way for twelve miles led through open country to the mountains at the mouth of the pass. My police were marching on foot and the weather was exceedingly warm, so I directed them to leave camp at daybreak, in order that they might excape from the valley before the heat became too oppressive. I told them to wait for me at the mouth of the pass. Colonel Oakes was traveling in an ambulance drawn by four mules, while I had a light wagon and was driving four light horses. The colonel and I rolled out of camp just as the buglers sounded "boots and saddles" for the troops. Having the lighter and speedier outfit, I reached the mouth of the pass a mile or two in advance of the colonel. My police had arrived an hour before, and were well rested. A great cloud of alkali dust down the valley indicated that the troops were plodding along about four miles behind their colonel. When the military ambulance drew up at the mouth of the pass, I asked Colonel Oakes if he intended to await the arrival of his cavalry escort before entering the pass.

'"Do you intend to wait for the troops?" he asked. Colonel Oakes was a regular fellow and we were good friends. I told him my Apaches were only awaiting my orders to resume the march, and that I would go with them.

'"Well, Clum," said the Colonel, "if these Apaches can escort you through the pass, they can escort me also. I'll go right along with you."

'We left immediately. A dozen of my alert scouts were detailed as advance guard, and scattered out along the slopes on either side of the pass, to watch for Chiricahua signs and to forestall a possible ambush. The main body of my Indian police was divided into front and rear guards. Progress was cautious, interesting, but uneventful, and we arrived at Fort Bowie an hour in advance of the colonel's cavalry. Early next morning, I drove into the Chiricahua agency. Both Tahzay and Nachee, heroes now,