

burro had had the run of the camp for three or four years, a one-eyed twisted neck little fellow, very thin and tame as a dog. His name was Don Caesar de Bezan and the men said the responsibility of carrying around such a dignified name made him thin. However he was a very serviceable little fellow and we started with him for Pioche. On the 70 mile trip there were only two watering places, one is about 25 miles, the next 35 miles further on and then 10 miles to Pioche. Men perish every year on the deserts from thirst and from my experience on this trip I can readily understand the reason. We made the 25 mile water all right and after filling our canteens started out on the 35 mile desert in the evening, made 10 or 12 miles and slept on the desert, next morning started very early and by ten o'clock had travelled about 15 miles and camped at Pt. of Rocks. It was intensely hot. We left Pt. of Rock about 3 p. m. with a couple of good drinks in our canteens, on our seven or eight mile trip to water. Don Caesar had also had water before starting. By the time 3 miles had passed we had used up the last of our water and only four miles to travel. Almost immediately I commenced to get thirsty, one of the party being a very rapid walker pushed on ahead of us and did not suffer much. After travelling thus for a couple of miles I could feel my throat parched and my tongue appeared to be swelling. When within a mile of water I had doubts whether I could make the other mile or not and I commenced to hear buzzing in my ears. At this point I noticed an Indian in the sage bush near the road. It was an Indian from Silver Harrow, whom I knew well, named "Konk". As soon as he saw who it was he came towards me and I asked him for water. He called out and his squaw who hid in the sage brush came to us, she had a jar of water. These Indians make a sort of coarse pottery from the clay of the country but cannot put glaze upon it, the result is that water kept in these vessels tastes strongly of clay and if carried any distance gets pretty thick with clay. The jar was handed to me and I drank heartily, the clay thickened brackish water tasted simply glor-