

our navigation to Sneezer and Nachee, and ordered the march to begin.

'Four hundred miles is just a good day's journey with an automobile, but we were on foot. I took along a couple of wagons loaded with supplies, figuring that we could use the wagons for ambulances in the event Geronimo's Apaches shot straighter or sooner than my Apaches. The schedule of twenty-five miles a day was my suggestion, the Indians having insisted that we could make forty miles a day, and like it. I told them we had plenty of time, that Geronimo did not know we were coming after him, and that inasmuch as the soldiers had wasted many months on this particular job, we could afford to devote a few extra days to it. But I had to stand for a lot of teasing en route. One evening, after covering nearly thirty miles through dust, cactus, and a broiling sun, my Apaches indulged in a two-hour war dance, because, as Eskiminzin smilingly explained, "they thought they were not getting sufficient exercise." But if some of you white he-men challenge my judgment, I suggest you try it for yourself. The route is still there --from the San Carlos Reservation in Arizona to Ojo Caliente in New Mexico. The trail distance still remains at four hundred miles; the sand storms still blow, and the sun still broils.'

Camp was made one night thirty miles west of Bowie, Arizona, where in 1860 Lieutenant Bascom hanged Cochise's brother, and started the twelve-year war. Moon and stars were out; the great desert stretched away unending, calm and friendly in its silvered peace.

'Looks as if we will be in Bowie tomorrow night, as per schedule,' said Clu, 'only a thirty-mile walk, and perfect weather.'

But Eskiminzin had his doubts.

'At this season of the year,' he said, 'we sometimes have very bad sandstorms. All day today I think I feel sandstorm coming. Maybe it will come tonight; I don't know.'