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CHAPTER XIV.

VISIT TO THE KICKAPOO CAMP. — CAMP AMONG THE MOUNTAINS. — KICKAPOOS. — RETURN TO KIOWA CAMP. — WHITE WOLF. — NEPHEW OF KICKING BIRD SHOT AT BY WHITE MEN. — TEXAN DESPERADOES. — BREAKFAST WITH AN OLD KIOWA WARRIOR. — MULES STOLEN BY COMANCHES, AND RECOVERED BY KICKING BIRD. — DEATH OF STUMBLING BEAR'S GRANDSON. — LONE WOLF'S SON KILLED IN MEXICO.

12th Month, 17th. — Having been furnished with an ambulance, comfortably fitted up for sojourning in camp as well as travelling from place to place, I left the Agency for the Kiowa camp on the 13th, the day after Kicking Bird, and the chiefs encamped with him, had received their annuities. The journey occupied two days, most of the way, I suppose, where a wagon never before had gone.

A part of the distance was exceedingly rough, especially through the "gap in the mountains," a wild, rocky pass, nearly two miles in length, between high, rocky bluffs. After remaining in camp until this afternoon, a party of perhaps a dozen of us started for the Kickapoo

camps, in company with the Kickapoo chief and one or two others, who had been for a day or two guests at our camp, and had received several tokens of friendship in the form of blankets, coats, &c.

We travelled in a direction nearly south, passing several miles east of Rainy Mountain. This is a low, smooth, round-topped mound, nothing more than a hill; but standing alone on the plains, entirely isolated from other mountains, though not remote from them, it becomes a conspicuous object.

After crossing a wide plain between different ridges of mountains, we ascended to an elevated plateau surrounded by high, rocky peaks, among which the East Fork of Rainy Mount Creek — a fine stream of clear, pure water — has its origin. Here we encamped for the night.

Nothing, in the way of purely land scenery, could be more picturesque than this elevated prairie, surrounded by huge rocks, pile upon pile, with here and there a stunted cedar, struggling for life and a scanty foothold in the fissures by which they are rifted. These, rising as they do several hundred feet above us, in every conceivable form of serrated crags, present an outline against the clear vault of heaven equally striking with the most fanciful sketch the pencil ever traced.

Several fires were soon blazing on the bank of the clear stream, whose waters, lower down, had on several former occasions cooled my thirst and refreshed my drooping spirits, after days and weeks of sojourn on the