



Global Grey ebooks

APACHE DEVIL

Edgar Rice Burroughs

APACHE DEVIL

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



Apache Devil by Edgar Rice Burroughs.

First published in 1933.

This book can be found on the site here:

globalgreyebooks.com/apache-devil-ebook.html

©Global Grey 2023

globalgreyebooks.com

Contents

1. Geronimo Goes Out
2. Spoils Of War
3. “No Sabe!”
4. Gian-Nah-Tah Relents
5. The Snake Look
6. The War Trail
7. Hard Pressed
8. Geronimo And Crook
9. Red Fools And White Scoundrels
10. Two Thousand Dollars For A Head
11. A Red Hero
12. “Shoz-Dijiji Knows!”
13. Back To Sonora
14. Skeleton Canyon
15. The Last Of The Renegades
16. The Jack Of Spades
17. Cheetim Strikes!
18. The Apache Devil!
19. The Last War Trail

1. Geronimo Goes Out

THE silver light of Klego-na-ay, the full moon, shone down from out the star-lit heavens of an Arizona night upon the camp of the Be-don-ko-he Apaches; shone upon sleek copper shoulders; shone upon high cheek bones; softened the cruel lines of swart, savage faces—faces as inscrutable as is the face of Klego-na-ay herself.

Shone the silver moonlight upon Nan-ta-do-tash, the izze-nantan of his people, as he led them in the dance, as he prayed for rain to save their parched crops. As he danced, Nan-ta-do-tash twirled his tzi-ditinidi about his head, twirled it rapidly from front to rear, producing the sound of a gust of rain-laden wind; and the warriors and the women, dancing with Nan-ta-do-tash, listened to the tzi-ditinidi, saw the medicine man cast hoddentin to the four winds, and knew that these things would compel the wind and the rain to come to the aid of their crops.

A little to one side, watching the dancers, sat Shoz-Dijiji, the Black Bear, with Gian-nah-tah, friend of boyhood days, companion of the war trail and the raid. Little more than a youth was Shoz-Dijiji, yet already a war chief of the Be-don-ko-he, proven in many battles with the soldiers of the pindah-lickoyee; terror of many a scattered hacienda of Sonora and Chihuahua—the dread Apache Devil. The old men beat upon the es-a-da-ded, the primitive drum of buckskin stretched across a hoop; and to their cadence Nan-ta-do-tash led the dancers, his naked body painted a greenish brown with a yellow snake upon each arm; upon his breast, in yellow, a bear; and upon his back the zig-zag lines of lightning.

His sacred izze-kloth, passing across his right shoulder, fell over his left hip. Of a potency almost equal to this four-strand medicine cord of twisted antelope skin was the buckskin medicine hat of Nan-ta-do-tash by means of which he was able to peer into the future, to foresee the approach of an enemy, cure the sick, or tell who had stolen ponies from other people.

The downy feathers and black-tipped plumes of the eagle added to the efficacy and decoration of this potent head-dress, the value of which was further enhanced by pieces of abalone shell, by duklij, and a snake's rattle which surmounted the apex, while in brownish yellow and dirty blue there were depicted upon the body of the hat clouds, a rainbow, hail, the morning star, the God of Wind, with his lungs, the black Kan, and the great suns.

"You do not dance with the warriors and the women, Shoz-Dijiji," said Gian-nah-tah. "Why is it?"

"Why should I?" demanded the Black Bear. "Usen has forsaken the Shis-Inday. No longer does He hear the prayers of His people. He has gone over to the side of the pindah-lickoyee, who have more warriors and better weapons.

"Many times went Shoz-Dijiji to the high places and made big medicine and prayed to Usen; but He let Juh steal my little Ish-kay-nay, and He let the bullet of the pindah-lickoyee slay her. Why should I dance to the Kans if they are blind and deaf?"

"But did not Usen help you to find Juh and slay him?" urged Gian-nah-tah.

"Usen!" The tone of the Black Bear was contemptuous. "No one helped Shoz-Dijiji find Juh. No one helped Shoz-Dijiji slay him. Alone he found Juh—alone, with his own hands, he killed him. It was Shoz-Dijiji, not Usen, who avenged Ish-kay-nay!"

"But Usen healed the wound of your sorrow," persisted Gian-nah-tah. "He placed in your heart a new love to take the place of the old that was become but a sad memory."

2. Spoils Of War

THE camp of Be-don-ko-he and Ned-ni Apaches lay in the Sierra de Sahuaripa not far from Casa Grande, but the activities of the renegades led them far afield in both Sonora and Chihuahua during the ensuing year.

Shoz-Dijiji, restless, unhappy, filled with bitterness against all men who were not Apaches, often brooding over the wrongs and justices inflicted upon his people, became a living scourge throughout the countryside.

Sometimes alone, again with Gian-nah-tah and other young braves, he raided shops and ranches and isolated cottages, or waylaid travellers upon the road.

He affected a design in face painting that was distinctive and personal; so that all who saw him knew him, even though they never had seen him before. He laid a broad band of white from temple to temple across his eyes—the remainder of his face, above and below the band, was blue.

Entering a small village alone, he would step into the little tienda and stand silently upon the threshold for a moment watching the effect of his presence upon the shop keeper and his customers. He derived pleasure from seeing the pallor of fear overspread their faces and hearing their mumbled prayers; he loved the terror in their voices as they voiced his name, “The Apache Devil!”

If they ran he let them go, but if they offered resistance he shot them down; then he took what he wanted and left. He did not kill women or children, nor did he ever mutilate the dead or torture the living; but others did—Apaches, Indians of other tribes, Mexicans—and The Apache Devil was held responsible for every outrage that left no eye-witness living to refute the charge.

In the year that they remained in Mexico the Apaches collected a considerable herd of horses and cattle by similar means and according to the same ethics that govern civilized troops in an enemy’s country. They considered themselves at war with all mankind, nor was there any sufficient reason why they should feel otherwise. For over three hundred years they had been at war with the white men; for over three hundred years they had been endeavoring to expel the invader from their domain. In the history of the world no more courageous defense of a fatherland against overwhelming odds is recorded, but the only accolade that history will bestow upon them is that which ratifies the titles, thieves and murderers, conferred upon them by those who ravished their land for profit.

It was late summer. The growing herd of the Apaches was becoming unwieldy. Scouts and raiding parties were almost daily reporting to Geronimo the increasing activities of Mexican troops, proof to the old War Chief that the Mexican government was inaugurating a determined campaign against him, which he realized must assuredly result in the eventual loss of their hard-earned flocks, since the tactics of Apache warfare depend, for success, chiefly upon the marvelous mobility of the savages. From the summit of a mountain in the Sierra de Sahuaripa range rose a tall, thin column of smoke. It scarcely wavered in the still air of early morning. Fed by trained hands, its volume remained almost constant and without break. From a distance it appeared a white pillar topped by a white cloud that drifted, at last, lazily toward the north. Fifty, a hundred miles away keen eyes might see it through the thin, clear air of Sonora. Caballero and peon in little villages, in scattered huts, in many a distant hacienda saw it and, cursing, looked to their weapons, prepared the better to guard their

“But,” continued Crook, “if you left the reservation for that reason, why did you kill innocent people, sneaking all over the country to do it? What did those innocent people do to you that you should kill them, steal their horses, and slip around in the rocks like coyotes?”

“You promised me in the Sierra Madre that that peace should last, but you have lied about it. When a man has lied to me once I want some better proof than his own word before I can believe him again.”

“So does Geronimo,” interrupted the war chief.

“You must make up your mind,” continued Crook, “whether you will stay out on the war path or surrender unconditionally. If you stay out I’ll keep after you and kill the last one if it takes fifty years.”

“I do not want to fight the white man,” replied Geronimo; “but I do not want to return to the reservation and be hanged, as many of the white people have said that I should be. People tell bad stories about me. I do not want that any more. When a man tries to do right, people should not tell bad stories about him. I have tried to do right. Does the white man try to do right? I am the same man. I have the same feet, legs, and hands; and the sun looks down upon me, a complete man.

“The Sun and the Darkness and the Winds are all listening to what we say now. They know that Geronimo is telling the truth. To prove to you that I am telling the truth, remember that I sent you word that I would come from a place far away to speak to you here; and you see me now. If I were thinking bad, or if I had done bad, I would never have come here.”

He paused, waiting for Crook to reply.

“I have said all that I have to say,” said the General; “you had better think it over tonight and let me know in the morning.”

For two more days the parley progressed; and at last it was agreed that Geronimo and his band should accompany Lieutenant Maus and his battalion of scouts to Fort Bowie, Arizona. The northward march commenced on the morning of March 25th and by the night of the 29th the party had reached the border between Mexico and Arizona.

9. Red Fools And White Scoundrels

IN the camp of the Apaches, which lay at a little distance from that of the troops, there was an atmosphere of nervousness and suspicion.

“I do not like the way in which Nan-tan-des-la-par-en spoke to me,” said Geronimo. “I know that he did not speak the truth when he said that he had not ordered the soldiers to catch me and to kill me if I resisted. Perhaps he is not telling me the truth now.”

“They have lied to us always before,” said Na-chi-ta. “Now, if we go back with them to Fort Bowie, how do we know that they will not put us in prison. We are chiefs. If they wish to frighten our people they may kill us. The white-eyed men are crying for the blood of Geronimo.”

“If they kill Geronimo they will kill Na-chi-ta also,” said Shoz-Dijiji.

“I have thought of that,” replied Na-chi-ta. “They will not kill us,” said Chihuahua. “They will be content to know that we are no longer on the war trail. We have taught them a lesson this time. Now, maybe, they will let us alone.”

“Chihuahua thinks only of the little farm the white-eyes let him work—like a woman,” scoffed Shoz-Dijiji. “I hate them. I shall not go back to live upon a reservation. I shall not go back to be laughed at by white-eyed men, to hear them call me a damn Siwash, to listen while they make fun of my gods and insult my mother and my sisters.”

“Shoz-Dijiji will go upon the war-trail alone and do battle with all the soldiers of two great nations?” sneered Chihuahua.

“Then Shoz-Dijiji will at least die like a man and a warrior,” replied the Black Bear .

“Have we not troubles enough without quarreling among ourselves?” demanded Geronimo.

“And now Gian-nah-tah is bringing more trouble into our camp,” said Chihuahua. “Look!” and he pointed toward the young warrior, who was walking toward them.

In each hand Gian-nah-tah carried a bottle of whiskey, and his slightly unsteady gait was fair evidence that he had been drinking. He approached the group of men, women, and children and extended one of the bottles toward Geronimo. The old chief took a long drink and passed the bottle to Na-chi-ta.

Shoz-Dijiji stood eyeing them silently. By no changed expression did he show either disapproval or its opposite, but when Na-chi-ta passed the whiskey on to him, after having drunk deeply, he shook his head and grinned.

“Why do you smile?” demanded Na-chi-ta.

“Because now I shall not turn back into Mexico alone,” replied the Black Bear.

“Why do you say that?” asked Geronimo.

The bottle went the rounds, though all did not drink. Chihuahua was one who did not.

“Where did you get this, Gian-nah-tah?” asked Geronimo.

“A white-eyed man is selling it just across the border in Mexico. He is selling it to the soldiers too. He says that they are boasting about what they are going to do to Geronimo and his band. They make much bad talk against you.”