

An Indian murdered Isnizzah's father and grandfather, and for some reason those in authority made no effort to bring the murderer to justice. The Kid (so called on account of his boyish appearance) time and again implored the authorities to arrest the guilty man, varying his petition by asking permission to kill him himself. One day the official in charge, wearied by his insistence, in a careless way told him to go and kill the man himself, never thinking that his idle words would be taken seriously. The Kid, however, true to his Indian nature of revenge, immediately went out and slew the man for whose blood he thirsted. For this he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to imprisonment for life in the government prison at Yuma, Arizona.

At that time the nearest railroad was about one hundred miles from San Carlos, and the Kid, with two other Indians who were to be sent to Yuma for lesser sentences, was to make this part of the journey by wagon. The Kid was handcuffed and shackled to the seat of the wagon, the other Indians were merely handcuffed. A driver and two sheriffs completed the party. On the way they had a long and steep hill to climb, and the driver said the sheriffs and two Indians had better get out and walk, as the horses were about used up. The sheriffs very carelessly walked in front of the two Indians, who presently commenced to dance, clanking their handcuffs by way of music. The sheriffs looked back, and seeing that the men were all right, walked on. The Indians, still clanking their handcuffs, approached nearer and nearer to their unsuspecting victims, and seizing an opportune moment, struck the two men on the head with their handcuffs, knocking them senseless. Quickly securing the pistols of the prostrate men, they shot them dead, and also

killed the driver. They then removed their handcuffs, liberated the Kid, and the three escaped to the mountains. The two others were shortly afterward captured, but the Kid eluded all pursuit, and to the present day it is not known whether he is alive or dead. The last heard from him reliably was from some renegade Indians who had escaped from the cars when Geronimo's band was on its way to Florida. They said the Kid came to them and remained until one day they heard what he had done, when they drove him away, as they were afraid that the officers would discover them in the search for him.

Nearly every murder that has been committed in that section of the country since that time has been ascribed to him, and it is probable that he did kill a great many, as he would naturally think that every white man he ran across was there for the purpose of arresting him.

Of course judged by our standards he was a criminal, but judged according to the Indian code of ethics he was entirely blameless in killing the man who had shed the blood of his kindred. The chances are that if he had been tried somewhere removed from local prejudices he would have been acquitted or received a much lighter sentence. His later conduct, while more to be blamed, may be excused on the ground that he considered himself an outcast; his hand against every man's, and every man's against his.

I have been told several times by army officers and civilians who have been with the different tribes, that the Apaches are the smartest and brightest of the Indians, and my own experience corroborates this testimony. Lieutenant J. W. Watson once told me he could take the Apache Indians and whip all the other tribes together.

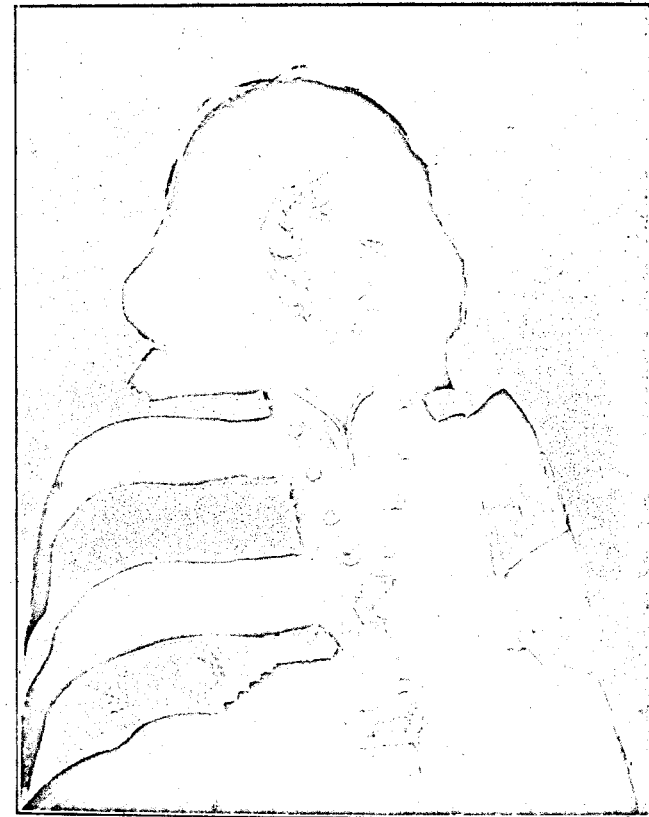
The Apaches seem to be more honorable and affectionate than other

tribes, and are better workers. Lieutenant Sedgwick Rice, who has had considerable experience with the Apaches, having had charge of them as scouts, and also acting as Indian agent for them at San Carlos in 1898, told me that they are the greatest trailers in the world. They will follow a trail that is several days old over rocks, and if it has not rained in the meantime can detect a trail even after the lapse of weeks.

Lieutenant Rice was once ordered to capture a small band of Indians who

had escaped from the reservation. He took with him his Apache scouts, and their unerring sagacity astonished him. He said they would follow unhesitatingly a trail that he absolutely could not see, even after getting down on his hands and knees to examine the ground. On asking his scouts what it was they could see to follow they would show where a small stone or pebble had been pushed or turned over by a moccasin, or a tiny twig bent or broken.

The trail led to an old windmill that



CHIEF TAL-KLAI, SAN CARLOS APACHE.