ARTICLE.
(Unpublished).

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SUBJECT.
Victoria, Indian Chief,
Once upon a time far away in New Mexico an Indian tribe lived by a large stretch of land near a place called Silverio. They had not always lived here but now the white men said they must stay here and where there was lots of land, many trees and plenty of water. But the ground was really too poor for the Indians to plant and they said the water made the Children sick.

The Chief of this tribe, the Musculearo Apaches, was named Victoria, a good man who was troubled for his people. They were discontented aged wanted to go on the War path and the Chief thought it was better for them to keep peace.

Now not far away from Silverio lived an Army post where some soldiers lived who believed that the Indians had good reason to be unhappy.

They thought about it a good while and then whole day and all they had heard the Indians say and sent it in a letter to President Grant at Washington.
President Grant wanted everybody to be happy. And when he read the letter he decided to send someone out to Chihuahua to find out just what the matter was and what could be done.

I was very busy just then in Washington but the President sent for me and told me not to wait a minute but go right out to New Mexico and find out about things. So, of course, I went.

After I arrived, the very first Indian I saw was Victoria. She had been trying her best to keep peace but there were Indians on the war path nearby who made it just as hard for him as they could and among these, Cha Cohihe, the Chief of the Chiricahua Apaches was the most warlike.

He had been fighting for many years.