

Some of the largest Indian villages have six or seven tiers of mud huts and rise up in a pinnacle: ladders placed against the sides of the huts land you on the various elevations.

I have already referred to the curious method of entering these Mexican Indian huts, by climbing up a ladder inside the wall and then crawling down a ladder which emerges through a hole in the mud roof.

The first house we visited in this way was wonderfully clean. It had, of course, a bare mud floor, but cooking utensils, Indian jars, &c., were very neatly arranged on the ground, and the father, mother and child were squatting together in one corner.

The father was a mild-looking Indian with copper-coloured face, long black hair and very small feet in white mocassins made from tanned skins. The mother, wider in face and with cheeks painted a bright red over the natural bronze, a coloured blanket confined by a belt round the waist and mocassins on her tiny feet coming high up to the knees, completed her simple costume.

A replica of the mother was the little nine-year-old daughter, who was similarly dressed.

Both wore silver bracelets and gaily-coloured beads.