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A Pueblo Village.

"There is no more weird and strange place in the world than Acoma," said a sunburned traveler who haunts the out-of-the-way places in the southwest. "In the first place hardly any tourists are ever seen there. It is off the beaten trail, and though only a half day's journey from the pueblo of Laguna, which is on a transcontinental line of railway. Acoma is as remote from civilization as it was when discovered 300 years ago. I suppose that not over a dozen white men call at Acoma in the course of a year.

"It is a hard trip over there across the hot desert, and the Acomans, who belong to the Queres tribe, are none too hospitable to the stranger within the gates. Unless you have a pull with the 'gobernador' or governor and general poohbah of the pueblo, you might as well make up your mind to say good-bye as soon as you have said hello, because you'll be given to understand, and very plainly, that you are not wanted.

"There's not much of anything of interest before you reach Acoma. You are beginning to nod in the wagon, when suddenly you are aware there has seemed to shoot up out of the plain a won-

derful mesa, on the top of which is a town, looking not unlike a sprawly sort of castle. The mesa is in the southwest corner of a huge basin, four miles wide and 10 miles long, and open from the northwest only. The general altitude of the basin is about 7500 feet, and the mesa shoots up from 200 to 250 feet, right out of the desert, the sides being either vertical or overhanging. The top of the mesa consists of about 300 acres of denuded rock, and what induced anyone to build a town there is one of those little mysteries that even the archeologist will have a hard time making clear to you. But in all probability the pueblo was built there for purpose of defense.

"As you approach the mesa you understand how easy it would be for the Acomans to defend themselves against any attack that might be made upon them. The main trail is plainly defined. It winds across the desert and brings you up against the base of the mesa between a couple of big groups of sandstone 200 feet high, guarding the pass like giants. The trail slopes toward these giants, and mules and horses can make the ascent to the top. There are two

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