of my policemen. But they had not wounded him seriously, and he kept on running. When he turned the corner, he saw Beauford and took a pot shot at him before Beauford knew what it was all about. Disalin had stopped for an instant, in order to get better aim at Beauford. Good old Tauelclyee, one of my original Apache policemen, took advantage of Disalin's stop, steadied his rifle by leaning against the wall of the corral, pulled the trigger--and Disalin's little personal war against white men was over, forever.

'We soon learned more of Disalin's plot and the motives that had inspired it. He felt that I had exceeded all reasonable bounds of my official authority by interfering with his domestic affairs, and that, if he submitted, a direful precedent would thus be established. In fact, he felt that the offense against his personal dignity, as husband and chief, was of such grave character as fully to justify him in breaking off all diplomatic relations and declaring war--in doing his killing first, and stating his reasons later, even as some civilized nations have done in more recent years. Disalin had also decided not to take anyone into his confidence until he had given his solo-revolution a thrilling and bloody start. Happily for his plans, all troops had been removed from the reservation. If he could kill the three white men active in the administration of the agency, he might dominate all of the Apaches on the reservation and demonstrate his prowess as a daring warrior. In short, he reasoned that within the few moments occupied with the killings, he would flash before the astonished Indians as a hero, an ideal war chief, competent to lead them in successful combat against the great white peril.

'While the purposes of Disalin were altogether evil, he unwittingly rendered a splendid service, by affording an opportunity for the Indian police to demonstrate their loyalty and efficiency in a grave emergency. Those policemen were not only all Apaches, but two of them were members of Disalin's