

Then, after shaking hands all around, my little party started for camp. On the way, Chappo, Geronimo's son, overtook us and, after riding for awhile, in answer to my question said that he had his father's permission to stay close by me that night. But our Scouts and Chappo's people had never been friendly. There was great chance of his getting a knife in him during the night; and as that would never do I explained the matter to him and bade him return, telling his father why he was sent back. I found later that my action had a favorable effect on the band.

Arrived at our camp, I narrated to Lawton all that had happened that day.

#### V

The next morning, the pickets passed a call for "Bay-chen-day-sen," my pet name among the Apaches, meaning "Long Nose." With the interpreters, I met Natchez, Geronimo and several of the band some hundreds of yards from camp. Geronimo wanted me to repeat at length my description of General Miles. When I had done so he stated that their whole party, twenty-four men, fourteen women and children, would go and meet the General and surrender to him. They asked that Lawton's command act as a protection to them from other troops during the journey. Other conditions were that they should retain their arms until the formal surrender, that individuals of either party should have the freedom of the other's camp, and that I should march with them and sleep in their camp. These terms were agreed to between us; and then we all entered the camp where, upon explanation of the whole matter to Lawton, he approved the agreement.

The rest of the hostiles moved down near us, General Miles was informed of the situation and a place of meeting designated; and we started for the United States that same day, August 25th.

The next afternoon, as we halted to camp, the disappointed Mexican commander from Fronteras suddenly appeared very close, with about two hundred infantry, and created a stampede among our new friends. While Lawton's command remained to parley with the Mexicans, I fled with the Indians northward for eight or ten miles; then halted to observe

developments behind us. Soon a courier arrived saying that Lawton had arranged a meeting between Geronimo and the Mexican commander, so that the latter could assure himself that the Indians really intended to surrender to the Americans.

It was only with great difficulty that we persuaded the Indians to a meeting; they wanted nothing to do with the Mexicans; but finally arrangements were agreed upon. A new camp was established near where we were, and soon the Prefect, with an escort of seven armed men, arrived. Then, Geronimo, with his party, came through the bushes, all heavily armed, very alert and suspicious.

As I introduced Geronimo to the Prefect, the latter shoved his revolver around to the front. Instantly, Geronimo half-drew his, and a most fiendish expression came over his face—the whites of his eyes at the same time turning red. But the Mexican put his hands behind him; Geronimo let his revolver slide back into its holster, and the danger of serious trouble was past.

The Prefect asked Geronimo why he had not surrendered at Fronteras. "Because I did not want to be murdered," retorted the latter.

"Are you going to surrender to the Americans?"

"I am; for I can trust them not to murder me and my people."

"Then I shall go along and see that you *do* surrender."

"No," shouted Geronimo: "*you* are going *south* and *I* am going *north*."

And so it was; except that a Mexican soldier came with us, and returned eventually to his superior with official notice from General Miles that the much dreaded Chiricahuans had been sent to Florida.

#### VI

A day or two later—our party had been marching several miles ahead of Lawton's command—we halted early for camp and waited for the pack train to catch up with our supper rations. But hour after hour went by and no pack-train—nor command. Lawton, who was with us that day,