

Spanish adventurers. At this point, we were delighted to learn that we were only four miles from the railway station at El Moro. That it took us nearly a month to drive from the agency to the depot, indicates that even as late as 1876, San Carlos was remote and isolated. However, this tedious journey to the railroad was not without its compensations. There were many inspiring vistas, as we passed valley and mesa and mountain in that semi-arid region of the Southwest, and there was invigoration in the fresh, rare atmosphere. The wide, open spaces impressed a sense of boundless freedom, inviting a more intimate communion with nature that was exhilarating. Happily, we all had robust health and the vigor of youth, which enables us to appreciate the picturesque and romantic to the utmost, and to minimize disagreeable experiences. This last is very important.

'Our plan to forage on the country as we traveled, proved most satisfactory. At convenient intervals, I purchased a small steer or a couple of sheep, which were killed and dressed by the Indians. Other supplies were obtained from merchants in the towns through which we passed. For the most part, the Indians, enjoyed the trip, and maintained their normal spirit of good-humor, so that when we arrived at El Moro, all the members of our expedition were still on cordial speaking terms, which is not always true of more civilized parties at the end of a journey of this character. We camped one night in the suburbs of Albuquerque, and while our herders slept, our horses invaded an adjacent cornfield and munched some of the growing corn. Next morning, I was haled before the alcalde, who evinced an unfriendly spirit as soon as he learned we were Apaches from the wilds of Arizona. Without hesitation, he assessed the damages to the corn at veinte pesos, and demanded immediate payment. When I protested that the twenty-dollar fine seemed excessive, his honor assumed his fiercest ~~walike~~ glare,