

Eskiminzin.

'Skimmy,' replied Clum, tauntingly, 'why do you Apaches always use that word "maybe"? You say you will do this "maybe," or do that "maybe"; it will rain "maybe," or it won't rain "maybe."'

Eskiminzin smiled; he always knew when his white friend was teasing him.

'It's because sometimes we are not sure, maybe,' he said.

By eight o'clock the cavalcade was on its way, and reached Bowie twenty-four hours late, but none the worse for wear.

'Moccasins for my little army were a problem too,' writes Mr. Clum. 'Ordinarily a moccasin sole was good for a hundred miles, which meant we devoted every fourth evening to a resoling party. Each Indian was his own shoemaker and had his choice of doing his repair work or going barefooted. None went barefooted, although of course we had a few procrastinators who postponed the job until the very last minute. But, in this characteristic, the red men were no different from their white brothers. Each of us had two blankets, which was the sum total of our camp equipment. I have often wondered what my Apaches would have done if I had brought along a tent. Probably they would have deserted the expedition altogether.

'I had put four shotguns in the wagon luggage, and these enabled us to vary our camp fare of beans, flour, and pork, with desert quail, jack-rabbits, and wild turkey. On two occasions we had deer meat. After the evening meal, we would sit around our campfires for smoke and gossip, much after the manner of white folks. There was a little card-playing, not much. But many bets were made as to where and when we would find Geronimo; whether or not we would have to kill him in order to capture him; the number of renegades in his band. Not a single Indian in my cavalcade had the least doubt we would get Geronimo. That impressed me, and still does. When we started on our hike eastward, it was foregone