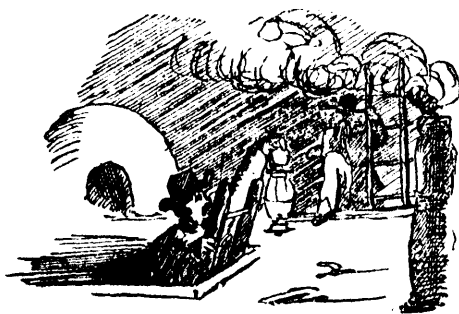


hopeless to think of picking one's way, so we plodded through it. Our lantern flickered in the wind, and gave us a very uncertain light. We went dangerously near to growling dogs, and stumbled up against groups of inert burros, standing with their heads together meditating. We could hear drumming and rattling and Indian song in full play. We looked in at one of the little windows on the side of the narrow street and saw that festivities were going on within. We tried a door, but it yielded not. "We must climb on the roof," said Mr. H. "and get in that way."



GOING TO THE DANCE.

So we climbed a ladder, got on the flat roof, treaded our way among the round baking ovens and the gaunt chimneys, and came to a trap door through which gleamed light and emanated sound. Mr. H. descended, I followed. I have seen a good many Indian dances and witnessed a good many curious Indian performances, but what

I beheld on arriving on the floor of the room below was to me new and startling. I preserved, however, perfect composure, and showed no more surprise than would one of these Indians if ushered unexpectedly into the drawing-room of Buckingham Palace. I just glanced at what was going on, and then followed Mr. H. across the room, and we seated ourselves on a sort of low adobe wall or bench, which runs round the interior of these Pueblo dwellings, about fifteen inches from the floor. The room was a large one—quite 50 feet long and 24 feet wide, and the ceiling 10 feet high; the flat roof was supported by large round pine beams, 12 or 15 inches in diameter, and placed at about 45-inch centres; above were sticks crossing them, and brush, on which lay 10 or 12 inches of adobe soil, forming the roof and upper terrace, over which we had just walked. The inside walls were whitewashed, and the floor perfectly clean, except for a few shreds of Indian corn husks, in which these people roll their cigarettes. There was a bright fire burning in an adobe fire-place, and a number of Zuni Indians were grouped around it—dark-skinned, pleasant-faced, good-humored-looking people, their costume giving one the impression, at first glance, of white with some heavy daubs of dark blue or black and flashes of bright red; a closer inspection revealed that the bright red flashes were their scarlet turbans and waist-bands; that the dark blue and black daubs were the dark blankets of the men and the dresses of the women; and that the predominating tinge of white was caused by the white or light-colored pantaloons and shirts which they wore. At the further end of the room about twelve or fifteen men were sitting on two rows of seats, leaning forward and facing each other, singing a