

white people and the way of being civilized. They were fully aware of his worth and services to his people, and also to the whites; and now, in this time of his great trouble, I proposed that we manifest our respect and sympathy for him by uniting in making him some present that he might have to look upon, if he should not come in for a long time, and be reminded that he still had friends among the whites. The proposition met with a hearty response, and he was called upon to go around and select the articles which he wished. This being done, I bought a woven coverlet, and gave it to him as my individual present.

He then said, "You have done this to show your good feelings and friendship towards me; now, what can I do to manifest my friendship and regard for you?"

I replied, "That which would give us the greatest proof of his friendship towards us was to continue hereafter on the same road he had been travelling,—not turn from it in any direction, and he would find that it would be eventually for his own good."

A voice from some one of the company said, "Kicking Bird, you have not thrown Thomas away?"

He quickly answered, "No; he is my brother."

"Why, then, do you not take him with you to camp?"

He replied, "I will take him with me if he wants to go now."

I said to him, "Last night, Woman's Heart came to the agent's house very angry, and told the agent that Thomas and Kicking Bird told lies about all the Kiowa

chiefs, which is not true. I talk straight talk to the agent about all the Kiowas; and now the warriors, through listening to the misrepresentations of Running Wolf and Woman's Heart, had thrown him away, and his life was in danger. My going out with him would but make harder work for him, and perhaps bring him, in the present excited condition of their warriors, into greater danger. Perhaps I had better not go with him just now, but I did not throw him nor his people away."

He replied, "That is good; that is the way I feel. You go and sit down by the agent, and not go home. In thirteen days I will come for you. I now know why Thomassy has not talked, and why I have had to keep silence. When my heart has been full, and I have gone to the agent to talk, when I would get there I was kept still, I could not talk. We have been secretly watched; I see it all now. I will now go to my camp, collect my band of people, and when I come again, you will know who is chief of the Kiowas."

Thus ~~the second time~~ ^{again} have I, poor and weak though I am, been made the humble instrument in an Almighty Hand of turning this strong man's heart towards the right way. This indeed affords a little ray of comfortable hope that I am in the place of divine allotment.

24th. — Yesterday the matron and seamstress at the school left for their homes in Kansas. Trotting Wolf—a Kiowa chief—had repeatedly informed them that they were in danger of being carried away captives by the Comanches; and a few days since, taking both of them