far up the canon, involuntarily hoping that Major Wade and those three companies of cavalry would put in their very timely appearance. But there was no moving thing as far as eyes could see except the lazy soaring of two giant buzzards, an omen uncanny, ominous.

Then, quite nonchalantly, Clum raised his left hand and touched the brim of his sombrero. Instandly the commissary doors swung open and Sergeant Rip started his spring along the south line of the parade grounds. As if the magic, the reserves came swarming out from the commissary, and, in single file, leaped at top speed after their sergeant. This was real drama, impressive, spectacular drama; those lithe Apache police bounding along, each with his thumb on the hammer of his loaded rifle, alert, ready; not a sound save the light, quick patter of maccasined feet.

'I was watching Geronimo's face, writes Mr. Clum, 'and particularly the thumb of his right hand, which was about an inch back of the hammer of his fifty-caliber United States Army Springfield rifle. The only way to "cock" a rifle in those days was to pull the hammer back with your thumb. When five or six of my Apaches reserves had emerged through the commissary doors, I noticed Geronimo's thumb creeping slowly toward the hammer of his rifle. My right hand was resting on my right hip, akimbo fashion, and not more than an inch away from the handle of my Colt forty-five--all in accordance with prearranged plans rehearsed with Beauford and my original bodyguard of twenty-two Apache police. So when I discerned Geronimo's intent, I moved my right hand over until it touched the handle of my revolver. That was the second signal. Up came the rifles of Beauford and my twenty-two police, each enesdimed pointblank at Geronimo or his most notorious followers. My eye was still on Geronimo's thumb. I saw it hesitate, just before it touched the hammer of his fifle. Intuitively, I knew that Geronimo had reconsidered; that he was my prisoner; that there would be no blood shed, unless we spilled