ACUNA, JUAN

PHOENIX, Feb. 13:--Elner Morris and Jim Gibson have just returned from a trip out through the cattle country. While in camp on the banks of the Verde canal they had a most interesting experience. Late one evening just as supper was being prepared an aged Mexican accompanied by his two dogs meandered into the camp. He was very feeble and apparently very much in need of food. With true Western hospitality the cattlemen fed and warmed him, but were touched to see he would not satisfy his own hunger until he had fed his two dogs. They were not blooded animals nor were they beautiful, being just plain dog, but they were the only friends the old man had. One of them answered to the name of Pinto and seemed to understand everything his master said. After a hearty supper the Mexican, who gave his name as Juan Acuna, said he was 99 years old having been born in the spring of 1810. He was, he averred, on his way to Cave Creek from Fort McDowell. He grew reminiscent as the warm food commenced to stimulate and told of many incidents of the early border days of Arizona. He said he distinctly remembered in 1828 when his uncle, who was colonel in the Mexican army, led a band of 3000 troops into what is now Tucson on a raid against the Apache Indians who were on the rampage. The old man a day or so at the camp then started on his journey, well provided, this time, however, with good food and his sustenance.