

the circle slowly, from one to the other. Clum knew what was going on, and waited. He had sat in on other powwows where the same thing had happened. Apaches had a secret sign language, a sign of the eyes, a mysterious method of thought transference. They would look boldly, steadily, into each other's eyes for fifteen or twenty seconds, a little longer sometimes. A white man, observing closely, could discover no change in expression, nothing to indicate that the minds back of those eyes were working rapidly and in complete understanding each of the other. But when this silent optical inquiry was completed, each knew the opinion of the other. Often this had been done when Clum's Apache chiefs sat as jury and judges in the Apache court at San Carlos. They would listen attentively to the evidence, look at each other searchingly, then the presiding chief, without further hesitation, would say 'guilty' or 'not guilty,' as the case might be.

The group of five Apache leaders around the campfire quickly concluded their eye-sign inquiry. Eskiminzin spoke.

'Nantan-betunnykahyeh,' he said, 'you are the white chief of the Apaches. You have helped us as no other white man ever has. You have not lied to us or about us. Other white men have.'

'Enju,' interrupted Goodah; 'enju'--the Apache 'amen.'

'We will obey you always,' continued Eskiminzin, 'we will do the things you tell us to do. But we do not want the white soldiers to help us get Geronimo. Geronimo and his people are Apaches. We are Apaches. We know how his warriors fight. We fight the same way. White soldiers do not know how to fight Apaches. If they try to help us, we will not get Geronimo and his people, because they will know we are coming, and will run away to Mexico.'

This time the 'enju' came in chorus; the opinion was unanimous. Clum explained why the military had been called into the campaign; that