

been wounded, shot in the shoulder, or I would have made him walk, with the rest of his people. As it was, I did not even shackle him. But I watched him constantly, and so did Taelclyee. Our caravan made camp for the night at Ewell Springs in the foothills of Dos Cabezas Mountains. When it came time to go to sleep, our prisoner presented a problem. What to do with him? Finally, we spread a large blanket on the ground and told Pionsenay to lie down in the center. Then we spread another large blanket over him. Taelclyee laid down on one side of Pionsenay and I on the other, so that we were on top of the blanket that was over Pionsenay. Then we pulled another pair of blankets over the three of us, and we all slept peacefully through the night. Novel way to confine a prisoner, but effective. Perhaps I had one eye open during the night, at that.

The main caravan was in motion at daybreak, for the next camping ground, with water, was at Point-of-Mountain stage station, thirty miles distant across Sulphur Spring Valley, with its long stretches of alkali shimmering under the blaze of the June sun. Having seen the last of the Chiricahuas on their way, I harnessed up my four-in-hand, adjusted Pionsenay on the seat beside me, and headed westward, with Taelclyee bringing up the rear. We had had a strenuous week, and I was a bit weary. After a dozen miles in the June heat and alkali dust, I became drowsy, and, for an instant, my eyes closed. When I opened them, Pionsenay was glaring at me. Without appearing to heed his gaze, I purposely allowed my head to nod a couple of times, and closed my eyes again, almost. Pionsenay turned slowly in his seat until he was facing me. His flashing eyes bespoke the intense excitement he strove to control. He had no weapons. Was he hoping for a chance to snatch one from my belt, my knife, my six-shooter? I never knew. I opened my eyes wide, met Pionsenay's gaze. He was embarrassed, caught in the act, as it were. Slowly he