

plains, where no draught but turbid, sickening, alkaline water could be had, and many times an insufficiency even of that.

After the ponies and mules had been taken care of for the night, we gathered around these fires in the open air, and our evening meal was prepared.

Coffee was soon ready, with plenty of dried buffalo meat, and bread made after the most primitive style of art, — mixed with water, without salt, and baked upon the coals.

One woman, out of regard for my more civilized taste, plaited the twigs and small branches of a green bush together so as to form a network of twigs, spread a cake of dough upon it, and held it over the hot embers, turning it from time to time until thoroughly baked.

Meanwhile the rest of the group were in the enjoyment of great glee in anticipation of the account which they appeared to have no doubt I would put down to be read by the world of “white paper talkers,” and the way the “white squaws would laugh about the good Kiowa woman, who baked Thomises bread on sticks to keep the ashes from sticking to it.”

18th. — Early in the morning we were up and stirring, but, on account of the dilatory habits of the Indians, and the weather being cool and frosty, we did not get started until past eight o'clock. Crossing the stream, we followed its course for a mile or two farther, where it has its source among these wild, rocky mountains.

Our way for several miles lay over an elevated plateau,

stony in places, but mostly sufficiently smooth to permit of my trotting briskly along, although near at hand were masses of huge boulders, rising with the grandeur of mountain scenes, but rougher and more serrated in outline than any mountains I had elsewhere seen.

Indeed the Wichitas — formed as they are of bare rocks apparently rent and shivered by some awful convulsion of nature, lying and standing in every conceivable position and angle — excel the mountains of the east in the rough, notched, and cragged appearance which they nearly everywhere present, as much as they may fall short in real magnitude.

Medicine Bluff Creek — on which Fort Sill is situated, and which through its whole course winds about among rocks and mountains, sometimes cutting its way hundreds of feet deep in its rock-bound course — has its origin in the same beautiful plateau with the East Fork of Rainy Mountain Creek, emphatically a stream of the plains, flowing silently over treacherous quicksands and beds of red and yellow clay. We followed down the valley of the former stream several miles to the camp of the Kickapoos, which is situated in a wild, rocky glen, on both sides of the stream. Here we found a team from the Agency, which had been sent out with provisions for them by A. Williams, their agent.

The Kickapoos have recently arrived from Mexico, where they have been for several years past, at times raiding and committing depredations in Texas. In the early part of last summer, a party of them, in company