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They had a few little bits of pottery to sell, which we bought as a matter of courtesy.

They seemed gentle, kindly people, and the mother gave a little pottery shoe to the little child of our driver who had come in with us, in a very pretty motherly way.

They talked a sort of mongrel Spanish which they call "Indian," but I could understand most of the sentences from having some knowledge of Italian.

We went into another house which was not nearly so clean.

Here some four or five generations seemed to chum together, from the old great-grandfather of eighty-three lying in the corner to the tiny Indian children of three or four years old who stumbled over him with their little, dusty bare feet. The old man, who looked almost too old to be alive at all, told our driver that he had, in his youth, seen both New York and Washington. This I can scarcely believe. He seemed to be sunk in a sort of melancholy grandeur, and I should never have dreamed of disturbing his meditations or insulting him by the offer of a vulgar "tip," but the driver said it was customary, and certainly the effect of a "quarter" was miraculous.

The old fellow flew up as straight as a dart, jabber-