

by his brother, Pionsenay. Tahzay and Nachee, young sons of Cochise, stoutly opposed the plans of Skinyea. They had sworn to their father, on his deathbed, to keep the treaty he had made.'

That night the Chiricahuas gathered for council in a deep canon, illuminated by campfire. The bitter enmity, which for years had been smouldering in the breasts of these two groups of redskins, burst into flame. The council began, and the hot blood of the Chiricahua was soon beyond control. The crack of a rifle rang down the mountainside, and a fierce Apache yell proclaimed the strife begun, a struggle to determine who was fittest to succeed the dead Cochise, his sons, or his war chiefs. The deep, rocky canon was wrapped in darkness, peopled with weird shadows flung from the embers of the council fire, reports of rifles resounded from cliff to cliff, demoniacal yells of the participants, bullets speeding, impatient to kill. Nachee shot Skinyea in the forehead, peircing his brain. The towering frame of the old warrior swayed a moment, fell prone upon the mountainside. Skinyea had fought his last fight. Scarcely had Pionsenay realized his brother's death when he was himself completely disabled by a bullet fired by Tahzay, which crashed through his right shoulder. The die was cast. The fortunes of war no longer favored these veteran fighters. Wounded, defeated, disheartened, Pionsenay, assisted by a few of his followers, fled into the shelter of darkness. The sons of Cochise had been faithful to their oath.

'Two companies of the Sixth Cavalry, en route to Fort Bowie, made their camp near mine at Sulphur Springs on the night of June 4,' says Mr. Clum. 'Included among the officers was Colonel Oakes, commander of the regiment. Sulphur Springs was located on the old southern overland stage route, twenty-six miles from Fort Bowie, in Apache Pass. The high-