

pany me, and we started out. It was 8.30 p.m., and the dances were expected to begin at 9, and would be kept up all night. We went first to Graham's store, and there we were joined by Mr. Graham and two other gentlemen—travellers—who wanted to see the dances. We had quite a long trudge through the mud to get to the place; and then after we had passed down through the trap door, one by one, like rats into a hole, we had fully half an hour to wait before the dancing commenced. It was a different house to the one I had been in the night before, but was fully as large—very substantially built and beautifully neat; the people, especially the women, reminded me almost of Swiss peasants, such as I remember them thirty years ago at Lucerne and Thûn and Vevey. You see no rags at Zuni, all the people are well and cleanly dressed, and are adorned with really valuable jewellery—no brass rings or cheap beads, but ornaments of solid silver, real coral, turquoise, rubies, and other precious stones. The women wear a cotton garment, either white or with very little color, which has arms, and extends from the neck to below the knees; and over this a sort of thick woollen skirt of some home-made dark material, which fits over the cotton dress, but is shorter by a couple of inches. This skirt or dress is secured at the waist by a scarlet woven band; but it extends upward to the arm-pit on the left side, and to the top of the shoulder—where the two ends are knit together with a brooch or pin—on the right side. Then on the back hangs a loose scarlet, pink, or other bright-colored appendage, for all the world like a college hood. The hair of both sexes is generally “banged” in front, and at the back tied up with some red material, like a cab-horse's tail in muddy weather. The only ungainly-looking part of the women's costume is that which covers the lower part of their legs. They wind buck-skin wrappers round and round and round, from the ankle to the knee, till their legs look like those of an elephant; and below these great yellow stumps are the little moccasined feet.



PUEBLO COSTUMES.

Well, we waited for the dance, and at length the dance commenced. It began in this way. There were about fifty people in the room—men, women and children—nearly all of them smoking cigarettes. These people never smoke pipes, and do not chew. We white people were sitting away from the Indians, on a long low seat by the wall, facing the fire. A lamp had been lighted and hung on the wall opposite to us. All at once we heard the sound of approaching music—not a brass band—not life and drum—not singing—but the rattle of rattles, and sounds such as Indian throats