

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM FOURR

(as told to Mrs. George F. Kitt)

I was born in Missouri in 1843 and am the son of a Missouri farmer. My brother still owns the old place.

At the time of the Civil War, I decided that I had rather go west than fight in the South, so, when I heard that a man by the name of Eliff was driving cattle overland to New Mexico I joined his outfit. Stayed with him in New Mexico for two or three years, and then went to work for the government under George Cooler.

I first met George Cooler at Fort Craig, New Mexico, where he came as forage master under Captain Ransen. Before that he was a Texas ranger. I was a young fellow then between sixteen and eighteen I guess, and was an assistant to Cooler; took care of the corrals, weighed the wild grama hay that the contractors brought to the post and sometimes stood guard over the hay at night. You see at times we had as much as five hundred tons in one rick, and the contractor might try to burn it to get another contract.

Cooler was a great Indian fighter. I remember one Fourth of July in New Mexico, there were only twenty horses in the camp, and they were kept up for the races that afternoon. The mule herder had about four hundred head of mules out on grass. No one thought of Indians, but Cooler heard shouting and told me to run quick and tell the captain that the Navajos were attacking the mule herders. When I reached the captain he asked, "Who told you so?" and I said, "Cooler." "Well I guess it must be so then," and he ordered out twenty soldiers on the twenty horses, but before they got started, Cooler, an Irishman (a cooper by trade), and a Mexican named Pedro were on their way. They overtook the Indians before they succeeded in separating the herd, and Cooler killed two or three, and captured several besides getting several horses.

And believe me, he brought back all of those four hundred mules except one. The soldiers never did get to the fighting as their horses all gave out about a quarter of a mile before they got there, and the Mexican had to rope some of the mules for them to ride home on.

At the time of the gold excitement near Prescott, a stage passenger showed us a gold nugget worth about ten dollars and told us of the excitement. George Cooler fitted up an outfit and asked three of us to go with him. We went along as protection and company, each of us had a horse, and Cooler had three yoke of oxen and a covered wagon. It was slow going, but we were nearly always moving, and, "by-gosh" we got there, so what did we care. I forget the names of the other two men if I ever knew them. You usually called a man Jim or John or something and did not bother about his other name. We picked up a man by the name of Baker on the road near San Simon, that made five.

We had no trouble with Indians on the way but we saw lots of tracks, and always kept some one ahead as a lookout. If a bird would fly up suddenly George would say, "See that bird? Why didn't you throw your gun down on him quick? That might have been an Indian."

That was the way he trained us kids. We reached Tucson and stayed there two days. Tully and Ochoa had a store there and so did "Pie" Allen, but there was not much of a town. We had a funny experience; George said, "Here kid, we've a gunny sack of dirty clothes, take this \$5.00 and see if you can get them washed." I found a Mexican woman who lived just out of the main part of town and she said that she would do it. The night before we left, after dark, I went for the clothes. Pounding on the door I called in Spanish but got no answer, then hollered in English and she opened the door. She said it was a good thing I called in English as the Indians often called in Spanish to deceive people, and then when they opened the door a crack, stuck something in so they could not shut it again.

From Tucson we went to the Pima and Maricopa villages, they were about ten miles apart and near where Sacaton now

stands. A man named Bouschard had a store there, and I think a mill at one of the villages.

There was no Phoenix when we crossed the Salt River; it was about three spokes deep (about one foot). There was practically no road, just a wagon track, and the sand was deep for several miles. We had not gone far beyond the river when the oxen gave out. It was ten or twelve miles to the next water, a place called the Tanks, so George sent me back to the river with a keg to get more water. I filled the keg and put it on the saddle, and then crawled up behind. I got the water to the outfit all right, but the keg made my horse's back sore and I had to be careful when riding him after that. It took us all day and all night to make the Tanks as we had to stop every now and then to let the oxen rest.

Before reaching the Hassayampa we ran out of water again, and about daylight another boy and myself were sent ahead with all of the canteens to get some. It was kind of dangerous and we saw Indian tracks but we got back without anything happening.

That evening when the outfit reached the river it was dry and some of the party would not believe that that was where we had gotten the water in the morning. We nearly had a fight over it. "By Jiminy," I said, "Can't you see the tracks?" Then George came along and explained to them how in the hot weather the rivers run underground in the daytime, so as not to get all dried up.

The next place we struck was what was afterward known as Wickenburg. Saw Henry Wickenburg. He had a camp down the canyon and a few Mexicans taking out placer gold, but he had not discovered the rich Vulture Mine way up on the hill and there was no camp. Passed Skull Valley where some one had tried to settle but had been driven off by the Indians.

Prescott was just beginning to build and George wanted to be there in time, so, because the road was very rough and steep, we left some of our things; a trunk that belonged to Cooler, some blankets and things at People's Valley where old Uncle Joe Blackburn had a place. Later George sent another boy and myself back to get them.

On the way to People's Valley I met my first Indians in Arizona. They jumped out at us in a brushy place, and yelled and pointed their bows and arrows. I drew my six-shooter on them quick and they jumped back again. I did not fire because I had been taught not to as long as I could help it. You see, it was not so easy to load in those days, and if you were not careful the Indians would rush you before you could get another shot at them. I told Uncle Joe about the Indians, and he said that he had seen them but that they had not bothered him yet. Nevertheless, he thought he would get out for a while. After we left he went about ten miles down on the Hassayampa where there were some miners and stayed there a few days. When he came back he found that the Indians had raided his place, and burned his home and corrals. We had the same experience with the Indians when we came back as we did when we came out. There were about twenty or twenty-five of them and they were too darn near the road to be comfortable, but they only tried to scare us.

At Prescott the party broke up. Baker, as I have said, we picked up near San Simon. He had been driven out of Pimas Altas, Mexico, for poisoning some Indians, followers of Mangus Colorado. He did it in revenge because they had waylaid and killed his partner who was bringing a load of flour from New Mexico to Pimas Altas.

After we got to Prescott he was associated with an old trapper named Weaver (not the noted Pauline Weaver). Baker was killed by the Indians on a short-cut trail from Skull Valley to Prescott. He was traveling with Weaver and the Indians were above them shooting down and in some way Weaver lost his gun, but he did not lose his nerve. He kept talking to the Indians telling them not to shoot as he had always been their friend. One arrow got him in the eye, and he was wounded in other places, but he kept saying to Baker, "Now don't shoot unless you have to, but just throw your gun down (point it) quick at any Indian who starts to come forward and he'll get back in a hurry." Then he would say, "For God's sake give me a smoke." Baker

was shot in the forearm with a poisoned arrow. (In New Mexico the squaws used to stick arrows in stale liver to poison them, and others used a poison weed. They seldom had but one or two, and seldom used them.)

Suddenly the Indians disappeared and were not seen again. They probably sighted someone down the valley. When they were sure the Indians were gone, Weaver said, "Now put me over in the grass and go to Prescott and get someone to come after me." They got him to Prescott but he died soon after. Baker lived for some time, but he first had his arm cut off at the elbow and later at the shoulder joint, but it was no use. He died from the effects of the poison.

It was while Weaver and Baker were placer mining just below Weaverville that the big gold excitement occurred in that place, where they picked up gold nuggets off the ground that you could cut with a knife. The find happened in this way: A young Mexican boy was tending goats for a Mr. Parralto, and one day went further than usual up onto a high mountain with his herd. While there he chanced to find some nuggets and brought them home and showed them to his boss. Parralto showed some of the nuggets to Jack Swilling. Swilling asked where they came from and when Parralto told him the circumstances he said, "For God's sake tie that youngster up so that he will not tell anyone else, and we will go and make a clean-up."

But somehow the secret leaked out and a few mornings later saw at least a dozen men sitting on their claims afraid to leave for fear somebody would jump them. None of them had much water and when some was brought to them in reply to an S. O. S. call, it sold for seven dollars a gallon. The gold was there all right, but it was only on the top of the ground, and when that had been all picked up there was no more. Jack Swilling cleaned up about eleven thousand dollars which he invested in the Salt River Valley. He really was the Father of Phoenix as he went about five miles above the present site of that place and took out the first irrigation ditch in the valley. He had ten or twelve men with him. By that fall they had gotten enough water on top of

the ground to raise pumpkins and jack rabbits. They called it Pumpkinville. By the next spring they put in quite a crop of alfalfa.

When we reached Prescott it was just starting to build. Fort Whipple was some twenty miles northeast, but was soon moved down to its present site. I stayed in Prescott three or four years, at least Prescott was our town, but I was mining on the Hassayampa below Prescott.

Prescott was a pretty tough place, but whenever two men got to fighting, or even having high words, the crowd usually stepped in and disarmed them, and told them to go to it with their fists, that men were too scarce to go to killing one another.

While mining near Prescott I went on several scouting trips with the soldiers. Captain Thompson, the commanding officer who was a good friend of mine, would come into camp and say, "You fellows want to go out with me? I've got lots of grub." One time my partner, Charles Croump, and I were with the troops down in the Black Canyon and we decided to go look at a mine. We accidentally surprised three Indians in their camp and took them prisoners and brought them back to the captain. We sent two of them to bring in five more Indians whom they said were in the hills and held the other one. The two never came back. Had the one Indian guarded by a circle of soldiers about dark that night and he seemed pretty quiet but all of a sudden he was up like a shot and jumped clear over those soldiers. We were afraid to shoot for fear of hitting someone and the Indian hid in the brush. We caught him again later that evening and tied him in the hacquel (Jacal: a small mud and brush hut). The next morning the captain set some of the soldiers to guard him as they followed behind the rest of the troops. They were going to put him on some reservation or something. After awhile we heard a shot and the captain said, "I am afraid my lambs got him." Sure enough, when the soldiers came up they said that the Indian tried to get away and that they had shot him. Well, you know, he would have been an awful nuisance to guard all the way to the reservation.

At another time the captain asked us if we would go with him to bury a man by the name of Bell. As a matter of fact the mail carrier had buried him and we reburied him for the coyotes had dug him up. Bell lived in Bell's Canyon somewhere near Skull Valley and used to bring us beef. He was a jolly fellow and played the banjo. You know how miners are; some nights they would be all down in the mouth and swear that they were going to throw up everything and go back to California, then Bell would come along and play his banjo and sing some of his "nigger" songs and in the morning they would have forgotten all about going. Bell was killed while going home from one of his trips to our camp.

The captain had an eight-day leave or whatever you call it, so after burying Bell we scouted around into a large valley. Here we just happened to find some Indians early one morning, because of the smoke from their campfire and we surprised them. We left three or four good Indians in the valley which we named Santa Maria Canyon. It is still known by that name.

After leaving Santa Maria Canyon we got into some terribly rough country where we could not even get our pack mules through. The captain said, "William, you go up in that direction and see if you can find a way through." He sent some soldiers in another direction. They found a way through before I got back and what do you suppose they did but all go and leave me. They told the captain that everyone was in so he started. When I got back I could not even find their tracks. I wandered around that night, and in the morning saw a green spot where I thought there must be water so I went down there and got a drink and then went back to the trail and sat down to wait. Figured they would be back after me, but when I saw them coming I somehow thought of nothing but that they were Indians and I decided that I was going to yell and whoop and shoot off my gun and make them think that there were a lot of me.

When they came up they had something to eat and I tell you I was hungry. They also brought a pick and shovel as

they were afraid that something had happened to me and they wanted to be ready to bury me.

Met old man Kirkland (W. H. Kirkland) while in the northern part of the Territory and he and I had mines together on the Hassayampa. By gosh, but he was afraid of Indians! If he heard the Indians were out he would hike for Prescott. He married a widow in Tucson and some people tell the story on him that he and his bride went out about fourteen miles to look for a hay camp, to cut galleta or native grass hay. He happened to see a tame Indian and he dusted for town. You see he was part Cherokee which may account for it.

During my stay around Prescott I hired out to two freighters, a man called St. James from St. Louis, and a man called Joe Walker. We freighted from Fort Mohave, a point of navigation on the Colorado on the old Prescott road to Prescott. We had three or four wagons in a train and seven yoke of oxen to a wagon. It took us about a month to make the round trip and we got forty dollars and board. Tom Goodwin was wagon master. There were lots of Indians along the road but they did not bother us much except to run off our stock. Now and again we would see one sticking his head up behind the rocks of some high hill. We called them crows, and one man would cautiously slip back and around while the rest of us went on with the teams as if we had seen nothing. By-and-by we would hear a shot and our man would come back. Of course the range was long and we never dared go up to see whether we got our crow or not. Well, it was their own fault, they were waiting for us. An Indian is peculiar, if he can kill even one man he is willing to die.

From Prescott I came down to Yuma and carried mail for the government from Yuma to Stanwick station, about a hundred miles from Yuma and near Gila Bend. Started from Stanwick, my home station, about noon and would ride all that afternoon and all night except a couple of hours and the next day until between three and four o'clock. Rode one mule and had the mail pack on another. Had six mules

or three changes, but I myself had to go on to the end. Could not give my mail up to anybody unless I was killed.

The first station out of Yuma on the Gila River was Gila City, about twenty miles from Yuma. It had been an old mining camp and at one time the station was kept by Andy Keen. Mission camp was where the road turned off to go down into Mexico and was probably named because used by missionaries. Next was Antelope Peak, named for some high rocks. A Mr. Killbright from Virginia kept it at one time. Mohawk station was kept by a fellow called Williams, who was murdered by two Mexicans. Teamsters camp was kept by a man named Bailey, who later lived at old Gila Bend, and later at Yuma where he died. Stanwick station was named for a man who kept it when the Butterfield route first started. When I was there it was owned and kept by a man named Bill Sweeny, and was my home station.

Burk station was the one next this side of Stanwick and one of the stations I afterward owned. I sold to a man named Whistler, who was murdered by Mexicans. Kenyon station was started long before my time and after I owned it I sold to a man called Tex. That was the only name we ever knew for him. Gila Bend was named for the bend in the river. It was kept in early days by a man named Suttin. I met him while I was still in Prescott. He and another man took out a ditch about five miles from the station to do some irrigating. They were attacked by Indians but escaped. At the same time the Indians attacked the house where there was a small girl, a ten-year-old boy and the hostler. The hostler crawled under the bed, but the boy got out the gun. The Indians threw brush up against the door with the intention of setting fire to the place, but the boy watched his chance, and the first Indian to try and come near the house—bang!—he shot him through the head. The others then left. When the Overland stage came in that evening there were several big husky passengers on board and they each gave the hostler a kick and it was said that he wandered out into the desert and died.

From Gila Bend it is forty miles across the desert to Maricopa. A Mr. Moore and Mr. Carr kept the place when I

knew it and ran a big store. It was the junction point for Camp McDowell and for Ajo and was a big station. The soldiers used to come down to meet the passengers and the express.

Some of the stations were not much more than brush huts, others two-and three-room adobes. Gila Bend had, I think, four adobe rooms. Kenyon station where I was had three adobe rooms. Stanwick was made of poles stuck on end.

I quit carrying mail when they put on the stages, and bought Kenyon station, a place on the Gila River between Yuma and Maricopa, and named after some old-timer. It was for the accommodation of travelers. Nothing much happened at Kenyon station, but later I sold it and bought Burk's station. It was while here that I got married, and that I had the big Indian fight.

I married an immigrant girl from Texas. I had known her about a year. Her folks were camped at Gila Bend and were farming. They went to California later. Cost me six hundred dollars to get married. The Justice of the Peace, Billy Baxter, had to come from Maricopa on a mule and the Indians were bad, and he had to ride at night, and the dog-gone fellow charged me one hundred and fifty dollars. Then there were other expenses. But I had plenty of money for those days and everyone knew it.

After I had been married about a year, I left my young wife with her mother and went on an Indian fight. The Indians had run off about two hundred head of my cattle, a few at a time. For instance, the herder had left the herd one morning to get breakfast (we always had to keep a man or boy with the herd in the day time and put them in the corral at night); pretty soon we thought we heard the cowbells going fast. The boy said, "Boss, them are the Indians got your cattle." By the time we got our horses and guns they were gone. An Indian on foot can travel as fast as any man on horseback. We struck trail and it was headed south. The Mexican line was about eight miles away and we thought it was Mexicans, but soon the trail began to curve back and finally crossed the Gila River. The river was high and I wanted to jump it, but Croump, my partner, said, "Hold

on, you got a wife, you had better let those damn scoundrels go." King Woolsey, who at that time lived on the other side of the river, told me afterward that it was a good thing that I could not get across as there were about twenty Indians and they would have gotten me sure.

The Indians in those days were not very good with a gun, because they had the old-fashioned muzzle loader, and also had to be mighty careful of the amount of powder they used. They could not always get powder.

Well this stealing of cattle kept on until I got tired and petitioned Camp McDowell, in Verde Valley, for help. Colonel McCabe came down with thirty men. It happened that I was in Yuma at the time getting provisions, but my wife told them I would be at home in a day or two and would go with them, so they waited. Colonel Woolsey, George Lee, old man Shepherd, and myself went with them.

Woolsey was at one time a regular ordained colonel in a home guard of militia. He married a woman from Agua Caliente. She had come from Georgia with a man named Nash. They had been burned out during the war by the Union soldiers. Why, when our boys were leaving Phoenix at the time of the Spanish-American War, I wanted her to go down with me and see them off and she would not do it because she hated the sight of a blue coat. Well, she and Nash did not live together very long. They say that any man who drinks Agua Caliente water is liable to separate from his wife or do most anything.

After she married Woolsey they had charge of Stanwick station. Many a time she has gotten up at midnight and cooked us something to eat when we have come in after chasing Indians. Woolsey was pretty sharp, but she was sharper. She never let any bones lay around her, she always put them to work. And say, how she herself could work. A number of years later Woolsey went to Phoenix and took up land. Made a lot of money. He died there of heart disease and after that she kept a boarding house for a while and then married a man named Wilson.

Shepherd was an old-timer and had done service a great many times with the regular army. He could track a mos-

quito, but he was getting old so was not much good. He was employed by Clymer at that time guarding a mine.

After crossing the Gila we could see the Indians' smoke, and four of the soldiers deserted, guns, horses, and all. We went to Harqua Wa in the hopes of finding water, but there was none. (Harqua Wa is an Indian name meaning "sometimes water.") So we had to go to Harqua Hala ("always water"). The soldiers were public in abusing the officers.

To get to water we had to go up a narrow canyon about two blocks wide, with steep rocky sides. Here we pulled the packs off our animals, ate dinner, and then thought we would take a little rest. Woolsey and I were asleep under the hill. Before anyone realized it we were surrounded by at least sixty Indians hollering and making fun of us and saying, "Americanos mucho malo." Soon the bullets began to fly.

I said to Woolsey, "Lie still and shoot," but he answered, "Gosh man, don't you know we are in the open? Let's get out." One soldier was shot and the Indians were trying to get his gun, but Colonel McCabe with two six-shooters in his hands walked right toward the rock where the Indians were hiding, and picked up the gun. Two soldiers declared they had the colic and could not fight so lay down behind some rocks. Well, I guess we were whipped that night, as we had to pack up as fast as we could and get out of the canyon. McCabe told us to throw our horses in the center, and to walk behind and he said, "I'll kill any soldier that starts to run." We fought Indians all the way and it was dark when we got out of the canyon. Only one soldier was killed.

The next morning they asked Woolsey how far it was to water and he said that he did not know. The nearest water anyone seemed to know about was sixty miles, so there was nothing to do but drive the Indians out of the canyon at Harqua Hala. I found out afterward that Woolsey did know where there was water about fourteen miles away but he would not tell because he was afraid that the soldiers would not fight.

When we got to the hill above the water we could see the Indians camped at the spring. They kept shouting to us to come down that there was lots of water. Colonel McCabe

left us civilians on top of the hill to guard the packs, and to get the Indians as they scrambled up the other side of the canyon, then he and his men marched down, firing as they went. Several soldiers were killed but we got at least twenty Indians that I can swear to. The papers all said that I killed the big chief but I did not; Woolsey killed him. He was behind some rocks on the other side of the canyon from us and was doing considerable damage. I kept shooting at him, but was shooting too high. I thought it was about a thousand yards, but Woolsey said it was only five hundred and I lowered my gun to change my sights. Just then Mr. Indian showed himself pretty well and Woolsey shot. The Indian just went "woof" so that we heard him clear across the canyon.

We went to Wickenburg and got some kegs of water and then started out to find more Indians, but failed and after being out fourteen days the soldiers went back to Fort McDowell and we came home.

Later I sold Kenyon station and bought Burk's station. Nothing very important happened to me here but the Indians were quite bad. They attacked and killed my brother-in-law's Mexican herder, and near Gila Bend they ran off one hundred and fifty mules belonging to a freighter named Sanganitte, and left him stranded with his loaded wagons. He had to send clear back to Yuma for stock to move his load.

I stayed at Burk's station three or four years, then sold it and went to the deserted Oatman Flat station. This had been given up as the road was very bad, and they had made a better one ten or fifteen miles away. I spent five thousand dollars fixing up a more direct road which would come by the station, made it a toll road and also charged ten cents a head for water. At that I never got my money back. Sometimes people did not want to pay and would ask me where my charter was. I would tell them that they had come over part of my road and that if they did not pay I would show them where my charter was.

While in Oatman a little Arab came through with from sixteen to thirty camels which he had bought from the gov-

ernment, cheap, and was taking to Gila Bend to pack water for the teamsters who hauled feed from Yuma to Tucson. He made one trip with them but their feet got so sore from the hard clay that when he got them back to Gila Bend he piled the pack saddles up in the middle of the road and turned the camels loose. When he came through Oatman a few months later, on his way back to Nevada, I said, "Say what did you do with those camels?" He answered, "O, I not take back, I not take back. Devil, they cost too much, I turn them loose." This man was an Arab but was not Hi Jolly.

While I was here there was a lot of trouble with Mexicans. A fellow they called the Flying Dutchman, hauling a load of dry goods to Tucson to start a store, was murdered at Antelope Peak.

J. R. Whistler was killed by a Mexican to whom he had given a job of cleaning out a well. The man came into the store after being paid and asked the price of something on the shelf. When Whistler turned around to get it the man shot him in the back.

Ed. Lumley and Tom Childs were fed strychnine by their cook at Gila Bend who wanted the seven hundred dollars they were sending to my brother-in-law to buy his station. Childs knew what was the matter when their muscles began to jerk and they swallowed all the oil out of the sardine cans. This made them throw up the poison. Later Ed. Lumley was killed by two Mexicans, after being stabbed twenty-one times to make him tell where he hid his money. As he had no money he could not tell. The murderers walked two miles in the Colorado River to cover up their tracks but their dog followed them on the bank. One of the men was caught.

Lumley was a big, powerful fellow. The Mexicans were just traveling from Salt River toward Yuma. They camped for nearly a whole day there at Canyon station. In the evening Lumley went to get the eggs out of the hen house. While he was getting the eggs the Mexicans slipped up and hit him across the back of his head, knocked him down and tied both hands around a mesquite bush and stabbed him

twenty-one times with a butcher knife to make him tell where his money was. No one knows if they got money, but they walked down the river a half mile, no tracks, but people followed their dog. They crossed the Colorado at Yuma, got beyond Yuma and the sheriff of Yuma got after them and caught one. He told two California boys that one had gotten away and had a dog and if they could catch him he (the sheriff) would give them five hundred dollars. So the California boys followed them up through the sage brush and shot at the man with a shot gun and wounded him but did not get him that evening. So followed up next morning and took the station keeper called Haunts (he kept the Alamo station). They saw blood and tracked it through arrowweed. The boys stood above on the bank so that they could see through the brush. They were on horseback but Haunts could not see into the brush. He started in to get him but the Mexican came at him with a knife a foot long. The boys saw what was up so shot from the bank above and then had to kill the dog to get to the dead Mexican. They got the butcher knife with which they had stabbed Ed. Lumley. The boys came back to Yuma and got their reward. Maricopa Sheriff Hayse came down to Yuma and got the other Mexican. Sheriff Hayse and Rowell, attorney from Yuma, who was attorney for the prisoner and was traveling with the sheriff, were taking the Mexican prisoner toward Phoenix but when they got to Canyon station the stage was stopped by a mob and the prisoner taken away from the sheriff.

Sheriff and party got off the stage before it got to the station and walked around the station. The mob followed the stage out of the station, as way-bill had passenger listed. Driver did not want to tell but stage agent happened to be there and made the driver come to time. Crowd told the driver to go slow and they followed for one mile or so. Mob said, "Halt!" three times to sheriff then threw guns down. Mob said, "Turn that prisoner over." He was turned over to the crowd; they made the sheriff take his shackles off and then said, "You go on and take the shackles, we do not need them around here." So the sheriff went on. The mob took

the Mexican back to Canyon station within sight of the hen-house and hung him to a mesquite tree and buried him like you would a dog.

In 1878, after Oatman station, about the time Tombstone opened, I went out to the Dragoon Mountains in what was later Cochise County. Looked around for three or four days hunting for a place where there was permanent water so as to start a cattle ranch. Brought about eighty head with me which I had bought in Yuma. Found a place with lots of sycamore trees, which is a good sign of water, about five miles from where Dragoon station is now, on the west slope of the Dragoon Mountains.

Of course I had been to Old Dragoon station before, when coming to this country over the Butterfield route. At that time it was more or less fortified by an old stone corral, with the stables on one side and the house forming the opposite side and having no openings except into the corral. There has been a question of late as to where they got their water as there is no spring nearer than two miles. They probably had a well which the Indians have since covered up as they often do, for the savages were too bad to trust to a spring two miles away, and besides they had from four to six horses to water. There has been much digging done around the old station as there are several stories of buried treasure. One story says that a Mexican named Pedro killed some one or robbed a stage or something and got a lot of money which he buried before he, himself, was shot. The other story says that some Indians attacked Colonel Stone and two soldiers this side of Apache Pass as they were bringing four mules packed with bullion through from Silver City. I knew Stone, met him at the time he was bringing his mill through Mexico from the Gulf to set up at his mine near Silver City. A Mexican once told me that he was up around San Carlos, and an Indian told him about the murder, and said that the stone was very heavy and very bright, and they did not carry it far. The Mexicans went hunting for it many time but never found it.

Well, my wife and five children and myself settled at the ranch. These were tough times. The rustlers were bad. At

a ranch near mine where they ranched out horses (kept other people's horses for them) there were a hundred and twenty-five horses stolen—not all at one time however. I had a fine colt I had put there for safe keeping and that was taken.

I knew Curly Bill. You know he was tried for killing an officer and got off because he said he had a trigger on his pistol and that when the officer tried to disarm him the thing went off. The father of the officer took it very hard. After the shooting, Curly Bill's gang immediately scattered but one of them was overtaken and killed near Willcox. No one ever knew who did it but the supposition is that the father could tell something about it.

I was on the jury that convicted Frank Lesley for the killing of Jim Neal. We sent him up for ninety-nine years but they let him out after serving eight years because he turned preacher and also helped to stop a riot.

Whenever my wife would scent trouble and I was not at home she would take the children and hide in the canyon. She always took a pistol with her and she could shoot it too. Though the Indians were bad in the country we never happened to be troubled. Once when my nephew and myself were bringing in a load of groceries from Benson, we saw and Indian signal fire on the mountains not over two miles from the house. We got home as quickly as we could for the wife was there alone with the children, but nothing happened.

The few cattle we had along in the beginning did not support us, especially as the children got older and my wife and they had to spend the winters in Tombstone so that they could go to school, and I used to make extra money by hauling wood to the mines.

The Indians did at different times drive off my cattle, and once I put in a claim to the government for seven thousand five hundred for the six hundred or seven hundred head that had been stolen. Went back to Washington with my daughter, Clara, at the time of the Chicago World's Fair to attend to it. They told me I needed one more witness and as I did not have him I lost my case.