

Orizaba for San Diego. I purchased a strongly built, two-seated wagon, equipped with a foot-brake, lead-bars for use with four horses, and a "boog," or rack, attached to the rear of the wagon body for the transportation of camp equipment and other luggage. In fact, the wagon had been specially constructed for just such a trip as we were about to make. Then I purchased four horses. The "wheelers" were sturdy and dependable, but the "leaders" were of genuine bronco type. They had been in the service of the Overland Stage Company, and seemed to have acquired the tricks so familiar to the average stage bronco.

'Early in December, we were off for Arizona, and Apacheland. Inasmuch as I had had two years' experience in handling four-horse teams, I was a reasonably expert driver. If I had not been, I fear we might have been wrecked within the first ten miles of our journey. The first afternoon we drove seventeen miles, and during the greater part of that distance I was pulling half the weight of the wagon in my endeavor to hold down the bronco leaders. We made our first camp in a small ranch. The second day we drove to the summit of the coast range and spent the night at Campo, on the Mexican border. Our camp equipment did not include a tent; we never thought of carrying a tent in those days. We ate our supper, spread our blankets in the open, and turned in for the night. Very soon my bride discovered that a number of burros, calves, pigs, and dogs were running at large about the area we were occupying as sleeping quarters, and she was somewhat perturbed. However, she soon succumbed to the fatigue incidental to the journey, and next morning was surprised to find that she had enjoyed a refreshing sleep instead of being eaten alive.

'From Campo we proceeded down the stage road on the east slope of the coast range. The December air was clear and crisp, and the great stretches of desert spread out before us in enchanting vistas. Temperatures,