

thunder of the train, rushing through the long-tunnel. Ireland, beloved Ireland, is for the first time blotted out of sight. The minor cords of the pipes and fiddles are no match for the resistless wailings now. Sobs, moans, groans, and pitiful exclamations of endearment, swell into such a touching and grewsome *miserere* as your ears never before heard.

In a flash you are in the light again; and here, half way up the noble heights of the beautiful city of Cork, in a pandemonium and hubbub infernal, the half a thousand tortured souls are shunted out of their vile pens, shunted into other vile pens, and whirled away to Queenstown, amid merciless robbers and murderous "runners," to await packing and prodding into the great steamers' holds, and embarking brutalities which are a cruel blight upon the civilization of our time.

There are two of the sounds of the early English morning which haunt me with persistent piteousness. So long have I heard them and brooded over their sad suggestiveness, that in whatever country I happen to be wandering, and however leaden may be my slumber, I am certain to awaken at the hour to hear their grewsome echoes across the land or sea.

These are the clatter, clatter, clatter of the hob-nailed shoes of thousands of factory-hands on their way to their daily toil, and the hacking, whistling coughing of hundreds among them. In all English towns and cities, when bidding at any public hostelry, you may hear the first of this at four o'clock in the morning. A quick, sharp ringing of the hob-nails on the pavement by one, or two, or a group of half a dozen, of these toilers will form the prelude. Then for a few moments all will be still. Again increased clatter by larger squads, and more pronounced coughing. Soon the beating of their feet will grow into almost a roar. By five o'clock the sound is deafening. An army in defeat over a stone road could make no greater din.

If you will listen now, you may distinguish all the majors and minors. There is the screeching of the swinging pails; the halting and stumbling of the feeble; the popping sound of myriad pipe puffings; the sodden salute and sententious rejoinders of acquaintances; the shrill blackguarding of vixens; the liquid tones of maidens and children; the shuffling wheezing of the old; the almost barking coughing of so many telling that the term of the slavish life is set; and in and through all the pitiful hubbub is the sure revelation of the propulsive force of dread and fear linked with the lagging of weakness and want. Out there in the dank dark or the misty gray of the early morning, in these sounds a dreadful story is told. If you love America, you will brood over these sounds, as I have done, and fervently pray that our towns and cities are not to become like these, that the few may be rich and glad and the many slavish and sad.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

WITH ARIZONA MUMMIES.

The mausoleums of the Egyptian Pharaohs were more pretentious than any found in Arizona, yet their magnificence represents no more pains nor hardships than the simple monuments of the humble people of our own deserts.

—Says a Tucson correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle*: Many of the Indian tribes, both now and in prehistoric times, cremated their dead, and such left no monuments of their existence. After the cremation process was complete the ashes were deposited in urns of strange fashion and curious workmanship. These were placed in crevices of the rocks, or, in some instances, in caves hewn with infinite toil out of solid cliffs. Others were buried deep in the earth, and covered with rocks to keep out the prowling coyote and badger. In the great work now going on to reclaim these barren acres to their pristine fertility relics of this class are constantly being brought to light, and the dust of the neolithic men and women, in fancy jars, adorns many a mantelpiece in Arizona homes.

Not many days since the remains of a child were found in one of the chambers supposed to have been inhabited by the cliff dwellers on the upper Gila river, in Graham county. The body was in an excellent state of preservation and was that of a child about four years old. When found it was wrapped in cloths and bound to a stick of mesquit wood about two feet in length. The legs were drawn up about in the position of a child creeping, and the fore arms were raised so that the hands were near the shoulders, with the palms toward the front. The fists were tightly clinched. The body was very tight, the skin having shrunk and become thoroughly dried on the bones. The body closely resembled an Egyptian mummy except in color. The skin was light brown, perfectly smooth and distinctly seen. The finger nails were perfect and the teeth intact. The nose, ears and eyes were gone and the skin was broken on the right knee and one of the wrists, exposing bones, sinews and dried flesh. The head was covered with fine black hair about four inches long, but was exceedingly small in proportion to the body, not being larger than that of an ordinary infant of three months.

The chamber in which this mummy was found is one of a large number in that vicinity, all made in the granite cliffs which overhang the Gila throughout its upper course. Many of these chambers have been explored, but they are difficult of access, and many remain untouched even by the most reckless adventurers. In fact, some of these tombs are so high up that they cannot be reached by ladders, and are protected from above by the overhanging rocks, so that they cannot even be reached by means of ropes. How the prehistoric undertakers reached these sepulchers is a problem which will be solved—perhaps some day when the pulverized dust inside the charnel houses rise up on resurrection morn and explain. The cliff dwellers as a rule, did not resort to mummifying their dead, but preferred the more esthetic mode of burning the remains and depositing the ashes, together with some household utensils or perhaps a gew-gaw or fetish beloved by the wearer while in life. These people had their passions and their love affairs very much the same as other members of the Adam family, and in no way was their love and esteem shown for each other more forcibly than in the crude embellishments, which nevertheless represented sometimes years of labor, that were made upon the tombs of the departed.

The Papagoes in burying erect a corral of rock some two or three feet high with roof. The body is then placed inside in a sitting or reclining posture, together with saddles, bridles and similar objects belonging to the deceased. Then the funeral rites of the tribe are indulged, lasting sometimes for a week. By this time the unfortunate—or, as we believe, the fortunate—Indian is well on his way to the happy hunting grounds, and all save the widow banish melancholy in their native drink, twsin. But the widows are always widows so long as they live. Unlike in our advanced stages of civilization, they do not menace the happiness of the dusky debutantes. They cannot marry again. They cannot even flirt. They are supported from the common fund and are the common drudge of all. Husband poisoning is, as a consequence, a lost art.

In the mountain districts sepulchers are found built of rough, but carefully hewn rock and placed layer upon layer, stair-step fashion. Each step contains a row of deceased warriors, while the female population were given a kirk yard near by under loose piles of cobble rock. These burial places, while not so ancient, are yet beyond the memory and traditions of the Indians of the present day. As they are few and occur only in insulated regions and on fortified points they may possibly be the remains of a wandering band of savages from the North or East.

The most wonderful monument in all the Southwest—maybe in all the country—is a black barren butte on the Lower Gila river, some fifty miles east of Yuma. It is not wonderful from any architectural standpoint. There are no marvelous hieroglyphics nor immense pieces of engineering work which baffle the minds of modern scientists. It is only a plain, bald, rocky point, uglier and plainer for its sharp contrast against the clear blue sky. But it is wonderful because upon its aerial heights which look down over the green vegas and rolling poteros are the white and bleaching bones of a band of people who fought the last fight for existence. No one knows when this battle was given nor who were the besiegers or the besieged. There are evidences of a mighty conflict, and the little mesa which tops the mountain bears witness to the fearfulness of the struggle by its carpet of human bones. This point, which is known locally as La Loma de Muerte, or the Hill of Death, is a prominent landmark throughout this whole region. It is shunned by Indians and superstitious Mexicans as well. The main highway from Tucson to Yuma leads by the base of this hill, and pious Catholics who have occasion to pass along the route invariably cast a rock upon the pile which has thus accumulated into a considerable mound. Not a very costly shrine, but built with sincere hands.

The Casa Grande Indians undoubtedly buried their dead, but so faithfully has the secret been kept through succeeding generations that not a hint of their cemeteries ever reaches the ear of curiosity hunters. John Walker, who died in the insane asylum at Napa last summer, was thought to be in possession of the plans of their ancient burial mounds, but he was averse to making them public. In the early day it was thought these Indians, who claim direct relation with the Aztecs, were in possession of