

'No sooner had I come to this conclusion than a wild Apache yell broke the tense silence that had prevailed up to this part of our little drama. Still looking out of the corner of my eye, I saw Beauford almost smothered in the ecstatic embrace of a fat Apache woman. Many of Geronimo's women and children had been standing on the outside of the circle, innocent onlookers. As Beauford had raised his rifle, that husky Apache lady evidently thought he was going to shoot forthwith, so she sprang into the air, let out a whoop, and landed with both her arms around Beauford's neck. My first concern was with my police, who had been told not to fire until Beauford or I fired. I was afraid they would lose their heads in this serio-comic emergency, and start a general fusillade. But all of my Apache police held their fire, and watched me. I have never seen better self-control in troops of any race. The woman's yell had also disconcerted Geronimo and his lieutenants, at least to the extent that they did not so far forget themselves as to bring a rifle into firing position.

'Beauford was a powerful man. He gave one very disgusted look at the woman who had captured him, released his right arm, grabbed her around her waist, and gave a mighty heave. The lady landed down-side-up in the dust, about ten feet away. Immediately, up came Beauford's rifle, leveled again on Geronimo.'

All of this distraction caused by the emotional Apache woman had not occupied more than a minute, or at most, a minute and a half, but it enabled forty more of the soft-running Apaches to trot out of the commissary building. Geronimo shifted his eyes from Clum to the reserves, then back to Clum. He and his entire band of renegades stood motionless, silent, dumbfounded. The Trojan horse stunt was a complete surprise.