

visitor in whose district the applicant lived. The secretary would need a map of the town, with the boundaries of each sub-district, and the name and address of its visitor. Thus all applications for alms could at once be investigated, and that over-lapping of charity, on which pauperism thrives, would not be possible."

"The doctor's scheme seems rational and feasible," said Mr. Franklin. "Can we not have the members of such a Central Committee chosen by the churches this very week?"

To this question there was no negative.

"Then," said the banker, "I trust the Doctor himself will attend the first meeting of the Committee, and submit his sketch of an organization; and that the churches will speedily subdivide their territory and appoint their visitors. No time should be lost."

"You've got some work to do," said Dr.

Strickland, "in enlightening the community. Most of us have loose notions of what charity is. This talk has helped me, but the majority of my neighbors are as much in the dark as I was an hour ago."

"This is true," Mr. Strong added, "not only of the church-people, but also of all those persons who sneer at the churches and who boast a religion of 'good works.' The man who does not go to church, but who gives the poor family his ton of coal or his barrel of flour, off hand, and no questions asked, is the hero of a certain class. It will be difficult to make them see that their hero is doing about five times as much harm as good; and that what these poor people need is not tons of coal or barrels of flour, but time and thought and patient friendship. But if any man, saint or sinner, wants to follow Jesus Christ, this is the path by which he can come nearest to him."

(To be continued.)

MY ADVENTURES IN ZUÑI.

ONE hot summer day in 1879, as I was sitting in my office in the ivy-mantled old South Tower of the Smithsonian Institution, a messenger boy tapped at my door, and said:

"Professor Baird wishes to see you, sir."

The professor, picking up his umbrella and papers, came toward the door as I entered.

"Haven't I heard you say you would like to go to New Mexico to study the cliff-houses and Pueblo Indians?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you still like to go?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well then, be ready to accompany Colonel Stevenson's collecting party, as ethnologist, within four days. I want you to find out all you can about some typical tribe of Pueblo Indians. Make your own choice of field, and use your own methods; only, get the information. You will probably be gone three months. Write me frequently. I'm in a hurry this evening. Look to Major Powell, of the Bureau of Ethnology, if you want further directions. Good-day."

Thus it happened that, on a sultry afternoon in late September, by no means firmly seated in the first saddle I had ever bestridden, I was belaboring a lazy Government mule just at the entrance of a pass between two great banded red-and-gray sandstone mesas, in the midst of a waterless wilderness. I had ridden from Las Vegas, then the south-

ern terminus of the railway across New Mexico, to Fort Wingate, and over a spur of the Sierra Madres, until here I was far in advance of our little caravan, and nearer the close of my long journey than I had dreamed. Beyond the pass I followed the winding road up a series of cedar-clad sand-hills to where they abruptly terminated in a black lava descent of nearly two hundred feet.

Below and beyond me was suddenly revealed a great red and yellow sand-plain. It merged into long stretches of gray, indistinct hill-lands in the western distance, distorted by mirages and sand-clouds, and overshadowed toward the north by two grand, solitary buttes of rock. From the bases of the latter to a spire-encircled, bare-faced promontory to the right, stretched a succession of cañon-seamed, brown, sandstone mesas, which, with their mantle of piñon and cedar, formed a high, dark boundary for the entire northern side of the basin.

To the left, a mile or two away, crowning numberless red foot-hills, rose a huge rock-mountain, a thousand feet high and at least two miles in length along its flat top, which showed, even in the distance, fanciful chiselings by wind, sand, and weather. Beyond its column-sentined western end the low sand-basin spread far away to the foot-hills of the gray-and-white southern mesas, which, broken

by deep cañons, stretched, cliff after cliff, westward to the hills of the horizon.

Out from the middle of the rock-wall and line of sand-hills on which I stood, through a gate of its own opening, flowed a little rivulet. Emerging from a succession of low mounds beneath me, it wound, like a long whip-lash or the track of an earth-worm, westward through the middle of the sandy plain and out almost to the horizon, where, just midway between the northern buttes and the opposite gray mesas, it was lost in the southern shadows of a terraced hill.

Down behind this hill the sun was sinking, transforming it into a jagged pyramid of silhouette, crowned with a brilliant halo, whence a seeming midnight aurora burst forth through broken clouds, bordering each misty blue island with crimson and gold, then blazing upward in widening lines of light, as if to repeat in the high heavens its earthly splendor.

A banner of smoke, as though fed from a thousand crater-fires, balanced over this seeming volcano, floating off, in many a circle and surge, on the evening breeze. But I did not realize that this hill, so strange and picturesque, was a city of the habitations of men, until I saw, on the topmost terrace, little specks of black and red moving about against the sky. It seemed still a little island of mesas, one upon the other, smaller and smaller, reared from a sea of sand, in mock rivalry of the surrounding grander mesas of Nature's rearing.

Descending, I chanced to meet, over toward the river, an Indian. He was bare-headed, his hair banged even with his eyebrows in front, and done up in a neat knot behind, with long locks hanging down either side. He wore a red shirt and white cotton pantalets, slitted at the sides from the knees down so as to expose his bare legs, and raw-hide soled moccasins. Strings of shell-beads around his neck, and a leather belt around his waist, into which were stuck a boomerang or two, completed his costume. Knitting-work in hand, he left his band of dirty white and black sheep and snuffling goats in charge of a wise-looking, grizzled-faced, bob-tailed mongrel cur, and came, with a sort of shuffling dog-trot, toward the road, calling out, "Hai! hai!" and extending his hand with a most good-natured smile.

I shook the proffered hand warmly, and said, "Zuñi?"

"E!" exclaimed the Indian, as he reverentially breathed on my hand and from his own, and then, with a nod of his head and a fling of his chin toward the still distant smoky terraces, made his exclamation more intelligible.

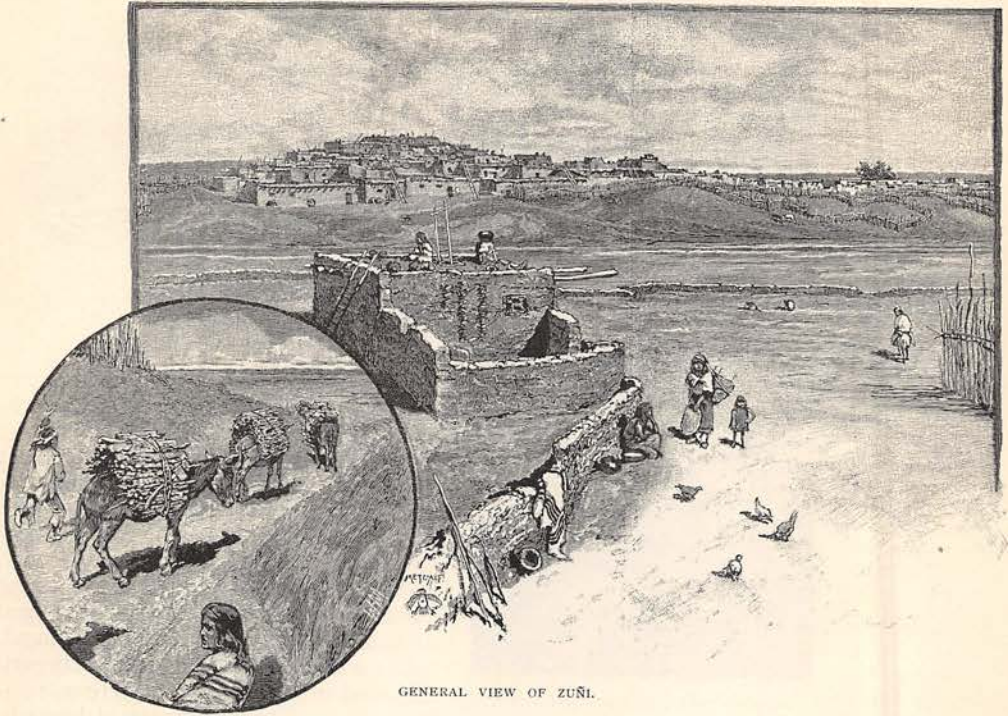
I hastened on with all the speed I could scourge out of my obstinate, kicking mule, down the road to where the rivulet crossed it, and up again, nearer and nearer to the strange structures.

Imagine numberless long, box-shaped, adobe ranches, connected with one another in extended rows and squares, with others, less and less numerous, piled up on them lengthwise and crosswise, in two, three, even six stories, each receding from the one below it like the steps of a broken stair-flight,—as it were, a gigantic pyramidal mud honey-comb with far outstretching base,—and you can gain a fair conception of the architecture of Zuñi.

Everywhere this structure bristled with ladder-poles, chimneys, and rafters. The ladders were heavy and long, with carved slab cross-pieces at the tops, and leaned at all angles against the roofs. The chimneys looked more like huge bamboo-joints than anything else I can compare them with, for they were made of bottomless earthen pots, set one upon the other and cemented together with mud, so that they stood up, like many-lobed, oriental spires, from every roof-top. Wonderfully like the holes in an ant-hill seemed the little windows and door-ways which everywhere pierced the walls of this gigantic habitation; and like ant-hills themselves seemed the curious little round-topped ovens which stood here and there along these walls or on the terrace edges.

All round the town could be seen irregular, large and small adobe or dried-mud fences, inclosing gardens in which melon, pumpkin and squash vines, pepper plants and onions were most conspicuous. Forming an almost impregnable belt nearer the village were numerous stock corrals of bare cedar posts and sticks. In some of these, burros, or little gray, white-nosed, black-shouldered donkeys, were kept; while many others, with front legs tied closely together, were nosing about over the refuse heaps. Bob-tailed curs of all sizes, a few swift-footed, worried-looking black hogs, some scrawny chickens, and many eagles—the latter confined in wattled stick cages, diminutive corrals, in the corners and on the house-tops—made up the visible life about the place.

Not an Indian was anywhere to be seen, save on the topmost terraces of this strange city. There hundreds of them were congregated, gazing so intently down into one of the plazas beyond that none of them observed my approach, until I had hastily dismounted, tied my mule to a corral post, climbed the refuse-strewn hill and two or three ladders leading up to the house-tops. The regular



GENERAL VIEW OF ZUÑI.

thud, thud of rattles and drum, the cadence of rude music which sounded more like the souging of a storm wind amid the forests of a mountain than the accompaniment of a dance, urged me forward, until I was suddenly confronted by forty or fifty of the men, who came rushing toward me with excited discussion and gesticulation. One of them approached and spoke something in Spanish, motioning me away; but I did not understand him, so I grasped his hand and breathed on it as I had seen the herder do. Lucky thought! The old man was pleased; smiled, breathed in turn on my hand, and then hastily addressed the others, who, after watch-

ing me with approving curiosity, gathered around to shake hands and exchange breaths, until I might have regarded myself as the President, had not an uproar in the court attracted them all away,—all, save one, a young, cadaverous-looking fellow with strange, monkey-like little eyes, who lingered behind and ventured:

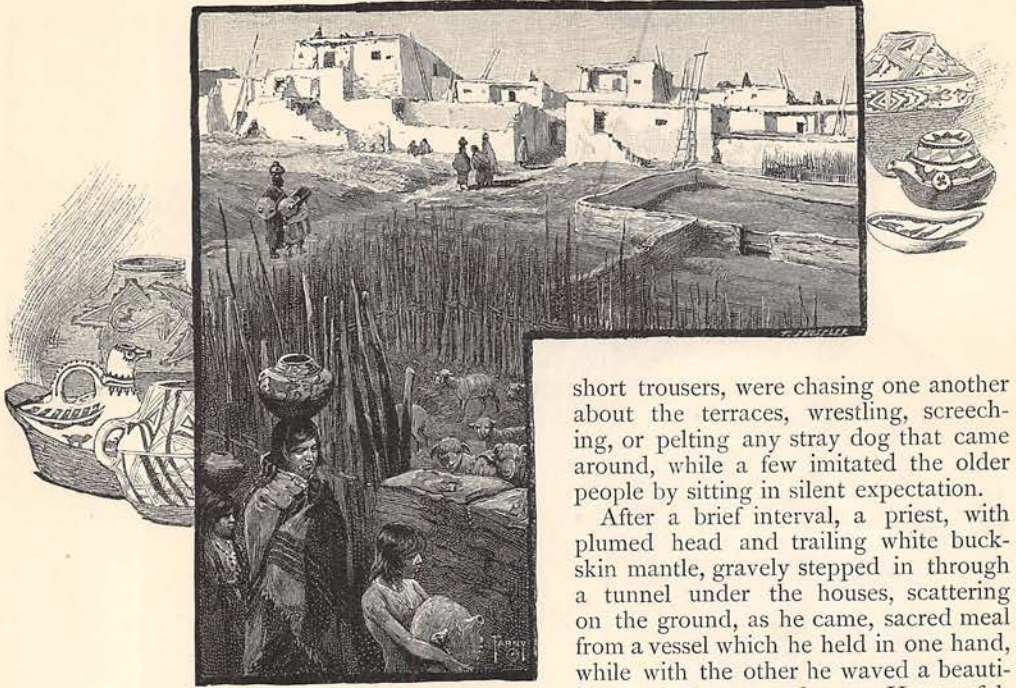
“How-li-loo?”

“Pretty well,” I replied. “How are you?”

“’At’s good,” said he, and this useful phrase he employed in every answer to my crowded queries, until I reluctantly concluded that it was the extent of his English. It was amusing to see his efforts, by constantly repeating



FIRST VIEW OF ZUÑI FROM MAL-PAIS MESA.



POOL OF ZUÑI AND WATER-CARRIERS.

this phrase, ducking his head and grinning, to convince the other Indians that he was carrying on a lively conversation with me.

At last, gaining my wished-for position on the edge of the terrace, I came face to face with nearly the whole population of Zuñi. The music had ceased, and the dancers had temporarily retired, but all over the upper terraces were young men in groups and pairs, jauntily mantled in red, green, blue, black, and figured blankets, only the upper portions of their painted faces and occasional patches of their silver-bedecked persons being exposed. Here and there an elaborately plumed straw hat surmounted one of these enveloped statues, aside from which not an article of civilized apparel appeared. Opposite, women and girls, attired in clean, blue-black, embroidered blanket dresses, neat, softly draped head-shawls, and huge-legged, white buckskin moccasins, were standing and sitting on the lower terraces, or in one side of the court below. The older ones were holding their children and talking to them; the younger, intently watching for the dance, or slyly glancing from under their banged hair, which, black as jet and glossy with oil, was combed down over the eyes and parted a little to one side. Old, gray-headed men, muffled in heavy, striped serapes, sat or squatted around, or leaned on their crooked sticks. Innumerable children, some naked, others half clad in tattered cotton shirts and

short trousers, were chasing one another about the terraces, wrestling, screeching, or pelting any stray dog that came around, while a few imitated the older people by sitting in silent expectation.

After a brief interval, a priest, with plumed head and trailing white buckskin mantle, gravely stepped in through a tunnel under the houses, scattering on the ground, as he came, sacred meal from a vessel which he held in one hand, while with the other he waved a beautiful wand of macaw plumes. He was followed by some twenty dancers elaborately

costumed from head to foot. Close-fitting plumed wigs covered their heads, and black, long-bearded, yellow-eyed masks, with huge rows of teeth from ear to ear, red tongues lolling out between them, gave frightful grinning expressions to their faces. Their half-nude bodies were painted black and yellow, while badges of buckskin were crossed over their shoulders, and skirts of the same material, secured at the waists with elaborately embroidered and fringed sashes, depended to the ankles. Their feet were incased in green and red buskins, and to the legs were bound clanging rattles of tortoise-shell and deer-hoofs. Their necks were decorated with heavy necklaces of shell beads and coral, shining disks of *haliotis* hanging from them in front and behind; while the arms were bedecked with green bands, fluttering turkey plumes, silver bangles and wrist-guards of the same material. Each carried in his right hand a painted gourd rattle, in his left, bow, arrows and long wands of yucca.

As the leader sounded his rattle they all fell into a semicircular line across the plaza, and began stepping rapidly up and down, swaying from side to side, facing first one way, then the other, in perfect unison, and in exact time to their rattles and strange measures of wild music.

Sprawling about the ground in front of and behind the row of dancers, in attitudes

grotesque yet graceful, I observed for the first time ten most ludicrous characters, nude save for their skirts and neck-cloths of black tattered blanketing, their heads entirely covered with flexible, round, warty masks. Both masks and persons were smeared over with pink mud, giving them the appearance of reptiles in human form that had ascended from the bottom of some muddy pool and dried so nearly the color of the ground and the surrounding houses that at first it had been difficult to distinguish them.

One of them seated himself a little way off and began pounding with a short, knotty war-club a buffalo-skin bale, which he held between his knees, while the others, motionless save for their heads, which they were continually twisting and screwing about, or nodding in time to the drummer's strokes, kept up a series of comments and banterings which sometimes convulsed the whole throng of spectators with laughter.

In a few moments the leader shook his rattle again, and the dancers ceased as promptly as they had begun, breaking up irregularly and bellowing out long war-cries, brandishing their weapons, and retiring, as they had entered, one by one in the wake of the priest, through the tunnel. Suddenly the motionless, warty-headed figures sprang up, running against one another, crying out in loud tones, and motioning wildly with their long, naked arms. One moment they would all gather around one of their number, as if intensely interested in something he was saying, then as suddenly they would run confusedly about. They would catch up balls and pelt one another most vehemently, such as were struck making great ado about it. One of them discovered me. Immediately he stretched his fingers out and called excitedly to his companions, who pretended to hide behind him and the ladders, peering at me with one or the other of their black, wen-shaped eyes with the most frightened, and, at the same time, ridiculous looks and expression. Their antics were cut short by a renewal of the dance. While one commenced the drumming, another whirled a whizzing stick, and as soon as the others had arranged the costumes of some of the dancers, and had seen them fairly in line, they resumed their sprawling attitudes on the ground.*

Meanwhile, our party had arrived, and the

* These were the *Kéó-ye-mo-shi*, or "Guardians of the 'Sacred Dance,'" whose business is to entertain the spectators during the intervals of the dance, by rude buffoonery and jokes, in which comic speeches and puns play an important part. The office is sacred, and elective annually from among the priesthood of the nation.

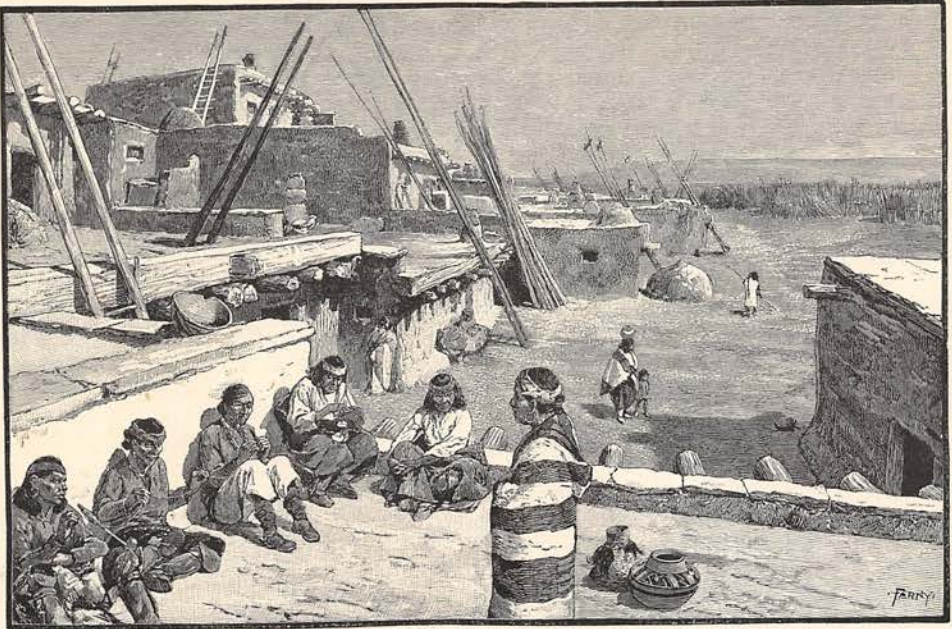
escort had pitched camp in the corral of the mission and school down on the plain about a quarter of a mile north from the pueblo. In one corner, Mr. Hillers, our photographer, and I found a cozy little tent. I spread blankets over the ground, hung pictures and toilet-case on the wind-swayed walls, and thus, with a trunk in either corner, a cot along either side, we made a snug little home for ourselves.

We had not been there long when, to Hillers' disgust and my delight, two or three Indians approached, peered through the fly, and then came in, and squatted on their haunches near the entrance. They took the cigarettes I offered them, and made the interior blue with smoke within a few minutes. They were jolly, talkative fellows, and taught me all sorts of words in their strange, cliky language. Whenever they talked for any length of time, it seemed as if each sentence, long or short, was said in a single breath. At the end of each the speaker would pause, draw a long whiff of smoke from his cigarette, gulp it all into his lungs and begin again, the smoke and words issuing simultaneously from his throat.

Toward sunset, the Gobernador, or head chief, Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa, with some of his *tini-*



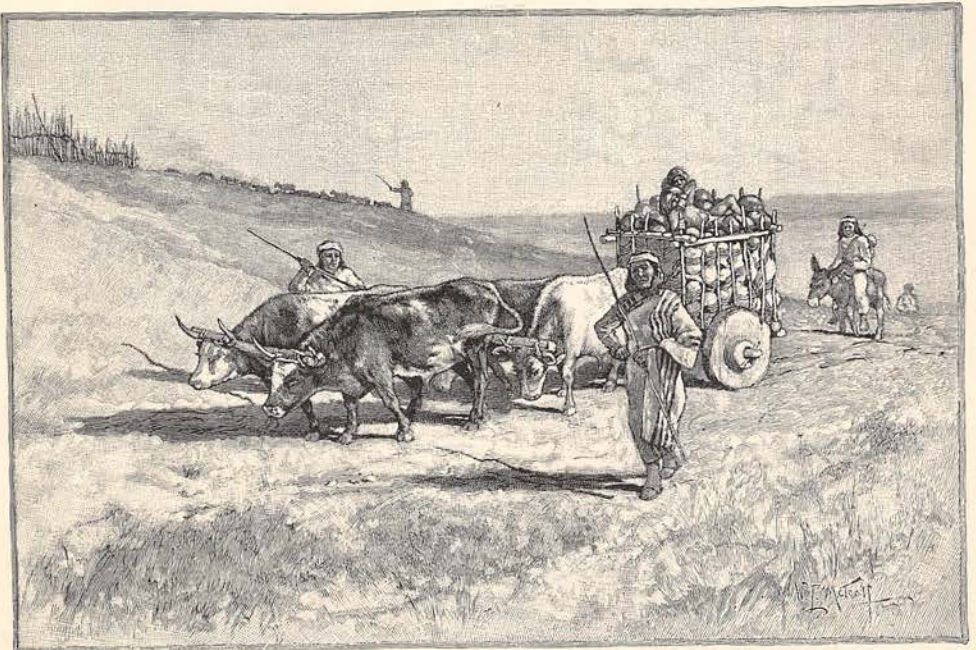
PA-LO-WAH-TI-WA, GOVERNOR OF ZUÑI.



A MIDSUMMER TERRACE.

cutes, or sub-chiefs, and the herald of the town, came down to our camp. He was about forty-five years of age, of medium stature, and stooped slightly when walking. He was a grave man of but few words, yet with a kindly expression in his face, which was so finely molded, that in profile it ap-

peared like an Egyptian cameo, the resemblance being heightened by the deep lines of character about his eyes, hollow cheeks, and large, fine mouth, as well as by his rather broad ears shaded with locks of soft jet-black hair. After partaking sparingly of the food we offered him, he thanked us simply and in-



RETURNING FROM THE FIELD.

quired if we wished anything. Learning our desiderata, he gave a few quiet directions to the herald and *tinicutes*, and then departed, not, however, before inviting us to come up on the morrow, to eat peaches and melons with him. Soon after a long musical call proclaimed the governor's orders. From my tent door I could see, on the topmost house of the pueblo, the distant, erect figure of the herald against the twilight sky, a serape thrown gracefully over his shoulders like a Roman toga,—an example of Indian obedience.

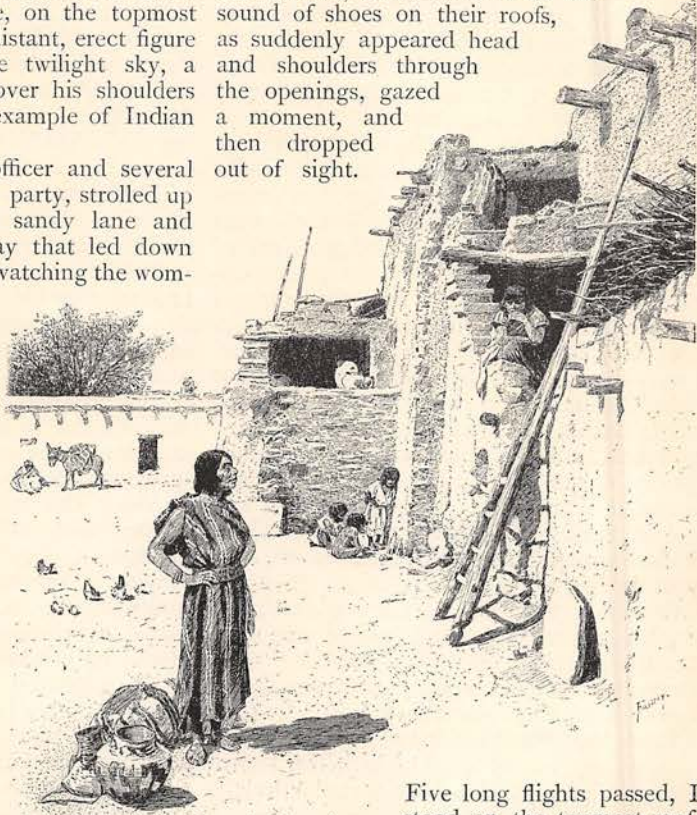
Some of us, a young officer and several ladies who had joined our party, strolled up to the pueblo, through a sandy lane and along the winding pathway that led down the hill to a well. As I sat watching the women coming and going to and from the well,

"How strangely parallel," I thought, "have been the lines of development in this curious civilization of an American desert, with those of Eastern nations and deserts." Clad in blanket dresses, mantles thrown gracefully over their heads, each with a curiously decorated jar in her hand, they came one after another down the crooked path. A little passageway through the gardens, between two adobe walls to our right, led down rude steps into the well, which, dug deeply in the sands, had been walled up with rocks, like the Pools of Palestine, and roofed over with reeds and dirt. Into this passageway and down to the

dark, covered spring they turned, or lingered outside to gossip with new comers while awaiting their chances, meanwhile slyly watching, from under their black hair, the strange visitors from "Wa-sin-to-na." These water-carriers were a picturesque sight, as, with stately step and fine carriage they followed one another up into the evening light, balancing their great shining water-jars on their heads.

We attempted to penetrate a narrow street or two, to enter one of the strange, terrace-bounded courts, but the myriad dogs, with barks and howls in concert, created such a yelping pandemonium that the ladies were frightened, and we returned to camp.

The next morning I climbed to the top of the pueblo. As I passed terrace after terrace the little children scampered for sundry sky-holes, through which long ladder-arms protruded, and disappeared down the black apertures like frightened prairie dogs; while the women, unaccustomed to the sound of shoes on their roofs, as suddenly appeared head and shoulders through the openings, gazed a moment, and then dropped out of sight.



STREET SCENE.

Five long flights passed, I stood on the topmost roof.

Spread out below us were the blocks of smoothly plastered, flat-roofed, adobe cells, red and yellow as the miles of plain from which they rose, pierced by many a black sky-hole, and ladder-poles and smoke-bannered chimneys were everywhere to be seen. In abrupt steps they descended toward the west, north, and central plaza, while eastward they were spread out in broad flats, broken here and there by deep courts. The whole mass was threaded through and through by narrow, often crooked, passage ways or streets, more of them lengthwise than crosswise, and some, like tunnels, leading under the houses from court to court or street to street.

The view extended grandly from the out-lying, flat lower terraces, miles away to the encircling mesa boundaries north, east, and south, while westward a long, slanting

notch in the low hills was invaded to the horizon by the sand-plain through which, like molten silver, the little river ran.

Every school-boy sketches a map of the Zuñi basin when he attempts with uncertain stroke to draw on his slate a cart-wheel. The city itself represents the jagged hub, whence the radiating, wavering trails form the spokes, and the surrounding mesas and hills, the rim. Let some crack across the slate and through the middle of the picture indicate the river, and your map is complete.

In and out, on the diverging trails, the Indians were passing to and from their distant fields, some on foot, some on burro-back, with others of the little beasts loaded from tail to ears with wood, blankets full of melons, pumpkins and corn, or great panniers of peaches. A series of them away out on the bare plain, mere moving specks in the distance, appeared like a caravan crossing a desert waste. Occasionally a half-nude rider, mounted on a swift-footed pony would come dashing in from the hills. Far away he seemed a black object with a long trail of golden dust behind, but his nearer approach revealed remarkable grace of motion and confusion of streaming hair and mane. There was an occasional heavily laden ox-cart, with urchins sprawling over the top, a driver on either side, and leading up the rear a mounted donkey or two; while away to one side, more picturesque than all this, a band of dust-shrouded sheep straggled over the slopes toward their mesa pastures, followed by their solitary herder and his dog.

Strangely out of keeping with the known characteristics of the Indian race were the busy scenes about the smoky pueblo. All over the terraces were women, some busy in the alleys or at the corners below, husking great heaps of many-colored corn, buried to their bushy, black bare heads in the golden husks, while children romped in, out, over and under the flaky piles; others, bringing the grain up the ladders in blankets strapped over their foreheads, spread it out on the terraced roofs to dry. Many, in little groups, were cutting up peaches and placing them on squares of white cloth, or slicing pumpkins into long spiral ropes to be suspended to dry from the protruding rafters.

One of these busy workers stopped, deposited her burden, and hailed a neighboring house-top. Almost immediately an answering echo issued from the red stony walls, and forthwith a pair of bare shoulders seemed to shove a tangled head and expectant countenance up through an unsuspected sky-hole into the sunshine. In one place, with feet

over-hanging the roof, a woman was gracefully decorating some newly made jars, and heaps of the rude but exquisite bric-à-brac scattered around her,—while, over in a convenient shadow, sat an old blind man, busy spinning on his knee with a quaint bobbin-shaped spindle-whorl.

Out near the corrals old women were building round-topped heaps of dried sheep dung, and depositing therein with nice care their freshly painted pots and bowls for burning. Others, blankets in hand, were screening their already blazing kilns from the wind, or poking the fires until eddying columns of black pungent smoke half hid them from my view, and made them seem like the "witches and cauldrons" of child-lore.

Children were everywhere, chasing one another over the terraces, up and down ladders, through alleys, and out again into the sunlight. Some, with bows and arrows, sticks and stones, were persecuting in mock chase dogs and hogs alike, as attested by their wild shrieks of delight, or the respondent ceaseless yelps arising seemingly from all quarters of the town at once.

Along the muddy river below the long southern side of the pueblo, more of these youngsters were ducking one another, or playing at various games on the smooth, sandy banks. Women, too, were there engaged in washing wool or blankets on flat stones, or in cleansing great baskets of corn. I was attracted thither and observed that these primitive laundresses had to raise the water with little dams of sand. I smiled as the thought occurred that the first expedition of Americans to Zuñi had been sent here by Government to explore this self-same river, "relative to its navigability."

At the south-western corner of the town, on the river bank, stood the house of the governor. The herald had called a council, and beckoned me to enter. In one of the large rooms the tribal dignitaries were assembling. Some came wrapped closely in their blankets, bearing old canes in their arms,—relics of a forgotten Spanish rule. In a stately, grave manner they approached each of us, shook hands, and took their seats along the northern side of the room. Others, evidently unofficial persons, sauntered inside the door and dropped on their haunches as near to it as possible. Immediately on sitting down, each took out a small piece of plug tobacco, picked it to powder, then, cutting a suitable length of corn-husk with his thumb-nail, rolled a cigarette, and began a protracted smoke. The older ones usually blew the smoke in different directions, closing their eyes, drooping their heads, and

muttering a few words which I regarded as invocations.

We told them, as well as we could through our Mexican interpreter, that we were from Washington, whereupon several arose, advanced, and taking our hands breathed from them as though desirous of drinking in the influence of the revered name; * that their father was anxious to see how they lived, and to get some of their beautiful articles to show his white children, therefore he had sent us there with many fine things to trade. To everything they replied, "*We-no*" (*Bueno*). So, securing the large room of the governor's house for Hillers' use, Colonel Stevenson closed the council by giving the multitude a liberal feast of coffee and sugar.

Not many days after the Indians began to bring all sorts of their odd belongings down to the mission. Through the courtesy of Dr. Ealy, the missionary, Colonel Stevenson occupied two of the rear rooms as a trading establishment, and day after day, assisted by his enthusiastic wife, gathered in treasures, ancient and modern, of Indian art and industry. Meanwhile, Hillers and I were busy about the pueblo, the former with photographing, myself with measuring, sketching, and note-taking.

Within a week the Indians could be heard every night singing, and pounding a great drum, in preparation for a dance. It was of a semi-social character, and when, on the morning of the great day, before the assembled multitude, I began sketching in colors the gayly costumed figures below, only lively curiosity was excited and young people gathered so closely around me that it was almost impossible to work. For a long time afterward, as I climbed to the house-tops or sat down in shady old nooks to take notes, the women would gather near, and ask me, with incessant jabber and significant looks, to show them the colored drawings. They were wonder-struck, and would pass their fingers over the figures as though they expected to feel them. Failing in this, they would look at the backs of the leaves, as children look behind mirrors to see what had become of the images.

With a dance that occurred soon after, I was not so successful. It was the sacred water-dance. The long, embroidered cotton garments and strange masks of this wonderful ceremonial would have claimed space in my sketch-books, even had I not been intent on representing everything I saw. When I took my station on a house-top, sketch-books and

colors in hand, I was surprised to see frowns and hear explosive, angry expostulations in every direction. As the day wore on this indignation increased, until at last an old, bushy-headed hag approached me, and scowling into my face made a grab at my book and pantomimically tore it to pieces. I was chagrined, but paid no attention to her, forced a good-natured smile, and continued my sketching. Discouraged, yet far from satisfied, the natives made no further demonstrations.

Among my drawings was the portrait of a pretty little girl. An old white-headed grandmother, looking the sketches over one day, recognized this. She shook her head, frowned, and, covering her face with her withered hands, began to cry and howl most dolefully, leaving me abruptly and disappearing into a room adjoining the governor's. At intervals during the remainder of the day, I could hear her talking, scolding, and sobbing over what she regarded as a great misfortune to her family.

I was exercised by this state of feeling, which became, as time went on—especially with those conservators of the ancient régime the world over, old women—more and more virulent. The sketching and note-taking were essential to my work. I was determined not to give them up, but was desirous, so far as possible, of conciliating the Indians. I therefore began with the children. They would scamper up ladders and stand on the roof tops as I passed, but for all that had a lively curiosity concerning me, and would shout to one another, "*Is-ta-shí, Melik-i-a!*"—which I rightly divined was, "Just look, the little American is coming!" I began carrying sugar and pretty trinkets in my pockets, and whenever I could tempt some of them near with a lump of the rare delicacy, would pat them on the head and give them the pretty trinkets, or even take the less shy and dirty of them in my arms. I grew in their favor, and within a few days had a crowd of them always at my heels. The parents were delighted, and began to share the affection of their children. Nevertheless, the next time I sketched a dance, all this went for nothing.

Much discouraged, at last I determined to try living with the Indians. Accordingly I moved books, papers, and blankets to the governor's house. On the dirt floor in one corner I spread the blankets, and to the rafters slung a hammock. When the old chief came in that evening and saw that I had made myself at home, he shrugged his shoulders.

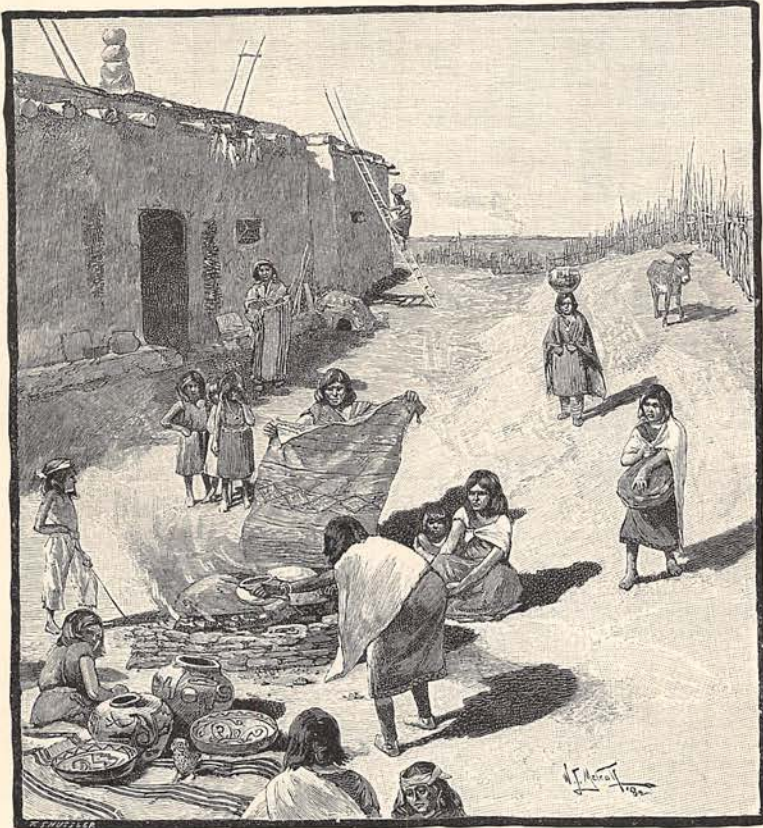
"How long will it be before you go back to Washington?" he attempted to ask.

* "Washington" is a term used by nearly all the south-western Indians, not as the name of a place or person, but as that of a government.

"Two months," I signified.

"*Tuh!*" (damn) was his only exclamation as he climbed to the roof and disappeared through the sky-hole.

consisted of a thin adobe wall, about five feet high by as many wide, which stood at right angles with the main wall of the house, and was capped by a structure overhead of thin

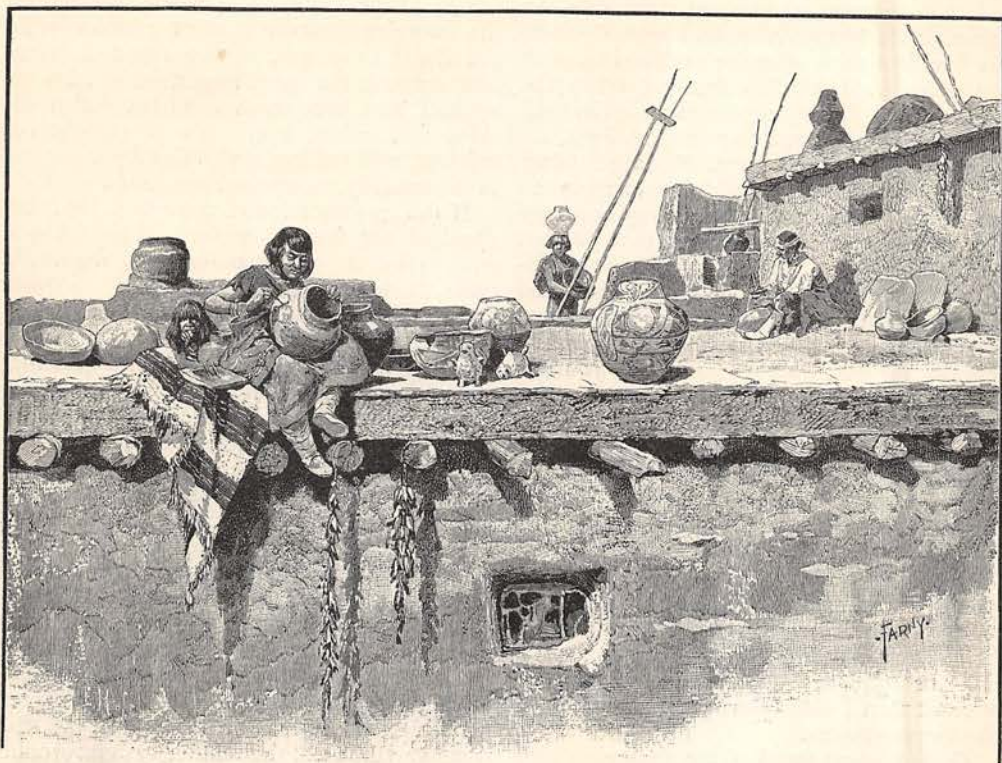


POTTERY FIRING.

The room was forty feet in length by twelve in width. The white-washed walls and smooth, well swept floor of plastered mud, paved near the center and at the entrance with slabs of sandstone, gave it a neat appearance. Huge round rafters supported the high, pine-stave ceiling, pierced near one end with a square hole for entrance and exit, and along the center with lesser apertures for the admission of light. Two or three silenite glazed port-holes in the walls served as additional windows, and as many square openings led into other rooms. A carved pine slab, hung on heavy wooden hinges and secured by a knotted string, served as the door of one, while a suspended blanket closed another. A low adobe bench around the room appeared to be the family sitting-place. It was interrupted near one end by the mealing trough and fire-place. The latter

consisted of a thin adobe wall, about five feet high by as many wide, which stood at right angles with the main wall of the house, and was capped by a structure overhead of thin

sandstone slabs, not unlike the cover of a box, from the corner of which next to the wall rose a flue of long flag-stones to the ceiling. On one side, at its base, a commodious square space was inclosed by narrow stones set edgewise in the ground. Between the fire-place and the end of the room, eight or ten *mellatts* were slantingly set side by side in a trough of stone,—the mills, coarse and fine, of the household. Along the opposite side of the room was suspended from the rafters a smooth pole, upon which hung blankets, articles of clothing, and various other family belongings. More of the like, including quivers and bows, war-clubs, and boomerangs or "rabbit-sticks," disks of *haliotis* shell, and other ornaments, depended from pegs, and deer or antelope-horns on the walls. Some large, finely decorated water-jars, and a black earthen cooking-pot by the



DECORATING POTTERY.

fire-place, two or three four-pronged stools of wood, sundry blanket rugs and robes, made up the furniture of the apartment. Furnishings and all, it differed not from hundreds of its kind throughout the pueblo, save that conspicuous in one corner was the governor's staff of office,—a silver-knobbed ebony cane, suspended by a faded red ribbon, a present to the tribe, as I afterward learned, from President Lincoln. I did not observe, until I had thrown myself into the hammock, that between the rafters and staves over the center of the room were some beautifully painted and plumed sticks, the guardian gods and goddesses of the household.

As night approached I tried to build a fire and cook supper, but I made but sorry work of it. Unsavory fumes rose from my badly burned bacon, and presently the governor's face appeared at one of the openings in the roof. He regarded operations silently a minute, and then vanished. Soon he followed his feet down the ladder, approached the fire-place, and without a word shoved me aside. Taking my skillet he marched down to the river. When he returned, every trace of the odious bacon had been removed, and replaced by a liberal quantity of mutton and abundant suet. Poking up the fire, the old

fellow dexterously cooked the contents brown. Then, placing skillet and all in the center of the floor, he hastened away, soon to return with a tray of curious paper bread in one hand, while in the other, to my surprise, he held a steaming pot of thoroughly boiled coffee.

"Hamon no bueno," he remarked. "Este k'ók-shi, í-tá," he added; from which amalgamation of Spanish and Zuñi, augmented by suggestive gesticulation, I inferred that he regarded bacon as vile, but Zuñi food prepared in Zuñi fashion as worthy of emphatic recommendation. He did all this after the manner of a man who was performing an unpleasant duty, and when by gesture and incoherent Spanish phrases I expressed my gratitude most extravagantly he merely nodded his head, climbed the ladder, and remarked in Spanish, "Poor fellow," as he disappeared through the sky-hole as before. He probably commiserated me, for I was awakened next morning at the peep of day by the sound of breaking sticks, and turning over in my hammock saw the old fellow busily engaged in preparing a breakfast for me. Nor did he, throughout my long stay among the Zuñis, ever willingly permit me to prepare another meal.

I soon became better acquainted with the domestic life of the Zuñis, and learned where the governor went when he vanished through the sky-hole. His wife's family lived in the second story. There a room much wider than the one below, though not quite so long, accommodated all of them. A large beam through the center gave additional support to the rafters. Against it I struck my head the first time I entered, and, for that matter, nearly every time. I verily believe the Indians, though amused by this, sympathized with me so much that they were kinder than they otherwise would have been. Especially was this the case with the old chief's younger brother,—a constant visitor, himself taller than most of them,—who frequently experienced my difficulty, swearing the explosive oaths of his mother tongue with rare and increasing vehemence with every added experience. Indeed, a bond of sympathy thus arose between us. He soon realized that "Oh!" in American meant "Aí-ii," in Zuñi, and that "Damn" represented "Tuh!" He became morally—or immorally—even more certain, for he occasionally alternated the two expressions, or combined them with more presence of mind than I could have commanded under like circumstances.

The family consisted of the governor's ugly wife, a short-statured, large-mouthed, slant-eyed, bushy-haired hypochondriac, yet the soul of obedience to her husband, and ultimately of kindness to me, for she conceived a violent fancy for me, because I petted her noisy, dirty, and adored little niece. Not so was her old aunt, a fine-looking, straight little old woman of sixty winters, which had bleached her abundant hair as white as snow. She would stand half an hour at a time before me in the middle of the floor, holding the little girl in a blanket on her back, and varying her snatches of lullaby with sighs, meanwhile regarding me with large eyes and half-moon shaped mouth, as though I were a wizard, or a persistent nightmare. The governor did not love her. He called her "Old Ten," which, as he explained after I began to pick up Zuñi and his regards, referred to the number of men she had jilted, and which appellation, when judiciously employed, usually brought hot tears from the old lady's eyes, or unloosed a tongue that the governor avowed "knew how to talk smarting words."

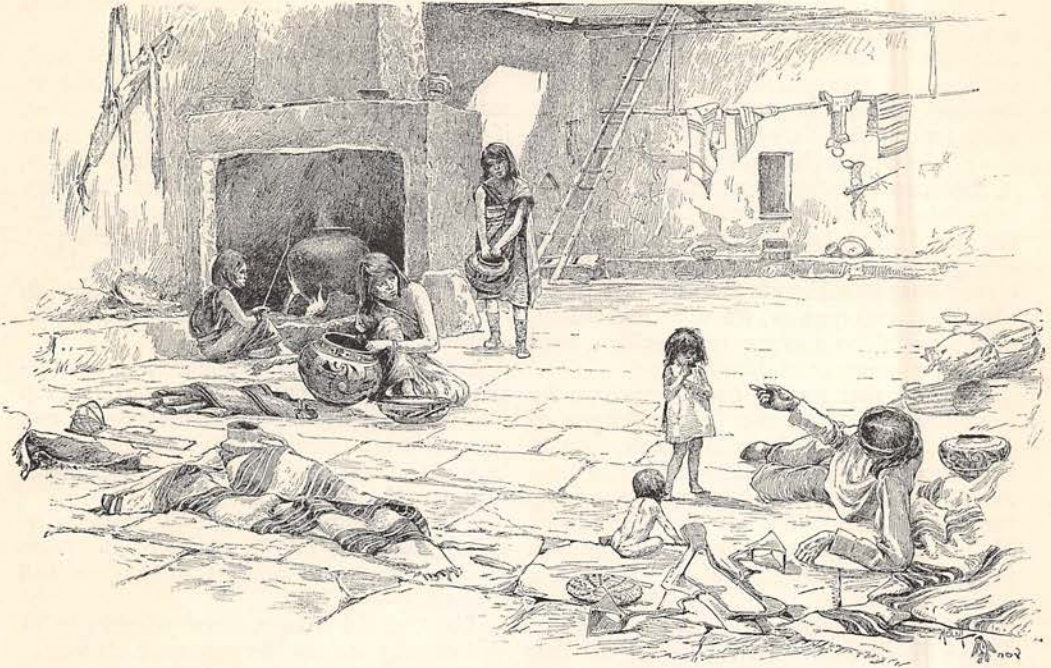
Then there was the governor's brother-in-law, a short, rather thick and greasy man, excessively conceited, ignorant, narrow, and moreover, so ceaselessly talkative, that he merited the name the inventive and sarcastic chief had given him, "Who-talks-himself-

dry." I have known him, while dressing in the morning (usually a short process with the Zuñi), to forget, in the ardor of some new scandal, the most important articles of apparel, and issue forth from his couch of skins and robes, very like a half-picked chicken, still talking, and blissfully unaware of his dutifully uncriticised condition.

If the governor loved not "Old Ten," he despised her favorite nephew. This fellow's wife, however, was good-looking, dignified, quiet, modest, and altogether one of the most even-tempered women, red or white, it has been my lot to know. She was always busy with her children, or with the meal-grinding and cookery, occasionally varying these duties with belt-making or weaving. The little niece and her older brother were the only children. The former was a little child, rather too small for her age, bright-eyed, slant-headed like her father, and at once puffy and dirty with abundant food. Though she could not speak plainly, she even thus early gave promise of her father's character, in her ability to make much noise. She was the small "head of the household." All matters, however important, had to be calculated with reference to her. If she slept, the household duties had to be performed on tiptoe, or suspended. If she woke and howled, the mother or aunt would have to hold her, while "Old Ten" procured something bright-colored and waved it frantically before her. If she spoke, the whole family must be silent as the tomb, or else bear the indignation of three women and one man. The governor despised the father too much to join in this family worship. Indeed, while the rest delighted in speaking of this short specimen of humanity by the womanly name of "*Tu-i-si-a-wih-si-wih-ti-tsa*," the governor called her a "bag of hard howls," and said that she had the habit of storing up breath like a horned toad, which accounted for her extraordinary circumference, and her ability to make a noise in the world.

Little *Iú-ní*, her brother, was as handsome and as nearly like his mother as boy could be, save that he was rather inconsiderate to dumb things, and to his little sister's hideous dolls.

The aged grandfather of this group was usually absent after wood, or else pattering near the fire-place, or on the sunny terrace, with bits of raw hide, strands of buckskin, or head-scratching. He was lean as Disease, and black as his daughter—which expressed a good deal to her husband, the governor,—with toothless under-jaw and weeping eyes. The Navajos had treated him roughly in his youth, which he showed by the odd mixture of limp, shuffle, and jump in his gait. The



COOKING BREAKFAST.

asthma had tried for years to kill him; but he only coughed and wheezed harder and harder, as winter succeeded winter. So explained his son-in-law, the governor, who, if he ever mentioned him at all, called him "the Ancient Hummer" (*U-mumu-thlä-shi-kia*)—or, to translate into news-boy slang, "Old Buster."

There were two unmarried members of the house; a nephew and an adopted girl. The nephew was an over-grown, heavy-faced, thick-lipped, yellow-haired, blue-eyed blonde,—a specimen of the tribal albinism, a dandy, and the darling of the white-haired "Old Ten." One day, after I had presented the latter with a pane of ruined negative glass, she ventured to compare her favorite with me. My flattering acknowledgments of this compliment made decided winnings of the old woman's hitherto restrained affections. The governor spared this youth no more than the others. With characteristic irony, he called him "The Family Milkman," or "The Night Bird," the latter term referring to his eyes, "which," the governor usually added, "wiggled like those of an owl in strong sunlight." The maiden was jolly, pretty, and coquettish—the belle of "Riverside street." Her lovers were many, but soon, of the long row who waited under the moonlit eaves, only one was admitted—the governor's younger brother, my sympathetic friend. There was but one room in the house in which the two could hope to be left

to themselves—mine. Here they came night after night. They paid no attention to the lonely *Me-lik* in his hammock, but sat opposite in the darkness on the low adobe bench, hour after hour, stroking each other's hands, giggling and cooing in low tones just like so many of my own people of the same age, only in a different language. An occasional smack, followed by feminine indignation, taught me the meaning of "Stop that!" in Zuni, and the peculiarities of the Pueblo kiss. If the blissful pair remained too late, the slab door would rumble on its wooden hinges, and the governor, preceded by a lighted torch of cedar splints, would stalk in, and, as near as I could make out, rate the young man soundly for his want of respect to the *Wash-intona Me-li-kana*, whereupon the pair would vanish, the maiden giggling and the young man cursing.

I made fair progress in the good graces of this odd group, but still by them, as by the rest of the tribe, I was regarded as a sort of black sheep on account of my sketching and note-taking, and suspicions seemed to increase in proportion to the evident liking they began to have for me. Day after day, night after night, they followed me about the pueblo, or gathered in my room. I soon realized that they were systematically watching me. They were however, pleasant about it, and constantly taught me Mexican and Indian words, so that I soon became able to carry on a con-

versation with them. My apparent estrangement from the other members of our party aroused in some of them sympathy, in others only additional suspicions. It thus happened that the Indians began to watch me still more strictly, not only by day, but throughout whole nights. No matter how late I lay in the corner of my room, writing, the governor always sat beside me. Not until the last word had been written and I was stretched out in my hammock would he leave. Nor was I even then by myself, for either the governor, or, when he was absent, some one of his relatives or sub-chiefs, slept across the doorway of the room.

Realizing that until I could overcome the suspicion and secure the full confidence of the Indians, it would be impossible to gain any knowledge of importance regarding their inner life, I determined to remain among them until the return of our party from Moqui, whither it was soon to go. It was, therefore with feelings akin to those of a doomed exile that I watched the busy preparations one evening for the departure. This feeling was heightened by the fact that I was by no means intimate with the missionary, and Mr. Graham, the trader, was then temporarily absent from the pueblo. Moreover, I received from most of my party little sympathy in my self-imposed undertaking.

Next morning, when at sunrise I started toward the mission to bid them good-bye, a glance at the distant corral showed that they had all gone; and as I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of them, the last white-topped wagon of the train disappeared over the far-off lava hills whence I had first caught sight of the Valley of Zuñi.

It had been arranged that my provisions should be left with the missionary. When I applied to him that dreary morning for my coffee, sugar, flour, and other necessaries, he simply replied that he had nothing for me; that the things the Colonel had left were designed for himself. It was with the most gloomy forebodings that I turned toward the pueblo. As I passed along the western end of the town the Indians watched me and commented on my sadness, but several of them assured me that "Zuñi was a good place to live in. So long as one had plenty to eat, why should he feel sad?" I entered my lonely room, and sat down in the hammock, burying my face in my hands. I heard no moccasin footstep, but when I roused up again the old governor was standing before me.

"Why is our little brother sad?" he asked.

"Alas!" I replied, "my friends are all gone, and they have left me nothing."

He looked at me a moment and said, "Little brother, you may be a Washington man, but it seems you are very poor. Now, if you do as we tell you, and will only make up your mind to be a Zuñi, you shall be rich, for you shall have fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and the best food in the world. But if you do not do as we tell you, you will be very, very, very poor, indeed."

"Why should I not be a Zuñi?" I replied in despair; and the old man quickly answered, "Why not?"

Leaving me for a few minutes, he soon returned with a steaming bowl of boiled mutton, followed by his kindly old wife, bearing a tray of corn-cakes mixed with *chili* and sliced beef, which, wrapped in husks, had been boiled like meat dumplings.

"There, try that," said the old man, as he placed the bowl in the center of the floor. "Fill your stomach, and your face will brighten."

And the old woman stood admiringly by as I heartily ate my first genuine Zuñi meal.

Although kinder than ever, the governor continued just as faithfully his nightly vigils. One night, after sitting close beside me examining every word I wrote, he threw away his cigarette, and informed me that "it was not well for me to make any more marks on the paper—it was of no use." As I calmly persisted, the next night a grave council was held. It was in the same room, and as I lay in my hammock listening to the proceedings, the discussion grew louder and more and more excited, the subjects evidently being my papers and myself.

When at a late hour the council broke up, the governor approached me, candle in hand, and intently regarded my face for several minutes. He then said:

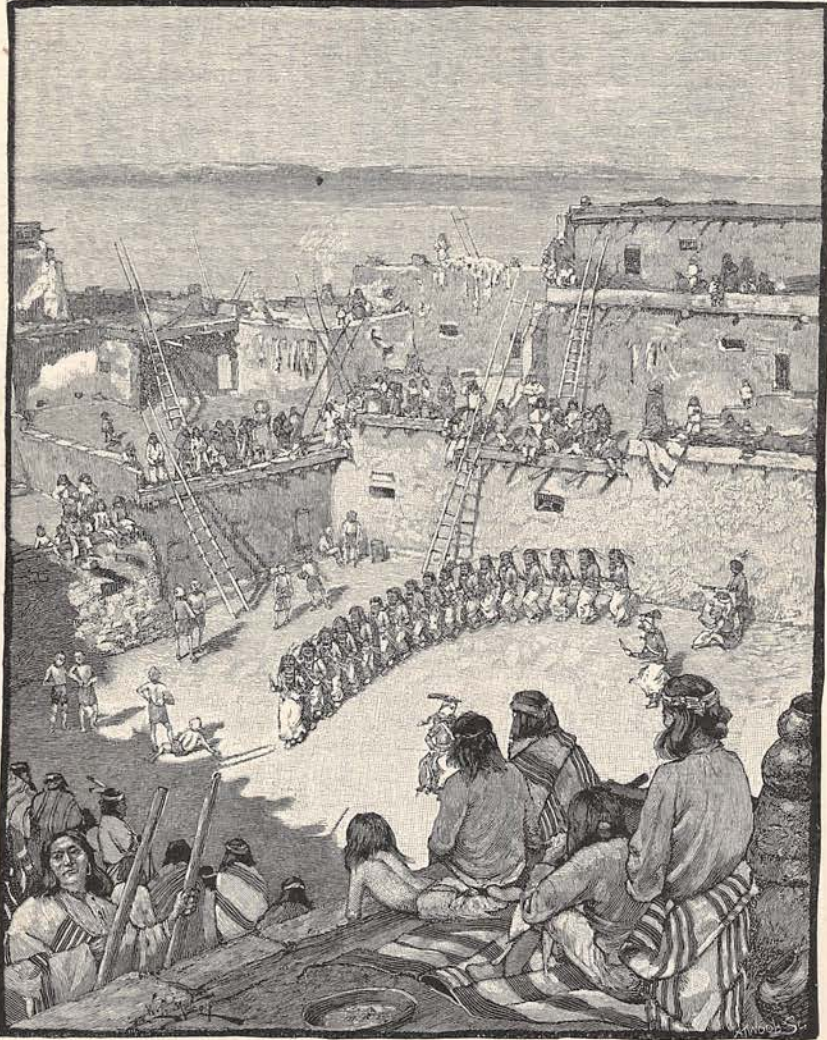
"The *Ked'-ok-shi* (Sacred Dance) is coming to-morrow. What think you?"

"I think it will rain."

"And *I* think," said he, as he set his mouth and glared at me with his black eyes, "that you will not see the *Ked'-ok-shi* when it comes to-morrow."

"*I* think *I shall*," was my reply.

Next morning before I was awake, the herald and two or three *tinieutes* had come in, and, as I arose, were sitting along the side of the house. The old head chief had just prepared my morning meal, and gone out after something. I greeted all pleasantly and sat down to eat. Before I had half finished I heard the rattle and drum of the coming dance. I hastily jumped up, took my leather book-pouch from the antlers, and strapping it



THE DANCE OF THE GREAT KNIFE.

across my shoulder, started for the door. Two of the chiefs rushed ahead of me, caught me by the arms, and quietly remarked that it would be well for me to finish my breakfast. I asked them if the dance was coming. They said they didn't know. I replied that I did, and that I was going out to see it.

"Leave your books and pencils behind, then," said they.

"No, I must carry them wherever I go."

"If you put the shadows of the great dance down on the leaves of your books to-day, we shall cut them to pieces," they threatened.

Suddenly wrenching away from them, I pulled a knife out from the bottom of my pouch, and, bracing up against the wall, brandished it, and said that whatever hand grabbed my arm again would be cut off, that

whoever cut my books to pieces would only cut himself to pieces with my knife. It was a doubtful game of bluff, but the chiefs fell back a little, and I darted through the door. Although they followed me throughout the whole day, they did not again offer to molest me, but the people gathered so closely around me that I could scarcely find opportunity for sketching.

As the month of November approached, the cold rains began to fall. Frost destroyed the corn-plants and vines. Ice formed over the river by night to linger a little while in the morning, then be chased away by the midday sun. Not in the least did these fore-runners of a severe winter cause the dance ceremonials to abate. The Indians were, to some extent, reassured, when, on the occasion

of the next dance, which happened to be a repetition of the first, I did little or no sketching. At another dance, however, I resumed the hated practice, which made matters worse than before. A second council was called. Of this, however, I knew nothing, until afterward told by the old chief. It seems that it was a secret. It discussed various plans for either disposing of me, or compelling me to desist. Among others was the proposal that I be thrown off the great mesa, as were the two "children of the angry waters,"* but it was urged that should this be done, "*Wa-sinto-na*" might visit my death on the whole nation. In order to avoid this difficulty, others suggested that I be *há-thli-kwísh-k'ia* (condemned of sorcery) and executed. They claimed that sorcery was such a heinous crime that my execution would be pardoned, if represented to the Americans as the consequence of it. But some of the councilors reminded the others that the Americans had no sorcerers among them, and were ignorant of witchcraft.

At last a plan was hit upon which the simple natives thought would free them from all their perplexities. Surely, no objection could be offered to the "death of a Navajo." † Forthwith the Knife Dance was ordered, as it was thought possible that the appearance of this dance would be sufficient to intimidate me, without recourse to additional violence.

One morning thereafter, the old chief appeared graver and more affectionate toward me than usual. He told me the "*Ho-mah-tchi* was coming,—a very *sa-mu* (ill-natured) dance," and suggested that "it would be well for me not to sketch it." Unaware either of the council or of the functions of the angry dance, I persisted. The old man, a little vexed, exclaimed, "Oh, well, of course, a fool always makes a fool of himself." But he said no more, and I assigned, as the cause of his remarks, superstitious reasons, rather than any solicitude for my safety.

When the great dance appeared, the governor seemed desirous of keeping me at home. During most of the morning I humored him in this. At last, however, fearing I would miss some important ceremonial, I stole out across the house-tops and took a position on one of the terraces of the dance court.

The dancers filed in through the covered

way, preceded by a priest, and arranged themselves in a line across the court. Their costumes were not unlike those of the first dance I had witnessed, save that the masks were flatter and smeared with blood, and the beards and hair were long and streaming. In their right hands the performers carried huge, leaf-shaped, blood-stained knives of stone, which, during the movements of the dance, they brandished wildly in the air, in time and accompaniment to their wild song and regular steps, often pointing them toward me.

As the day advanced, spectators began to throng the terraces and court, few, however, approaching to where I was sitting; and the masked clowns made their appearance.

I had been busy with memoranda and had succeeded in sketching three or four of the costumes, when there dashed into the court two remarkable characters. Their bodies, nude save for short breech-clouts, were painted with ashes. Skull-caps, tufted with split corn-husks, and heavy streaks of black under their eyes and over their mouths, gave them a most ghastly and ferocious appearance. Each wore around his neck a short, twisted rope of black fiber, and each was armed with a war-club or ladder-round.

A brief intermission in the dance was the signal for a loud and excited harangue on the part of the two, which, at first greeted with laughter, was soon received with absolute silence, even by the children. Soon they began to point wildly at me with their clubs. Unable as I was to understand all they had been saying, I at first regarded it all as a joke, like those of the *Kéó-yi-moshi*, until one shouted out to the other, "Kill him! kill him!" and the women and children excitedly rising rushed for the doorways or gathered closer to one another. Instantly, the larger one approached the ladder near the top of which I sat, brandishing his war-club at me. Savagely striking the rounds and poles, he began to ascend. A few Indians had collected behind me, and a host of them stood all around in front. Therefore, I realized that in case of violence, escape would be impossible.

I forced a laugh, quickly drew my hunting-knife from the bottom of the pouch, waved it two or three times in the air so that it flashed in the sunlight, and laid it conspicuously in front of me. Still smiling, I carefully placed my book—open—by the side of the pouch and laid a stone on it to show that I intended to resume the sketching. Then I half rose, clinging to the ladder-pole with one hand, and holding the other in readiness to clutch the knife. The one below suddenly grabbed the skirt of the other and shouted,

* A beautiful bit of folk-lore concerning *Tá-ai-yá-lon-ne*, or Thunder Mountain, and the deluge of the land of Zuñi.

† Figurative expression for any sacrifice of life, either animal or human, at the *Ho-mah-tchi*, or Great Knife Dance and ceremonial,—the ancient war *Ká-ka* of the Zuñis.

"Hold on, he is a *ki-he!* a *ki-he!** We have been mistaken. This is no Navajo." Jumping down to the ground, the one thus addressed glanced up at me for an instant, waved his war-club in the air, breathed from it, and echoed the words of his companion, while the spectators wildly shouted applause. The two held a hurried conference. They swore they must "kill a Navajo," and dashed through the crowd and passage-way out of the court.

The *Keó-yi-mo-shi*, freed from their restraint, rushed about with incessant jabber, and turned their warty eyes constantly in my direction. As I replaced my knife and resumed the sketching, the eyes of nearly the whole assemblage were turned toward me, and the applause, mingled with loud remarks, was redoubled. Some of the old men even came up and patted me on the head, or breathed on my hands and from their own.

Presently a prolonged howl outside the court attracted the attention of all, and the frantic pair rushed in through the covered way, dragging by the tail and hind legs a big, yelping, snapping, shaggy yellow dog. "We have found a Navajo," exclaimed one, as they threw the dog violently against the ground. While he was cringing before them, they began an erratic dance, wildly gesticulating and brandishing their clubs,

* *Ki-he* is an archaic term for "friend." It is now used to signify a spiritual friend, or one who is endowed with sacred powers for the good of mankind, — a spiritual friend to the *Ká-ká*.

and interjecting their snatches of song with short speeches. Suddenly, one of them struck the brute across the muzzle with his war-club, and a well-directed blow from the other broke its back. While it was yet gasping and struggling, the smaller one of the two rushed about frantically, yelling, "A knife, a knife." One was thrown down to him. Snatching it up, he grabbed the animal and made a gash in its viscera. The scene which followed was too disgusting for description. It finds parallel only in some of the war ceremonials of the Aztecs, or in the animal sacrifices of the savages of the far North-west. Let it suffice that what remained of the dog at sunset, when the dance ended, was reluctantly given over to its former owner by the hideous pair.†

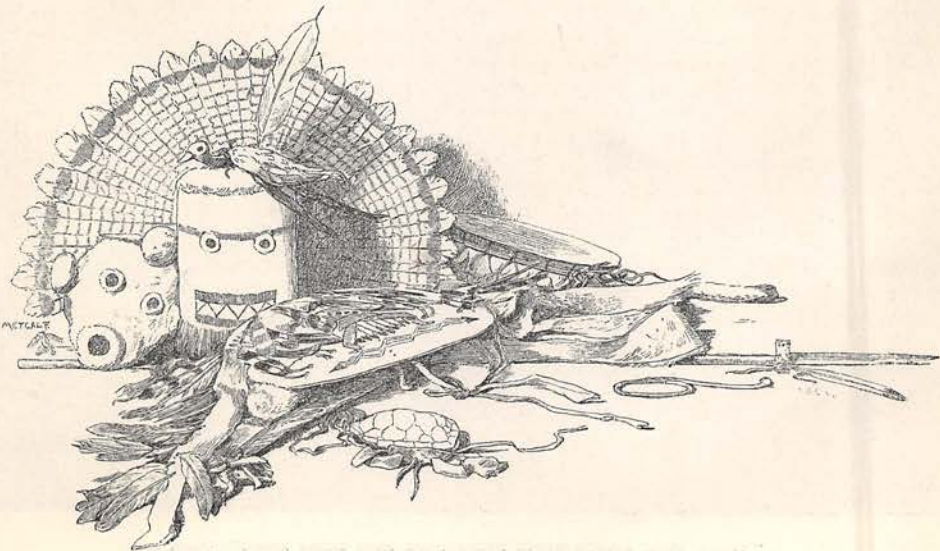
Whether the Indians had really designed to murder me, or merely to intimidate me, my coolness, as well as my waving of the knife toward the sun, both largely accidental, had made a great impression on them. For never afterward was I molested to any serious extent in attempting to make notes and sketches.

That night, the old chief was profuse in his congratulations and words of praise. I had completed in him, that day, the winning of the truest of friends; and by so doing had decided the fate of my mission among the Zuñi Indians.

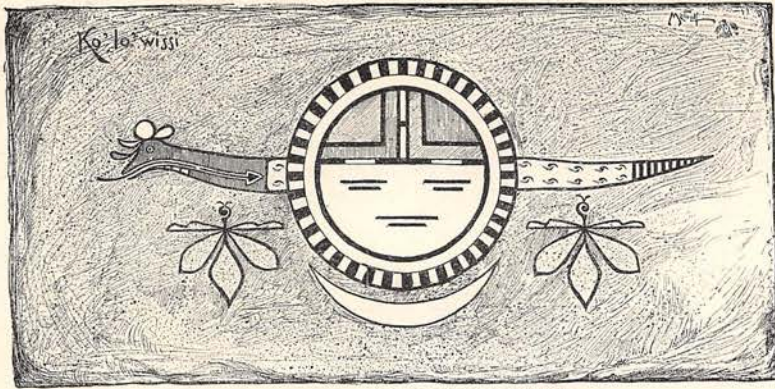
† I have since learned that the two, whom I now know very well, belonged to a secret order, members of which are obliged on such occasions to go through this horrible ceremonial.

Frank H. Cushing.

(To be continued.)



DANCE PARAPHERNALIA.



KO-LO-WISSI, GOD OF THE PLUMED SERPENT.

MY ADVENTURES IN ZUÑI. II.

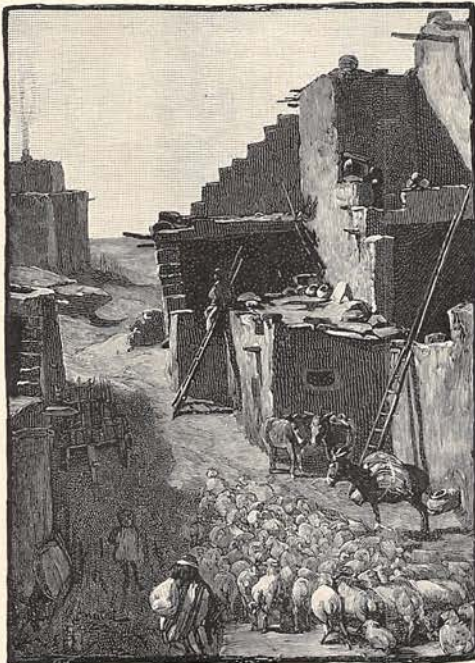
WHEN the frost first crackles the corn-leaves in the valley of Zuñi, it is, to the dweller in that desert land, what the first April shower is to husbandmen of New England. For in Zuñi autumn is spring-time. It is the time of soft breezes and hazy beauty of sky, not the days of blazing sun, driving sand-blasts and dust-hidden clouds and distances. You may stand on the topmost terraces of the old pueblo and see the busy harvesters bringing in their last crops, and the old women who have been off among the

mountains gathering peaches all day, staggering home at sunset, under huge baskets, strapped across their foreheads, full of the most delicious fruit. As you stroll through the narrow terrace-bounded streets your foot slips on pulpy melon-rinds, and from every dark window-hole dusky faces grin at your mishap. From as many door-ways welcomes greet you in unpronounceable clicks and guttural aspirations, which you are not long in comprehending, for basket after basket of the fruit brought in last evening is set before you. Day after day you may hear from the open plazas the sound of the drum and rattle, telling in strange cadences of the general joy of the time when "the corn grows aged, and the summer birds chase the butterfly to the land of everlasting summer."

It was toward the close of these merry days, one bleak evening in November, just as the red sun had set behind heavy black-bordered clouds at the western end of the plain of Zuñi, and the wind was wildly rushing to the opposite end, with its heavy freightage of sand, dead corn-leaves, and dried grasses, that the herald of Zuñi and I were walking down past the scalp-house toward the buildings of the mission. My companion turned to me with a pleasant smile on his face, and, tucking the corner of his *serape* more closely under one arm, raised his fingers as if to count them.

"Little brother, make your heart glad," said he, "a great festival is now every one's thought. Eighteen days more, and from the west will come the Shá-la-k'o; it welcomes the return of the Kâ-kâ and speeds the departure of the Sun. Make your heart glad, for you shall see it too."

Elated with the change of spirit toward me,



THE RETURN OF THE FLOCKS.

which this indicated on the part of the Indians, who had previously constantly opposed my presence at their ceremonies, I turned to reply, but he was shading his eyes and gazing intently off toward the road over the eastern mesas.

"Look! I wonder who are coming," said he.

A train of wagons was appearing at the

hail pelted fiercely down on the roof and against the plates of selenite in the windows. But the fire burned only the more brightly, shooting red tongues of flame up into the black, box-shaped flue, and casting dancing shadows against the white walls and over the stone-paved floor.

Next morning I crossed the pueblo, and looked down over the plain. The storm had



ZUÑI WEAVING.

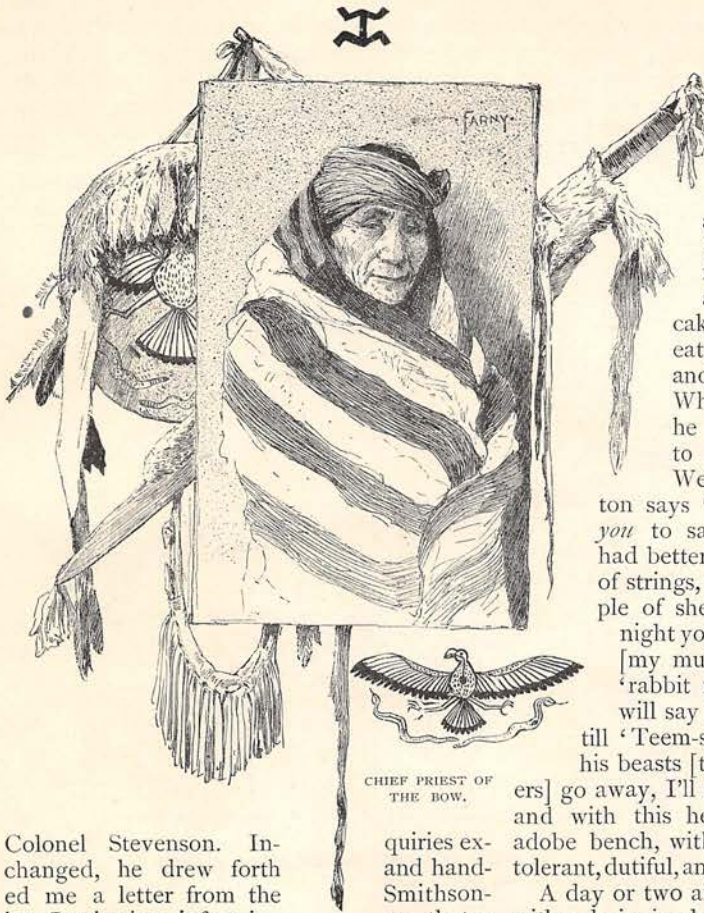
FARNY
O.

crest of the black, distant head-lands. It came but slowly in the dusk, and against the wind-storm, so we returned to the pueblo.

My room was no longer lonely as at first. Huge blocks of piñon blazed on the hearth, and the Governor, now my inseparable friend, with his watchful, industrious wife, were there to welcome me. Night grew black outside. The wind howled in the chimneys. Rain and

ceased. Tents were pitched in the corral of the mission; white-topped wagons stood around, and smoke rose from a little fire in the corner. By these signs I knew that the caravan we had seen was my party returning from Moqui.

Hastening back to tell the good news to my "old brother," as the Governor insisted I should call him now, I met at the entrance



CHIEF PRIEST OF
THE BOW.

Colonel Stevenson. In-
changed, he drew forth
ed me a letter from the
ian Institution, informing
a continuation of leave had been granted as I
requested.

That night, doubtful of the results, I told
the Governor that Washington wished me to
remain there some months longer, to write all
about his children, the Zuñis, and to sketch
their dances and dresses.

"Hai!" said the old man. "Why does
Washington want to know about our Kâ-kâ?
The Zuñis have their religion and the Amer-
icans have theirs."

"Do you want Washington to be a friend
to the Zuñis? How can you expect a people
to like others without knowing something
about them? Some fools and bad men have
said 'the Zuñis have no religion.' It is be-
cause they are always saying such things of
some Indians, that we do not understand
them. Hence, instead of all being brothers,
we fight."

"My little brother speaks wisely, but many
of my people are fools, too. He may get
in trouble if he pictures the Kâ-kâ too much."

"Suppose I do."

"Well, then, what makes you puff up your

face with sad thoughts?"
asked the old man impa-
tiently. "Don't you have
penty to eat? When you
came here you lived on
pig's grease and baked
dough, but I threw the
light of my favor on you
and cooked some mutton.
Have you ever had to ask
for more? Sister would make
all the paper-bread, corn-
cakes, and dumplings you could
eat, but you will not eat them,
and she has grown ashamed.
What's the matter anyway?"
he persisted. "Do you want
to see your mother? Pah?
Well you can't, for Washing-
ton says 'You stay here,' what have
you to say? Now go to bed. You
had better cut down that hanging bed
of strings, though, and sleep on a cou-
ple of sheepskins, like a man. Some
night you will dream of 'Short Nose'
[my mule], and tumble out of that
'rabbit net,' and then Washington
will say I killed you. You just wait
till 'Teem-sy' [Colonel Stevenson] and
his beasts [the Mexican cook and driv-
ers] go away, I'll make a man of you then;"
and with this he leaned back against the
adobe bench, with all the complacency of a
tolerant, dutiful, and very responsible guardian.

A day or two afterward he approached me
with a designing look in his eyes, and snatched
off my helmet hat and threw it among some
rubbish in the corner, producing from behind
his back a red silk handkerchief. Folding
this carefully, he tied it around his knee,
and then placed it on my head. With a re-
mark denoting disgust, he hastily removed
it, and disappeared through a blanket-closed
door into a quaint mud-plastered little room.
After rummaging about for a time, he came
out with a long black silken scarf, fringed at
either end, which must have belonged once
to some Mexican officer. He wound this
round and round my head, and tied the ends
in a bow-knot at my temple, meanwhile turn-
ing his head from side to side critically.
"Good! good!" said the old man. "There,
now, go out and show the Zuñis, then travel
down to the camp and show the 'Teem-
sy-kwe' [Stevenson people] what a sensible
man you are, and how much better an *óthl-
pan* is than a mouse-head-shaped hat." He
also insisted on replacing my "squeaking
foot-packs," as he called a pair of English
walking shoes, with neat red buckskin moc-
casins.

Thus, in a blue flannel shirt, corduroy breeches, long canvas leggings, Zuñi moccasins and head-band, heartily ashamed of my mongrel costume, I had to walk across the whole pueblo and down to camp, the old man peering proudly around the corner of an eagle-cage at me as I started. The Zuñis greeted me enthusiastically, but when I reached camp great game was made of me. I returned thoroughly disgusted, determined

nials others would be elected for the ensuing year. Followed by a great crowd, they went from court to court, repeating in a sing-song, measured tone prayers to the gods and instructions to the people, whom they directed to prepare within four days for the coming festivities. Each of these clowns, save one,—their reputed father,—would start out soberly and properly enough in his recitation, but would soon, as if confused, wander off to



WOMEN GRINDING CORN.

never to wear the head-band again; but, when I looked for the hat and shoes, they were nowhere to be found. When I asked for them, the Governor said, "No-o-o-o! The Americans are asses. Don't you suppose I know what becomes a man? Here, what have you got that on sidewise for? You Americans *will* stick things on your heads as though your skulls were flat on one side; are they? Well, then! wear your head-band straight and don't make a hat of it. There!" said he, straightening the band. And every morning, just as I was about to go out, he would carefully equip me in the black silk head-band. He took so much satisfaction in this, and it pleased the other Indians so much, that I decided to permit them thenceforth to do with me as they pleased.

One night, toward the close of the month, there appeared in the pueblo the ten Kó-yi-ma-shis. It was for the last time, the Indians told me, for during the old Sun ceremo-

some ridiculous, childish nonsense, which would bring down the rebuke of the older one. Forthwith the culprit was hunted forth from the line and replaced by one of his companions. This one, in turn, repeated the failure of the first. Each sally of rude wit was greeted with loud laughter and shouts of applause from the by-standers, who crowded around the little circle and lined the house-tops in the dark. Those near the Kó-yi-ma-shis held torches in order that the grotesque faces might be seen. As soon as the prayer of the oldest one began, however, the torches were lowered, and the whole court was hushed until it was finished. Then the ceremony, varied only in the jokes, was repeated in some other plaza or court.

After all the plazas had been visited, I stealthily followed the retiring Kó-yi-ma-shis to a large room on the south side of the pueblo. A sentinel stood at the door, and no one but these clowns was permitted to enter.



ZUÑI SPINNING.

Nor could I catch more than a glimpse of the fire-lit interior, as the windows were heavily curtained with blankets. I learned that the group had been confined in this room four days and nights, engaged in fasting, prayer, and sacred incantations; so I determined to visit them.

Two days later I collected some tobacco and candles. The evening meal over, I asked where the Kó-yi-ma-shis were.

"They are tabooed," was the reply.

"I know," said I, "but where are they?"

"How do you know? What do you want with them?" the Indians glumly asked.

"They are good men," said I, "and I wish to give them some candles and tobacco."

It happened that an old man whom I knew, was one of the ten. He had temporarily come home after some plumes, and was standing aloof from the rest. A little while after his departure, a messenger came from the high-priest, with the request that I visit them, as "no harm would come from the presence of a *ki-he*." Forthwith, I was instructed how to behave.

"When you go in, little brother, you must breathe on your hand and, as you step into the fire-light, you must say, 'My fathers, how are you these many days?' They will reply, 'Happy, happy!' You must not touch one of them, nor utter a single word in Spanish or American, nor whistle. But you must behave very gravely, for it is *ák-ta-ni* [fearful] in the presence of the gods. If you should happen to forget and say a Spanish word, hold out your left

hand and then your right, one foot and then the other, and they will strike them very hard with a wand of yucca."

The messenger guided me to the low door, which I entered, breathing audibly on my hand. Stepping into the brightly lighted center of the room, I started off very well with, "My fathers" (*Hóm a tá-tchu*), but here broke down, and placing the candles and tobacco on the floor, with a muttered apology, I unfortunately finished, partly in Spanish. Instantly two or three of the sprawling priests started up exclaiming, "*Shu! shu!*" and stretched their hands excitedly toward me. One of them took a wand from the front of the altar, and gravely advanced toward me. Without a word I stretched out my hand, and he hit me a terrific blow directly across the wrist. Never wincing, however, although the pain was excruciating, I stretched out the other hand and my two feet in succession, receiving the hard blows on each. I breathed on my hand and said, *E-lah-kwa* (thanks!). The priest spat on the wand, smiled, and waved it four or five times around my head. The white-haired father of the ten then approached me, placed his finger on his lips as a warning, thanked me for the presents, and asked that the "light of the gods might shine on my path of life." But he directed that I be hustled away, for fear I might commit some other indiscretion.

I had gained my object, however, in merely entering the room. It was large. At the western end stood an altar, composed of tablets of various heights and widths, strangely

carved and painted in representation of gods, and set up in the form of a square. At the back were larger tablets, on and through which figures of the sun, moon, and stars were painted and cut. Within the square stood a number of sacred wands of long macaw feathers inserted into beautiful wicker-work handles. Overhead hung the figure of a winged god, a little in front of and below which was suspended horizontally an elaborate cross. It was composed of two tablets, carved to zigzag points at the ends, and joined at the center, so as to resemble a wind-mill with four arms. Numerous eagle-plumes depended from the lower edges of the four arms, on each of which was perched the effigy of a swallow.* Underneath this stood

painted in red, green, blue and yellow, the figures of animals, birds, human monsters, demons, and significant pictographs.

This little glimpse revealed to me a mysterious life by which I had little dreamed I was surrounded, and I looked forward with curious anxiety to the coming ceremonies.

That night, on my way home, I saw great fires blazing on the south-western hills. I could hear the sound of rattles, and the long, weird cries of the dancers, whose forms were too distant to be seen even against the snow-sprinkled slopes. "The Long-horn and the Hooter, the wand-bearers and the sacred guardians, whom you shall see four days hence," said my brother, as he opened the



MAKING HÉ-WÉ (PAPER BREAD).

a large medicine-bowl with terraced edges. It was covered with figures of frogs, tadpoles, and dragon-flies, and contained a clear, yellowish fluid. Over this two of the priests were crouching and muttering incantations. Behind the altar, partly covered with little, embroidered cotton kilts, were the warty masks and the neck-cloths of these priestly clowns. Almost immediately on entering, my guide had uttered prayers and scattered medicine flour over them. All along the walls of the great room, now vivid in the fire-light, now indistinct in the flickering shadows, were

* I have since learned that this represented the great morning star, and that the swallows were emblematic of the summer rains.

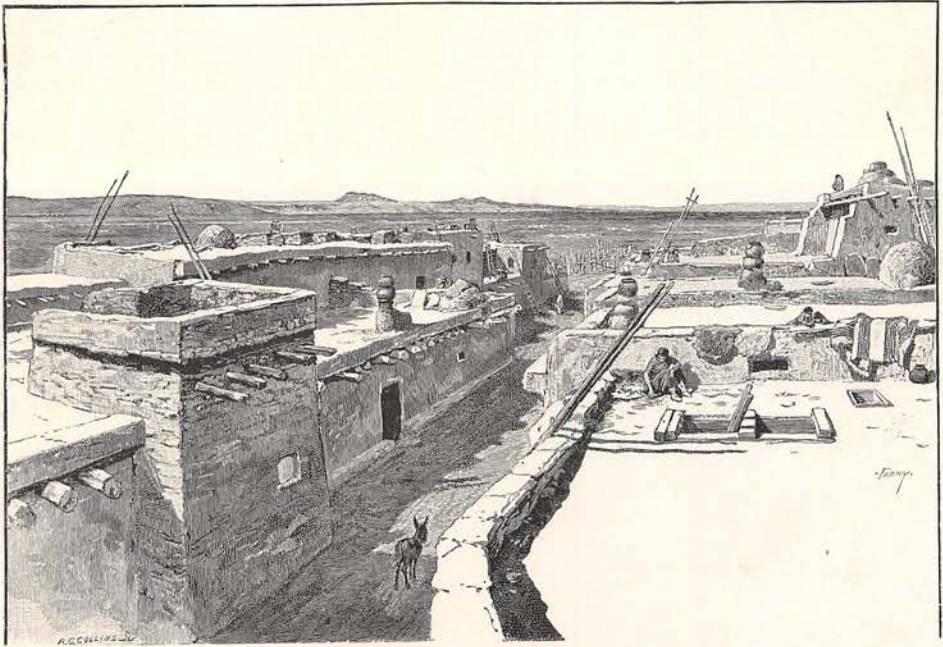
door to let me in, and motioned with his head in the direction of the sounds.

During the next day, hundreds of Navajos, Moquis, and Indians from the Rio Grande pueblos, gathered in from the surrounding country. Everybody was busy. Oxen were slaughtered by the dozen, sheep by the hundred. In every household some of the men could be seen sewing garments both for themselves and the women. The latter were busily engaged in grinding corn, cooking paper-bread over great polished, black stones, cutting up meat, bringing water, and weaving new blankets and belts. Outside, continual streams of burros, heavily laden with wood, came pouring in from the surrounding mesas.

My old brother, however, was none too busy to insist constantly that I should not sketch the "fearful Shá-la-k'o," when they came in from the west. If I would promise this, the party and I should be permitted to see the great ceremonial, which never before had the white man been allowed to look upon.

Toward evening, on the second day following, people began to gather all over the southern terraces, and away out over the

the shoulder-blades of deer, and in their left, painted plumed sticks. Following came two red-bodied, elaborately costumed and ornamented characters wearing round, green helmets, across the tops of which were attached painted round sticks with shell-rattles at either end. They bore in their hands white deer-horns and plumed sticks, and were, with the others, guarded by two nearly nude figures with round-topped, long-snouted, red



THE TOWER OF THE SHADOWS AND THE ROAD OF THE RED DOOR.

plain there appeared seven gigantic, black-headed, white forms, towering high above their crowd of attendants. Gradually they came toward the pueblo, stopping, however, midway in the plain across the river, to perform some curious ceremonials. Meanwhile, eight remarkably costumed figures preceded them, crossed the river, and passed along the western end of the pueblo. These were the same the Governor had told me of. The "Long-horn" and the "Hooter" were clothed in embroidered white garments, and their faces were covered by horrible, ghastly, white masks, with square, black eye and mouth-holes. Their head-dresses were distinguished from each other only by the large white appendages, like bat-ears, attached to one of them, while the other was furnished with a long, green horn, from which depended a fringe of wavy black hair, tufts of which covered the heads of both. They bore in their right hands clattering rattles made from

masks, surrounded at the neck by collars of crow-feathers. They carried rattles like those of the chief figures, and long yucca wands with which to chastise spectators who might approach too near.

All of these were preceded by a gorgeously costumed, bare-headed priest, with streaks of black, shining paint across his eyes and chin, and profusely decorated with turquoise earrings and shell necklaces. A snow-white deer-skin mantle was thrown gracefully over his shoulders and trailed in the dust behind. He carried a tray of sacred plumes in his hand, and was closely followed by a representation of the fire-god. This was an entirely nude boy, the body painted black and covered all over with many-colored round spots. His face and head were entirely concealed by a round-topped, equally black and speckled mask or helmet. Slung across his shoulder was a pouch made from the skin of a fawn, and in his hand a long, large, smoking torch

of cedar bark, which he kept gracefully waving from side to side.

The whole party passed rapidly toward one of the plazas, where a square hole had been dug by the Priest of the Sun. After dancing back and forth four times to the clang of their rattles, uttering at intervals cries of hoo too! hoo too! the four principal characters, with long prayers and ceremonials,* deposited sacrifices of some of the plumed sticks. This ceremonial was repeated in the chief plazas of the pueblo, and outside of it north, south, and east, after which the whole party, just at sunset, retired into one of the immense sacred rooms at the southern side of the town.

After dusk, the giant figures which had been left on the plain across the river came in one by one. They were, by all odds, the most monstrous conceptions I had seen among the Zuñi dances. They were at least twelve feet high. Their gigantic heads were shocks of long black hair with great horns at the sides, green masks with huge, protruding eye-balls, and long, pointed, square-ended, wooden beaks; and their bodies were draped with embroidered and tasseled cotton blankets, underneath which only the tiny, bare, painted feet of the actor could be seen. The spasmodic rolling of the great eyeballs and the sharp snapping of the beak as it rapidly opened and closed, together with a fan-shaped arrangement of eagle-feathers at the back of the head, gave these figures the appearance of angry monster-birds.

To each new house of the pueblo one of these monsters was guided by two priests. The latter were clad in closely fitting buckskin armor and round, helmet-like skull-caps of the same material. Several elaborately costumed flute-players, together with a Kó-yi-ma-shi or two, attended. After prayers and ceremonials before the ladders of the houses to be entered, each, with his two attendant priests, mounted with great difficulty, descended through the sky-hole, and was stationed at one end of the room, near the side of an altar, differing only in details from the one already described as belonging to the Kó-yi-ma-shis. Immense fires of sputtering piñon-wood, and rude, bowl-shaped lamps of grease, brilliantly lighted up each one of these closely curtained rooms.

Toward midnight, my brother explained to me that, in each new room and sacred house of Zuñi, the twelve "medicine" orders of the tribe were to meet, and that, as he was a priest of one of them, I could go with him, if I would sit very quiet in one corner, and

not move, sleep, nor speak during the entire night.

As we entered the closely crowded, spacious room into which the first party of dancers had retired, a space was being cleared lengthwise through the center, from the altar down toward the opposite end. With many a hasty admonition, the Governor placed me in a corner so near the hearth that, for a long time, controlled by his directions, I was nearly suffocated by the heat. Along the northern side of the room were the dancers, their masks now laid aside. Conspicuous among them were the two priests, who were engaged in a long, rhythmical prayer, chant, or ritual, over eight or ten nearly prostrate Indians who squatted on the floor at their feet. As soon as this prayer was ended, great steaming bowls of meat, trays of paper-bread, and baskets of melons were placed in rows along the cleared space. A loud prayer was uttered over them by an old priest, who held in his hands a bow, some arrows, and a war-club, and who wore over one shoulder a strange badge of buckskin ornamented with sea-shells and flint arrow-heads.† He was followed by the Priest of the Sun, from the other end of the room. The little fire-god then passed along the array of victuals, waving his torch over them, with which the feast was pronounced ready.

Many of the dishes were placed before the dancers and priests and a group of singers whose nearly nude bodies were grotesquely painted with streaks and daubs of white. They were gathered, rattles in hand, around an immense earthen kettle-drum at the left side of the altar, opposite the now crouching monster. As soon as the feast was concluded, many of the women bore away on their heads, in huge bowls, such of the food as remained.

The singers then drawing closely around the drum, facing one another, struck up a loud chant, which, accompanied by the drumming and the rattles, filled the whole apartment with a reverberating din, to me almost unendurable. Two by two the dancers would rise, step rapidly and high from one foot to the other, until, covered with perspiration and almost exhausted, they were relieved by others. At the close of each verse in the endless chant, the great figure by the altar would start up from its half-sitting posture, until its head nearly touched the ceiling, and, with a startling series of reports, would clap its

† This, as I afterward learned, was Naf-iu-tchi, the Chief Priest of the Bow, or the high-priest of a powerful sacred order of war, in many ways strangely like the Masonic Order, and of which I have since become a member.

* The purification of the pueblos.

long beak and roll its protruding eyes in time to the music.

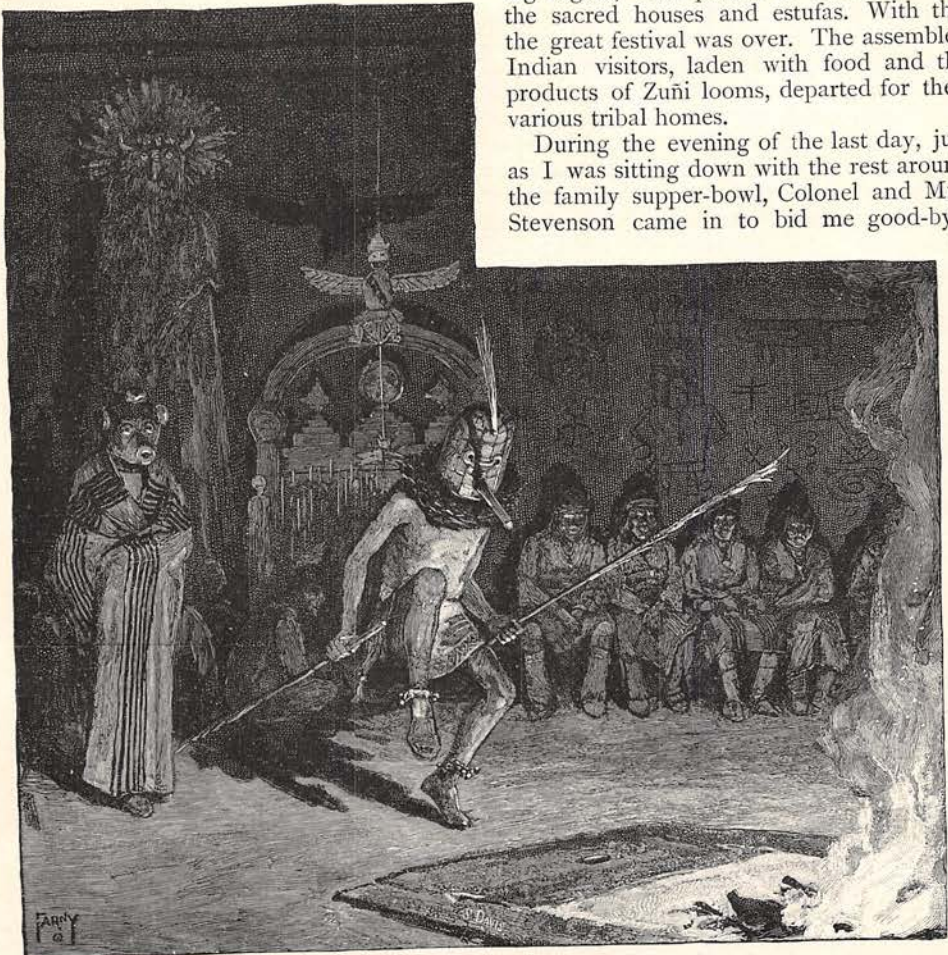
When the little fire-god took his place in the center of the room, no one relieved him for more than an hour and a half, and I feared momentarily that he would drop from sheer exhaustion. But I learned later that this was a trial ceremonial, and that it was one of the series of preparations which he had to pass through before becoming a priest, to which rank his birth rendered him eligible.

Just as the morning star was rising, the music ceased, the congregation became silent, and the chief dancer was led to the center of the room, where he was elaborately costumed. Then the Priest of the Sun took him up the ladder to the roof, where, facing the east, he pronounced in measured, solemn tones a long prayer to the waning Sun of the Old Year. Descending, he pronounced before the multitude (signaling the end of each sentence

with a clang of his rattles) a metrical ritual of even greater length. Then the spectators gathered around the altar, and hastily said their prayers, the sound of which reminded me of a recitation in concert in a large school-room. The sun rose, and they dispersed to their various homes.

Some time after, the dancers, one by one, still in costume, passed over the river toward the southward; and the monsters, to the sounds of chants, accompanied by rude music on the flutes, were guided across to a flat, snow-covered plain, where, in the presence of the assembled priests of Zuñi,— but no others, —they ran back and forth, one after another, over a great square, planted plumed sticks at either end of it, and, forming a procession, slowly marched away and vanished among the southern hills. Toward evening no fewer than seven curious dance-lines of the Kâ-kâ at one time occupied the principal court. Most of that, as well as of the three succeeding nights, were passed in ceremonials at the sacred houses and estufas. With this the great festival was over. The assembled Indian visitors, laden with food and the products of Zuñi looms, departed for their various tribal homes.

During the evening of the last day, just as I was sitting down with the rest around the family supper-bowl, Colonel and Mrs. Stevenson came in to bid me good-bye.



A NIGHT WITH THE SHÁ-LA-K'O.

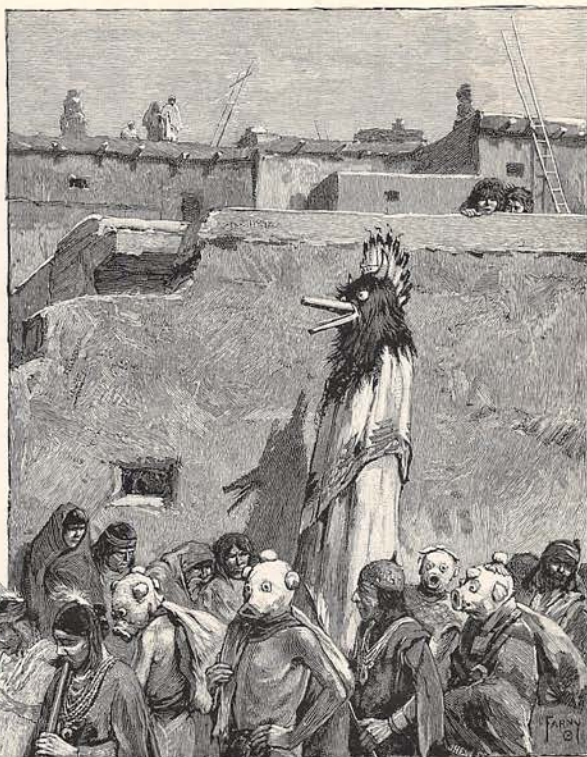
And on the following morning, long before daylight, their train passed over the lava-hills, and I was once more alone in Zuñi.

During the day I told the Governor that I would follow my friends before two months were over. With great emphasis and a smile of triumph, he replied, "I guess not."

On the evening of the second day he beckoned me to follow, as he led the way into the mud-plastered little room, whither he had unearthed my head-band. In one corner stood a forge, over which a blanket had been spread. All trappings had been removed, and the floor had been freshly plastered. A little arched fire-place in the corner opposite the forge was aglow with piñon, which lighted even the smoky old rafters and the wattled willow ceiling. Two sheepskins and my few belongings, a jar of water and a wooden poker, were all the furnishings. "There," said he, "now you have a little house, what more do you want? Here, take these two blankets,—they are all you can have. If you get cold, take off all your clothes and sleep next to the sheepskins, and *think* you are warm, as the Zuñi does. You must sleep in the cold and on a hard bed; that will harden your meat. And you must never go to Dust-eye's house [the Mission], or to Black-beard's [the trader's] to eat; for I want to make a Zuñi of you. How can I do that if you eat American food?" With this he left me for the night.

I suffered immeasurably that night. The cold was intense, and the pain from my hard bed excruciating. Although next morning, with a mental reservation, I told the Governor I had passed a good night, yet I insisted on slinging my hammock lengthwise of the little room. To this the Governor's reply was: "It would not be good for it to hang in a smoky room, so I have packed it away." I resigned myself to my hard fate and harder bed, and suffered throughout long nights of many weeks rather than complain or show any unwillingness to have my "meat hardened."

An old priest, whom I had seen at the head of one of the dances, and whose fine bearing and classic, genial face had impressed me, used to come and chat occasionally of an evening with the Governor, in the other

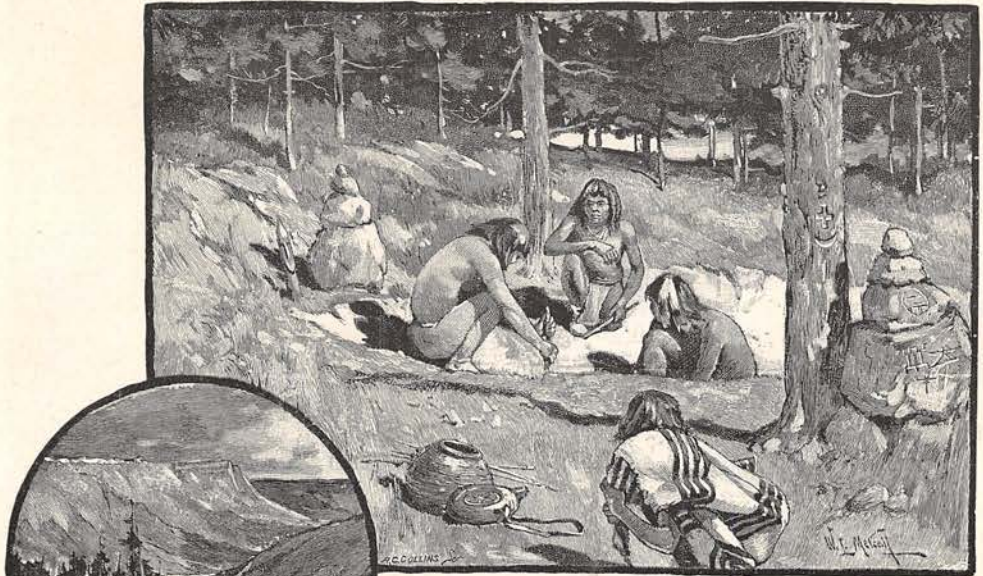


ARRIVAL OF THE SHÁ-LA-K'O.

room. Often, as he sat in the fire-light, his profile against the blazing background made me wonder if the ghost of Dante had not displaced the old Indian for a moment, so like the profile of the great poet was the one I looked upon. He had conceived a great affection for me, and his visits became more and more frequent, until at last one day he told me his name was Laí-ü-ah-tsai-lun-kia, but that I must forget his name whenever I spoke to him, and call him "father." Now that I wore the head-band and moccasins of his people, his attentions were redoubled, and he insisted constantly that I should dress entirely in the native costume, and have my ears pierced. That would make a complete Zuñi of me, for had I not eaten Zuñi food long enough to have starved four times, and was not my flesh, therefore, of the soil of Zuñi?

I strongly opposed his often repeated suggestions, and at last he so rarely made them that I thought he had altogether given up the idea.

One day, however, the Governor's wife came through the door-way with a dark blue bundle of cloth, and a long, embroidered red belt. She threw the latter on the floor, and unrolled the former, which proved to be a strip of diagonal stuff about five feet long



ANCIENT MINES IN THE VALLEY OF THE PINES.

by a yard in width. Through the middle a hole was cut, and to the edges, either side of this hole, were stitched, with brightly colored strips of fabric, a pair of sleeves. With a patronizing smile, the old woman said,—

“Put this on. Your brother will make you a pair of breeches, and then you will be a handsome young man.”

Under her instructions I stuck my head through the central hole, pushed my arms down into the little blanket sleeves, and gathered the ends around my waist, closely securing them with the embroidered belt. The sudden appearance of the Governor was the signal for the hasty removal of the garment. He folded it up and put it away under the blanket on the forge. Long before night he had completed a pair of short, thin, black cotton trowsers, and secured a pair of long, knitted blue woolen leggings.

“Take off that blue coat and rag necklace,” said he, referring to my blue flannel shirt and a tie of gray silk. “What! *another* coat under that. Take it off.”

I removed it.

“There, now! Go over into that corner and put these breeches on. Don’t wear anything under them.”

Then the coarse woolen blanket shirt was again put on as before, only next to my skin. There were no seams in this remarkable garment, save where the sleeves were attached to

the shoulders and from the elbows down to the wrists. The sides, a little below the armpits, and the arms inside down to the elbow, were left entirely exposed. I asked the Governor if I could not wear the under-coat.

“No,” said he. “Didn’t I say you must have your meat hardened?”

Fortunately, however, a heavy gray serape, striped with blue and black, and fringed with red and blue, was added to this costume. One of the young men gave me a crude copper bracelet, and the old priest presented me with one or two strings of black stone beads for a necklace.

The first time I appeared in the streets in full costume the Zuñis were delighted. Little children gathered around me; old women patronizingly bestowed compliments on me as their “new son, the child of Wa-sin-tona.” I found the impression was good, and permitted the old Governor to have his way. In fact, it would have been rather difficult to have done otherwise, for, on returning to my room, I found that every article of civilized clothing had disappeared from it.

During my absence for several days on an expedition to the Valley of the Pines in search of mines which had formerly been worked by the Zuñis, the old Governor and his wife industriously plastered my room, whitewashed the walls and even the rafters, spread blankets over the floor, and furnished it in Indian style more luxuriously than any other room in Zuñi. On the wall at one end, the Governor, in recollection of the pictures in officers’ quarters which he had seen, had

pasted bright gilt and red prints, which no one knows how many years past had been torn from bales of Mexican *bayeta*. Above, carefully secured by little pegs, was a photograph of Colonel Stevenson, which the latter had given the Governor before leaving, and which the Indians had designed as my companion. On my return I was so cordially greeted that I could no longer doubt the good intentions of the Zuñis toward me.

My foster father and many other of the principal men of the tribe, now insisted that my ears be pierced. I steadily refused; but they persisted, until at last it occurred to me that there must be some meaning in their urgency, and I determined to yield to their request. They procured some raw Moqui cotton, which they twisted into rolls about as large as an ordinary lead-pencil. Then they brought a large bowl of clear cold water and placed it before a rug in the eastern part of the room. K'iauwu presently came through the door-way, arrayed in her best dress, with a sacred cotton mantle thrown over her shoulders and abundant white shell beads on her neck. I was placed kneeling on the rug, my face toward the east. My old father, then solemnly removing his moccasins, approached me, needle and cotton in hand. He began a little shuffling dance around me, in time to a prayer chant to the sun. At the pauses in the chant he would reach out and grasp gently the lobe of my left ear. Each time he grasped, I braced up to endure the prick, until finally, when I least expected it, he ran the needle through. The chant was repeated, and the other ear grasped and pierced in the same way. As soon as the rolls of cotton had been drawn through, both the old man and K'iauwu dipped their hands in the water, prayed over them, and, at the close of the prayer, sprinkled my head, and scattered the water about like rain-drops on the floor, after which they washed my hands and face, and dried them with the cotton mantle.



A BIVOUAC IN THE VALLEY OF THE PINES.

I could not understand the whole prayer; but it contained beautiful passages, recommending me to the gods as a "Child of the Sun," and a "Son of the Coru people of earth" (the sacred name for the priests of Zuñi). At its close, the old man said—"And thus become thou my son, Té-na-tsa-li," and the old woman followed him with, "This day thou art made my younger brother, Té-na-tsa-li." Various other members of the little group then came forward, repeating the ceremonial and prayer, and closing with one or the other of the above sentences, and the distinct pronouncement of my new name.

When all was over, my father took me to the window, and, looking down with a smile on his face, explained that I was "named after a magical plant which grew on a single mountain in the west, the flowers of which were the most beautiful in the world, and of many colors, and the roots and juices of which were a panacea for all injuries to the flesh of man. That by this name,—which only one man in a generation could bear,—would I be known as long as the sun rose and set, and smiled on the Coru people of earth, as a *Shi wi* (Zuñi)."

Frank H. Cushing.



MY ADVENTURES IN ZUÑI. III.

"The rattled-tailed serpents
Have gone into council;
For the god of the Ice-caves,
From his home where the white down
Of wind in the north-land
Lies spread out forever,
Breathes over our country
And breaks down the pine-boughs."*

THUS say the grandfathers of Zuñi children when the snow-storms whiten the distant mountains and mesas. Next to autumn, winter is the merriest season of the year; merry to the lazy Indians, because a time of rest, festivity, and ceremonial. There is not much to be done; only the wood to be gathered from the mesas and cañons and brought in on "burro-back," the herds to be looked after, and the snow, when it happens to get piled up on the terraces, to be shoveled with wooden spades into blankets, and carried on the head down ladders to the outer edge of the pueblo, and there banked against the corrals. The days, save when some national observance claims the time, or betting over elaborate games in the plazas runs high, are dreary and monotonous enough; but the firelit evenings lengthen into hours of merry conversation. Old gray-heads sit around the hearths, telling their children of the adventures of men and the gods "when the world was young in the days of the new."

When the new-year of 1880 brought such times as these, I had been four months in Zuñi, and was counted one of the Children of the Sun. As I strolled through the streets or over the house-tops, children stopped pelting dogs with snow-balls, or playing checkers with bits of pottery on flat stones, and shouted my new name, "Te-na-tsa-li! Te-na-tsa-li!" at the tops of their shrill little voices. I was able, too, to share somewhat in the conversations and councils of the older ones; no longer did the cigarette of my "brother," the old governor of the tribe, gleam alone when the blazes on the hearth shrank back into the red embers, leaving only the shadows of the night in my little room. No; a dozen red stars glowed and perished with every whiff of as many eager visitors, or burned in concert at the end of each joke or story, revealing strange features which started forth from the darkness, like the ruddy ghosts of some pre-Columbian decade. "Shake the blazes out of the brands," one of

these ghosts would say; and another, with a long cedar stick, would poke the brands, till the flames would dart up the black chimney anew, the cigarette stars would fade into ashes in the sunlight of the piñon, when lo! the ancient ghosts became sprawling, half-nude Indians again.

No sooner had I begun to enjoy these evening diversions of the pueblo home than they were interrupted for several days. I then first learned of the existence of thirteen orders or societies, some of which were actually esoteric, others of a less strict nature, but all most elaborately organized and of definitely graded rank, relative to one another. For the introduction here of a few words relative to these organizations, I beg the pardon of the reader; since their existence is a fact of ethnologic importance, and moreover my statements relative to them have been most acrimoniously criticised and persistently disputed.

Functionally they are divisible into four classes: Those of War, of the Priesthood, of Medicine, and of the Chase; yet the elements of every one of these classes may be traced in each of all the others.

Of the first class (Martial) there is but one society—the "A-pi-thlan-shi-wa-ni," or the "Priests of the Bow," at once the most powerful and the most perfectly organized of all native associations, in some respects resembling the Masonic order, being strictly secret or esoteric; it is possessed of twelve degrees, distinguished by distinctive badges.

Of the second class (Ecclesiastical) there is also but one order—the "Shi-wa-ni-kwe," or society of priests, of the utmost sacred importance, yet less strictly secret than the first.

Of the third class (Medical) are the "Kashi-kwe" and "A-tchi-a-kwe," or cactus and knife orders—the martial and civil surgeons of the nation; the "Ne-we-kwe" and "Thle-we-kwe," or the gourmands and stick-swallowers; "Bearers of the Wand," who treat diseases of the digestive system; the "Ka-

* An almost literal translation from a Zuñi folk-lore tale of winter.

ka-thla-na-kwe" and "Ma-ke-thla-na-kwe," or grand ka-ka (dance) and grand fire orders, who treat inflammatory diseases; the "Ma-ke-tsa-na-kwe" and "Pe-sho-tsi-lo-kwe," or the lesser fire and insect orders, who treat burns, ulcers, cancers, and parasitic complaints; the "U-hu-hu-kwe," or "Ahem" (cough) order, who treat colds, etc.; and lastly, the "Tchi-to-la-kwe," or rattlesnake order, who treat the results of poisoning, actual or supposed, resulting from sorcery or venomous wounds.

Of the fourth class (Hunters) there is again but one order—the "San-ia-k'ia-kwe," or "Tus-ki-kwe," blood or coyote order—the hunters of the nation.

To all these a fourteenth organization might be added, were it not too general to be regarded as esoteric, notwithstanding its operations are strictly secret and sacred. I refer to the much quoted, misspelled, and otherwise abused "Ka-ka," "the Dance," which is wonderfully perfect in structure, and may be regarded as the national church, and, like the church with ourselves, is rather a sect than a society.

Perhaps the Priesthood of the Bow is the only truly esoteric of all these bodies, since members of it may be admitted to meetings of all the others, while members of the other societies are strictly excluded from the meetings of this.

Early learning this, I strove for nearly two years to gain membership in it, which would secure at once standing with the tribe and entrance to all sacred meetings, as well as eligibility to the Head Chieftaincies. I succeeded, and the memory of my experiences in this connection are to me the most interesting chapter of my Zuñi life.

These orders were engaged in their annual ceremonials, of which little was told or shown me; but, at the end of four days, I heard one morning a deep whirring noise. Running out, I saw a procession of three priests of the bow, in plumed helmets and closely-fitting cuirasses, both of thick buckskin,—gorgeous and solemn with sacred embroideries and war-paint, begirt with bows, arrows, and war-clubs, and each distinguished by his badge of degree,—coming down one of the narrow streets. The principal priest carried in his arms a wooden idol, ferocious in aspect, yet beautiful with its decorations of shell, turquois, and brilliant paint. It was nearly hidden by symbolic slats and prayer-sticks most elaborately plumed. He was preceded by a guardian with drawn bow and arrows, while another followed, twirling the sounding slat which had attracted alike my attention and that of hundreds of the

Indians, who hurriedly flocked to the roofs of the adjacent houses or lined the street, bowing their heads in adoration, and scattering sacred prayer-meal on the god and his attendant priests. Slowly they wound their way down the hill, across the river, and off toward the mountain of Thunder. Soon an identical procession followed and took its way toward the western hills. I watched them long until they disappeared, and a few hours afterward there arose from the top of "Thunder Mountain" a dense column of smoke, simultaneously with another from the more distant western mesa of "U-ha-na-mi," or "Mount of the Beloved."

Then they told me that for four days I must neither touch nor eat flesh or oil of any kind, and for ten days neither throw any refuse from my doors, nor permit a spark to leave my house, for "This was the season of the year when the 'grandmother of men' (fire) was precious."

Since my admission to the Priesthood of the Bow, I have been elected to the office of guardian to these gods; have twice accompanied them to their distant lofty shrines, where, with many prayers, chants, and invocations, they are placed in front of their predecessors of centuries' accumulation. Poetic in name and ascribed nature are these cherished and adored gods of war: one is called "A-hai-iu-ta," and the other "Ma-tsai-le-ma," and they are believed to be single in spirit, yet dual in form, the child or children of the God of the Sun, and to guard from year to year, from sunrise to sunset, the vale and children of those they were first sent to redeem and guide. These children receive without question the messages interpreted by their priests from year to year, which unflinchingly shape the destinies of their nation toward the "encircling cities of mankind."

When the fast was over and the nation had gladly thrown aside its yoke of restriction with the plumed sacrifices, which were cast into the river or planted on the sandy plain, the nightly sittings were again resumed in my little home. One night, at the pause of a long story, I heard a priest counting his fingers to fix the date of the ceremonials of initiation to be performed, he said, "by the rattlesnakes and fire-eaters." He lamented greatly the loss of some sacred black paint, with which he wished to decorate afresh the tablets of his altar, and was wondering what he would do about it. Conversation recurred to the stories, and I fell to thinking how I could turn the priest's difficulties to account. At last a plan struck me: I took from my trunk a book illustrated with colored prints and pretended to read it before the dim fire-light. As

I had designed, the curiosity of my companions was excited. Then I told them how the pictures had first been painted, and getting my water-color box, which contained some India ink, proceeded to illustrate what I had said. In describing how the colors were made, I dwelt particularly on the ink, saying that it was "made only by the *Chi-ni-kwe*, who were a Celestial people and lived on the back side of the world." I then painted with it a tablet of wood, and the deep black gloss excited their admiration. When I saw this, I hastened to add that "the *black* pigment was most precious; that they might use the other tints, but I could not part with that for an instant." At their usual late hour the company broke up. The priest, on leaving, looked longingly toward the corner wherein I had placed the box of paints, but said nothing. I awaited further developments most anxiously.

Four or five days later he came to me in company with one or two others. It was quite early in the day. As I had hoped, he asked for a "small piece of the *Chi-ni-kwe* ink." I refused it, repeating what I had already said. For a time he looked blank, but finally asked if I would not *lend* him some of it. Again I refused, saying "I could not trust it out of my sight." Finally, after much consultation with the others, he asked me if I "liked the Mexicans and other fools." I said "No"; then he begged that I should come to the "Chamber of the Rattlesnakes," and bring with me some of the "*Chi-ni-kwe* black." I purposely hesitated a long time, but finally said that "may-be" I would.

As soon as the embassy had departed, I made up a package of tobacco, candles, etc., with the black paint and an elaborate Chinese ink-stone. Near noon I took my way to the Chamber. I stepped down the ladder with perfect assurance, and observing that all the members were barefooted, drew my own moccasins off and went up to the front of the altar; at the same time speaking the greeting which had been taught me when I visited the "*Ko-yi-ma-shi*," I deposited the articles one by one, last of all the paint.

Had a ghost appeared in their midst he would not have caused more surprise than my assurance and seeming familiarity with the forms excited in the members of the order. They occupied one of the largest rooms in the town, along the walls of which were painted figures of the gods, among them a winged human monster with masked face, and a giant corn-plant which reached from floor to ceiling and was grasped on either side by a mythologic being. Toward the western end of the room stood the altar, with attendant priests before, behind, and on

either side of it. Above all was suspended a winged figure, like the painting on the wall. Between the altar and the blazing hearth were gathered the members, all of whom, save the women, were nearly nude; but elaborate devices in red, white, and yellow paint, representing serpents, suns, and stars, made them appear dressed in skin-fitting costumes. They were at work grinding and mixing paint, adorning costumes, and cleaving blocks of straight-grained cedar into splints about a yard in length, and nearly as thin as grass straws. Others, again, were tying, with strips of "yucca" leaf, the splints thus prepared into bundles about as large as one's arm.

As soon as I had deposited the presents, I approached and saluted the chief-priest, grasped his hands with both my own, and telling him I would "return at evening for the paint," breathed on them and hastily withdrew. On my way home an Indian who had seen me enter cursed me heartily, and said I would suffer for my imprudence, but I paid no attention to him. He told my old brother, however, and when long after dark I threw my serape over my shoulders, the latter asked where I was going. I said "To see the rattle-snakes." "No!" said the old man. "Yes," said I; "if the priest be willing, why should *you* object?" and amid family imprecations I darted out of the door and hurried along the dark streets to the place of meeting. I climbed the ladder and entered, blinking at the flood of light with which the place was aglow. Several of the members started up and motioned me out with their flat hands; but I only breathed deeply from my own, until I reached the place of the old priest. Knowing that Mexican was forbidden, I pretended not to understand what was said, when the latter advised me, in his own language, to go home: on the contrary, I wrung his hand, and, as I pulled off my moccasins, incoherently expressed my thanks for the privilege of remaining, and immediately seated myself as if for the night. It was a heavy "game of bluff"; but utterly bewildered by it, the old priest said nothing for some moments, until, evidently in despair, he lighted a cigarette, blew smoke into the air, uttered a prayer, and then handed the cigarette to me. I smoked a whiff or two, said a prayer in English, and handed the cigarette to the nearest member. I had the satisfaction of hearing them say, "Let him stay; he is no fool, and what if he be—he is our *Ki-he*, and the 'Beings' will throw the light of their favor upon him, because he cannot understand and knows no better." So they rolled another cigarette and told me I "must smoke all night, and help to make clouds for their little world"; that I "must occasionally give

to the fathers (priests and song-masters) my cigarettes, roll more, and never be idle, nor cease smoking." I had never smoked before. The first cigarette made me desperately sick; the second, sicker; so that, when I rose to present it, I reeled and had to sit down again; with the third, the sickness disappeared, and with the fourth I first came to feel the dreamy pleasures of the smoker.

At midnight, a long succession of cries like the voices of strange night-birds penetrated our smoky den. The musicians began to beat their great drum and sing a weird, noisy song, celebrating the origin of their order. Soon a grand company of dancers filed in, costumed like the members of the Rattlesnake order, save that black streaks of paint encircled their mouths, bordered and heightened by lines and daubs of yellow pigment. After passing through a rapid dance, which was attended by the round-headed "Sa-la-mo-pi-a," they settled down along the opposite side of the room. Only the "Sa-la-mo-pi-a" now remained, dancing wildly up and down before the altar, waving his wand of yucca and willow, with which, on occasion, he soundly thrashed the unfortunate sleepers whom his keen little round eyes failed not to discover.

There was now a sudden pause in the music. The Sa-la-mo-pi-a retired, and only members of the two orders remained. Two lads who were undergoing their novitiate, were brought into the middle of the room. The fires and huge grease lamps were freshly kindled and lighted, until the smoke near the ceiling looked almost like the clouds of sunset. A nude functionary brought great armfuls of the splint bundles, and deposited them in front of the hearth. The music struck up—wilder, more mysterious and deafening than ever. The two boys looked wistfully about; one trembled visibly, while the other, more imbued with the spirit of his race, seemed possessed, after the first movements, with a dogged apathy. Two members of the order approached them from behind, pinioned their arms, and stood holding them. All the other members rose, each procured a bundle of the splints, breathed on it, prayed over it, and all, save the leading priests, sat down again; these set up long, terrific cries, rushed toward the fire, howled at it as if in defiance, and stuffed the ends of the splints into the flames and embers. Soon their torches set the place more aglow than ever. They approached the terrified boys, danced, and joined in the wild song, brandishing their flambeaux, and yelling more and more vociferously. Suddenly, two by two, they stepped into the light, thrust the blazing splints into their mouths and throats, drew them forth still

aglow with coals, and put the latter out in the mouths of the boys. The stoic stood unmoved, but the other writhed and turned his head piteously; to no purpose, however, for the stalwart priests held him firmly to the fiery ordeal. Two by two, all the members in order of their rank, even the song-masters, went through this process, until just before day-break there remained only the prayers to be said over the wretched pair to complete their initiation. This completed they were conducted to seats, and all present said their prayers before the altar; meal was thrust into my hand and I was dragged up with the rest. A long silence ensued. Sleepy participants nodded, grimaced, fell against one another, re-straightened up, only to repeat again and again the same experience, before daylight sifted in and sunbeams followed through the holes in the blanket curtains. Finally, a woman's voice called down from the roof. One by one she passed down huge bowls of meat broth, red with chili, guava and Indian delicacies, until four rows extended from the end of the room to the altar. She then came in accompanied by a plumed priest of another order; together they said a prayer of presentation, which the priests present replied to with one of thanksgiving. The "bad influence" of the feast was skimmed off with eagle plumes and "thrown up" the altar by a medicine priest. Then the leader called out, "Eat all!" The weary crowd woke up of one accord, and with boisterous jokes, loud smacking, and gurgling exclamations of satisfaction, soon cleared away a good portion of the liberal feast. A bowl of hot broth and meat was set before the novices. It was red with pepper, powder, or chili. They took a mouthful each, and with tears in their eyes desisted, for their lips were as black with cinders as their tongues were white with blisters, but they were bidden to eat. The more timid one refusing was grasped by the nape of the neck by one priest, while another stuffed the hot smoking food down his throat.

Horrible as are these ordeals, they are less so than those of the Cactus order, where the young candidate is scourged with willow wands and cactus thorns, until his naked body is covered with a net-work of ridges and punctures. Far from blaming my foster-people for these things, I look rather to the spirit of their at first imposed, but afterward voluntary sufferings, that they may place themselves beyond the evil they strive to overcome in others; may strengthen the faith of their patients to the sublime power of their medicines, given, they aver, by the gods themselves for the relief of suffering humanity. So, annually, they and their brother orders

give public exhibitions of their various powers—sometimes, as is the case with the slat swallows (or “Bearers of the Wand”), producing injuries for life, or even suffering death; but, nevertheless unflinchingly, year after year, performing their excruciating rites.

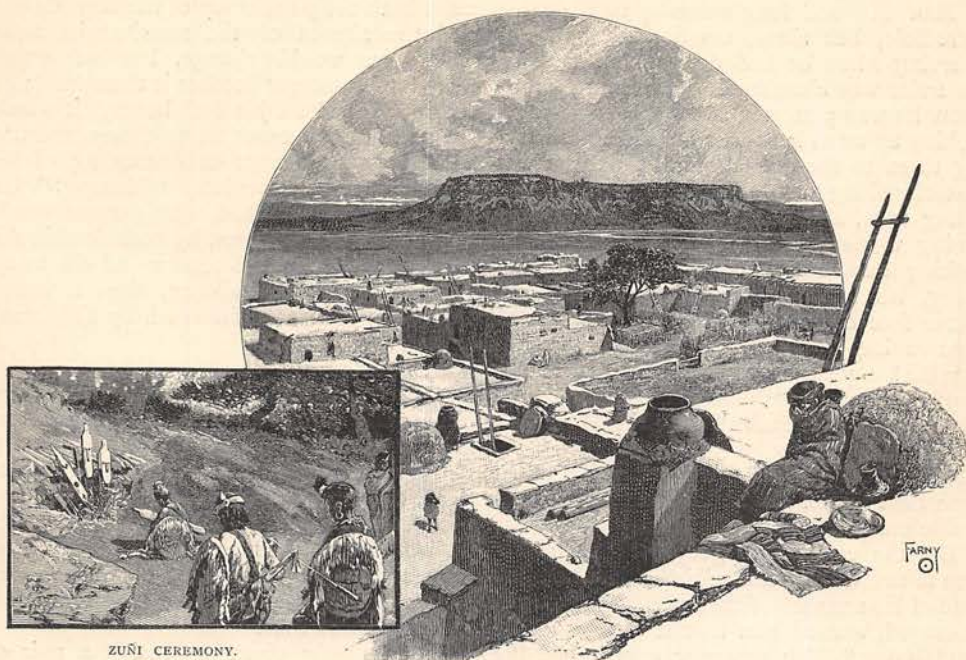
When all was over I followed the little ray of golden sunshine, which shot down through the neat covering of the sky-hole, up the slanting ladder and out into the cold winter morning air. A chill seized me before I had reached my little room. Several Indians who noticed my pallor attributed it to my transgressions. They were not long in communicating their thoughts to my old brother, who lamented having allowed me to go. As days passed I grew little better, and a few colds—the result of my scant costume and almost constantly damp, cold feet—at last prostrated me with pneumonia. When I began to recover, I was for weeks almost confined to my room. A walk across the pueblo would exhaust me. During this long illness and convalescence, I was constantly attended by my old brother and K'ia-wu (“sister”). My hammock was once more brought out and strung, and I was allowed more blankets. An almost constant crowd of visitors assembled during the day in my little room, leaving only with the late hours of night. They kept up a steady conversation, and I determined to improve the time by studies of the language. My old brother was delighted. Hour after hour he would sit by my bedside, drilling me in pronunciation and compelling me to say, over and over, the hard new words which he continually produced and explained for my benefit.

I now began to learn that the language spoken by my foster-people is by no means either meager or crude. It has most of the cases, moods, and tenses of the Greek, and like it possessed the singular, dual-plural, plural, and collective-plural numbers. It abounds in synonyms. For instance, the word *much* or *many* is expressed by no fewer than three words: *Em-ma*, *te-u-tcha*, *ko-ho-ma-sho-ko*. For our verb *to know*, five expressions occur, strikingly delicate in their distinctive shades of meaning. *To know*—intently or abstractly, self-evident knowledge, *ai-yu-ya-na*; *to know* through the understanding, acquired knowledge, *iu-he-ta*; *to know*—how to act, speak, think, do or make anything,—methodic knowledge, *an-i-kwa*; *to know*—a country, road, river, mountain, or place—geographic knowledge, *te-na-di*; *to know*—a place, person, animal, or personified object—knowledge of acquaintance, *a-na-pi*. Each of these expressions is again capable of modification by

grammatical prefixes, suffixes, or interjections; so that more than fifteen almost distinct terms for the one English verb, *to know*, can be produced. Nor are these refinements of meaning limited to this one example; they extend through the whole range of verbs, adverbs, and adjectives of the language. I was at first overwhelmed; but my old brother so invariably pounced upon a wrong use of any apparent synonym, that I soon overcame the difficulty.

To get used to the proper number, however, was not so easy. A friend's face would smile in at my open door. I would say *Kwa-ta* (Come in). He would thank me and obey instantly. Three or four, old and young, would appear; I would address them in the same way. They would look at one another and then at me, and finally begin a discussion as to which of their number I had meant. My old brother would look up and remark *U-kwa-ta*. They would troop in, and he would rate me soundly before them all for such a blunder. But if it happened that two appeared at the door, and I repeated the plural expression, they would unflinchingly look over their shoulders as though they expected some one else to follow. Then the old man would laugh at me, swear a little, and call out “*Atch-kwa-ta*.” Imagine my surprise when I thought I had mastered these distinctions to find myself yet again sharply rebuked by my old teacher. Several dancers came to my door-way. I said *U-kwa-ta*; they looked offended. “*An-samu-kwa-ta*,” said my old brother; the looks vanished before smiles at my ignorance, and my brother explained that they all belonged to “one class” (*ta-nan-ne*).

He trained me diligently in another peculiarity of his speech. A man may say for “I want” *ha-anti-shi-ma*, but he must not say *ha-kwa-anti-shi-ma* for “I do not want.” He must say *kwa* (not *ha*) *anti-shi-ma* (want) *nam-me*, negative ending. “Good” was *k'ok-shi*; “not good,” *kwa-k'ok-sham-me*; and this double negative was a sore perplexity, especially when *Kwa* initiated a long sentence and the negative ending was added to each subject verb or adverb as well as to the close of the whole sentence. After I had gained an insight into case, mood, and tense, endings, prefixes, and interjections, my progress was more rapid. The tenses presented the greatest obstacle. One night I went to bed rather discouraged. I dreamed of having gained a clear conception of the tenses (which probably resulted from my long thinking on the subject), and of speaking at great length many of the roots I already knew, with their proper prefixes and endings. Next morning I spoke according to my dream, and found to



ZUÑI CEREMONY.

THUNDER MOUNTAIN.

my surprise that the fogs about the whole subject had cleared; for it proved that nearly all Zuni verbs are regular, my subsequent studies having revealed only four or five exceptions to this rule. Wonder of wonders—a language of regular verbs!

And now began my most interesting studies—in which, alas, my teacher could not help me—of the etymology of the language.

Advocates of the “Bow-wow” theory of the origin of language may find convincing facts among the Zuñis. Take, for instance, the root *a-ti*. It is primarily an exclamation of mortal fear. As *a'-ti*, it means blood. It is a termination expressing violence, as in *la-pa-a-ti*—to shake violently—from *la-pa*, the sound of a shaken blanket, and *ati*. *Ta-pa-at-i*—to rap or pound, as at a door, from *ta-pa*—to tap—and *a-ti*. *Tsi-a-a-ti*—to cut or tear flesh or soft substance—from *tsi-a*, in imitation of the sound of cutting flesh, and *a-ti*. *Teshl-a-ti*—to fear; from *teshl*—to breathe hard, and *a-ti*. *A'-tu*—dark blood—from *a-ti*, the exclamation, and *u-e*—painful,—since black blood is supposed to cause inflammation. *A'-tu*, again, is a violent expression for “get out”; and *tuh* becomes an exclamation of anger, equivalent to our word damn. In fact, the number of words in which elements and roots occur derived from this one exclamation, *a-ti*, are so numerous as to become tedious to others than specialists. I venture, however, on one or two additional

examples of derivation through imitation. *Pi-wi-wi-k'e-a* is the sound of a string or thread drawn over a resisting body or through the damp fingers. From this the word *pi-le*—a string—is derived. *Tsu-nu-nu-k'e-a* is the sound of air escaping from the punctured paunch of a slain animal. From it the word *tsu-le* (paunch) is derived. These two words shortened and combined, *pi-tsu-li-a*, signify a round line, a circle—from string and the shape of a paunch, which is round. Thus almost throughout is this remarkable archaic language of the Zuñis built up, bearing in itself no small portion of the primitive history, especially of the intellectual development of the people by whom it is spoken.

During my illness, I was brought into very close contact with the people. I began to think, from the domestic harmony by which I was surrounded, that I had found the long-sought-for social Utopia. One day, however, the governor had a quarrel with his brother-in-law, and with a few sarcastic and telling epithets gathered up his sheep-skins and blankets, came into my room, slammed the door after him, and did not cross the threshold again for months. The weeping but faithful K'ia-wu followed, and thenceforth they took up quarters with me. More than a year elapsed before I had any more privacy while in Zuñi.

The governor was a rare and singular character. I never tire of speaking or writing

of him. He was long-suffering to a degree incredible, but silent, emotionless, and unswerving when he had determined. One of his traits was cleanliness. One sunny afternoon he was pottering about the eagle-cage, picking up some hard-wood sticks, and carrying them to the oven, behind which he was carefully piling them. K'ia-wu was on the roof sifting corn, and chatting with some neighboring women. Presently I heard a whine; looking round I saw a large, fine dog limping along, his knee, left eye, lips, mouth, and whole face covered with the yellow spines of a porcupine.

"Ha! a yellow beard comes, and is unhappy," I cried.

"A yellow mustache," echoed and queried the governor.

"Why did you tell him?" called K'ia-wu from the roof, for she had just espied the miserable creature.

But the emotionless governor paid attention to neither dog nor remarks. He had just loaded his arms full of the sticks. K'ia-wu, encouraged, warned him that it was his "own uncle's dog." The governor approached the oven with his load; suddenly choosing from it a suitable club, he edged toward the dog, dropped the others, and with two blows across the muzzle dispatched it. Then catching the still struggling brute by the hind-legs, he dragged it toward the river, remarking: "Yellow beards sometimes make little children crazy, and cause thoughts," with which he threw him over the bank, and bade him "go west to the spirit-land of dogs," where he assured him "it would be well to hunt other game than porcupines." Then, under the full shower of K'ia-wu's reproaches, he anxiously asked, "Is supper ready?"

If any of the numerous aggrieved complained to him, he listened gravely with an expression of sympathetic interest, until the plaint was spent, then replied: "I have heard; indeed!" And if this somewhat unsatisfactory reply provoked further remarks, he usually went about what he had to do, or with his characteristic summary manner sent the malcontent home, or left him to plead to an empty room.

K'ia-wu troubled herself much with her husband's actions. They usually slept along the opposite side of my little room. Night after night, hour after hour, I have heard her, in the peculiar sing-song tone of her race and sex, lecture the silent governor. The darkness would grow deeper, the embers on the hearth fade to ashes, but the theme lost neither interest nor voice. It used sorely to provoke me; and in my own language, hopelessly striving to sleep, I would sometimes

curse both the persistency of the Zuñi Caudle and the silence of the matrimonial stoic. The voice would change, but not cease. "Ho! the younger brother is thoughtful; tomorrow I will fix his bed better," it would say; and the governor, filling the exclamation with the most perfect understanding of the situation, would ejaculate, "Humph!" but no more. Undisturbed, the current would then flow on until later, by considerable distance of the stars, the tone would die away. A moment of dead silence, then a cough from the governor, followed by the bland inquiry:

"Is that all?"

"What more should I say, talkless?" the old woman would reply, in a most injured and ill-controlled tone.

"Well, then" (with a yawn), "let's go to sleep, old girl (*o' ka-si-ki*), for it is time, and the younger brother is restless." With which he would turn over, cough again, and lapse into silence, hopeless to the tongue-weary woman, as evinced by her long-continued, half-smothered sobs.

I had nearly given up seeing a pair of garters which had been promised me, when one day, all bustle and smiles, the "Little mother" came in bearing them.

They were beautiful and well made,—they endure even yet,—and with matronly pride she laid them before me. I paid her liberally, that the subject of *Lai-iu-lut-sa* should not be resumed. But it was broached to the governor. That night when we were alone, he came and lay down by my side where I was writing.

"Get a big piece of paper," said he, and knowing him, I obeyed.

"Now write." I seized a pencil.

"'Thou comest?' said he, in his own language.

I wrote it and pronounced it.

"Good," said he; then added:

"'Yes; how are you these many days?'"

"'Happy!' 'Sit down,' 'Eat.' (Then a tray of bread will be placed before you, but you must be polite, and eat but little, and soon say:) 'Thanks.'"

"'Eat enough. You must have come thinking of something. What have you to say?'"

"'I don't know.'"

"'Oh! yes, you do; tell me.'"

"'I'm thinking of you' (in a whisper)."

"'Indeed! You must be mistaken.'"

"'No!'"

"'Aha! do you love me?'"

"'Ay, I love you.'"

"'Truly?'"

"'Yes!'"

"'Possibly; we will see. What think you, father?'"

“‘As you think, my child’ (the father will say).”

“What in the name of the moon does all this mean, brother?” I asked him when he had made me read the questions and answers over two or three times, and said I had pronounced them all right.

“It means what you will say to Lai-iu-lut-sa to-morrow night when you go to see her.”

I was perplexed. I knew not what to say, as I feared offending the good old man.

“Look here, brother, I can’t go to see her; she would laugh at me because I can’t speak good Zuñi yet.”

“Now that’s all I have to say to you,” he replied, angrily. “I’ve done my best for you; if fools will be fools, not even their brothers can help it. I see you propose to live single and have everybody say: ‘There goes a man that no woman will have; not even when his brother helps him. No! Do you suppose I am blind? You are no Zuñi; you want to go back to Washington; but you can’t, I tell you. You might as well get married; you *are* a Zuñi—do you hear me? You are a fool, too!’”

With this, he left me; nor would he speak to me again for many days, save on the most commonplace affairs of life, and then but briefly.

My old father here came to my relief. He persuaded the vexed governor that perhaps Lai-iu-lut-sa did not suit me, and that my refusal of her was no argument against my love for her people. With a sublime sense of his power of diplomacy, he also sat down to have a talk with me the same evening. “You see, my son, I had nothing to say about Lai-iu-lut-sa; don’t like her myself,” said he, with a smile. “Now had it been Iu-i-tsaih-ti-e-tsa, I should have said, ‘Be it well!’” and he waited for me to ask who she was. I kept a wise silence—my old brother kept a sulky one. “She is the finest being in our nation; and *my own niece*,” he added, with emphasis.

“I never saw her,” said I.

“Is that all?” he exclaimed, eagerly. “Well! she shall bring you a bundle of candle-wood to-morrow evening,” he remarked.

“What shall I pay her for it?” I asked.

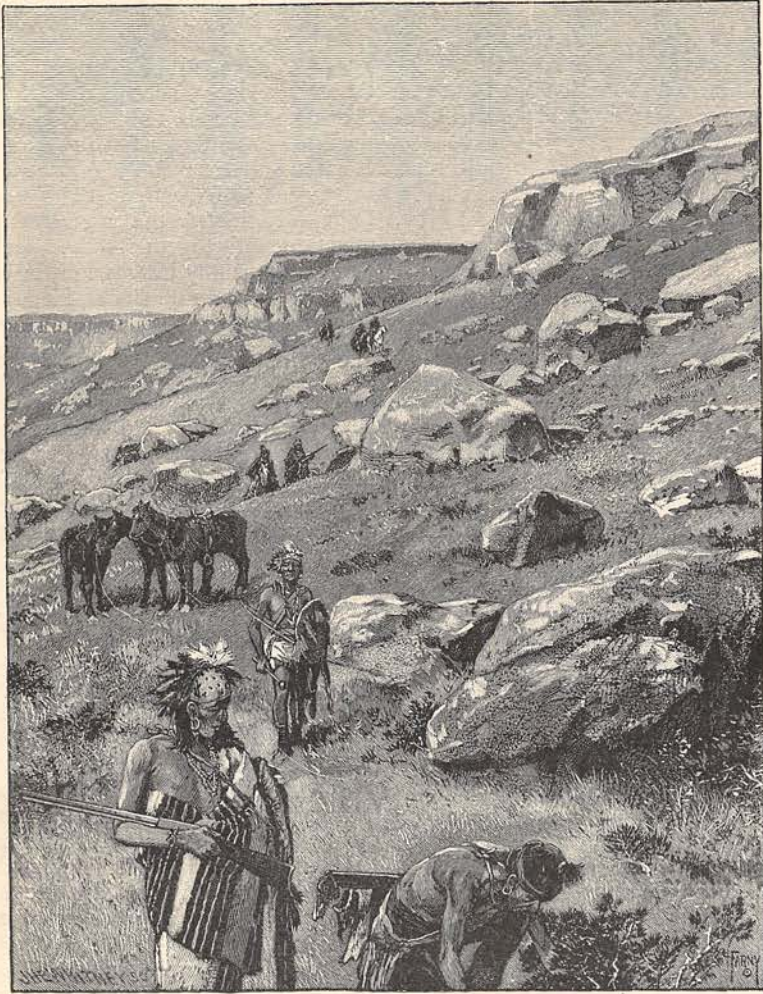
“Pay her! Nothing, my son; do you wish her to think you a fool, and cover me with shame?”

Next evening, I went to see Mr. Graham, the trader, and staid late. When I returned, a little bundle of pitch-pine was lying by the door-way, and the old governor, getting up with an oath, left the house. Again the girl brought wood, at a time unexpected to me, yet I happened to be absent; and the matter, with many vexatious remarks on my strange behavior, was for a time given up.

The Zuñi customs connected with courtship are curious. Regularly, a girl expresses a fancy for a young man. Her parents or her relatives inform those of the youth, and the latter is encouraged. If suited, he casually drops into the house of the girl, when much the same conversation as the governor tried to teach me ensues; and “if it be well,” the girl becomes his affianced, or *Yi-lu-k’ia-ni-ha* (His to be). Thereafter the young couple may be seen frequently together—the girl combing his hair on the sunny terraces, or, in winter, near the hearth, while he sits and sews on articles of apparel for her. When he has “made his bundle,” or gathered a sufficient number of presents together,—invariably including a pair of moccasins made from a whole deer-skin,—he takes it to her, and if they are accepted he is adopted as a son by her father, or, in Zuñi language, “as a ward,” *Tu-la-w’i*; and with the beginning of his residence with her commences his married life. With the woman rests the security of the marriage ties; and it must be said, in her high honor, that she rarely abuses the privilege; that is, never sends her husband “to the home of his fathers,” unless he richly deserves it. Much is said of the inferior position of women among Indians. With all advanced tribes, as with the Zuñis, the woman not only controls the situation, but her serfdom is customary, self-imposed, and willing absolutely. To her belong, also, all the children; and descent, including inheritance, is on her side.

I did not learn, until late in the season, that the midnight Ka-Kas were held thrice monthly during two of the winter months, in all the estufas, or *ki-wi-tsi-we*, of the pueblo, of which there were six, corresponding in Zuñi mythology to the six regions of the universe,—North, West, South, East, Upper, and Lower. One day, however, there came past my house two costumed and masked “Runners of the Ka-Ka.” I followed them into a *ki-wi-tsin*. A group of priests near the smoky, rude, stone altar, were gathered, bare-footed and praying. I drew my moccasins off, and joined them. A friend among them told me, as we left, that I had “behaved so wisely I could come with him that night and see the Ka-Kas.”

What a wonderful night it was! The blazes of the splinter-lit fire on the stone altar, sometimes licking the very ladder-poles in their flight upward toward the sky-hole,—which served at once as door-way, chimney, and window; the painted tablets in one end, with priests and musicians grouped around; the spectators opposite and along the sides; the thin, upward streams of blue smoke from hundreds of cigarettes; the shrill calls of the rap-



A ZUÑI WAR-PARTY.

idly coming and departing dancers, their wild songs, and the din of the great drum, which fairly jarred the ancient, smoke-blackened rafters; the less distinguishable but terribly thrilling "swirr-r" of the yucca-whips, when brought down on some luckless sleeper's head and shoulders; the odors of the burning sacrifices, the tobacco, and of evergreen. All this was impressed indelibly on my memory,—the more impressive, that I was the first of my race to witness it. Wonderful, too, were the costumes and masks. Scaly monsters, bristling with weapons and terrible of voice and manner, with reptile heads; warrior demons, with grinning teeth, glaring eyes, long horns, mats of grizzly hair and beard; grotesque *Ne-wes*; ludicrous *Ko-yi-mashis*; ridiculous caricatures of all things in earth, and of men's strange conceptions. Such made up the sights of the *ki-*

wi-tsin of the midnight Ka-Kas. Prayers near morning, distribution of the medicine-water to each of us, and, in Zuñi language, "like leaves in a sand-storm the people severed."

With February came the season of general abandonment to games, when old men and young children were busy with the chances of the thrown stick, the hidden ball, or the contest of matched strength. Even the non-participants, the women, were intensely excited with these peaceful contests; betting, in common with their at all other times less temperate husbands, the choicest articles of apparel, or the most valued items of possession.

One remarkable feature of the Zuñis had impressed me—the well-regulated life they lead. At one season they are absorbed in harvesting, at another in the sacred obligations; now games lead the day, while previously they have been



A ZUÑI FARM-HOUSE.

of such rare occurrence—even among little children—that I had written in my November notes, “The Zuñis have few if any games of chance”; while, had my observations been confined to February, I would have written “A nation of gamblers.”

Like most things else in Zuñi, their games were of a sacred nature. Now that the nation “had straightened the thoughts of the impassably terrible ‘A-hai-iu-ta’ and Ma-tsai-lema, the ‘beloved two’ smiled and willed that, with the plays wherewith they themselves had whiled away the eons of times ancient, should their children be made happy with one another.”

So one morning, the two chief priests of the bow (Pi-thlan-shi-wan-mo-so-na-tchi) climbed to the top of the houses, and just at sunrise called out a “prayer-message” from the mount-enshrined gods. Eight players went into a *ki-wi-tsin* to fast, and four days later issued forth, bearing four large wooden tubes, a ball of stone, and a bundle of thirty-six counting straws. With great ceremony, many prayers and incantations, the tubes were deposited on two mock mountains of sand, either side of the “grand plaza.” A crowd began to gather. Larger and noisier it grew, until it became a surging clamorous black mass. Gradually two piles of fabrics, —vessels, silver ornaments, necklaces, embroideries, and symbols representing horses, cattle, and sheep,—grew to large proportions.

Women gathered on the roofs around, wildly stretching forth articles for the betting; until one of the presiding priests called out a brief message. The crowd became silent. A booth was raised, under which two of the players retired; and when it was removed, the four tubes were standing on the mound of sand. A song and dance began. One by one, three of the four opposing players were summoned to guess under which tube the ball was hidden. At each guess the cries of the opposing parties became deafening, and their mock struggles approached the violence of mortal combat. The last guesser found the ball; and as he victoriously carried the latter and the tubes across to his own mound, his side scored ten. The process was repeated. The second guesser found the ball; his side scored fifteen, setting the others back five. The counts numbered one hundred; but so complicated were the winnings and losings on both sides, with each guess of either, that hour after hour the game went on and night closed in. Fires were built in the plaza, cigarettes lighted, but still the game continued. Noisier and noisier grew the dancers, more and more insulting and defiant their songs and epithets to the opposing crowd, until they fairly gnashed their teeth at one another, but no blows! Day dawned on the still uncertain contest; nor was it until the sun again touched the western horizon, that the hoarse, still defiant voices died away, and

the victorious party bore off their "mountains of gifts from the gods."

Another game of the gods was ordered later, in the same way—*Ti-kwa-we*, or the race of the "kicked stick."

Twelve runners were chosen and for four days duly "trained" in the estufas. On the fourth morning, the same noisy, surging crowd was gathered in the principal plaza, the same opposing mountains of goods were piled up. At noon, the crowd surged over to the level, sandy plain beyond the river. They were soon followed by the nude contestants, in two single-file processions, led and closed in by the training-masters. Each had his hair done up in a knot over his forehead, and a strong belt girded tightly about his waist. Either leader carried a small round stick, one painted at the center, the other at either end, with red. When all was ready, each leader placed his stick across his right foot, and, when word was given, kicked it, amid the deafening shouts of the spectators, a prodigious distance into the air and along the trail. Off dashed the runners vying with each other for possession of the stick, and followed by dozens of the wild crowd on foot and on horseback. The course of their race was shaped not unlike a bangle, with either end bent into the center. That is, starting from the river-bank, it went to the southern foot-hills, followed the edge of the valley entirely around, and back whence it had started, in all a distance of nearly twenty-five miles. During the progress of the distant circling race, spectators, including hundreds of the women, lined the house-tops. In much less than two hours and a half the victorious party returned, kicked their stick triumphantly across the river, ran into the plaza, circled around the goods, breathed on their hands, exclaimed, "Thanks! this day we win," and hurried to their estufa, where with great ceremony they were vomited, rubbed, rolled in blankets, and prayed over. Notwithstanding these precautions, they were so stiff within half an hour they could hardly move; yet no one can witness these tremendous races without admiration for the physical endurance of the Indian.

These two games, varied with others which, equally interesting, would require even more space for description, filled the days and nights thenceforward for many weeks. Although I faithfully studied and practiced many of the more complicated of them that I might the better understand them, I remain, notwithstanding many losings and few



ZUÑI PLANTING.

winnings, yet unable to perfectly master their intricacies. The game of cane-cards, or the "Sacred Arrows," would grace the most civilized society with a refined source of amusement; yet though I have played it repeatedly, I cannot half record its mythic passes, facetious and archaic proverbs, and almost numberless counts. The successful *shos-li*, or cane-player, is as much respected for his knowledge as he is despised for his abandoned, gambling propensities. Great though their passion for game be, the Zuñis condemn, as unsparingly as do we, great excesses in it.

With the waning of winter the snows had disappeared, and now terrific winds swept daily down from the western "Sierra Blanco," until the plain was parched, and the stinging blasts of sand flew fairly over the top of Ta-ai-yal-lon-ne. Still the races and games went on, until one morning the Priest of the Sun declared aloud that the sun was returning. "Our father has called and his father answers," said the people to one another. The games ceased as if by magic; and the late profligate might now have been seen, early each morning, with hoe and spade in hand, wending his way out to the fields to prepare them for the planting time.

Each morning, too, just at dawn, the Sun Priest, followed by the Master Priest of the Bow, went along the eastern trail to the ruined city of Ma-tsa-ki, by the river-side, where, awaited at a distance by his companion, he slowly approached a square open tower and seated himself just inside upon a rude, ancient stone chair, and before a pillar sculptured with the face of the sun, the sacred hand, the morning star, and the new moon.

There he awaited with prayer and sacred song the rising of the sun. Not many such pilgrimages are made ere the "Suns look at each other," and the shadows of the solar monolith, the monument of Thunder Mountain, and the pillar of the gardens of Zuñi, "lie along the same trail." Then the priest blesses, thanks, and exhorts his father, while the warrior guardian responds as he cuts the last notch in his pine-wood calendar, and both hasten back to call from the house-tops the glad tidings of the return of spring. Nor may the Sun Priest err in his watch of Time's flight; for many are the houses in Zuñi with scores on their walls or ancient plates imbedded therein, while opposite, a convenient window or small port-hole lets in the light of the rising sun, which shines but two mornings in the three hundred and sixty-five on the same place. Wonderfully reliable and ingenious are these rude systems of orientation, by which the religion, the labors, and even the pastimes of the Zuñis are regulated.

Each day whole families hastened away to their planting pueblos, or distant farm-houses, but the sand-storms abated not. At night there was not a zephyr, but soon after sunrise, away off over the western rim of the plain, a golden, writhing wave of dust could be seen, followed by another and another, and rising higher and higher, until as it swirled over the pueblo it fairly darkened the sky, increasing in column and height until the sun went down; then retreating after him and covering the plain, not with golden, but with blood-red waves, matching in brilliancy and shifting beauty the blazing clouds of the evening skies.

I well remember the morning my old brother and I parted for the first time. He lingered by me long after the others had gone and his burros had strayed far up the valley trail. Finally, he took me gently by the hand, saying:

"Ah! little brother, my heart is like the clods I go to break—heavy! For I have grown to you as one stalk grows to another when they are planted together. Poor little brother, may the light of their favors fall upon you, for you will live long alone with the white-headed 'old Ten.' Come with me a little."

Then he dropped my hand, and folded his own behind his bent back, and I followed him slowly along the dusty street. As we were crossing the principal plaza, we met Iu-i-tsaih-ti-e-tsa. She drew her head-mantle over her eyes, and was about to pass us when the governor straightened up, smiled, and greeted her.

"Ha?" inquired the bashful maiden, when he told her something was on his mind.

"Only this," he added: "my little brother

will be lonely while I am gone; perhaps he would be less so if you took him a tray of *he-we* once in a while, you know it is 'home-sick' to eat alone."

"Ya," assented the girl, as she tripped past us, and we plodded along.

"Now, little brother, stay at home like a man of dignity, while I am gone. Don't you know it is shameless to run all round the streets and over the house-tops as you do? Better your thoughts, and make your heart good, and remember that your brother speaks for you *once more*."

Poor old brother! Good old brother! He never had occasion to mention Iu-i-tsaih-ti-e-tsa to me again, and for many months a shade passed over his face whenever he saw her or heard her name.

We went on past the gardens, and far out into the plain. Then he stopped me.

"Little brother," said he, and he laid one hand on my shoulder, while with the other he removed his head-band, and pressed both of mine, "*This day we have a father who, from his ancient place, rises hard holding his course; grasping us that we may stumble not in the trails of our lives. If it be well, may his grasp be firm until, happily, our paths join together again, and we look one upon the other.* Thus much I make prayer,—I go."

With this he turned suddenly, a tear in his eye, and walked hastily along the river-side. And I stood there watching him, until his bent form disappeared, and trying hard to bear the loneliest moment of all my exile in Zuñi. God bless my Indian brother!

I expected to have a hard time with my "white-headed mother," as I called her; but she was the soul of tenderness and attention. Only one circumstance occurred to jar our peace; that, happily, the second day. I was not in the house when the crash came; but entering soon after, I saw the cause of it, and heard from the mother. Something stood in the middle of my room, with a white mantle of cotton spread over it. I lifted the mantle, and discovered a handsome tray of flaky *he-we*. The mother was awaiting me—much as a spider waits for a fly—just inside the next room.

"Who brought it, mother?" said I, in mock surprise.

"You ask who brought it? Well! Who should it be but that shameless wench who lives over the covered way, whose mother has clog feet, and whose father is so poor that no one knows how they live? No matter if young fools do grow crazy over her; she's nothing, nothing at all, Medicine Flower, nothing but a common creature that is not human enough to know what shame is."



A ZUÑI SILVERSMITH.

"Indeed, was it Iu-i-tsaih-ti-e-tsa?"

"Then I knew it!" she rejoined. "You knew all about it. You are not going to let her make a fool of *you*, are you, Medicine Flower? (I was usually her *child*, but on this occasion I was *Medicine Flower*, emphatically pronounced.) She doesn't *near* to you at all; she only thinks of what you have and of your fine buttons."

"Where does she live, mother?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I wish to go and see her."

"I'll have nothing to do with it. Shame myself? Not I!"

"But I wish to *pay* her."

"Ha! my child? Right over the covered way, up two ladders, and down the first sky-hole," replied the old lady, suddenly as bland as though spite had never caused her heart to beat the faster during her long life.

"I'm going to have her come here."

"*No!* She shall not come into——"

"Wait, mother, wait. Have her come here to eat, and then refuse to eat with her, and pay her sugar; but mind, don't you tell my good old brother."

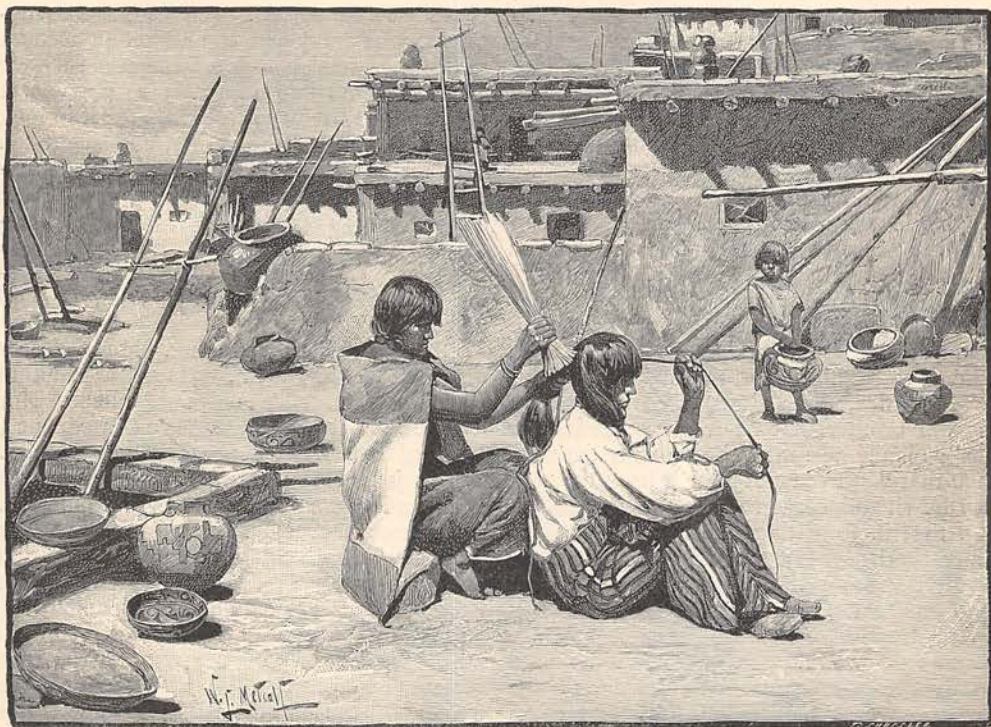
"Your brother? Aha! Then *he* was mixed up in it, was he? Poor child! I thought it was you. So it was Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa. Ah, well! he's a *Pino*, you know—the family is all alike; he belongs to a good clan, but his father's blood is *his* blood."

Peace was made with the mother, and I went to the house of Iu-i-tsaih-ti-e-tsa. She was not at home. I left word for her to come and eat with me at sunset. When she came, I was writing. She was accompanied by her aunt. I bade them enter, set coffee, bread, *he-we*, sugar, and other delicacies before them. Then I merely broke a crust, sacrificed some of it to the fire, ate a mouthful, and left them, resuming my writing. The girl dropped her half-eaten bread, threw her head-mantle over her face, and started for the door. I called to her and offered her a bag of sugar in payment, I said, for the *he-we*. At first she angrily refused; then bethinking herself that I was an American and possibly knew no better, she took the sugar and hastened away, mortified and almost ready to cry with vexation. Poor girl! I knew I was offering her a great dishonor,—as runs the custom of her people,—but it was my only way out of a difficulty far more serious than it could have possibly appeared to her people. The aunt was an old friend of mine. She had frequently come to our house to help grind corn, or make *he-we*, and thought much of me,—calling me, always, *ha-mi* (a sister's younger brother). She remained a few moments; then rising, thanked me, and was about to go when I said to her: "Sister, Iu-i-tsaih-ti-e-tsa is a good and pretty girl. I like her; but it will be many days before I

think of women save as sisters and mothers." The woman hesitated a moment, then said:

"Ha-ni, you are a good being, but an unknowable sort of a man. You have caused

stance; and I know that of all services I ever did her, such as that ranked in her estimation foremost. It taught me that even "squaws" could sometimes appreciate such attentions.



ZUÑI COURTSHIP.

me to think much this night and made me ashamed, but then!—may you sit happily, even alone," she added, as she passed out of the door.

(However out of place these statements may seem, I deem them not only essential to the narrative, but characteristic of the Zuñis, and of their early attitude toward me. Possibly, too, they may disarm charges and criticisms which are as narrow, unrefined, and malicious, as they are false.)

The old mother entered immediately, and without further remark than a sigh of relief, cleared the things away.

During our lonely life together, I often helped her to split wood, or lift heavy burdens, wind yarn, or bring water. She never failed to thank me for the least of these services. Once she came in, looking tired; I arose and offered her my seat by the hearth. She hesitated a moment, laughed hysterically, then sat down; but in trying to thank me, burst into tears. "Ah!" said she, "*tsa-wai-k'i* (son), don't be so kind to me; I am old." But she never ceased to mention the little circum-

stances. During my lonely life that spring, a few young men fell into the habit of visiting me occasionally, to "hear about the world." They would light their cigarettes, square themselves along the opposite wall, their faces beaming with expectation and satisfaction. An amusing chapter could be written on their questions and comments. I give here but one instance.

One of them asked me, "How the sun could travel so constantly over the world by day and back under it at night, without getting tired and giving it up?"

I explained that the earth revolved and the sun stood still, which caused day and night and made the sun appear to move, illustrating the statement as well as I could; also telling them, that "twice a year the earth wagged back and forth, which made winter come and go and the sun move from one side of Thunder Mountain to the other."

For a few moments they sat still and puffed vigorously at their cigarettes, as thoughtful men are apt to do. Of a sudden, one of them cried out:

"Listen! the Medicine Flower is right. If you gallop past Thunder Mountain, Thunder Mountain moves, and you stand still; and besides, I have noticed that in summer the great hanging snow-bank (Milky Way) drifts from the left of the Land of Daylight (N. E.) to the right of the World of Waters (S. W.); and in winter, from the left of the World of Waters (N. W.) to the right of the Land of Daylight (S. E.). Now! how could they move the great hanging snow-drift without moving the sky too? It would be easier to wag the world than to turn the sky around."

"Ah! but our ancients taught us——"

"No matter what our ancients taught us," said the young philosopher; "why do you speak the words of dead men? They lied, and Medicine Flower speaks straight, for why should the sun go so far and let the earth stand still, when, by merely rolling her over, he could save himself all that trouble?"

Meanwhile, three times word came from my old brother that he was "homesick for me." Finally he sent a horse, with the message that "if I did not ride it back the next day he should cease to speak to me, believing, that in forgetting him I had found another brother." But when I rode down the neatly tilled and irrigated fields, the old man, who was breaking clods, dropped his hoe, ran up to my side, pulled me from the saddle, embraced me, and that night sat up until nearly daylight, close by my side, in the low room of his quaint farm-house, talking. When time came for me to return, he gave up his work, and with K'ia-wu accompanied me, leaving the fields to the brother-in-law, with whom—K'ia-wu told me delightedly—"peace had been made."

It was well that we returned! The wind-storms were growing worse: day after day they had drifted the scorching sand over the valley, until the springs were choked up and the river was so dry that a stranger could not have distinguished it from a streamless arroyo. The nation was threatened with famine. Many were the grave speculations and councils relative to the "meaning of the gods in thus punishing their children."

Strange to say, I was given a prominent place in these, and was often appealed to, on account of my reputed "knowledge of the world." More and more frequent and desperate grew these gatherings, until at last a poor fellow named "Big Belly" was seized and brought up before them, accused of "heresy!" The trial—in which I had taken no part—lasted a whole day and part of night, when to my surprise a body of elders summoned me, and placed me at the head of their council. They addressed and treated

me as chief counselor of their nation, which office I held thenceforward for nearly two years. Among other things, they asked what should be done. I inquired minutely into the case, and learned that the culprit had opened one of the sand-choked springs, which proved to be sacred. The gods were supposed to be angry with the nation on account of his transgression,—demanding the sacrifice of his life. As impassionately as possible, I pleaded that the wind-storms had set in long before he opened the spring, and suggested that he be made to fill it up again and to sacrifice bits of shells and turquois to it. The suggestion was adopted! The additional penalty of ostracism, however, was laid upon him; and to this day he lives in the farming pueblo of K'iap-kwai-na-kwin, or Ojo Caliente.

One evil followed another. Many deaths occurred, among them, that of a beautiful girl, who had been universally liked. Nor did the wind-storms abate. As a consequence, I heard one night a peculiar, long war-cry. It was joined by another and another, until the sound grew strangely weird and ominous. Then three or four men rushed past my door yelling: "A wizard! a wizard!" The tribe was soon in an uproar. The priests of the Bow had seized an old man named the "Bat," and in one of their secret chambers were trying him for sorcery. I was not present, of course, at the trial; but at three o'clock in the morning they dragged him forth to the hill on the north side of the pueblo. There they tied his hands behind him with a rawhide rope; and passing the end of the latter over a pole, supported by high croched posts, they drew him up until his toes barely touched the ground and he was bent almost double.

Then the four chief-priests of the Bow approached and harangued him one by one, but provoked no reply save the most piteous moans. Day dawned; yet still he hung there. The speeches grew louder and more furious, until, fearing violence, I ran home, buckled on my pistol, and returned. I went straight to the old man's side.

"Go back," said the accusers.

"I will not go back; for I come with words."

"Speak them," said they.

"These," said I. "You may try the old man, but you must not kill him. The Americans will see you, or find it out, and tell their people, who will say: 'The Zuñis murdered one of their own grandfathers.' That will bring trouble on you all."

"What! murder a wizard?" they exclaimed. "Ho!" and for a few moments I grew hope-

less; for the chief-priest turned to the old man, and asked, with mock tenderness:

"Father, does it hurt?"

"Ai-o," moaned the old man, in a weak voice. "I die, I am dying."

"That's right," retorted the priest. "Pull him up a little higher, my son," said he, addressing an assistant. "He says it hurts, and I have hopes he will speak." Then he turned to me again.

"This is our way, my son, of bringing bad men to wisdom; I have worn my throat out urging him to speak; now I am trying another way. If he but speak, he shall be let to go."

"What shall I say?" piteously moaned the suffering man.

"Say *yes* or *no!* dotard," howled the priest.

"Speak, grandfather, speak!" said I, as re-assuringly as I could, at the same time laying my hand on his withered arm.

"Tell them to let me down, then," he pleaded, "for I can speak not long as I am; I shall die. Oh! I shall die."

"Thanks! father, thanks!" said the priest, briskly. "Let him down; he is coming to his senses, I see."

They let the sufferer down for a moment; and gazing on the ground, he began:

"True! I have been bad. My father taught me fifty years ago, in the mountains of the summer snows. It was medicine that I used. You will find a bundle of it over the rafters, in my highest room."

One of the attendants was immediately dispatched, and soon returned with a little bunch of twigs.

"Ay! that it is, I used that. It has covered me with shame; but I will be better. I will rejoin my *ti-k'ia* (sacred order). It will surely rain within four days; for if you but let me go, I shall join my *ti-k'ia* again."

"Will you be wise?"

"Yes! believe me."

"Will you stay in Zuñi?"

"Yes! believe me."

"Will you never more cause tears?"

"No! It were a shame."

"Will you never teach to others your magic?"

"No! believe me——"

"Thanks! You have spoken. Let him go!" said the priest, as he walked hastily through the crowd toward his home.

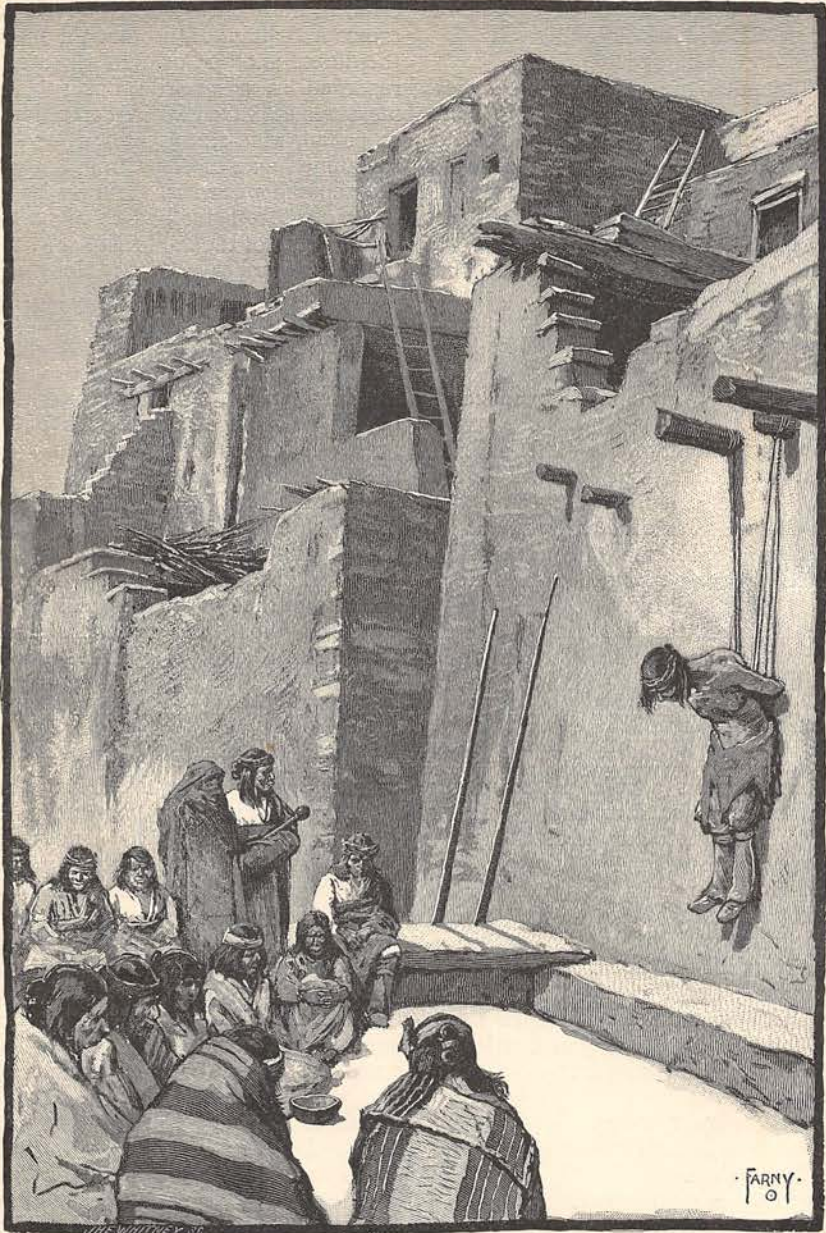
Four days passed, and no rain came; nor did the "Bat" do as he had promised, for he returned home only to threaten revenge on the priesthood, and since the fifth day no one outside of that priesthood has ever seen a trace of the "Bat."

In Zuñi law-custom there are but two

crimes punishable by death—sorcery and cowardice in battle. If, however, a man attempt the life of another, or even threaten it, he is regarded as a wizard; but no immediate measures are taken for his correction. Should crops fail, wind-storms prevail, or should the threatened man die, even from natural causes, the reputed wizard is, when he least expects it, dragged from his bed at night by the secret council of the A-pi-thlan-shi-wa-ni, taken to their chamber and tried long and fairly. Should the culprit persist in silence, he is taken forth and tortured by the simple yet excruciatingly painful method I have described, throughout a "single course of the sun"; and if still silent, again taken to the chamber of the priesthood, whence he never comes forth alive; nor do others than members of the dread organization ever know what becomes of him. Rare indeed is the execution for which no other than superstitious reasons may be adduced. Even in case of the "Bat," I learned that he had attempted to poison his own niece, the girl heretofore mentioned, the death of whom, a few weeks afterward, rendered him a criminal and liable to condemnation, not only as such, but as a sorcerer. Thus, like a vigilance committee, the priesthood of the Bow secretly tries all cases of capital crime under the name of sorcery or witchcraft,—the war-chief of the nation, himself necessarily a prominent priest of the Bow, acting as executioner, and, with the aid of his sub-chiefs, as secretly disposing of the body. On account of this mysterious method of justice crime is rare in Zuñi.

At last, in late June, rains came. As if by magic, the dust-storms ceased, and the plains were overspread with bright green. The Zuñis became uproariously happy. The members of the little "bees," that were formed for mutual assistance in the field labors, laughed and joked at their work from sunrise till supper-time. The river flowed broad and clear again. Thither again flocked the urchin population as I had seen them the autumn before.

One day I saw some of the children playing at "breaking horses." One juvenile demon was leading a band of four or five others, in the pursuit of a big bristling boar. Lasso in hand, the little fellow watched his chance, and, twirling the flexible cord once or twice rapidly in the air, sent it like lightning toward the head of the boar. The latter made a desperate dash only to run his snout and forefoot into the coil, which, held by the combined efforts of all, quickly precipitated him, in a succession of entangling somersaults, into the shallow river. In an instant another lasso was dexterously thrown over his hind feet, and his captors, heedless of mud and water, wild with



TORTURING A SORCERER.

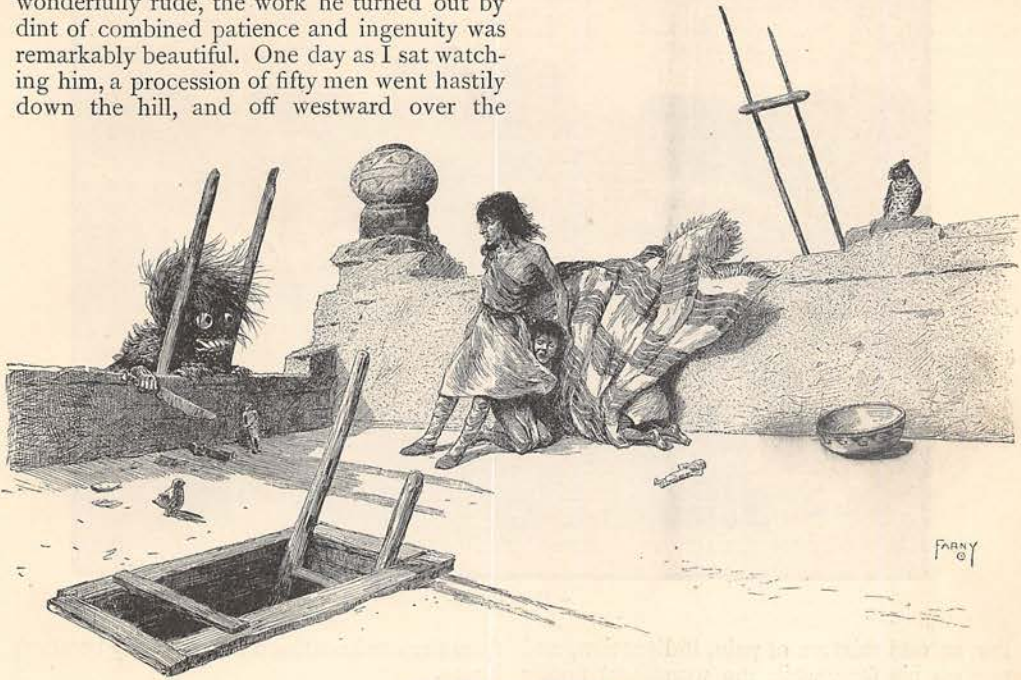
vociferous glee, bestraddled him, and held him down. The leader tore off one of the legs of his cotton trowsers, and with this he bandaged the eyes of the squealing animal, wrapping another piece tightly around his snout so as to smother his cries. Thus equipped, the hog was set at liberty. Two of the little wretches jumped astride him, while the others prodded him behind and at the sides. Thus goaded, the poor beast ran uncertainly in all directions, into corrals, over

logs, headlong into deep holes, precipitating his adventuresome riders; not, however, to their discomfiture, for they would immediately scamper up, drive, push, lead, or haul him out, and mount him again. The last I saw of them was toward evening; they were ruefully regarding the dead carcass of their novel horse.

With midsummer the heat became intense. My brother and I sat, day after day, in the cool under-rooms of our house,—the latter busy with his quaint forge and crude appli-

ances, working Mexican coins over into bangles, girdles, ear-rings, buttons, and what not, for savage adornment. Though his tools were wonderfully rude, the work he turned out by dint of combined patience and ingenuity was remarkably beautiful. One day as I sat watching him, a procession of fifty men went hastily down the hill, and off westward over the

"E'e," replied the weary man, in a voice husky with long chanting, as he sank, almost exhausted, on a roll of skins which had



THE DEMON OF CHILDHOOD.

plain. They were solemnly led by a painted and shell-bedecked priest, and followed by the torch-bearing Shu-lu-wit-si, or God of Fire. After they had vanished, I asked old brother what it all meant.

"They are going," said he, "to the city of the Ka-ka and the home of our others."

Four days after, toward sunset, costumed and masked in the beautiful paraphernalia of the Ka-k'ok-shi, or "Good Dance," they returned in file up the same pathway, each bearing in his arms a basket filled with living, squirming turtles, which he regarded and carried as tenderly as a mother would her infant. Some of the wretched reptiles were carefully wrapped in soft blankets, their heads and forefeet protruding,—and, mounted on the backs of the plume-bedecked pilgrims, made ludicrous but solemn caricatures of little children in the same position.

While I was at supper upstairs, that evening, the governor's brother-in-law came in. He was welcomed by the family as if a messenger from heaven. He bore in his tremulous fingers one of the much-abused and rebellious turtles. Paint still adhered to his hands and bare feet, which led me to infer that he had formed one of the sacred embassy.

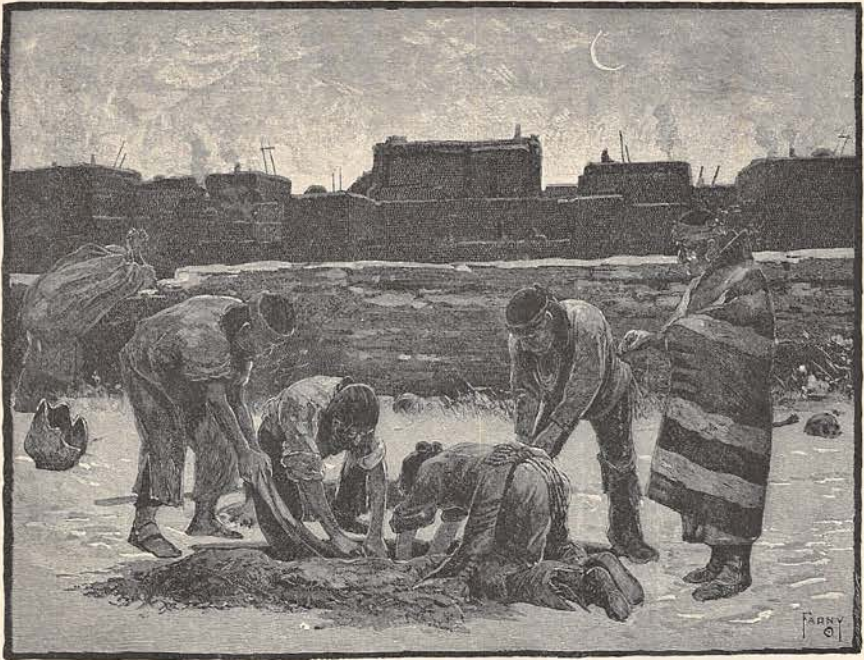
"So you went to Ka-thlu-el-lon, did you?" I asked.

been placed for him, and tenderly laid the turtle on the floor. No sooner did the creature find itself at liberty than it made off as fast as its lame legs would take it. Of one accord, the family forsook dish, spoon, and drinking-cup, and grabbing from a sacred meal-bowl whole handfuls of the contents, hurriedly followed the turtle about the room, into dark corners, around water-jars, behind the grinding-troughs, and out into the middle of the floor again, praying and scattering meal on its back as they went. At last, strange to say, it approached the foot-sore man who had brought it.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, with emotion; "see, it comes to me again; ah, what great favors the fathers of all grant me this day," and passing his hand gently over the sprawling animal, he inhaled from his palm deeply and long, at the same time invoking the favor of the gods. Then he leaned his chin upon his hand, and with large, wistful eyes regarded his ugly captive as it sprawled about blinking its meal-bedimmed eyes, and clawing the smooth floor in memory of its native element. At this juncture, I ventured a question:

"Why do you not let him go, or give him some water?"

Slowly the man turned his eyes toward



A ZUÑI BURIAL.

me, an odd mixture of pain, indignation, and pity on his face, while the worshipful family stared at me with holy horror.

"Poor younger brother!" he said, at last; "know you not how precious it is? It die? It will *not* die; I tell you, it *cannot* die."

"But it will die if you don't feed it and give it water."

"I tell you it *cannot* die; it will only change houses to-morrow, and go back to the home of its brothers. Ah, well! How should *you* know?" he mused. Turning to the blinded turtle again: "Ah! my poor dear lost child or parent, my sister or brother to have been! Who knows which? May be my own great-grand-father or mother!" And with this he fell to weeping most pathetically, and, tremulous with sobs, which were echoed by the women and children, he buried his face in his hands. Filled with sympathy for his grief, however mistaken, I raised the turtle to my lips and kissed its cold shell; then depositing it on the floor, hastily left the grief-stricken family to their sorrows.

Next day, with prayers and tender beseechings, plumes and offerings, the poor turtle was killed, and its flesh and bones were removed and deposited in the little river, that it might "return once more to eternal life among its comrades in the dark waters of the lake of the dead." The shell, carefully scraped and dried, was made into a dance-rattle, and, covered by a piece of buckskin, it still hangs

from the smoke-stained rafters of my brother's house.

Once a Navajo tried to buy it for a ladle; loaded with indignant reproaches, he was turned out of the house. Were any one to venture the suggestion that the turtle no longer lived, his remark would cause a flood of tears, and he would be reminded that it had only "changed houses and had gone to live forever in the home of 'our lost others.'"

This persistent adherence to the phrase, "our lost others," struck me as significant. Had they believed in the transmigration of the soul, they would have said "our brothers, our fathers, our children," I reasoned; and yet it was long before I learned the true meaning of it. At last, a wonderful epic, including the genesis and sacred history of the Zuñi ancestry, was repeated in my hearing by an old blind priest, through which I came to understand the regard my adopted people had for the turtle. I give a portion of the tradition as afterward explained to me:

"In the days of the new, after the times when all mankind had come forth from one to the other of the 'four great cavern wombs of earth' (*a-wi-ten te-huthl-na-kwin*), and had come out into the light of our father, the sun, they journeyed, under the guidance of A-hai-iu-ta and Ma-tsai-le-ma, twin children of the sun, immortal youths, toward the father of all men and things, eastward.

"In those times, a day meant four years, and a night the same; so that, in the speech of the ancients, 'Between one sunrise and another' means eight years.

"After many days and nights, the people settled

near the mountain of the Medicine Flower, and a great caziqne sent forward his two children, a young man and a young girl,—the passing beautiful of all children,—to explore for a better country. When they had journeyed as far as the region where now flow the red waters [Colorado Chiquito], they paused to rest from their journey. Ah! they sinned and were changed to a demon god and goddess.

"The world was damp. Plant corn on the mountain-tops, and it grew. Dig a hole into the sands at will, and water filled it.

"The woman in her anger drew her foot through the sands, that she might—from shame—separate herself from her people; and the waters, collecting, flowed off until they were a deep channel; yet they settled most about the place where she stood, and it became a lake which is there to this day. And the mark in the sands is the valley where now flow the red waters.

"No tidings came from the young messengers; and after many days the nation again journeyed eastward, carrying upon their backs not only their things precious, but also their little children. When they reached the waters they were dismayed; but some ventured in to cross over. Fear filled the hearts of many mothers, for their children grew cold and strange, like others than human creatures, and they dropped them into the waters, changed indeed; they floated away, crying and moaning, as ever now they cry and moan when the night comes on and the hunter camps near their shores. But those who loved their children and were strong of heart passed safely over the flood and found them the same as before.

"Thus it came to be that only part of our nation ever arrived at the 'middle of the world.' But it is well, as all things are; for others were left to remember us and to make a home, not of strangers, but of 'our others,' for those who should die and to intercede with the 'Holders of the Waters of the World' that all mankind and unfinished creatures, even flying and creeping beings, might have food to eat and water to drink when the world should harden and the land should dry up. And in that lake is a descending ladder, down which even the smallest may enter fearlessly, who has passed its borders in death; where it is delightful, and filled with songs and dances; where all men are brothers, and whence they wander whither they will, to minister to and guide those whom they have left behind them—that is the lake where live 'our others' and whither go our dead. At night, he who wanders on the hills of the Ka-ko'k-shi may sometimes see the light shining forth and hear strange voices of music coming up from the depths of those waters."

For the Zuñi, therefore, there is a city of the living and another of the dead. As the living may wander through far countries, so may the dead return to their birthland, or pass over from one ocean to another.

Possibly, at some remote period, the ancestors of the Zuñis have believed in the transmigration of the soul, of which belief these particular superstitions relative to the turtle remain as survivals. Their belief to-day, however, relative to the future life is spiritualistic. As illustrative of this and of their funeral customs, I conclude with an account of the death and burial, toward the close of my first year among them, of my adopted uncle.

For more than a year he had been wasting with consumption, when, on account of a medical reputation which had greatly aided

me and had, indeed, given rise to my name, I was called to see him. I gave him such simple remedies as I had at hand, and he became very fond of me, at last adopting me as his nephew, and naming me Hai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa.

Toward the last, the old man talked often of his approaching death, speaking of the future life with an amount of conviction which surprised me.

"To dwell with my relatives, even those whose names were wasted before my birth, is that painful to the thought?" said the old man. "Often, when we dream not, yet we see and hear them as in dreams." "A man is like a grain of corn—bury him, and he molds; yet his heart lives, and springs out on the breath of life [the soul] to make him as he was, so again."

He grew rapidly feebler. For two or three days I did not see him. Hearing that he was worse, I hastened to his side. He was unconscious, and a crowd of relatives were thickly gathered around him, wringing their hands and wailing. Presently he opened his eyes.

"Hush," said he, and he raised his hand weakly with a smile of recognition, not of me, but of something he seemed to see. Then he turned to me. "My boy, I *thought* you would come," he murmured. "Now I can bid you, 'I go'; for they are—all around me—and I know—they have come for me—*this* time. My heart makes happy. *No*," said he, as a medicine-man tried to force breath into his mouth. "No, I go not alone! Let me go! *E-lu-ia* (Delightful!)"

Then he closed his eyes and became unconscious again, smiling even in his dying sleep.

Two hours after, the women of the same clan which had sprinkled water and meal on him when a baby, adopting him as "their child of the sun," bathed his body and broke a vessel of water by its side, thus renouncing all claim to him forever and returning his being to the sun. Then four men took the blanket-roll by the corners and carried it, amid the mourning wails of the women, to the ancient burial-place. They hastily lowered it into a shallow grave, while one standing to the east said a prayer, scattered meal, food, and other offerings upon it; then they as hastily covered it over, clearing away all traces of the new-made grave. *Now* I know not the bone-strewn grave of "my uncle" from those of a thousand others, for the "silent majority" of the Zuñi nation lie in the same small square. Four days later, down by the river, a little group of mourners sacrificed, with beseeching in the name of the dead, the only flowers their poor land affords—the beautiful prayer-plumes of the "birds of summerland."