

ever, which included even murder within its possibilities, was broken into by the arrests.

Rooney and Fisher anticipate a term in the Reform School. The former says he doesn't care much where he is, but would a little rather have his liberty. He has learned considerable from professional cracksmen in his experience in prison, and he thinks that in a term in the penitentiary he might learn a little more, so as to be able to elude the officers, or to escape from jail. As a guess at what his punishment will be, Fisher has chalked on the wall of his cell, "Fisher kid, three years in the reform school." His mother, who has made great efforts in the endeavor to get him to lead an honest life, says she hopes he will get about four years, apart from evil companions, and she thinks that will accomplish what she has been unable to do.

ZUNI INDIANS MURDERED.

There was considerable excitement created here on the 9th inst. by a shooting affair between Americans and Zuni Indians. There are all kinds of reports in circulation concerning it, and no doubt the publications will be much exaggerated. That the facts may be known I went to one of the Zuni villages, found out all I could from them and also from some men who were eye-witnesses to part of it. On the 5th inst. three men passed through this place, asked the direction and distance to Zuni, also the distance to Box S Rancho and Fort Wingate. They said they were going west. They were not seen nor heard from again till the 8th, when the Indians saw them looking among their horses on the range, and asked them what they were looking for. They answered, for horses they had lost. The unsuspecting Indians took no further notice of them. Next morning, however, their work-horses (the Zunis are farmers) were gone. They hunted during the day, and about 4 p.m. found them in a ravine in the Big Neutra Valley in possession of the three Americans, who had eleven head of gentle horses hobbled and a band of wild ones in the valley.

The Indians asked, "What are you doing with our horses?"

The men answered, "They are not yours, they are ours."

The Indians expostulated and wanted an explanation. One of the men seized an Indian around the waist; the Indian reached for the American's pistol, when he was shot dead, the ball passing through his ears. The other three, taken completely by surprise, fled. The white men fired after them, killing another, the ball striking him in the back. The remaining two separated, one going to Fish Spring village, the other to Big Neutra, to give the alarm and raise men to go after the Americans.

The murderers made their way as fast as possible to the Box S rancho, told the men they had got into a racket with the Zunis and killed

two of them. They were ordered to move on but were unwilling to do so without supper. After supper they reluctantly started, but seeing seven or eight Zunis coming they dismounted and ran into a log house which is about fifty yards from the main rancho house, the latter being rock. They knocked out a chinking and began firing upon the Indians, who had taken position among the trees which surround the house. One Indian was killed and another wounded, the latter being shot through the hips.

The ranchers wanted the Indians to come into the rock house, and while one of them was talking to the ranchers about it the desperadoes fired on them, evidently not wishing the Indians to be heard. Suddenly the Indians gave a great shout, frightening the men, who then ran to the rock house. This made the situation critical for all parties, as it was feared the Indians would allow no one to pass out of the house. The ranchers were obliged to go down into the cellar or join in the fight, which they would not do.

In a short time more Indians arrived and the place was besieged for the night. They determined to burn the building. The kindlings and torch were made ready, but some of the more thoughtful remonstrated on account of the men who had not injured them. Burning the building was therefore abandoned. The ranchers think they scared the Indians by hallooing, such however is not the case, be it said to the credit of the Zunis.

Early on the morning of the 10th a runner was dispatched to Fort Wingate by white men who are working at Zuni in the government service, claiming protection, being afraid vengeance would be taken upon them. Soldiers were ordered to Zuni, and others to the rancho to take charge of the desperadoes. When the officers arrived the Indians said they might take the men if they would kill them, which they made the Indians believe would be done.

Many people around us say the Americans did just right, and that is the way to treat all the "Raw-hides," as they call the Indians. I am well acquainted with most of the Indians who found the thieves with their horses, and know them to be good, peaceable men. In seven years' acquaintance and deal with them I have never known them to overstep the bounds of good order. It is the opinion of the settlers here that these men came here with the intention of making a big steal from the Zunis and fighting their way out if caught, which they did. They went on the reservation, kicked up a row and tried to get others into it by forcing themselves upon them. If there is any justice in the administration of the laws they will pay for their rascality with their lives.

We are having cold, dry weather. Crops look well. We often wonder why some of our people who have no homes and plenty of muscle do not come and make homes here. We need more families and have plenty of room. We have a saw

and grist mill, plenty of timber within three miles of us and all that are needed to make comfortable homes are energy and perseverance.

This account of the trouble may seem slow, but we only have a weekly mail, and this is the first opportunity of sending it.

Respectfully,
JAMES R. MCNEIL.

RAMAH, Valencia County, New Mexico, May 15th, 1889.

EUROPEAN TOPICS.

Within the brief space of a few days will be ushered in what promises to be the most remarkable World's Fair since that stupendous form of public entertainment first found place among the refined pleasures of modern times. What is its destined importance with reference to the decade which gives it place must be determined when the work is accomplished. It will probably show the best of us the wonderful shortness of our range of view, when we are brought to consider the countless items in every class of human industry which have been produced since the last similar occasion. Let us give, if we can, to the Exposition of 1889 the palm of being the greatest, the grandest, the most splendid conception of any age. But let us not be ungrateful for the past, or forget the achievements of other Exhibitions in various lands, which have rendered possible the wondrous fabric of today.

Slowly but surely has arisen from the all-pervading debris encumbering the Champ de Mars, and scattered in wild confusion about its environs, a system of palaces the elegance and splendor of which, to the eye, far surpasses even one's brightest dreams of a fairy land on the largest scale imaginable. Along the left bank of the Seine, and up the broad Esplanade of the Invalides, stretches this glittering range of golden palaces, interspersed with the most exquisite exhibitions of the gardener's art.

The scene from the centre of the great garden, midway between the great Eiffel Tower and the Industrial Palace, is one of great animation. The great spire on the one hand is entirely completed, and swarming with human insects engaged in embellishing it in every nook discernible. On the other hand, the scaffolding has just been removed from the grand entrance to the palace, disclosing a marvel of decorative work that defies description in its multiple blendings of gold and color with the works of the most intricate architectural fancy.

Workmen are hurrying here and there in an excited and apparently aimless sort of fashion, and loungers, of whom there are many, lean against every protruding obstacle, and puff contemplative rings of smoke aloft as they watch the fluttering of the apparently little tricolored banner—but which in reality is as large as the sail of a good sized vessel—from the top of the highest monument ever raised aloft by human handiwork.

The work of installation or "mov-