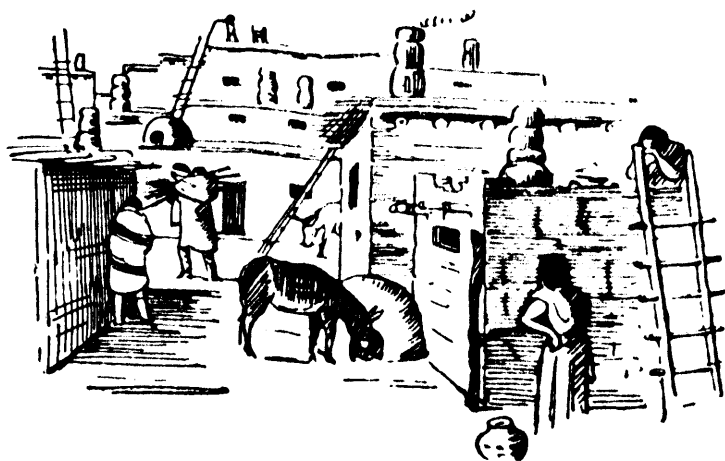


*The Canadian Indian.*

to collect the relics of the past and form a Hemenway museum; and at the same time to compare ancient Spanish and Mexican records with Indian traditions, and, with the help of what may be unearthed from the soil, endeavor to arrive at the history of prehistoric times as regards this continent of North America. The expedition consists of about forty persons all told. At present they are living in tents, but quite elaborate adobe buildings are in course of construction, and the place they have chosen here, close to Zuni, is to be the permanent headquarters of the expedition. The work may be said to have originated with that noted archaeologist and friend of the Indians, Mr. Frank Cushing, whose most interesting account of the Zunis in some numbers of the *Century* six or seven years ago, first led me to take an interest in these very curious people. We had supper in an adobe house adjoining the tents, and Mr. G. gave me a bed in a room partitioned off his own tent. The tent had a stove in it, and was very comfortable.

I heard that the Zunis were to engage in one of their religious dances that evening, and Mr. H. kindly said that if I would like to go to it he would pilot me. It certainly needed some piloting. Mr. H. took a stable lantern and went ahead, and I followed. We were soon in a slush composed of watery adobe mud and half-melted snow up to our ankles. I had only lace boots and no overshoes. Then we came to the river. Owing to the dances going on every night, the Zunis had constructed a bridge for the occasion. It consisted of six waggons placed end to end in the shallow stream, the tailboards of the waggons being laid across from one vehicle to another. On this bridge we crossed, and plodded up the steep muddy bank to the town of Zuni.



A STREET IN ZUNI.

The narrow Zuni streets were all deep in Zuni mud; it was perfectly