and smoky topaz—all of which stones are to be found in New Mexico. They say the place to find rubies is at the ant hills; the ants turn them out.

CHAPTER XXII.—GENOA—AND THEN HOME.

On the 7th of December I got back to Denver and rejoined my wife. We remained two more days with our good friends, Dr. and Mrs. Martin, and then started on our home journey.
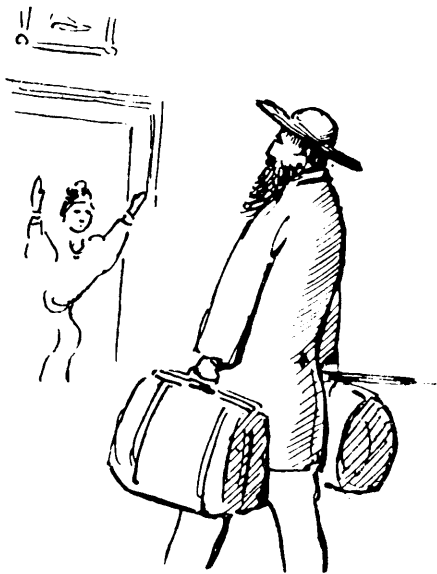

I REJOIN MY WIFE.

There was one more Indian school which I wished to visit, and that was the Genoa school, in Nebraska. We reached Columbus, by the Union Pacific railway, at the undesirable hour of 4 a.m., sat in the station till 6, and then an hour's run on a little branch line brought us to Genoa.

"Where is the Indian School?" I asked of the agent at the depôt. "Less than half a mile; you can either walk on the track, or go one block up town and turn to your right."

About ten minutes' walk brought us to the school grounds, enclosed by a neat wooden whitewashed fence. "Visitors' entrance," was written up over a gate; so we entered, and followed the pathway to some steps leading up to a wide portico. A few moments later we were in a comfortable little study, with a bright coal fire burning in the hearth.

As this was the last Indian School that we expected to visit, making in all a round dozen of boarding schools visited, I thought it would be well to make pretty full notes of all we saw and heard, so that I might give as correct an account as possible of a typical American Indian school to finish with. So as soon as we were seated in the comfortable little study, with the bright coal fire, I began my notes mentally.

I noticed that an Indian boy, about twelve years old, with his hair cropped short, was dusting the things and looking at me furtively. I noticed that there was a well-filled glass book-case, with a pair of polished buffalo horns over it, and some Indian thugs of bead work suspended. I noticed that over the mantel-piece was a familiar engraving, in a frame, a pair of stag horns over it, and above a wooden bracket with two