

power to ratify. This exasperated them exceedingly, and they returned to the agent in a rage. He found it hard to quiet them, and the next day, when the usual rations were being distributed, they again became fierce and made demands which his duty as a United States officer forbade him to comply with.

Upon this they grew so clamorous and threatening that the employés, believing that mischief was intended, begged him to send to the fort for a detachment of troops. This, however, he *refused to do*; he was among the Indians specially to represent the principles of peace, and to those principles he determined he would be true, and would commit his life to the protection of the Lord. He still steadily refused the demands of the Indians, and abashed by his courage, or restrained by a higher power, they became quieter, and shortly withdrew. That it was no imaginary danger in which he had been placed, was shown by the fact that an old Comanche chief, who was friendly to him, went of his own accord to the fort to beg the officer to come down with soldiers to protect him.

A few days after, information reached James Haworth that the Kiowas had held a council and decided to take him prisoner, and keep him as a hostage for the return of their chiefs. He was now again urged to seek the protection of the fort, but refused, and awaited the issue. The next evening White Horse and Fast Wolf, two of the worst of the Indians, with three others, made their appearance at the agency, armed, and with other indications suggestive of evil intent. James Haworth, however, met them cordially, gave them a good supper, had his usual family worship along with them, and prepared them beds for the night, not giving them the smallest indication that he knew the object of their visit. They returned in the morning, after receiving other kindnesses, and reported to their people in Indian *parlance* that "Simpoquodle's (this was their name for James Haworth; it signifies Red Beard) medicine was too strong for them."

There was a thrilling interest in this story as it was related to me on the spot by James Haworth himself, who, at the time, was just beginning to recover from a most serious illness that had brought him to the brink of the grave. In allusion to these and other circumstances he wrote to me some time afterwards:—"My heart is humbled with gratitude and thanksgiving to God when I review the many trying scenes through which I was safely covered by the shadow of His wings. He did so mercifully care for me, and the dear ones associated with me in that work, through the whole five years. His love and protecting care were ever near us, and underneath were the Everlasting Arms."—*Stanley Pumphrey's Note Book.*