

of the pretty little prairie dogs, a sort of cross between a squirrel and a rabbit. They are not vicious, and can be easily tamed, but will bite in self-defence and pretty sharply, too. Driving over the prairie, we had a grand view of the line of mountains some 70 miles distant—but looking in this clear atmosphere quite close upon us—where rich metal exists in such large quantities. Mr. Staab told me that some of the most valuable gold mines are to be found here; the only trouble is to get enough water for washing out the gold. On Easter Monday we engaged a team (as a carriage and pair is called in this country) and drove some nine miles over the grand ridge of mountains called “The Divide” to the Indian village of “Tisuki” on the other side. It was a glorious drive over a plain covered with sand and tiny green bushes of pignone (a sort of dwarf pine, bearing a very excellent little pignone “nut”). Ascending the ridge of “The Divide” we had a grand view of distant blue mountains on the other side of the Rio Grande.

The purple tinge of the sand-covered plains and the green bushes of pine formed a striking contrast to the two blues of the mountain and the sky line.

The village is built in tiers of houses, most of which are of one story only.