

plants ; except for a few straggling brambles and a cactus or two, there was literally nothing to be seen but a huge pile of stones, some still standing as they had been built, others lying about in rude confusion. And there was not one big stone among them. They were all small. They averaged perhaps twenty inches long by ten inches wide, by four or five inches thick, just about the size of an adobe brick. And the stones were red, about the color of ordinary bricks. They had been cut evidently from the red or yellow sandstone on which they stood, and which abounded in the neighborhood. The whole heap of stones appeared to cover about three acres. There were several portions of the old wall remaining, the highest part being about eight or nine feet high, and pierced with a row of little square holes about four inches wide and three feet apart. No mortar had been used in the construction of these walls—only adobe mud, the same as the Indians use now.

I poked about in the rubbish and found numberless pieces of broken pottery—the colors brown, and red, and white and black, very clearly marked, and the pattern on them well preserved. And here lay a stone axe—a lucky find. That stone axe seemed at once to add two or three centuries to the age of the village, for surely the Indians would not have continued to use stone implements when once they were able to procure metal ones, in exchange for their skins and furs, from the Spaniards. Lucky again—here was another stone axe, a better one than the first. I poked and poked away ; and by the time I was ready to return, about an hour and a-half from the time of arrival, I had secured quite a collection of pieces of broken pottery, a rubber stone, such as the Zuni Indians still use for grinding their corn, and no less than five stone axes of varying size. Surely this was an ancient ruin, built in a time when stone axes were the fashion, by a people who lived very long ago.

Coming back we went a little out of our way to visit some Navajo hogans. I had received word from Captain Flint that it was impossible to drive out to Fort Defiance on account of the state of the roads, but that he would send a horse for me and a guide, if I so desired. I did not care about the long ride in this uncertain weather, so wrote and told him so, thanking him at the same time for his kindness. I was sorry, however, to miss the visit, as Fort Defiance is close to the great Navajo reservation. There are 18,000 Navajos. They are a wild set. They resist all attempts made to civilize and Christianize them, and to educate their children. They live in dwellings of the lowest type possible, and very dirty. Nevertheless they are a people both wealthy and clever. They have immense flocks of sheep and goats. The whole Navajo nation owns about two million of these animals. They shear the sheep twice a year, sell their wool, and get a good price for it ; they also weave most beautiful blankets on looms of their own construction. The Navajo loom consists of two strong upright stakes set in the ground about six