

siding, having cut off the rear portion of the train. This cut was made to keep the passengers from interfering with the robbers in their work, but the mistake was made of cutting off the mail and express cars with the passenger coaches, so that the thieves balked themselves by their blunder. They went through the baggage car, securing very little of value from what the passengers had there. After doing this, the robbers, of whom there were but two, mounted horses and started into the mountains. The engine was run back and the sheriff telegraphed to. The passenger then continued toward Salt Lake, while a special train with the sheriff and posse started out from Grand Junction. The robbers might have made a good haul if they had taken the whole train—that is, if they had not met with resistance.

DENVER, Colo., Sept. 11.—A special to the *Times* from Grand Junction, Colorado, says: Passenger train No. 1, which left this city last night on the Rio Grande Western, was held up at 2:10 o'clock this morning at the little station of Crevasse, about 23 miles west of this city. The job was a very crude one and shows that the parties engaged in it were novices at the business.

When the train reached the station nothing unusual was noticed about the vicinity. The train started off, but had only gone a short distance when the engineer discovered that the engine had run on the siding and was pulling only the mail and baggage cars, the great portion of the train having been cut off at the station by the robbers. Evidently they thought they had detached the express car from the train, but found that it was only a baggage car. When they discovered their error, they mounted horses in waiting and skipped for the mountains. The robbers, of whom there were two, were each about five feet six inches tall and wore black masks. Each had a Winchester, revolver and a stick of giant powder.

Sheriff Innes and posse started at once on a special train for the scene of the attempted robbery. As far as known the robbers secured nothing of value.

ACOMA IN THE AIR.

[Boston Transcript.]

"Where is Acoma?" With a few exceptions, among the educated travelled people one meets, this is the first question asked—thoroughly conversant with the beauties, antiquities and wonders of the Old World, but unimpressed that in our own fair country may be seen today a city which as a monument of patient toil is scarcely less wonderful than the pyramids of Egypt, and may be termed the eighth wonder of the world.

Cliff built, storm-swept, Acoma is in New Mexico, easily accessible by a drive of sixteen miles southeast from Laguna; and this Pueblo is within a stone's throw of the railroad. At 7:05 a.m., after a sixty-five mile ride west from Albuquerque, we reach the Pueblo of Laguna, and grasp our grip for a short tarry among the Indians, including a visit to Acoma.

Our first day is passed in Laguna, an old Spanish land grant patented by the United States, and containing

about 400 of the tribe, numbering in all from 1,300 to 1,400, scattered about in their communal homes. These strange children of the desert are a quiet, peaceable, self-sufficient people who till the soil, raise cattle and make pottery. While accepting the form of religion professed by their Spanish conquerors, they have not abandoned their own, and in their curious, old Romish church, without floor or seats, may be seen on the side walls quaint, fantastic Indian decorations, much the same as adorn their pottery. And over the altar are painted the Indian emblems of worship—sun, moon, stars, rainbow and lightning. They have a government day school, where a kind, self-sacrificing teacher labors to educate the children out of the dense cloud of ignorance and superstition in which their minds have for ages been swathed.

Their style of architecture is severely plain, and houses, with the exception of the buildings about the large court where the dances are held, are but one story high; in some instances built of adobe (blocks of mud mixed with straw and dried in the sun) and in others of stone covered with mud cement, some of the latter having been built in the age of stone axes, as is shown in the irregular way the rigas (beams) were chopped off. The entrance to the first story of houses is in some cases, indeed universal in Acoma, by means of a ladder, and from thence is terraced up with steps to the upper stories. There is nothing to tell of the origin of this mysterious people, or for how many centuries they have been treading the same narrow pathway in the rock, which in some places is worn to a depth of eight inches. All water used in the Pueblo is brought by the squaws in four and five gallon jingjars (jars), poised gracefully upon the head, from a spring one-half mile distant. While waiting, as they often must, for water to run into the spring, they amuse themselves by climbing a steep foot-trail in the rock to the top of a high cliff, upon which are quantities of lava, and where was fought a battle between Spaniards and Indians, and with pieces of sheepskin over bare or moccasined feet, with one foot preceding the other, slide down in a well worn groove. The writer essayed the sport, but would not care to be photographed as making the descent.

Our genial host, who left his home near Dayton, O., and began his life among the Indians some twenty-eight years since, first as teacher, later as civil engineer and surveyor, has twice married from among them, his first wife having been an Apache and the present one a Pueblo, who has partially adopted our style of dress, but still adheres to the daily bandage of the lower limbs, which I am told indicates wealth and rank. The housemaid is a Pueblo, and attired throughout in strict Pueblo style. Our interesting historical chats, by the cheerful warmth of the pionaticks burning on end in the little old adobe fireplace, are among the memories which will go with us to the purpling of life's sunset.

Seven a.m. the following day we start with guide and team for Acoma. Our drive is over the plains, where the bones of numberless cattle lie

bleaching, through a considerable growth of stunted timber, beyond which on every hand rise magnificent rocky constructions by nature's great architect, assuming every imaginable form—towers, domes, Gothic spires and one train with large engine we named Acoma express—past the ancient Acoma, which, according to the tradition of the Quere, stood upon the crest of the superb Haunted Mesa, some two and a half miles east of present Acoma, and about 300 feet higher; but one day while the entire population except three women were at work in the fields below, its only approach was swept away by a storm, leaving the three women to die of starvation in sight of the homeless hundreds of their people, who for many days surrounded the unscalable cliff with uplifted agonized faces. The ancient Acoma has thus far remained an unscalable cliff, thought to be rich with antiquities from the old ruins.

Thus bereft of their homes, these patient wanderers push on to another cliff and build the present Acoma, at the gateway of which we halt in the shadow of one of the towering monoliths that have been separated from the parent Mesa by erosion, alight and silently gaze up the almost vertical sides nearly 400 feet, to the most aboriginal city in existence. Standing majestically upon the brow of the cliff, with many-colored blankets wrapped gracefully about them, watching our advent, are some of the chiefs; and wending their way over a precipitous stairway in the rock, and a trail over sand-banks which have drifted in to a depth of from twenty to sixty feet, we see their men and women going to and from their daily labors in the plains below. We make the ascent over one of the dullest paths human feet ever trod, and stand upon the summit of a table-rock fully 350 feet above the plain, which is 7,000 feet above sea level.

The streets are filled, the rooftops are covered, for we being the second party of white women who had ever visited them are as much of a curiosity to these sons and daughters of the desert as are they to us. The entrance to the houses is effected by ladders to the second story, then terraced up with steps to the upper stories. When the ladder is pulled up the latching is considered withdrawn.

We climb their ladders, enter their homes, and see them making bread and pottery; visit their silversmith, who is actively employed, their women being very fond of dress, bright colors and silver jewelry, always preferring it to gold. A few scattered, starved-looking turkeys, chickens, swine and ducks roam about at will; and pappoose, entirely nude (February 1) save a small leather bracelet upon one wrist, sport upon the ground or swing in blankets to the father's back.

The old city, covering 1,000 feet of the ten-acre area of the cliff, with its three streets of quaint terraced houses of gray adobe; its huge church, with walls sixty feet high and eight feet thick, having timbers forty feet long and fourteen inches square, which must have cost the labor of generations; its graveyard, said to have consumed forty years in making, by reason of the necessity of carrying earth (as well as every particle of material used in con-