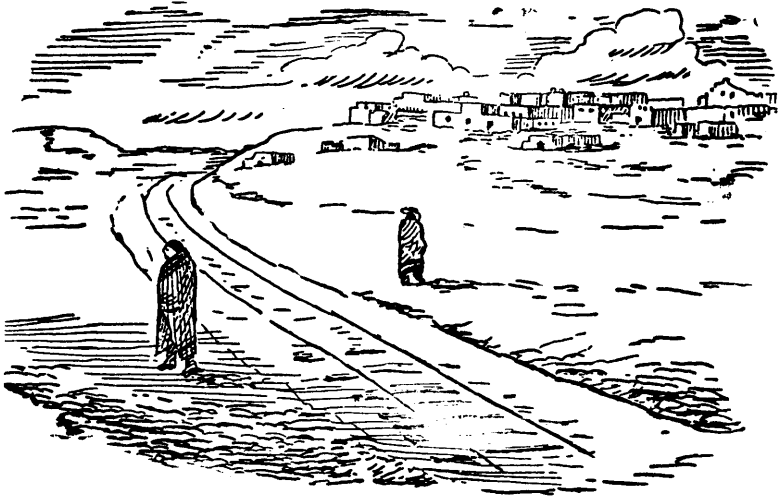


dirt ; the room looked as if it had not been swept out for several years. At the further end was another door. This I pushed open and looked in. There was a bed that had been used, but no occupier. My efforts to find any human being thus proving fruitless, I walked back to the station. The sun was just rising, and the Indian village of Laguna with its adobe walls and terraces was lighted, up a fiery red. I got out my sketch book and paints, found a can with some water in it down under a seat, and set to work to make a sketch.



LAGUNA.

By the time I had finished, there were signs of life about the place ; several women came down the steep bank from the village with prettily-painted water-pots on their heads, and arrayed in picturesque costumes to draw water at the river ; several men went by, their dark or striped blankets drawn up tightly to their chins. And then I saw smoke issuing from one of the chimneys of the adobe dwelling near to me ; so I thought I would go again to see if the people were getting up. Yes, there were movements now within the house ; and when I knocked at the door, a little half-breed boy of seven years old opened it and looked at me. A woman from within heard me ask if this were Mr. P.'s, and answered in the affirmative, so I entered. The family, it was evident, had only just arisen. Three or four little half-breed children were playing about the floor ; an old Pueblo Indian, with a withered but kind face, was sitting near the stove nursing the baby ; and a smart young Pueblo girl, in pretty Indian costume, was busy cooking a pot of mutton and onions at the stove. The family made me welcome—that is, they gave me a chair—and presently the father, an intelligent, well-educated white man, appeared in his shirt sleeves at the door of an inner room, and I showed him my letter of introduction from Washington. He received me very cordially, and