

with its brilliant sky and billowy white clouds it was impossible to tell where mountain ended and clouds began.

There are a few brick houses here, but, as a rule, "doby" reigns supreme. Many of these "doby" buildings are unpretentious mud huts, but others are on a grand scale and very well furnished inside with curtains, carpets and every luxury. In these latter cases the original "doby" has generally received a coat of whitewash. Even the governor's *palazzo* is a "doby" building.

The "Plaza" is a quaint little peaceful square, surrounded by "stores," most of which are under cover. In the middle is a very diminutive public garden, and here the band plays in the afternoon, for there is a small military dépôt in Santa Fé.

We have not yet escaped from the inconveniences of the "wash-out." It appears that all supplies of meat come from Kansas City (800 miles away). These supplies were of course now stopped, and we lived upon the coarse, tough local meat, which is almost uneatable.

Our German friend called, bringing a nice young daughter with him, and took us later for a delightful drive in a light T-cart with a fine pair of horses, all over the surrounding prairie country. We saw numbers