

with the wool side up, or a kneading tray for the bread when reversed—the saddle, with as many gorgeous silver tassings as the family purse allows, and several bundles of gay calico or cretonne in which repose the few family treasures. When there is a death in the family the hogan must be burned at once—a sanitary measure that cannot be improved upon. This is not the Navaho's reason, however. He burns it to get rid of "*Ah-chin-dee*," the evil spirit who is believed to take possession of a house after a death. In order to thwart the machinations of this same malevolent spirit, even the tracks of the mourners and medicine men who leave the hogan must be brushed over and effaced with a twig to prevent his following them. Among other prevalent superstitions, the most common is that the man who looks on his mother-in-law will go blind. This unfortunate possibility keeps the mother-in-law constantly on the alert to guard against an encounter that would bring trouble to all concerned. Still another belief among the Navahos is that if they eat chicken or eggs they will thenceforward be obliged to crow like roosters in the night.

It is in line with these superstitions that the medicine men, who are religious teachers as well as doctors and sorcerers, have kept their hold upon the people. A Navaho family is seldom too poor to engage the services of a medicine man to sing over some sick member of the family, payment being usually made with a sheep or its equivalent. Armed with rattles made of gourds, a big bowl of some unwholesome brew, and a varied equipment of medicaments consisting in part of the bones of a blue heron and the rattles of a snake, he makes his appearance at the hogan. A hot fire is lighted in the center of the room, the invalid is propped up near it, and the relatives gather about in a circle. Then the powwow begins with a mournful minor chant having numberless crescendos and diminuendos accompanying the entire performance which frequently lasts for hours. In extreme cases, the face of the sufferer is often

painted coal black, except the forehead which is red. When a Navaho realizes that death is coming he prepares for it by turning on the right side with one hand under the cheek and the knees drawn up. The women among the Navahos find their work mainly in the cooking and the weaving. The former is soon attended to. The loaves of bread, mixed on the sheepskin, are baked in the ashes, not a single dish being used in the whole operation. If they have mutton, it is roasted on the coals or on a spit in front of the fire, in front of the fire, in genuine Homeric style. An empty tomato can serves to boil the coffee which they dearly love. When they cannot afford that, a brew is made of "Mormon tea," from a desert plant whose taste is a blend of catnip and sage. When they eat, all sit about in a circle, using their fingers in lieu of other implements. In the comparatively few cases where the women have been able to receive instruction in the housewifely arts from the field matrons in New Mexico or from Mrs. Johnstone in Arizona, they have shown themselves apt pupils, willing and eager to learn.



At Twilight.

The old bars are by daisies hid,
And tangled sweets of summer-time;
The chirping of the katydid
Is mingled with the vespers chime.

Long, purple shadows softly fall
Across the meadows and down the lane,
And from the vine-clasped old stone walls
I see the cattle come again.

Brindle and Buttercup, Sue and Bess,
With tinkle of bell and gentle "moo,"
Pulling the long, wet blades of grass,
Cropping the daisies out of the dew.

Homeward, adown the fragrant lane,
I follow slowly their lagging tread,
Until in the door-yard we pause again,
Under the bars of the sunset red.

Afar the meadows are stretching wide,
And billows of grain-toss tassels like foam;
I love the peace of the country-side,
And the twilight hour when the cows come home.

—By Illyria Turner.