

train started, a couple of the women began crying. When I asked the reason, they said they feared they would never see San Carlos again. As long as we were traveling with wagons, amid mesas and mountains, they remained unconcerned, but now that we were on a railway train bound for Washington, with the mountains behind us and the vast plains ahead of us, they were alarmed. But very soon they recovered their accustomed equanimity. I endeavored to observe carefully the effect of the first contact with civilization upon members of our party as we passed through Pueblo, Denver, and Kansas City; as we climbed to the summit of the dome of the city hall at St. Louis; when we went to our hotel in Cincinnati. As we stood on a balcony of the hotel, and looked down upon the congested traffic in the street below, I asked the Indians what they thought of the country and of the villages of the paleface race. Eskiminzin protested that he was unable to express his feelings, and, waving his hand about his head, he said that all the very wonderful sights made him "dizzy." Tahzay was silent. He did not know that Marijildo had told me of his wayside boasting, so I could ask him in an innocent way if he did not think his father had acted wisely in making peace with the white men. The young Chiricahua chief was still proud of his people, but he admitted that he now realized how unequal their fight had been.

The anticipated benefits of this trip already were apparent. Whenever we appeared upon the streets, we were surrounded by a milling throng of curious people, each one eager to obtain an intimate view of the Indians. Although the extermination of Custer and his brave companions had aroused a popular sentiment against Indians in general, no demonstration of hostile character occurred during our visit to the several states, notwithstanding that the services of local police frequently were necessary to enable us to pass through crowds that blocked our progress in the streets of the big cities.