

ed for deeds done in the flesh while here upon the earth.

Kindly accept our best wishes and warmest love for you all. Invoking God's richest blessings upon you, with health, peace and happiness, we are sincerely your friends and co-laborers in the just cause of truth,

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### LEGENDS OF THE PUEBLOS.

[New York Evening Sun.]

ISLETA PUEBLO, N. M., Oct. 20.—Many hundreds of years ago before the great General Coronado came to New Mexico, the pueblo of Acoma was the most wonderful and most powerful of all the pueblos of the southwest. Montezuma, in traveling toward his country, the palm- lovely Mexico, had founded the pueblo on a great and mighty mesa or tableland. The tableland or rock, for it was hardly more than an immense rock, stood some 700 feet above the flat and level plain.

The sides of the rock rose perpendicularly out of the plain, and so difficult was it to climb that Montezuma determined, when first he saw it towering above the few mountains or foothills in the neighborhood, that on the top of it he would build for his people a citadel. But the trouble was that so steep were the sides of the rock that not one of the great leader's most agile young men could climb up them.

For three days the wandering Pueblos built their campfires in the shadow of the rock, yet in all that time no one had been found who could climb the sides of the rock. On the fourth day, after two days spent in fasting and contemplation, Montezuma stretched out his hand and smote the rock with his staff, and a great fissure or crack appeared in its side, and slowly the fissure broadened and the base of the rock moved away from the base of the mother rock until by nightfall the rock that had been broken away lay slanting up against it at such an angle that a child might crawl up it on its hands and knees, and reach the top of the Mesa Enchantada, as the rock is called to this day.

Then the men of the tribe were put to work, and soon on top of the rock there sprang up quite a village. Montezuma, lighting the sacred fire in the estupa or council room, took with him his chiefs and all those but the families he had selected to found the new city, and traveled away further to the south, building other pueblos on his way, until he came to the City of Mexico, where he lived until the arrival of the great Cortez.

The new pueblo grew powerful, and while other Pueblos, in times of great danger from the roving bands of Apaches and Navajos who constantly made life unpleasant for the pastoral and peaceful Pueblos, had to fly to their mountain cliff dwellings, the Acoma Pueblos had but to man their great slanting stairway of stone. This stairway was so very narrow that but one man could climb up it at a time, and so defense was extremely easy.

A great village sprang up on top of the mesa, and its ruins are visible today.

One day the tribe went forth on a grand hunt, leaving only the women in the village. Even the children the

tribe took with it on the hunt, leaving behind with the women but one child, the daughter of the chief of the pueblo, a girl of wondrous beauty, a young girl hardly more than twelve years of age.

The hunt lasted many days, and the tribe finding game not abundant, journeyed into the great desert. Here the sun was very hot, and the women and children were nigh dead with the great heat and thirst. In answer to the prayers of the wise men of the tribe a great rain fell, and the lives of the women and children were saved.

But the rain that saved the lives of the wanderers wrought havoc upon the pueblo of Acoma, and when the hunters, loaded down with game, returned to their home they found that the water had undermined the rocky stairway and dashed it to the ground. They called to the women in the village, and they came and wept and would have thrown themselves from the great height to the plain below.

In time the tribe built for itself another village on the top of another tableland some distance away, but never were the most agile of the young men able to scale the walls of the Enchantada Mesa to render assistance to the women imprisoned on top of it. Many tried, for the chief had offered the hand of his beautiful daughter to the young man who could save her, but all fell back and none succeeded, and many fell to the plain and were killed.

The girl grew to be a woman, and every morning at sunrise and every night at sunset they could see her on her knees with her face to the sun praying, with her beautiful hair gently waving in the quiet breezes. In time the women who had been left on the table land died and were seen no more, for they had sinned and were therefore but mortal; but the young girl had never sinned and was immortal, and death never came to her. And until this day she lives in the solitary pueblo, and at every sunrise and at every sunset she is to be seen upon her knees praying. And if you call out to her and then listen for a few seconds you may hear her voice repeating your words. Therefore the pueblos of Acoma call the table land the Mesa Enchantada, which means the enchanted mesa.

On the other side of the Rio Grande, near Pena Blanca, is the very small pueblo of Cochiti, and it is here that one may see the great sealed cave and the blessed sign of the hand. Many years ago there lived in this cave a great giant. He was taller than the mountains, and with one hand he would hurl great rocks weighing over fifty tons from him a distance so far and with such great force that the eye could not follow the flight of the mass of rock nor make out the spot where it finally wasted its power and fell to the ground. When he was thirsty he drank of the river until the fish lay panting for breath high and dry on the parched river bottom, and for his evening meal he devoured three full-sized men and one maiden, occasionally, when hungry, adding with gusto a few young infants.

The giant was naturally the fear and terror of the whole country, and was fast depopulating it when, in answer to a prayer to heaven, an angel came down and sealed the mouth of the cave, so

that but a little space remained at the very top of the mouth of the cave. And although the giant was very strong and the rock which the angel had pushed in front of the cave weighed very little more than seven or eight tons, the giant could not move it, and so he was starved to death.

Since then every Pueblo Indian who has passed by the cave has thrown in front of it a small stick or twig or bush. And once every year the Indians have a great dance in front of the cave and, with great ceremonies and jollification, burn the pile of brush that has accumulated during the year in front of the cave. One may still see the mouth of the cave and the great stone that was rolled in front of it by the angel, and, by climbing up on a friend's shoulder, peer through the open space into the great cave. But nothing is to be seen but darkness, and nobody can roll the stone away.

When the Spaniards conquered New Mexico they put the Indians to work in the mines. So hungry were the newcomers for gold and silver that daily men and women dropped dead in the mines, and not even time was given to them in which to eat or sleep. Finally, in 1680, the Indians revolted and drove their malicious masters from the country and killed many of them. And the wise men of the tribe sealed the mouths of the mines and concealed them so that, should the Spaniards return, they would not again be able to find them. And among the mines closed by the wise men was one near Cochiti, where much gold had been found, and where many men and women had died in mining it for the conquering Spaniards.

Pope himself, the leader of the great revolution, came to Cochiti to close the mine here. A great stone was rolled to the mouth of it, and when all had been concealed, pope stretched out his hand and gently pushed the stone into the mouth of the mine. And as he did so he felt the stone sink into itself in front of his finger ends, and soon his four fingers and his thumb were buried in the rock. And when he withdrew his fingers after the rock had been put in place the people saw with great wonder that the fingers had dug into the rock and that the imprint were left. As the Indians then saw them any one who will may see them to this day, the distinct impressions of four fingers and a thumb, with the lines of the fingers traced upon the hard rock, as if done with a chisel.

The Spaniards, when they returned to conquer again, never discovered their mines, but only recently gold was found within a few miles of Cochiti Pueblo and hundreds of miners are now at work in the district.

Of all the pueblos of New Mexico, Nambe, situated in a most beautiful valley only a short distance from Santa Fe, is one of the smallest. Once upon a time, years ago, it was large and powerful, but when I visited it a few months ago there were only a very few more than a score of Indians in the whole village. It was on a Friday that I saw the pueblo, and what was most surprising was that at the mid-day meal the Indians, who profess to be great Catholics, were eating meat and not fish.

It was not that there was no fish to