A TALE OF THE TRAIL.

A Most Thrilling Story from the Pen of Frederick Remington, the Well Known Writer-Artist.

It is a bold person who will dare to say that a nobler savage ever lived than an Apache Indian, and in this region Apache can rival Massai.

Of the famous Chiricahua whose name was so long and devious in its tracks were so long and devious that all of them can never be recounted here. Three regiments of cavalry, all the scouts—both white and black—and the Apache police had their hark, but the Apache police had their hark, but the spectacular presence appeared and disappeared, from the Colorado to the Yaqui, record from the Colorado to the Yaqui. So one can tell how Massai's face looks, or looked, though hundreds know the shape of his footprint.

The seventh made some little killings, but they fear that Massai was not among their game. Then Massai was not among their game. Then Massai was reported slowly, as I will show presently by the chevron Holmes method of the study of events, though even he only died of arrow shot. Massai manifested himself like the wind, and like the wind he was alive to the air and gone. He was a shiver in the aspen leaves, the shot rattled his horse slowly back of the trail in the dust, and the chief of the scouts fell behind perplexed. It was labled at once. Time has passed, and Massai is yet alive, since he still lives to create sorrow. The hope in the breasts of common men is nearly blighted; they no longer expect to see Massai's head brought into camp done up in an old army blanket and dripping triumphantly at the pommel of the chief of the scouts' belt, as it is time to preserve what trail we can.

The land of the Tenth had gone on years for the night and the ghostly human handsome hammered with a sound suggestive of arrow pain. Supper was over and I got the old Apache chief of scouts behind his camp-fire, and, knowing that he knew all Apache Indian and Massai, his name, I asked him to tell me all that any white man will ever know.

"All right," said the chief, as he lit a cigar and tipped his sombrero over his eyes, "but let me get it straight. Massai's trail was so crooked I had to study nights to keep it arranged in my head. He didn't take much more trail than a bunkard, anyhow, and it took years to unravel it, for I am no anthropologist.

"I was chief of scouts at Apache in the fall of '96, when word was brought in that an Indian girl named Nataltle had disappeared, and that her mother was raising a howl. I rode with a bullet through her body. Immediately sent Indian scouts to take the trail. The found the body of the mare and colt going by the sled, and then I knew it was Massai. Then to the girl, they followed it. Shortly they found a moccasin track where a man had dismounted from the mare and without paying more attention to the horse-track, they followed it. They ran on for about a mile, when they came to a fresh camp, where he was cavorting with other children. They sprang on him, a fine, big, strong Indian, and bound him. Then they asked him what he had done with the girl and why he had killed her mother, to which he replied that he did not know.

"When he was brought to me, about dark, there was intense excitement among the Indians, who crowded around demanding Indian justice on the spot. I, however, was more cautious, for the women. In order to save for me I took him from the Indians and locked him in the guard-house. Meanwhile I had sent out runners to all the Apache Indians following, in order to satisfy myself positively that this man had committed the murder. I sent my Mexican sergeant, the famous Mickey Free, with a picked party of trailers back to the camp of the murder, to go carefully over the trail and run the mare and colt, and find the girl, dead or alive, wherever they might.

"In two hours word was sent to me that the trail was running to the north and they found the girl dead by the side with its throat cut, and were following the mare. The trail showed that a man was driving it, and that very early in the morning the girl was on the mare. This proved that we had the wrong man in custody. I therefore turned him loose, telling him he was all right. In return he told me that he owned the mare and the colt, and that when he passed the camp of the girl and up in its branches shaking down nuts which his mother was gathering. He had children among several of the Indians I had heard had heard a shot. He turned his mare loose and proceeded on foot to the hostile camp, where he found Massai and the old woman had been shot, and the girl killed. When accused he knew that the other scouts had followed him from the walnut tree, so saw the circumstances against him and was afraid.

"On the night of the second day Mickey Free's party returned, having run the trail to within a few hundred yards of the camp of Alcahay, in the Parenthale country, between there and the land to which the girl belonged there was a hostile camp. They concluded that the murderer belonged to Alcahay's camp, and were afraid to engage it.

"I sent for Alcahay to come in immediately, which he did, and I demanded that he give up the man and deliver him up to me, or I would take my command and come to his camp, and arrest all suspicious characters in the entire