

men and stealing their cattle. You have violated the peace treaty made between Cochise and General Howard. A year ago at Apache Pass in Arizona, you promised me you would come to live with me at San Carlos. You asked two days' time to go and get your families. But you spoke with a split tongue; you did not tell the truth. So now we have come to take you back with us. We have come a long way--four hundred miles. We do not want to have any trouble with you, and if you and your people will listen to me, with good ears and good hearts, no harm will come to you.'

Clum paused a moment to let those rather definite words have their full effect. Geronimo was quick to take advantage of that pause. Raising his right hand, he said:

'Nantan-betunnykahyeh, you talk very brave, but we do not like that kind of talk. We are not going to San Carlos with you, and unless you are very careful, you and your Apache police will not go back to San Carlos, either. Your bodies will stay here at Ojo Caliente to make food for coyotes!'

An uneasy shuffling of feet by Geronimo's renegades was the only sound that broke the silence following this audacious pronouncement of their leader. Clum was taken by surprise in that he had not expected the showdown so early in the proceedings. But he was thinking fast. The crisis evidently had arrived; certainly the audience was not in mood for any more speech-making. Were his Apache police who were hiding in the commissary, ready for the signal? Would Geronimo surrender when he saw these sharpshooters emerge from the building? Or would there be a hand-to-hand fight to the death? These were the thoughts that raced through Clum's mind with incredible swiftness as he stood there facing this motley mob of a hundred notorious Apaches. Except for Beauford, Clum's chief of police, and two agency employees, there was not another white man within fifty miles. The slightest slip in his plans might change the history of the day. For just an instant, John Clum glanced