

had volunteered. More were coming in from every direction; you could see the dust-spots on the trails, when the air was still. Immediately, I sent a courier to Tucson to tell Governor Safford that he and his palefaces were wrong in their judgment of my Apaches, and of me; that I was ready to join civil or military authorities, with five hundred dependable Apache sharpshooters, for the purpose of pursuing and punishing the Chiricahua renegades. Furthermore, I told him if the civil and military folks were scared, we would be glad to undertake the job by ourselves, if given the proper authority. I had told my courier to bring back the Governor's answer. He waited a week, was told there would be "no answer," then returned to San Carlos.

'Chiefs, volunteers and I--we all were disappointed. We had developed a rampant war spirit amongst ourselves. The scouts had been drilling every day; trail rations were ready. We wanted to be on our way. Two weeks passed. Humdrum normalcy was returning to San Carlos. Then, out of a clear Arizona sky, or rather, by courier, came this telegram:

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 3, 1876

AGENT CLUM

SAN CARLOS, ARIZONA

PORCEED TO CHIRICAHUA RESERVATION; TAKE CHARGE OF INDIANS AND AGENCY PROPERTY THERE, SUSPENDING AGENT JEFFOLDS, FOR WHICH THIS DISPATCH SHALL BE YOUR FULL AUTHORITY. IF PRACTICABLE, REMOVE CHIRICAHUA INDIANS TO SAN CARLOS. FOR THAT PURPOSE USE NOT EXCEEDING THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS. GOVERNOR SAFFORD HAS BEEN ADVISED.

(SIGNED)

J. Q. SMITH

COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS