

where the drops, it had been found by experience, were comparatively few and far between.

I wondered why people had their houses flat-roofed in New Mexico. At first I did not like to display my ignorance by asking; of course there was some good scientific reason, which I ought to know, which probably every educated person who had read books did know, except myself. I pondered and I thought, but I thought in vain. At length I blurted out, "Why do you have flat roofs?" I expected every one would look at me in disdain; and that the youngest of the party would reply in lofty manner, and set me down as an utter ignoramus. I was genuinely surprised to find that none of the party could give me any reason whatever for the roofs being flat, except that it was cheap.

After breakfast, I went with Mr. G. over to Zuni. It was daylight now; and I could see what the place was like. There was the muddy little stream, about ten inches deep, which they call the Zuni river, flowing, or rather muddling along, just below our camp ground; there was the string of waggons, by which we had crossed in the dark the night before; and there, up on the opposite bank, were the adobe walls of Zuni—five tiers of reddish-grey terraces, rising in irregular order one above another, and, bristling up towards the sky, were the upper ends of ladders, some short, some long, by which the Zunians mount from their squares and courts to their dwellings up above. I imagine the Tower of Babel must have been built something after this plan. Mr. G. and myself plodded through the snow and slush, crossed the waggon bridge, mounted the muddy bank, and entered the muddy town. The streets through which we wended our way, were narrow and intricate, and each one had its complement of children, burros, and dogs. The first person I was introduced to was the ex-Governor, Poli wat awa, who sheltered and befriended Mr. Cushing, when first he entered Zuni, some



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six or seven years ago. Poli wat awa had a kind, pleasant face; he shook my hand warmly, then lifted his own to his lips and drew in his breath; and I did the same. Then we went to Graham's store. Mr. Graham is a white man, and has a store in Zuni—one of the adobe houses—for which he pays rent. At Graham's store I made a purchase. It was a raw goatskin, from a goat just killed. The skin was cut in two pieces and given to an Indian, and the Indian was instructed to make a pair of overshoes for me, such as the Indians wear in bad weather. Half the skin was to make the overshoes, and the other half was to be the Indian's