

order to avoid ambush or surprise attack, because there were more than a hundred seasoned, well-armed fighters in Geronimo's band, and we were in his neck of the woods.

'The morning of April 20 found us at the summit of a range forty miles from Ojo Caliente. We were early on the trail, and completed a march of twenty miles by 10 A.M. At mid-day we reached a beautiful mountain meadow about a mile in diameter. Near the center was a wooded hillock with a spring of clear, cold water at its base. Among the trees on this elevation we made our camp. As I had agreed to meet Major Wade at Ojo Caliente the following morning, I planned to start out at 2 P.M., and complete the march of twenty miles to Ojo Caliente that afternoon. Two members of my police force had been over this trail before, and they said there was good water about halfway between our noon camp and Ojo Caliente. I told Captain Beauford I would take with me twenty-two of the Apache police for whom we had obtained horses at Silver City, and ride on to Ojo Caliente, but inasmuch as the other police were on foot, and had already marched twenty miles that day, he might bring them to the halfway spring that afternoon, and come on to the agency at Ojo Caliente the next morning.

'When we rode out of the camp, there was nothing to indicate that we were riding into the prize scare of the campaign. Lunch was over and our buddies who remained in camp were lounging under trees, some asleep. Ugly rumors regarding the multitude of roving renegades liable to be met with on our march had failed to develop any alarming signs, and we all had a feeling that nothing serious would occur prior to our arrival at Ojo Caliente. It was in this mood that we rode away, crossed the half-mile of meadow, and disappeared as the trail curved into the canon. We had followed the trail along the floor of the canon for five minutes or so, when we were startled by rifle shots from the vicinity