

I will not tire you with the details of our troubles and final success in getting a suitable office in which to make the humble home of what we fondly hoped would one day be the leading paper of that country, and possibly of the world, and would for the time being also shelter the bright and gigantic brains (and bodies) of the two future great editors and their apprentices. Success at last crowned our efforts and fortune smiled on us in the shape of a Dutchman, who had come out to Arizona to start a sauer-kraut factory, and became disgusted when he found they did not raise cabbage out there. He was willing to sell his 12x14 cabin for a song, but as neither Jim nor I ever sang in the opera, and we didn't care about scaring the Dutchman to death, we gave him a dollar and a half instead.

However, after as little delay as could be expected, we got our office in readiness for business, and when all the arrangements were completed, Jim mounted the only chair we had, and with a beer-bottle filled with water, in solemn and awe-inspiring tones, that brought the tears to Squinty's off eye, duly christened *The Arizona Howler*.

That night after we had gone to bed on the floor, Jim and I laid awake planning out what should be our future line of policy, while Squinty was making night almost unbearable with a peculiar sort of a snore, that sounded like a combination of buzz-saw and hand-organ. In fact I never knew anyone who had such a variety of snores as Squinty. I believe he composed a new one every day so that he could enjoy himself, and keep us awake at night. We used to take turns sitting up to punch him, when he opened with a variation full of G sharps.

Nevertheless after a short time we issued our paper, and though there was sometimes a dearth of news, we were able by drawing on our imaginations to meet the wants of all our readers. Each week we alternated between a horrible railroad accident, and our increasing circulation in the East, publishing the full name of

each subscriber. Even to this day it makes me sad to think what we should have done if we had not had that old business directory in the office. (N. B. Jim worked on the New Glasgow *Enterprise* and learned the dodge there.)

Well, things ran along smoothly, and we were doing as well as we could expect, and far better than we deserved, until, in an evil hour we took a mustang in trade for some advertising. We had often talked about getting a horse when our wealth would allow it, so that after the labor of the day, and in the cool of the evening, we could take turns in riding him. So when old man Gunther offered us that mustang in trade, we thought we were in luck.— We got some lumber and built a stable against our cabin, and that night during the still small hours and the intermissions between Squinty's nasal solos, the mustang started in to take a hand and make things lively. In just three kicks he knocked the stabling into kindling wood, and lifted the mansard roof off the office. We rushed out in deshabille, under the impression that a blizzard had struck the town and was getting its work in on us.

Next day Jim said he would ride him, but we soon learned that he was not that kind of a horse. It took Jim two hours to get on his back, and in about two seconds Jim was in the air—had turned two somersaults and landed on his head in the mud. To say he was disgusted, is drawing it mild. That day a Mexican came along, and we sold him the horse for a plug of tobacco.

We had no sooner got rid of one trouble than another turned up in the shape of boys from camp dropping in during the evenings. They would spit on the floor, and use the office towel to poke the fire with, until they broke it.

In the meantime Squinty learned to set type and in our columns we used to refer to him as our staff of compositors. Well one day I wrote an article referring to one of the leading men of the town, which read "Seth Brown has bought a set of quills, since which time he has had lots of out-