their shrill, clear voices ringing out in the still air of night. Soon responsive shouts of triumph arose from the camp, as the women and maidens came out, with singing and dancing, to meet them. Peal after peal of laughter greeted our ears when they drew near enough to discover that the leaders of this band of returning heroes were Thomas and Ca-boon, the peace commissioners sent out by the agent. At first they felt chagrined; but, recognizing some of the voices of the returning braves, the singing and dancing were resumed, and the braves conducted to the