

'Shebukensee,' answered Taelclyee, a broad grin on his face. Of course he understood. He was that kind of an Apache, loyal, smart, and a straight shooter. Clum stepped up to the messenger, and relieved him of his arsenal, a Winchester rifle, a six-shooter, and a hunting knife. Fine company for a flag of truce.

'You heard what I told Taelclyee?' Clum said to the messenger. 'Maybe you do not come back. I don't know. But if you do come back, I will return your arms to you. Do you understand?'

'Shebukensee,' he replied. Yes, he understood, too. Within an hour, Taelclyee's posse was on its way. Late the following afternoon, Taelclyee's posse returned, with Pionsenay and thirty-eight other prisoners, all followers of this renegade sub-chief. Good old Taelclyee, real soldier, if ever there was one.

'I wired to Governor Safford,' continues Mr. Clum's account, 'that I held Pionsenay and his band as prisoners; that I would deliver Pionsenay to the Federal authorities at Tucson, charged with the murder of Rogers and Spence, two teamsters. I made a mistake in sending that telegram. All southern Arizona was in terror of Pionsenay and his gang, and I thought it would be well to advise the Governor, so he could advise the people. He did. But I should have kept my secret.

'Four days later, we started our trek to Tucson, three hundred and twenty-five of us, all Apaches, except myself. Many women and children. Tahzay and Nachee led the caravan of "notorious, bloodthirsty" Chiricahuas. But without protest, aye, with apparent joy, they followed their chiefs to far-off San Carlos. Fifty-five of my Indian police escorted the three hundred and twenty-five Chiricahuas. Taelclyee and I followed with Pionsenay. I drove a single-seated rig, with four horses. Pionsenay sat beside me and Taelclyee tagged alongside, on his pony. The prisoner had