

Some pieces are found hard and well preserved ; others are rapidly disintegrating. As stated already, in the Grand mound a vessel some five or six inches in diameter was dug up by one of the workers, filled with earth, which though we tried earnestly to save it, yet went to pieces in our hands. The frequency with which fragments of pottery are found in the mounds has given rise to the theory that, being used at the time of the funeral rites, the vessel was dashed to pieces, as was done by some ancient nations in the burial of the dead. This theory is made very doubtful indeed by the discovery of a

Complete Pottery Cup. So far as I know, this is the only complete cup now in existence in the region north-west of Lake Superior, though several others are said to have been discovered and been sent to distant friends of the finders. This cup, belonging now to the Historical Society, was found in the Grand mound, in company with charred bones, skulls, and other human bones, lumps of red ochre, and the shells just described. The dimensions of the cup are as follows :

Mean diameter at top of rim.....	2.09 inches.
Greatest mean diameter.....	3.03 "
Height.....	2.49 "
Thickness of Material.....	.092 "
Weight.....	—oz.

Whether the cup was intended for use as a burial urn, or simply for ordinary use, it is difficult to say.

(*To be continued*).

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER XXI.—MORE PUEBLO VILLAGES.

MY next destination, after leaving Manuelito, was Laguna (Lagoona). I arrived there at five o'clock in the morning. It was dark and cold. I had introductions to two parties in Laguna, a Mr. M. and a Mr. P.; both these gentlemen were married to Laguna Indian women. There were no other white people in the place. It was too dark to see anything, and no one seemed to be up, so I lay down on a bench in the poky little waiting room and slept. About 7 o'clock I got up and went out to reconnoitre. In the dim light I could see a long low adobe building a short distance from the station, and on approaching it I found "Post Office" written up over a door in the centre. I knocked at this door. There was no answer. I found it was unlocked, so I went in. There was a fire-place in the corner, but no fire, a desk, and a few pigeon holes for letters, and quite an array of old-fashioned-looking muskets arranged in a case on one side of the room ; also any amount of dust and