

during the day, were most agreeable, but sometimes the nights were a bit chilly and required an extra blanket. Before many days my bride had developed into a proficient camp cook. We crossed the Colorado River about twelve miles below Yuma, on a small barge attached to a rope which was stretched across the river. The barge was propelled by Indians, who pulled it along the rope from one side of the river to the other. From Yuma we followed the old stage road to Tucson. Our longest drive without water was forty-five miles, between Gila Bend and Maricopa Wells. We carried eight gallons of water with us, and left Gila Bend about mid-afternoon. At sundown we halted for supper and divided the contents of the five-gallon keg among the four horses. After an hour's rest, we continued our journey, arriving at Maricopa Wells about midnight. The drive was made without inconvenience, either to us or to our team. We made the final lap of this journey, between Picacho and Tucson, forty miles, in one day, a fair drive at the end of a five-hundred-mile trip. We remained in Tucson several days and arrived at San Carlos just in time to celebrate New Year's Day, 1877, with the Apaches at the agency. For many months my bride was the only white woman on the reservation.

'Having been away from the agency a considerable time, I selected half a dozen chiefs who had made the trip East, and we made a tour of the reservation. We called on all the tribes, had big smokes and big talks. A "good-will tour," as we would call it nowadays. Everything went well until we came to the Chiricahuas. That was the tribe to which Tahzay had belonged, and his death at Washington had caused great sadness among his people. We had told our story and were about to leave, when Nachee, brother of Tahzay, spoke:

"Nantan-betunnykahyeh," he began, looking me straight in the eye,