

Geronimo's right thumb had slipped back to its original position. By this time, all of the eighty reserves had emerged and taken their positions along the south and east sides of the parade ground, rifles leveled, ready for instant action. Geronimo and his entire band were in a bad way, completely surrounded, between two cross-fires. The wily old chief was not slow to sense the situation. He saw he was licked, for the time being, anyway. With his rifle still resting across his left arm, he said:

'Enju, Nantan-betunnykahyeh. It is well. We have been on warpath a long time and are tired. If you want to have big smoke and big talk--yoshte--we are ready.'

'I am glad to know that Geronimo and his Southern Chiricahuas are tired of the warpath,' Clum replied, 'but we cannot have the big smoke and big talk until we put away our firearms.'

Immediately Clum turned to Sneezzer, handed him his rifle and revolver, and then said to Geronimo:

'Tell all your men to lay their guns on the ground, out here in the open, where my police can gather them up and keep them for you.'

Geronimo frowned, said nothing, made no move. There was another slight shuffling of renegade feet. Again Clum was afraid some of his Apaches would begin shooting, because all the talk had been in the Apache tongue, loud enough for everyone to hear. Clum had been standing on the porch of the main building, about ten feet from Geronimo and Ponce. Beauford was perhaps thirty feet away, on his right. Clum beckoned to Beauford with a slight nod of his head, and Beauford moved slowly forward, still holding his rifle aimed directly at Geronimo. Clum then walked down the porch steps and up to Geronimo.

'I'll take your gun myself,' he said, at the same time taking hold of the rifle as it lay on Geronimo's left arm. The chief made no reply; never moved a muscle, except that he half closed the lids of his eyes--