

always have thought that the Apaches tried to be humorous when they gave me that name, for I was very bald; actually my forehead seemed to extend on and on, almost to the back of my neck.

Three months passed in peace and good fellowship. About the middle of April, I went down to Tucson, a horseback ride of one hundred and twenty-five miles, to transact some agency business. There I learned that the Chiricahua Apaches, over in the Dragoon Mountains, had gone on the warpath. The Chiricahuas were supposed to be the most intractable of the Apache tribes. Under one of their sub-chiefs, Pionsehay, a band of Chiricahuas had attacked the overland stage, killed two white men, burned houses, stolen cattle, raised the devil generally.

Southern Arizona was in terror. Governor Safford called me in conference, told me folks around Tucson were saying that I had known all about this outbreak before I left San Carlos; that I feared my San Carlos Apaches would join the raiding Chiricahuas; that I had run away from the agency because I was scared. The fact was, of course, that I knew nothing whatsoever about the Chiricahuas. They had been living on their own agency, in the extreme southeastern corner of Arizona. Tom Jeffords was their agent, and several troops of United States Cavalry were stationed only a mile away from their agency, at Fort Bowie. It certainly was not any of my business. But I did not like the talk around town that I was scared. I left the Governor's office at once, mounted my horse, and rode, alone, back over the trail, one hundred and twenty-five miles to San Carlos. We had a big smoke and a big talk. I told my Apaches that some bad Chiricahuas were on the warpath, and that the white folks at Tucson were afraid my forty-two hundred San Carlos Indians would join the Chiricahuas. Instantly, the conference became agitated. All the chiefs were talking to each other and to me, at the same time.