

became anxious and went back to hunt them up, leaving Lieutenant T. J. Clay, Surgeon L. Wood and a soldier with us.

Dinner time came and all we had for us four was one small can of condensed milk. Wandering about camp, I saw the squaw of Periquo, brother-in-law of Geronimo, preparing a tasty meal of venison, tortillas and coffee. I entered into conversation with Periquo and presented his squaw with the can of milk; and I must have looked hungrily at the food, for, with much dignity and grace, Periquo invited me to partake. Then, motioning to Clay, Wood and the soldier, he invited them also. We needed no second invitation. The dinner was well cooked and everything was clean; our host gave up his own table-ware for our use and waited on us himself, and his squaw was pleased to see us eat so heartily.

Next morning there was still no pack-train, and we learned it had wandered off many miles on a wrong trail. But our Indian charges again saw to it that we did not go hungry.

We reached Guadalupe Canyon on the boundary line. Some months previously the hostiles had killed three or four troopers of a detachment stationed here. Both parties started to go into camp near the springs which are the only water within several miles when, suddenly, our Indians, who had manifested uneasiness since their arrival, began to mount their ponies and leave camp, women and children going first. Then I learned that some of the command had become inflamed with angry desires for vengeance for the killing of their comrades and were proposing to attack the Indians. Lawton was temporarily absent.

Seeing Geronimo going up the trail, I immediately rode after him; but out of the canyon they all took up a lively trot, and I had to gallop my mule to overtake the old man. The troops having followed slowly without any hostile move, we came down to a walk. After some conversation, Geronimo asked me what I would do if the troops fired upon his people. I replied that I would try to stop it, but, failing that, would run away with him. Natchez, who had joined us, said, "Better stay right with us lest some of our men believe you treacherous and kill you."

I cautioned them to keep the best possible look-out for any of the numerous bodies of troops in that region. We

went a few miles farther, and, Lawton having returned, camped, but spent an uneasy night.

Through all this, as well as previously on several occasions, the Indians had been urging me to run away with them into the mountains near Fort Bowie, to get into communication with General Miles direct. But I knew the General was not at Bowie, and I feared that if I left them to locate him they might easily be attacked by one of our many columns or by the Mexicans and run out of the country; so I argued strongly against their plan.

Our troubles were not over, for the next day there was again some hot headed talk of killing Geronimo. Present conditions were difficult for me, if not impossible; so I told Lawton I wished to join another command, that I had been ordered simply to deliver a message, and had done that and more was not required. He stressed the necessity of my remaining, spoke of the "trouble" we would both be in if the Indians left, and wound up by saying that he would if necessary use force to keep me. I stayed.

VII

About the last of August, we arrived at Skeleton Canyon, Arizona, and General Miles came September 3rd. Geronimo lost no time in being presented; and the General confirmed the terms of surrender. Geronimo turned to me, smiled, and said in Apache, "Good, you told the truth!"

Then he shook hands with General Miles and said that no matter what the others did *he* was going with him.

But in the meantime, Natchez with most of the band was several miles out in the mountains, mourning for his brother who had gone back to Mexico a few days before for a favorite horse and who, he feared, had been killed. Since Natchez was the real chief, and Geronimo only his Secretary of State, his presence was necessary to complete the surrender. At Geronimo's suggestion, I took the interpreters and the two Scouts and accompanied him to Natchez' camp. There I explained to Natchez that the big chief, General Miles, had arrived and that, among the Whites, a family affair like a brother's absence was never allowed to interfere with official matters. He said that, although it was hard for him to come before he knew his brother's fate,