

corroborating a superstitious notion of this people. It appears that in their doctrine of signs and omens, it is considered an omen of death to a child for any one to step over it. Some few days before this child was taken sick, I was in the lodge, which I consider my camp-home, belonging to Stumbling Bear. Sun Boy came in, and sat down upon one of the mats, which are used as lounges by day and as beds at night. It is a part of his medicine that no person must pass between him and the fire. Ko-yone-mo came in, with her infant, in its cradle, upon her back, and seating herself by Sun Boy, laid her babe back behind her, so that it extended across the mats, from the side of the lodge to the place where she sat. Other women came in, and seated themselves around the lodge, while the side opposite to Sun Boy was occupied by the cooks, with kettles of meat, coffee, bread, bake-kettle, dishes, &c. The passage on that side of the lodge, from where I was seated to its entrance, was completely obstructed. At this juncture my name was called by some one outside the lodge. I at once arose to go out, but one glance around the lodge convinced me that the only way of egress was behind Sun Boy and those sitting by him. Without hesitating, I passed behind him, when this babe lay across my way; and not being aware of the dangerous omen of stepping over it, nor yet well enough versed in Kiowa politeness to wait for the mother to lift it out of my path, I stepped over it. A smothered groan was uttered by every woman in the lodge, with the hand laid upon the

mouth, in token of bad medicine. It being too late to recall the act, I went out of the lodge. I had stepped over a living child as over a grave; that child would surely die; and, unhappily, in less than three weeks its grave could be walked over.

13th. — This is a day of wailing in our camp. News arrived this morning of the death of two Kiowa braves — the one a son of Lone Wolf, the other of Red Otter, Lone Wolf's brother. They were killed while on a raid in Mexico. Lone Wolf's son was wounded in the knee, a year ago last summer, while raiding in Texas, and came near losing his life. This, it seems, did not satisfy his thirst for blood, and the Kiowas determining to raid no more in Texas, he, the past autumn, went into Mexico, where it appears he has been killed. The camp resounded with the death-wail, — the song of mourning for the unreturning braves, — mingled with the war-whoop. This was revived at stated intervals for several days.