

of the camp we had just left. The first reports were a volley, followed by scattering shots, then another volley, merging into desultory firing. To our ears, the echoes in the canon announced a genuine battle. The time occupied by the shooting was very brief, probably not over three minutes, but three minutes is ample time in which to develop a high-grade scare. At the instant the firing began, we all thought our noon camp had been attacked by the renegades. This unanimous conclusion was spontaneously expressed by actions rather than words. Orders were unnecessary. While the reports of the first volley were still echoing from the canon walls, we wheeled our horses about, and started on a run, back to the camp.

'My Apaches instinctively deployed in skirmish lines on both sides of the trail, covering as broad an area as the sloping walls of the canon would permit, with a view to securing the strongest formation possible for repelling an attack. With characteristic good judgment, three fourths of my Indians took positions on the side of the trail toward the camp, all eyes scanning the rim of the canon watching for the expected foe. To our excited minds the situation was perfectly clear; Geronimo and his renegades had learned of our campaign, and the trail we were following; they had anticipated we would halt at this ideal camping ground; with all their natural cunning, they had avoided any signs that might warn us of their presence in that vicinity, and had carefully concealed themselves in the forest adjacent to the camp; when they observed our small party preparing to leave, they had allowed us to go, thus dividing our forces; as soon as we were well out of sight, they had attacked our camp, while many of my Apaches were asleep. Such bold tactics indicated the renegades were out in sufficient numbers to give them confidence, and surely they would detail a formidable party to oppose us, if we came to the relief of our comrades. As we were charging back along the canon, we were expecting each second that the fusillade echoing from the camp would be