

THE LITTLE
CLIFF DWELLER

BAYLISS

E
77.4
.B395
1908

The MARTIN ROWAN CHAFFIN
Collection of Public School
Text-Books

PRESENTED TO

Trinity College Library

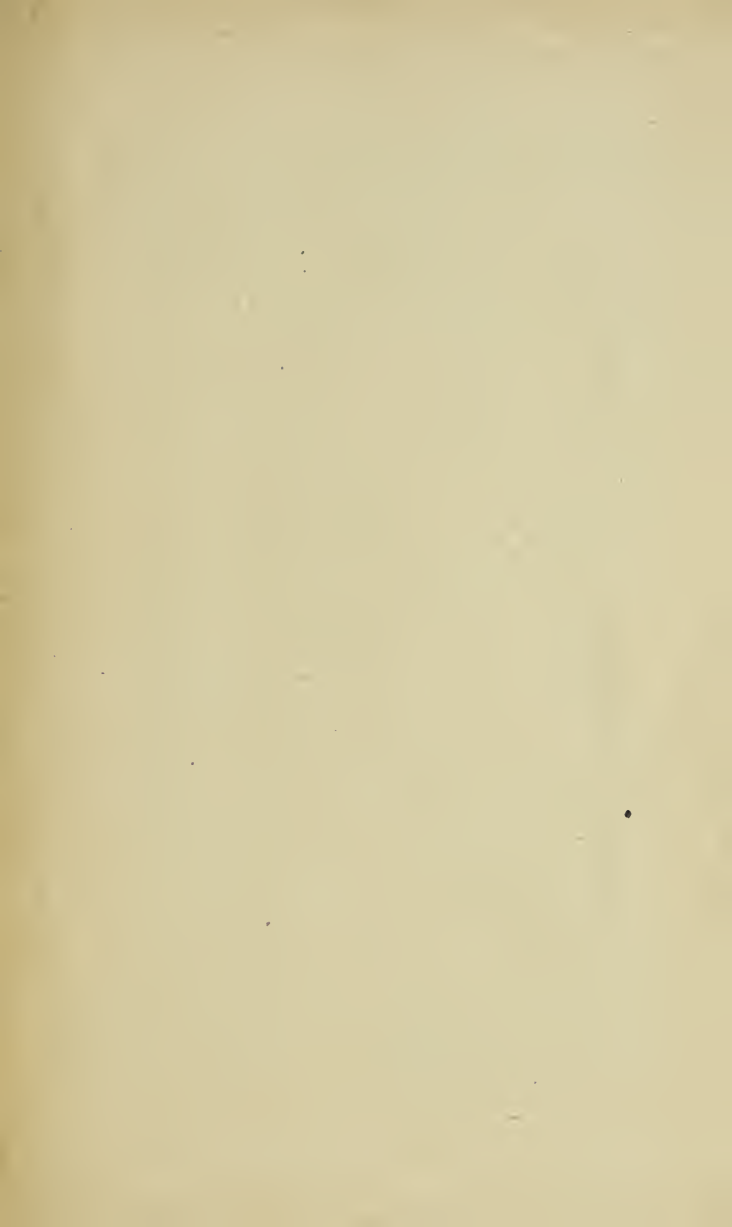


By his grandchildren in honor of M. R. Chaffin, who taught public school in Davie and Yadkin counties for a number of years beginning in 1850, and in honor of his father, William Owen Chaffin, who first taught a North Carolina public school in 1843, in Yadkin county.

For the especial use of the Department of Education and of the Durham county and city teachers

DATE

October 27, 1908





A CEREMONY OF THE HOPITUH.

The Little Cliff Dweller

A STORY OF

L O L A M I,

FOR THE LITTLE FOLK

b

By

CLARA KERN BAYLISS,

*Author of Lolami, the Little Cliff Dweller, and
Lolami in Tusayan.*

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

THE PUBLIC-SCHOOL PUBLISHING CO.

36179

COPYRIGHT 1908
BY
CLARA KERN BAYLISS

Oct. 27, 1908
Public Sch. Publ. Co.

C. C.
392.214
B3584


PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

BY request of the publishers Mrs. Clara Kern Bayliss, the author of *Lolami the Little Cliff Dweller*, and *Lolami in Tusayan*, has adapted the former of these stories to the vocabulary of the primary grades. This little book can be read in class by those in the second or third year as supplementary reading.

It is as interesting to children as the story of Robinson Crusoe, with the additional attraction of being the experience of a child.

It gives a vivid picture of one of the great arid regions of our country and of the manners and customs of an interesting people who once built their homes in the cliffs of the canyons of this region.

36179



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
Duke University Libraries

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. In a Strange Place	9
II. An Unexpected Guest	21
III. New Friends	30
IV. Family Name and Customs	36
V. The Cistern Becomes Empty	41
VI. A Search for Water	48
VII. More Discoveries	54
VIII. He Visits His Own Home	60
IX. The Wonders of the World	66
X. Strange Friends	70
XI. Spring in the Chelly	79
XII. The Mummy Cave	85
XIII. What Togo Told Him	90
XIV. Tracks of People	100
XV. Family History	110
Appendix	I

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
A Ceremony of the Hopituh	Frontispiece
His Home	8
Ground Plan of His Home	16
His Dishes	23
Summer Visitors	33
Lolami's Village Home	51
Ladders	55
Lolami's Tools	63
Casa Blanca	67
Where the Navaho Hid	71
Pictographs	86
General View of Tusayan	101
Lolami's Last Home	105
Walpi	109



HIS HOME.

THE LITTLE CLIFF-DWELLER.

CHAPTER I.

IN A STRANGE PLACE.



QUEER little stone house stood on a shelf of rock. The shelf was high up in a cliff along the Chelly Canyon.

In the house lived a little dusky boy with his father and mother, and his brother.

A stairway of niches was cut in the cliff below the house. The family had to climb this stair to reach their home from the canyon.

The shelf of rock was their dooryard, and this was the only play-ground the little cliff-dweller had.

There were other boys living in stone houses on other shelves of the same cliff, and sometimes they came over to play on our boy's shelf.

Was it not odd to have all the neighbors living on the side of a high stone wall?

One day the little boy and his brother were playing alone. The older people were busy, and no one was watching the niche stair.

Then, all of a sudden, there was a frightful noise. Painted Indians with feathers in their hair and tomahawks in their hands ran into the canyon.

They uttered war-whoops, and began to climb the niche stairs. They had come to rob and kill the cliff-dwellers.

The boy's parents and their neighbors rushed out to fight the enemy. The quiet canyon was filled with yelling Indians and screaming men and women.

One Indian had climbed almost to the top of our boy's stairway. The boy could see his head above the shelf.

Then the boy's father rushed upon him and pushed the savage backwards, and he fell to the bottom of the high wall and was killed.

Another Indian had caught hold of the boy's mother and was dragging her away; but he let go of her and caught the boy's brother.

He swung the lad around his head like a war-club. Then he hurled him over the edge of the cliff to lie bleeding beside the dead warrior.

Our little fellow stood stiff with terror.

His mother was afraid he would be served as his brother had been, so she snatched him up and ran into the house with him.

Through a high opening at the back of the room she dropped him into the store-room. She put a block of stone in this opening so that the enemies would not see it and find the child.

A moment later the boy heard the Indian come into the house and seize his mother.

Then he crouched low in the store-room like a young quail. He held his breath and listened for he knew enough to keep quiet when there was danger.

Very soon all was quiet in the house. A few cries still came from the shelf of rock on which the house stood. Then the struggle seemed to go farther away.

What was that? Did he hear his mother, part way down the niche stair, calling in grief, "Lolami! Lolami! ?"*

* Pronounce, Lo-lah-me.

He scarcely breathed, for he was trying hard to hear. He listened for a long time. Not a person was moving in the house nor on the rocky shelf.

He listened harder to know if there were people in the great gorge down below.

Not a sound broke the stillness. The little house was as silent as the grave; and so was the empty canyon. He was all alone in his store-room prison.

It seemed to him he had been listening for a long time.

He was afraid of all sorts of things. He dared not call or cry out lest some one of the enemy might still be near.

At one time he almost believed his mother was waiting in the room in front of his store-room. But she did not speak to him.

Then he thought all of his friends must have been killed.

At another time he fancied that he heard some one breathing. Then he was sure the Indian must be in the room on the other side of the wall. Perhaps he was listening to find him, as a cat listens at the gnawing of a mouse.

Then he thought the Indian was waiting for him around the corner of the house.

During the day a dim light had come into his store-room. This light came across an open cistern which stood at the side of the store-room.

But the light had faded hours ago. It was now the middle of the night.

If his parents were alive why had they not come to get him? The darkness and silence were terrible. He could hear his heart beating faster and louder though he

tried to stop it for fear the waiting Indian would hear.

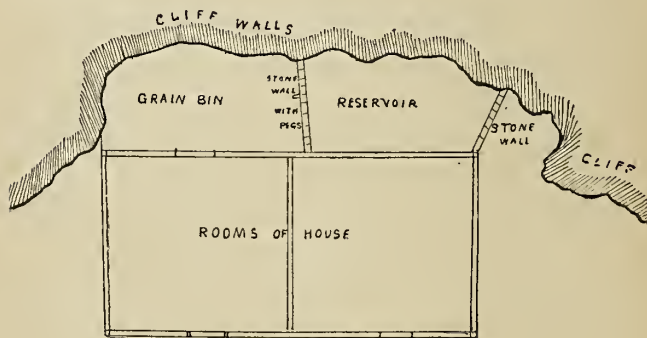
By and by he became so frightened that he could be quiet no longer. He lost all caution and called aloud for his mother, his father, the *Indian!* ANYONE!

His own voice echoed along the store-room; and this echo was the only reply. He called again and again. Then he broke down sobbing with terror.

Worn out at last he fell asleep, and dreamed that he and his brother were stringing red berries for necklaces; that the women were tanning deerskins; and the men were down in the valley tilling the corn.

When he awoke it was midday. He was only a day older than yesterday, yet now he felt like a man. Years seemed to have passed since he was a happy little boy with all his friends around him.

He was alone now, shut in a dim room out of which he could not climb. The opening through which his mother had dropped him was high above his reach and was closed with a stone too heavy for him to move.



GROUND PLAN OF HIS HOME.

By great good luck there were corn and beans in his store-room. They were piled to the roof at one end, and were ankle deep at the other.

There were skin boxes or trunks filled with dried buffalo-meat. This was

pounded fine and laid down in layers of melted tallow.

And there were rolls of pi-ki (pee-kee), or paper bread, made by pouring thin batter on a hot stone slab. In one corner were fur robes and winter clothing.

Over the wall was the cistern of water, and set in the wall were stout wooden pegs by which he could climb to the top.

He was hungry for he had tasted no food since his troubles began. So he made a meal of pi-ki and buffalo-meat; then he went up the wall to get a drink.

On the top of the wall sat a water jar, and beside it were a mug and a dipper.

The jar was full; so he did not have to die of thirst with a cistern of water in sight. He might have done this, he thought, for there were no pegs on the other side of the wall and the water did not come within reach of his dipper.

When he had finished his meal there was nothing for him to do but to wait.

He knew that if his people were alive and able to come to him they never would have left him alone through the long and terrible night. He feared that they were not alive; yet he could not help listening and waiting for them.

All around him it was so still that when a grain of sand fell into the water it startled him. Then his heart would beat with hope that someone was coming.

He lay on a pile of robes trying not to expect anyone. But he could not *help* expecting and he kept listening.

The long afternoon went by. It was night again, and he felt so lonely that he wished he could die.

He was a brave little fellow and knew it would do no good to weep; but tears

would slip out at the corners of his eyes no matter how hard he tried to push them back with his knuckles.

Then he broke down and cried as hard as ever he could.

By and by he heard the far-off howl of a coyote; and then the answer of its mate. He hushed his sobs, for he was glad that there was even a wild beast to keep him company in that awful solitude.

For several days he kept listening and waiting. Every bit of rock that fell and every rustle of the breeze made him look for a coming footstep. But all that came were the mornings and evenings. They alone made the only change in the weary hours.

During the forenoon a ray of sunshine crept in under the arch of the cliff, and made a patch of light on the rocks back

of the cistern. The boy used to climb the pegs to the top of the wall and sit watching it.

But long before night it crept along the wall farther and farther from him. Then it slipped out at the other side beyond the cistern.

The only pleasure the little prisoner had was to sit on the wall and look out to where the light came in. How he wished he could get across the water and into the light and sunshine of the world once more!

CHAPTER II.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.



THUS the weary days dragged on into nights still more dreary, except when he spent part of them in sleep.

On the fourth day the water in the jar was gone. He sat on the wall and began to think how he could get down near enough to the water to reach it with his dipper.

If he only had his father's ladder he could stand that in the cistern and go down on it. But of course when his mother put him into the grain bin she had no time to think of ladders. It was his great good fortune that there were food and clothing in the store-room.

As he looked about, he saw that the meat boxes were bound with strings made of skin. These were just what he needed. With one of these for a rope, he could sit on the wall and draw up water in the mug.

He dared not let the jar down for it might break against the wall, or prove too heavy for his rope. It took a long time to fill the jar with the mug, but that was a good thing for it kept him busy.

After a little he began to take an interest in his lonely living-room, and he fitted it up to look more home-like.

He walled off a corner and cleared it of corn and beans, using the meat boxes to hold the grain back. On one of the boxes he spread a robe, that he might use it for a seat. The other box he used for a table.

With a loose stone from the top of the



L. Owen.

HIS DISHES.

1. Olla.

2. Water Basket.

wall he pounded his grain so that he could mix it into a coarse gruel. This he ate uncooked, for he had no fire.

In the room were two closely woven baskets covered with gum from the pine trees. He had seen his mother cook in them by dropping heated stones into the water to make it boil.

One day as he was drawing water in the mug, he suddenly cried out, "Why didn't I think of it before? Those baskets would make good buckets." And he tied his leather string to a basket and drew water in that.

He had lived in this way ten days, though it seemed to him more like ten years.

One morning he heard a sound within the house. He was sure he was not deceived about it. Something was in the

room in front of his bin. It might be a wild animal instead of a person, but something alive was certainly there.

He called once, twice, and was answered by a glad bark.

“Oh, Togo! *Togo!* Dear *Togo!*” he cried; “Come in! Come here!”

Togo was the family dog that had yellow and white spots somewhat like a collie. He had been the playmate of the children in the little cliff-house and they loved him dearly.

When he heard the boy's voice he whined and scratched the wall, and then he ran along it barking; for he was eager to come to the lad.

But he could not dig through from the other side, so he dashed out the doorway and around into the entrance to the cistern.

In a minute the boy had` climbed the pegs of his wall and the two were looking at each other across the water. But how could they get together?

The outer wall of the cistern ran from the corner of the house to the cliff, and the cliff ran back of the cistern and store-room. In this cliff-wall was an uneven shelf ten inches wide in some places and less than that in other places. There was no other way to reach his master, so the dog climbed to this shelf and picked his way along it.

He stopped at a break in the rock where he had to climb a foot or more straight up. But go he must; so at the risk of falling into the water he scrambled on.

At the end of the shelf he jumped down three feet to the top of the inner wall where the boy sat.

It was a joyful meeting for them both. The lad hugged the dog until he nearly choked him. He talked to him and kissed him as if he were his brother.

“Oh, Togo, Togo, I’m so glad to see you. Where have you been? And where are mother, and father, and brother?”

The dog rested his paws on the boy’s shoulders and licked his face in joy. He seemed to be saying: “Oh, Lolami, Lolami, I was afraid you were dead. I have looked everywhere for you, for I meant to find you even if you were not alive.”

After that the two good friends lived together. They shared their food, and slept on the same robe. The boy and the dog had been babies together. Lolami had hardly learned to speak his first word when the puppy first began to bark.

No one knew where Togo had been

since the day of the Indian attack, but Togo himself knew; and he knew why he had come back.

Do you think he was homesick? Or did he believe that Lolami was still in the house?

For my part, I am sure he came to find the boy. I think he had hunted around till he found out what had become of the rest of the family. He had counted them in his own way. And when he found that the lad was not with them, he had come to look for him. For dogs can count as well as boys if the numbers do not run too high.

Togo soon learned to go out and in whenever he liked, but he always ran the risk of slipping into the water.

No common dog could have gone along that shelf. Togo had been a cliff climber

from his puppyhood. This shelf was harder for him to climb than was the niche stairway. He could scramble up that, or up a ladder, as fast as any boy. The cliff boys and cliff dogs can climb up places that would make any one but a cliff-dweller tremble with fear.

CHAPTER III.

NEW FRIENDS.



THE little cliff-dweller was more contented in his dark room after he had Togo for company. He was still very lonely at times; but in a few weeks he became more used to living without his mother and father.

Sometimes Togo went out into the world and brought back a rabbit or a crow. He liked fresh meat better than that in the leather boxes; and maybe he thought the boy would like it better too.

But the meat in the boxes did not spoil. The air in that country is so dry that meat will keep without salting. And even dead animals have no bad odor.

Every day Togo went out hunting. The little master never thought that the dog would go away and leave him. But one morning he awoke and found Togo gone. Hour after hour went by and he did not come back. All that night and the next day he stayed away. The boy felt so sad and lonely that he could not keep from crying. Togo had gone, and had not even said goodbye!

Then he feared that some wild beast must have killed the dog. The faithful animal would surely have come back if he were alive.

Togo had been good company, and could understand what his little master said to him. *You* could not have done that, for the boy spoke the Ho-pi-tuh language. But Togo had lived in the same family and had learned the same language as the lad.

The little prisoner had talked a great deal to Togo. And now the dog was gone and there was nobody to talk to. He was afraid that he should forget how to talk.

Day after day he sat on the wall looking over to the opening beyond the cistern, watching for the dog's return.

Out there, where the sun shone, were a dainty blue harebell and a yellow columbine which grew out of the rocky wall. There was a scrubby little cedar tree, too, whose roots were squeezed into a chink between the stones.

You cannot know how fond of these things the child became. He smiled at them whenever he saw them. He almost believed that they smiled back. And when he was down in the store-room the thought of them brightened the gloom of his dark little den.

Beetles and butterflies sometimes came to his side of the cistern and made friends with him. The beetles would let him take them in his hands. They would roll over



SUMMER VISITORS.

on their backs and lie still, making believe they were dead.

One beetle that came to call on him was that flat spring-beetle, with awful eyes

sunk into its back. It is called the spring-beetle because it will appear to be dead and then suddenly bound into the air and alight on its feet.

Two strange visitors came once to call on him. Their name is Man-tis. When he first saw them they were on the top of the wall. They were sitting still with the front part of their bodies raised in the air. They held their fore legs together like a pair of arms.

He thought they were saying their prayers; but they were only waiting to catch insects that came along.

Pretty soon, one of them saw him. It let down its arms and came towards him, keeping its bright eyes fixed on his. It made him shiver, for it moved very slyly and kept looking at him so steadily. It came quite close to him and stopped.

Then, quick as a flash, it sprang at him. He was so startled that he jumped back and nearly fell off the wall into the cistern. As he did so, his foot hit the mantis and broke off its head.

Then this queer animal did the strangest thing of all. It took the loose head in its fore paws and carried it about. Every little while it would come toward the boy holding its head up in its hands as if asking him to fasten it on again.

But this was after Togo came back. For he did come after several days. And he brought in his mouth something which he laid at his master's feet. It was a sandal belonging to Lolami's mother.

Where did the dog get it? And did he know that it would make the boy glad, or make him think his mother was still alive? Togo was a wise dog who did a great deal of thinking.

CHAPTER IV.

FAMILY NAME AND CUSTOMS.



THE dog was wise but there was one thing he did not know, and that was his master's name. He supposed the boy's name was Lo-la-mi. But this was not the little cliff-dweller's real name. It was only his "nickie-name," as the Indians say.

The family had called him this because the first word he learned to say was "Lo-lami." That is the Ho-pi word for "good morning," or "how do you do?" The little fellow was so proud of being able to speak a word that he went about saying, "Lo-lami, Lolami," to everybody. So they nicknamed him "Lolami."

He himself hardly knew what his real name was. He *wore* it inside a little buckskin bag hanging from his neck. It was not a printed name. It was a bit of hair, a piece of horn, and some skin from an antelope, and with these was some holy corn meal.

The cliff dwellers did not call themselves Jones, Smith, or Brown. They called themselves Bears, Doves, and Horns; or Sun, Cloud, and Mud-People.

There was another odd thing about this family name. The father and mother never had the same name. When a couple married the man went to live with the woman. The house and the children belonged to her, and the little ones took her name instead of their father's.

The little bag was around Lolami's neck when he was put into the grain bin.

The only garment he had on was a shirt of plaited bark.

When the weather became cooler he needed more clothing. So he hunted over the piles of clothes left in the store-room. He found a buckskin shirt, a pair of leggings, and some trousers that came just below his knees. He put these on, and slipped his feet into some moccasins. Then he found two sashes made of doe-skin which he tied around his knees for garters.

The sashes were embroidered with colored por-cu-pine quills; and the ends of them were cut in fringes. He tied them in a bow knot and let the fringed ends hang down over his red leggings. They looked fine; and he felt so proud that he stood up straight and walked around pretending he was a young chief.

He was too warm with all this clothing

on, but he would not take it off, for it made him feel brave and grown-up.

One hot day in autumn the sunshine on the wall went out and came again; so he knew that clouds were moving across the sky. Then the light went out and did not come again. He heard a low roll of thunder, and knew that a storm was coming; and then he began a strange kind of march around the cleared corner of his room.

By and by a flash of lightning lit up his dark room. A crash of thunder seemed to be ripping cracks in the cliffs. But he was not afraid. He smiled, and began to sing as he marched. It was a song the cliff dwellers always sang when they wanted the lightning serpent to send them rain. The words he sang were:

The Little Cliff-Dweller.

“Look to the hills! Look to the hills!
The clouds are hanging there.
They will not come away;
But look again! They will come to us
And spread over all the village.

“Now come rain! Now come rain!
Fall upon the mountain, sink into the ground.
By and by the springs are made
Deep beneath the hills.
There they hide; then they come
Out into the light, down into the streams.”



CHAPTER V.

THE CISTERN BECOMES EMPTY.



DURING the dry season, the little cliff-dweller saw that the water in his cistern was getting low. He did not know whether to be glad or sorry about this. If all the water dried up he might have to go thirsty. But if it sank low enough, he might be able to jump down to the bottom and climb over the outer wall. Then he would be free once more.

Free once more! The thought almost scared him. What should he do if ever he got out? He had been such a little fellow when he was put in! He felt a great deal older now. But he knew nothing of the great canyon. All his friends were gone,

and if he got out he might feel more alone than ever.

Then, too, after he was out, how could he get back to his food and bed? The bottom of the cistern sloped upward on the farther side, and there it was already showing above the water.

The outer wall was not so high as the one on Lolami's side. Togo began to go out by springing across to the dry side and then springing up over the low outer wall. But Lolami could not do that. And even the dog did not try to come back that way. He could not leap to the top of the inner wall.

But the matter was soon settled for the boy. A hard rain sent the water pouring down into the cistern. It came through a crack in the rocky roof. When the rain stopped the cistern again was full. So the

lad knew he could not get out for a long time to come.

But during the second winter less rain fell than usual. The next summer was a very dry one even for that country. The water in the cistern became so low that the lad could not dip up half a basket full. On the other side one half the bottom was out of water. The little cliff-dweller would soon have to get out or die.

During the two years he had eaten so much of the grain that only a small pile was left in one corner of the room. There would soon be no food or drink inside the house. What if he could find none outside?

But he must take the chance. So one day he filled both baskets with grain and let them down into the cistern. Then he jumped after them. The jump almost stunned him.

He then carried the baskets across to set them on the outer wall. But he could not reach so high. Then he tried to stand on a basket and climb out. But the basket upset and spilled the grain. He put it back and tried again; but again it slipped.

Togo was dashing in and out of the cistern, wild with delight. He seemed to be urging his master to persevere.

At last Lolami called the dog and put him against the wall. Togo stood still as if he knew what was about to happen. Then the little cliff-dweller stood on the dog and climbed out. And he was *free!*
Free!

He had tied both baskets to one end of the leather string and had thrown the other end over the wall. He pulled the baskets up, and then he rushed into the outer world once more. He was as crazy

as Togo. Oh, but he was glad to see the daylight after two years in the dark grain bin!

He first sought to learn what was in the house. He went through the door of his old home, so excited he could hardly walk. He feared lest he should find dead bodies. But there was not a thing in either of the rooms except the stone box for grinding meal.

Outside the house, half hidden by a jog in the rocks, he found a stone knife, a hatchet, and the ladder shown on page 55. He was very glad to find the ladder. That was the thing he had wanted all the time he was in the store-room. With it he could have gone out and in to the grain and water whenever he liked. But now there was little left of either.

He went along the ledge and climbed

up the cliff. And there he looked upon a scene which was too beautiful for words.

It was not a country in green such as we have here. It was one in red. Red sandstone was all around him; a deep gorge in front of him; and beyond that, another steep cliff three hundred feet high. On every ledge there was a patch of white sand worn out from the rocks above. The whole cliff was spotted red and white. Even the sagebrush, cedar, and greasewood were covered with red dust. The rusty plants seemed as old as the rocks themselves.

Yet Lolami thought it was all beautiful. He stayed there until the dusk of evening bade him go down to his couch of robes.

It was already black night in the den when he entered it, but he was used to the

dark and could easily find where to set his ladder.

His eyes and legs ached, for he was not used to the light, nor to the climbing; but he lay down to sleep feeling very happy that he was no longer a prisoner.

CHAPTER VI.

A SEARCH FOR WATER.



THE water in the cistern became lower every day. Lolami must look for a supply elsewhere.

He set off one morning walking along the ledge, and kept looking down into the bottom of the canyon where a river had once flowed. Some distance above his home he came to a side gorge, which opened into the Chelly. Across this gorge was a bridge of rock.

He went across this bridge on and on. He had been in the store-room so long that his legs were weak from lack of use; and it seemed to him that he had walked a long weary way.

He had gone but two miles, and yet he wondered if he would ever be able to reach home if he turned back.

Just then at a corner of the rock he entered a small cove, and came upon an old path leading down to a pool of water. He was delighted to find the water, and still more delighted to see beyond the water many houses like his own, but all clustered together in one.

“People once more! People!” he shouted, and ran down the steep slope at the risk of breaking his neck.

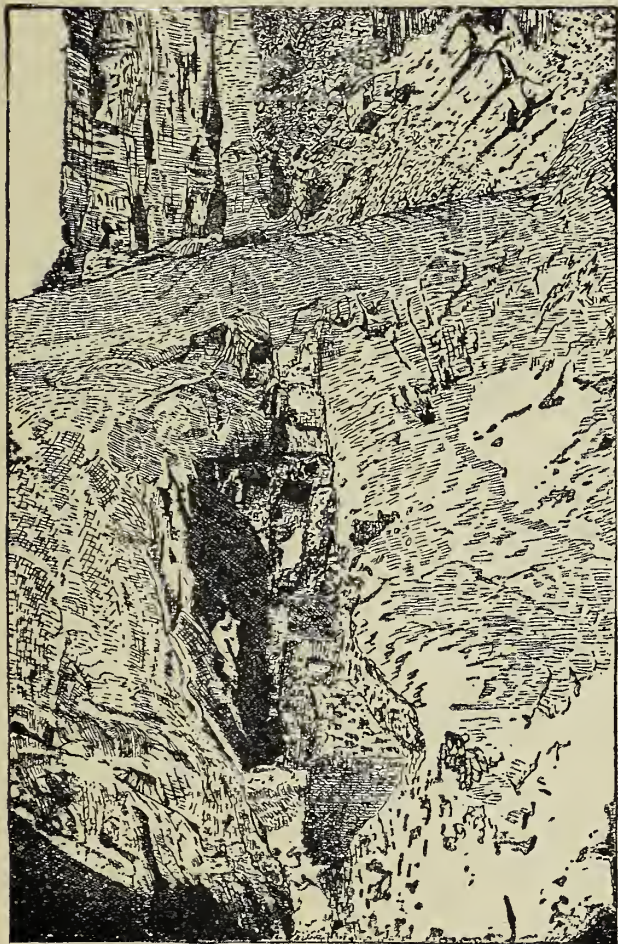
He forgot that he was tired. He ran; he tumbled; he caught hold of dead bushes, and ran again. He was wild with the hope of seeing people.

Throwing himself beside the pool he drank hastily. Then he hurried on toward the large house, shouting loudly.

But no one came forth to greet him. His own voice echoing back from the cliff was the only reply to his call. He stopped and stood still, bitterly disappointed, but he knew that once people must have lived here and he walked around to the side of it and went up a ladder.

This one-house village was two hundred and fifty feet long and twenty feet wide. He was amazed at the number of rooms in it.

The front part was only one story high and the doorways were in the roof. The people had to go up ladders and go in through trap doors in the flat roof. The back part of the building was two stories high. The doors of these rooms opened on the flat roof of the front part. The house was built in steps or terraces. The roof of the first terrace was the dooryard of the second story.



LOLAM'S VILLAGE HOME.

At the back of the house, under the second story, was a row of store-rooms, and under the curve of the cliff Lolami found a cistern like his own.

In the middle of this house-village there was a round room ten feet across. It had no opening except through the roof. This was a ki-va,* a place where they held their religious dances. It was their church. Near the north end of the building there was another ki-va twenty feet across.

In the whole house there were seventy-five rooms, which had been the home of thirty families. But now there was not a person in all this great house. It was a dead city. It stood seventy feet above the valley and two hundred feet below the top of the cliff.

Lolami went from room to room until it

* Pronounce, kee-vah.

was night. For supper, he ate some slices of dried pumpkin which he found in one of the store-houses. Then he lay down in the ki-va to sleep.

He was very tired and was glad to find the big house and to think of all the people who had once lived in it.

CHAPTER VII.

MORE DISCOVERIES.



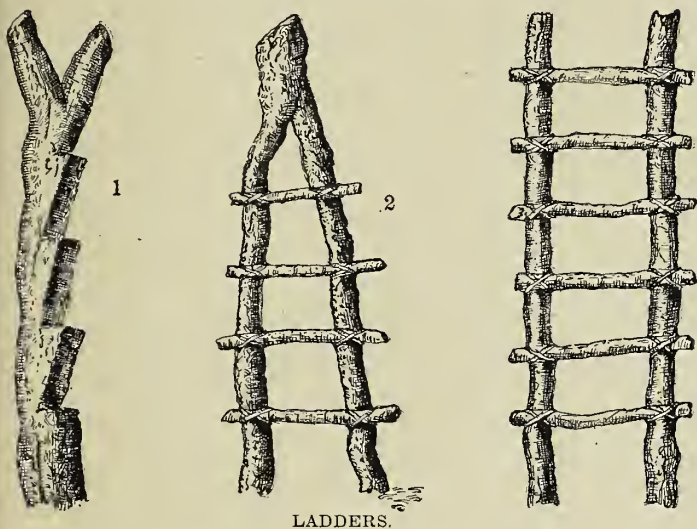
WHEN Lolami awoke the sun was high in the sky. He was hungry and went to see what had been left in the store-rooms.

In the sand on the flat roof of the lower story were some things round and hard like stones, which he discovered were dried peaches. Who could tell how many years they had been there? He gnawed some of them off the pits; then he went looking into all the hatchways to find grain.

But most of the rooms were too dark to see into them, and there were no ladders to go down.

At last, at the farther end of the house,

he found a notched pole in one of the dark openings. This pole was the ladder shown in figure 1, below, which the people had used to go into their store-rooms.



He slid down this and found himself in a bin of beans; more than he could eat in a year.

He waded through the beans to a small

opening in the wall of the bin which he crawled through, and found himself in another bin full of shelled corn.

He then brought up some beans and put them to soak with some peaches, in a gourd dipper that he had found near the cistern. After that he tugged with all his might at the ladder which he pulled up and put into another hatchway, where there was nothing but a handful of corn in one corner.

After entering a dozen other store-rooms and finding nothing, he went into one where he found a pile of yellow wheat, which was the most delicious grain he had ever tasted. On poles swinging from the ceiling were, also, strips of dried meat.

The people who lived in these houses must have been driven away or killed when his parents were. If they had gone

of their own accord they would not have forgotten the wheat in the store-room.

The little cliff-dweller thought that Chelly canyon was the whole world, and when he looked over the cliff he longed to go down and see what kind of a place it was at the bottom of the world; so one day he walked down the path to the bottom of the gorge.

Along the valley were heaps of stones and sand, and patches of dead grass and bushes. This showed that plants grew here in the wet season.

In one place were dead stalks in rows so straight that men must have made them. Lolami had never seen a corn field, and he did not guess that this was the very field from which the corn had come.

Every ledge on the canyon walls had a house on it, and every large crack in the

cliff had been walled up across the front to make a room.

But most of these houses were cunningly hidden. The stones and plastering were of the same color as the cliff itself. No one from the bottom of the canyon could distinguish a house from the cliff. From the valley the lad could not see even this big village-house. He probably passed dozens of houses without noticing them.

But when he sat down in the shade to rest, and studied the opposite cliff with the sun shining bright upon it, he saw that there were spots where the cliff seemed to be made of small stones. Then he guessed that these must be the walls of houses.

As he looked he saw a little hole in the cliff. He crossed the valley, climbed up, and crawled through this hole and found himself in a three-cornered room. In one

corner were a bow and arrows which he took for his own.

On the side wall of the room a rock stood out like a shelf, and on it were the two halves of a beautiful bowl.

In the middle of the shelf was,—what do you think? It was an odd-looking doll-baby with pointed nose, streaming hair, painted face, and gay clothes.

CHAPTER VIII.

HE VISITS HIS OWN HOME.



LOLAMI went back to the village and lay down on the roof to sleep. He did not wish to spend the night in the ki-va, for he liked living out of doors. It was delightful to have the blue sky above him instead of a rocky roof.

But as he lay looking up at the sky something happened that startled him. Little specks of fire began to shine in the heavens. More of them kept coming, and they grew brighter. He wondered about it, for he had forgotten that there were stars in the sky at night.

When he awoke next morning he thought of his old home and wondered if

it was still there. So many strange things had happened since he left and it seemed so long ago, that he thought the little cliff dwelling might have crumbled to pieces. He would go and see if it were still there.

Just then a bright thought came to him. He would keep food and clothing both in the old home and this new place. Then if the enemy came to attack him, he could hide in whichever grain bin was nearest. He would pull the ladder in after him and keep still, and they would not find him.

After breakfast he tied his garters tight around the bottom of his trousers, and filled one leg with corn and one with beans.

He tied a piece of dried meat upon Togo's back and made him carry that. Then he took a gourd full of water and set out for home.

On the way he came to the bridge of rock across the gorge. Down below the bridge were cottonwood and willow trees, and three or four palo-alto trees which looked like tall green poles.

There were, also, a few peach trees and vines with dried grapes on them. When it was a good season this would be his orchard and vineyard.

Of course his old home was just as he had left it; for he had not been gone so long as it seemed to him.

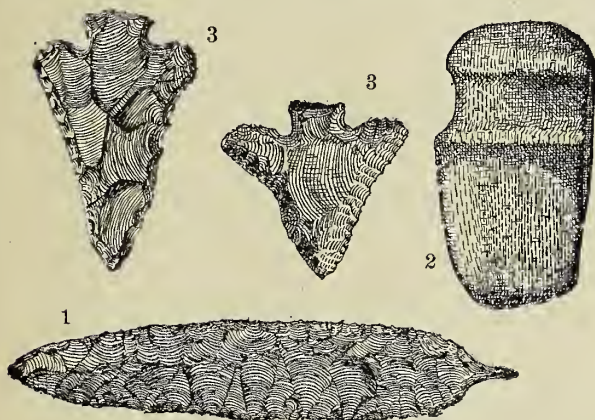
He stayed there over night, and brought food enough to last him several days, but the gourd of water was soon gone.

When he started back, he took one of the water baskets, that he might bring more water next time.

He wanted to go down the niche stairway, and go back by the canyon path. But

the stair seemed so steep that he did not dare to try it, so he went back along the top of the bluff as he had come.

Still he kept wanting to climb the stair, and the very next day he came up the can-



LOLAMI'S TOOLS.

1. Knifeblade. 2. Axe, into the groove of which a pole handle is bound by thongs of bark or leather. 3. Arrowheads.

yon; for he thought he might climb *up* the niches even if he could not go down them.

But when he got to the foot of the stair, there were no niches at the bottom. The

rock rose straight up for ten feet without a step in it.

He studied how he could complete the stairway. Neither the ladder at home nor the one at the village was long enough. Then he remembered the palo-alto trees, and knew at once what could be done.

He fetched his stone axe and knife and spent two days cutting down and trimming two poles. It took five more days to cut cross pieces and tie them to the poles with green bark,—for he had no nails.

After a week of hard labor he had a ladder. But, alas! it was too heavy for him to drag or carry along the rough road.

Bitter was his disappointment! As he returned to his home two salt tears dropped into the dust of the path.

But he was too plucky to let a ladder beat him, even if it was of green wood and

heavy. In the morning he went back and untied the cross pieces. Then he dragged each pole to the foot of the cliff below his home.

He did not fasten them together as before. He had learned his lesson, and he did not propose to be beaten again by a ladder.

So he tugged and lifted till he had each pole leaning up against the cliff. Then he tied the first rung fast and stood on that to tie the next one.

When he had bound on the last rung he climbed the niche stair to his old home. And there was not a prouder boy along the whole Chelly Canyon—for the very good reason that he was the only one; but if there had been others, he would have been proudest of all on that evening.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

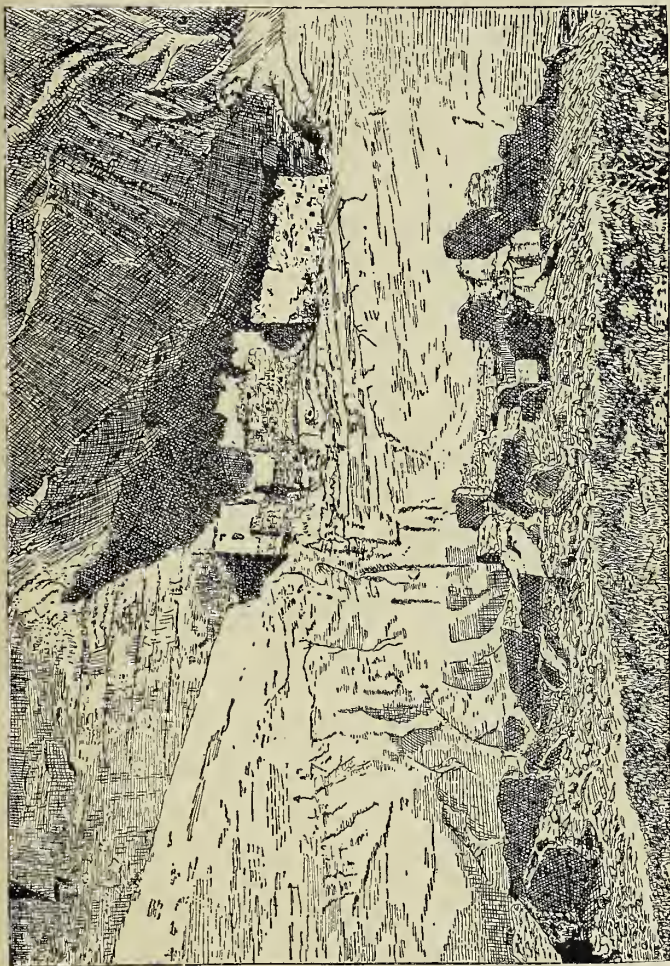


ON his travels up and down the canyon Lolami had found seventeen villages and thirty-seven cliff houses; and yet he had travelled only thirteen miles.

About eight weeks after he had found the first village he made a discovery that filled him with wonder.

His legs had now grown stronger by exercise, so he set out one morning to find the end of the world. He thought that if he went down the Chelly Canyon far enough, he would come to where it broke off; and there he would stand looking forward into nothing and down into nothing.

The very thought of it made him dizzy



CASA BLANCA.

and half afraid to go for fear he would fall off.

He went down the Canyon for five miles, when he came to the end of the Chelly, where the cliffs are white and are only thirty feet high.

But when he came to what he thought would be the end of the world, behold! it opened out into another canyon wider and straighter than the Chelly. And this one stretched away to the north and south as far as he could see.

He trembled with excitement: the world was so much bigger than he had thought!

But he did not then know that miles away this new canyon opened into a still wider one with walls a thousand feet high; and that this larger one opened into another with walls *six thousand* feet high.

The world already seemed very wide and long to him. But he had come only to the end of his own little canyon.

He had come down the Chelly Canyon to the Rio* Chelly.

This opens into the San Juan Canyon; and away toward the sunset, the San Juan opens into the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Yet the end of the Grand Canyon is not the end of the world.

* Pronounce, Ree-o. It means river.

† Pronounce, San Wan.

CHAPTER X.

STRANGE FRIENDS.



ABOUT three miles above the mouth of the Chelly, another gorge called the Canyon of Death opens into it. This Canyon has walls two hundred feet high. But its mouth is so narrow that the little cliff-dweller had gone past it several times without seeing it.

He went into it and found that it is as large and as crooked as the Chelly itself. It is fifteen miles long and runs toward the northeast.

When the snows melt on the mountains a stream of water runs through it. But this was winter and the water seldom flowed.

In the last week of February there came the coldest week of the year. The lad had just been home for more food, and was starting to explore this canyon.

He had been following one path and another hoping to find some nook that



WHERE THE NAVAHO HID.

would shelter him from the wind, when, instead of a nook, he came upon the house shown in the picture. He went in, put down his load, and began to rub his fingers, for they were nearly frozen.

Soon he heard a grunt from the corner behind him. He turned quickly. His heart jumped into his throat and then stood still. He had not been so frightened since the day the savages had thrown his brother over the cliff; for there, all in war-paint lay a tall Indian—one of the foes of his people.

It had been years since the boy had seen any of his tribe, but he knew that this man belonged to a different people from the cliff-dwellers.

This was a wild Indian, one to be feared, but he was a Nav-a-ho,* and not one of the terrible Utés.

The two looked at each other for some time in silence.

They could not speak each other's

* Pronounce, Nahv-ah-ho.

language; but the Indian saw that the boy was afraid of being attacked, and the boy saw that the warrior was as much troubled as he was. The Indian was ill and weak, and had come here for shelter from the wind.

The Indian looked toward the dried meat and the basket of grain, and grunted.

The grunt settled matters and made them friends; for no boy like Lolami could refuse food to a man who was sick and hungry, even if he were an enemy.

The lad drew his stone knife from his belt and sawed off a piece of the meat. Then he gave him some of the delicious wheat. He saw that the Indian was wounded and guessed that he was hiding from his foes.

After all had been done that Lolami could do, these two rolled themselves in

their blankets and settled down for the night, more like brothers than enemies.

Next morning the Navaho was still suffering from cold and from loss of blood. He dragged himself across the floor to a rude fireplace. There were ashes and half burnt sticks in it. He made signs to the boy that he wanted more sticks.

Lolami did not know how a fire was to be made, but he gathered an armful of cedar boughs and brought them to the sick man.

Then the wounded Indian sat up and drew a little machine of wood and stone from the pocket of his leather skirt. He twirled it until he got a spark which set fire to some very dry punk from which he lighted the dry boughs.

This delighted the boy. He did not know that fire could be started out of a

stick and a stone. He remembered that his mother had fire, but supposed that when it went out that was the end of it.

This work made the Navaho's wounds bleed again. He put a handful of old ashes on them to stop the flow of blood. Then he lay down by the fire with a groan of pain.

Lolami wrapped the blanket closer around him, and put more wood on the fire.

He then skinned a rabbit that he had shot, and was pounding corn for breakfast. But the Navaho stopped him, and showed him how to parch the corn, and roast the rabbit over the fire.

In a short time they had a new breakfast to Lolami. It was the first cooked food the lad had eaten for three years.

Every day the little cliff-dweller

hunted for game, and brought in wood. He cooked the food and took care of the sick man, which kept him busy from morning till night. But he was glad to do it. He had learned some useful things from the Indian and he loved to have company.

But his new friend grew slowly worse instead of better. In a few days he no longer tried to talk or move about. He lay very quiet and ate little food, though the boy offered him the daintiest bits he could cook.

On the tenth morning the sick man pulled himself up and leaned against the wall.

He handed the lad his fire machine. He took off his leggins and moccasins, and made the boy put them on over his own. He took off his long leather shirt and gave it, also, to Lolami.

Then he wrapped his blanket around him and slid down so as to sit against the wall. He tried to tell the lad by signs that he must not go to east where there were savage Indians.

He looked long and sadly at his little friend, with a look that was hard to understand. Then he stretched himself out with his face toward the wall, and never moved again.

For a long time Lolami thought he must be asleep and did not touch him, but the man lay still with no sound of breathing. After a time the boy tried to awaken him to give him food, but he soon learned that the man was dead.

Lolami was now more lonely than ever, and did not know what to do. He knew nothing about burying the dead, so he let the body lie where it was. He did not like

to go away and leave his dead friend, but there was nothing more that could be done for him.

The next day he started off toward home, and left his dead comrade lying with his face to the wall wrapped in his blanket.

CHAPTER XI.

SPRING IN THE CHELLY.



WHEN the little cliff-dweller was quite small he had owned a tiny bow. So after he found the bow and arrows in the three cornered house, it had taken him but a little time to learn to shoot crows and rabbits for himself. The dog still did his share of the hunting, but his share now was to find the game for his master to shoot.

Lolami could now make a fire; and he soon learned to cook dried meat with his corn and beans, and to make good stews of rabbit and crushed grain. He meant to stay at home and do more house-hunting. He was very lonely when he was

doing nothing, and often thought of the Navaho and would have been glad to have even a sick man for company.

In the spring he became restless, and making up his mind to go up the Chelly to the east, he started up the valley when the first warm weather came.

There were many sheets of ice and pools of water in the river bed. The snows in the mountains were melting and the water was coming through many little gullies into the Chelly.

The gorge was very crooked, and twisted around so that one seemed to be all the time walking toward a solid cliff. It bent like a huge letter S, and then twisted in the other direction. In spots where the sun shone there was ice and water. But on the shaded sides of the bends were thick sheets of ice.

The lad was having a good time and enjoying his travels. Once or twice he heard strange, crashing sounds which he thought were caused by the falling of a rock. But he never thought of danger till a rock fell at his feet.

Sometimes he was up among the rocks exploring a ruined house; sometimes down in the valley where there was ice or pools of water. He made several trips into side coves.

He was just returning from one of these when he heard a great roaring and grinding. It was right ahead of him; but it was not the sound of falling rocks. It was one long roar which seemed to be coming down the canyon toward him. He stood still not knowing what to do, but had a mind to run back down the gorge.

When he stepped around the curve and

looked up the stream he saw a great wave of water and ice coming around the next bend in the canyon. It was six feet high, and not ten rods away.

For a moment he was so scared that he could not move. The flood was coming straight down toward him. He could not stand up against it. He could not run ahead of it. It surely would drown him. He sprang upon a flat rock that stood out over the stream. He threw himself face downward upon it, and clung fast with feet and hands.

The water broke over him; and for a few seconds he thought he must be washed away. A block of ice struck the rock he was on, but he kept his eyes shut, held his breath, and hung on with all his might. Then the rock trembled and swayed; then stood still; then shivered again, and then

it swung around and started on with the ice and water.

It had broken loose and was carried on by the ice. The boy had a dangerous ride. Sometimes the water washed over him and almost swept him off; then again it carried him and his block of ice against the cliff; then across to the opposite cliff.

It went on past his home and at last stopped a quarter of a mile below his village. His clothing was drenched and he sat in the sun to dry it. There was no such thing as crossing the river, and he began to wonder what he should do for food.

But he wondered a great deal more where that sudden flood had come from. He did not know that the snow was thawing far up in the mountains, and that the flood had broken through an ice pack and

had become a moving wall. But suddenly it spent its fury and the stream was low again. Lolami then waded across it and spent the night in his own home.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MUMMY CAVE.



WEEK or two later the little cliff-dweller went into the Canyon of Death again. He saw two caves high up in the rocks.

One of them was seventy-five feet deep and one hundred feet long. The other was one hundred feet deep and two hundred feet from side to side. There was a shelf of rock between them, and both the shelf and the caves were full of houses. There were fifty-five rooms and four kivas in both caves. All were built better than any Lolami had seen.

On the cliff back of the shelf was picture writing like that shown on page 86.

In one of the rooms he found the picture of a man; in another the picture of a half-circle; both of which were colored with green paint.



PICTOGRAPHS.

The boy named this village the Mummy Cave; and this was why he gave it that name:

While he was going about in it, he heard shouting down below, and looking

over the ledge he saw a half dozen men down in the valley. They were black and fierce looking, and he knew they must be savage Indians. So he lay very still, for he was afraid they might see him or come up to look at the caves.

But they did not do either. They were frightened by something they had found at the foot of the cliff. Whatever it was they did not touch it, but each one came and looked and drew back in horror. They seemed in great haste to get away and fled up the canyon very fast.

As soon as they were out of sight Lolami went down to see what was there, and he, too, was alarmed; for there, in a crack of the cliff, was the dried mummy of a man. It was sitting upright with knees under its chin, and its mouth was grinning in a frightful manner. Lying beside it

were a hunter's weapons and a jar of corn.

The dead man had been put in this crack and then walled in, and this was his grave. But the flood had torn away the wall; and there he sat staring into the empty canyon. The boy could not see why the Indians had not taken the corn and weapons. He knew that if they had caught *him* there they would have stolen his clothes and perhaps carried him away also. For they looked like the savages who had carried off his parents years ago.

But these savages did not touch a kernel of this corn. They were not afraid of any man *alive*, but they were afraid of dead men, and dead men's ghosts. This corn belonged to the dead man's ghost, and they would starve sooner than touch it. Nor would they touch a dead man's house. That was why they had not destroyed the cliff dwellings.

This mummy was not the only dead person the lad found. Once when he was going through the rooms of a village in the upper Chelly, he found a store-room with the mummies of five children in it.

He remembered what had happened to him, and he guessed that these children had been put there to hide them from a foe. But these poor little things had had no grain and no cistern.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT TOGO TOLD HIM.



WHENEVER Togo was with his young master in the lower canyon, he acted in a strange manner. He would go to the top of the bluff, look west, and bark as if he saw something. Then he would run toward the boy barking; and back again to the bluff.

When Togo did this, the boy knew that he said: "Follow me, Lolami; there is something out yonder." He had often climbed the bluff, but could see nothing except the desert. It stretched away toward the sunset as far as the eye could reach.

The first time the boy climbed this bluff

the dog ran toward the west barking for him to come on. He was delighted when his master followed, and was unhappy when he turned back. He begged and coaxed in every way a dog could, but the lad went down into the valley and started for home. Then the dog sat on the bluff and howled as if his heart were broken.

Often after that he had asked his master to go to the west, but he had never again grieved so much when the lad would not follow him.

But Lolami kept wondering what it was that the dog saw. All he himself could see was red stones, sagebrush, and yellow sand, with the hot sun shining.

At evening the sky seemed to shut in only a dark plain. But sometimes when he climbed the bluff at sunrise, he thought he could see mountain peaks to the west.

They seemed far off, and were scarcely visible in the blue haze; and then he wondered if there might be another canyon like his own far out toward the setting sun.

So one day the dog was begging again and he said: "Yes, Togo; tomorrow we will go."

He packed up food enough to last a week. He thought he could easily go to the rim of the sky and back again in that time. It did not seem so very far, for he had never had a chance to learn that one can never catch up with the horizon.

In the morning they went down the canyon. He filled his basket at a pocket of water in the cliff, and he and Togo took a last drink from the pool. Then they set out into the great unknown west. The boy knew nothing of the plains, and at first he was pleased with the novelty.

The high bluffs sloped down into the Chin-li Valley. The way was rocky, and he had to pick his path among the stones. But going down hill was not so hard as many a climb he had taken among the cliffs. So he thought it fine.



By and by the rocks lost their bright color and became dull. There were no trees; nothing but greasewood and sagebrush. Prickly cactus grew all over the

way and the fine, red needles pierced his feet.

It grew hotter and hotter; and there was no shade. The earth lay bare and flat under the hot sun. By noon he was not having a good time at all. He was sorry he ever started. He crept into a clump of sagebrush to eat his dinner; but it gave no shade.

He ate, then picked the cactus needles from his feet and went on again. He hoped he would cross the plain before night, but long before sunset he was wholly tired out; and the rim of the sky seemed farther away than ever.

Next morning he again went forward into the desert. Togo was not so willing to start; for he knew more about deserts than his master did. He had crossed this desert before, but he did it at night. The

glare of the sun hurt their eyes, but they walked on.

The air grew hotter, and the sun shone more fiercely. The water was gone, and they were suffering with thirst. They had food but neither of them could eat. Food seemed to stick in their dry throats. Both of them longed for shade and water.

The boy would have turned back, but he dared not. They were now so far from the spring of water in the bluff that he would have died before he could reach it. He blamed his loving Togo. "If it had



not been for you," he said, "I would never have started on this fatal journey." Other animals have more sense, he thought. Not a bird nor a rabbit had they seen, and the very spiders knew better than to come out of their holes into this burning sun.

But you know that Togo was not to blame for their trouble. He had tried to tell his master that they ought not to start across the desert in the morning. And the poor dog was suffering as much as the boy.

Suddenly everything turned dark, and Lolami could not see his way and fell fainting to the ground. When he came to his senses again, Togo was running around him in great trouble. As soon as he opened his eyes the dog ran off a few feet and then back to him, then away again. The lad now knew what the dog wanted.

Togo had found a clump of bushes, and

was trying to get his master to come to the shade. Lolami put forth all his strength and crept to the brush, where he lay till sunset. When he rose and looked about, he saw other bushes further on and thought the desert must be coming to an end, and he started on toward the west.

It was a little cooler now, but his eyes felt as if they were full of cactus needles and his head throbbed as if it would burst.

He was too weak to go fast, but at dusk he saw the edge of a mesa* far ahead.

This gave him some hope, and yet he was so wretched that he cared but little whether he lived or died.

Togo tried to lead him to the southwest. But he would not follow him but went straight west; and after a while they came

* Pronounce, Ma-sah. It means a low, flat-topped mountain or rock.

to the Sal-ah-kai Mesa and dropped down exhausted among the gullies at its base.

Togo lay down awhile and waited. Then he took hold of his master's clothes and tried to make him rise, but he could not do it; so he took the water basket in his mouth and set off alone.

During the night he came back, and awakened Lolami from his feverish sleep.

The dog's tongue was moist. The dirt on the long hair under his body showed that he had been in the water.

Then Lolami rose and followed him down the eastern side of the mesa to the southern end where they came to a lake. Lolami had never seen anything so beautiful as that lake.

The morning rays of the sun were shining over the water. Willow trees were growing around the border, and the birds

were singing in the branches. Close at hand rose the Sal-ah-kai Cliffs, and away to the south stood the yellow Eagle Crag.

But the boy cared only for the water. It seemed to him he could never drink enough.

When he saw his basket floating on the lake, he knew that faithful Togo had tried to bring him water in the night.

All day he lay under the trees, not caring to go further until he was well rested.

CHAPTER XIV.

TRACKS OF PEOPLE.

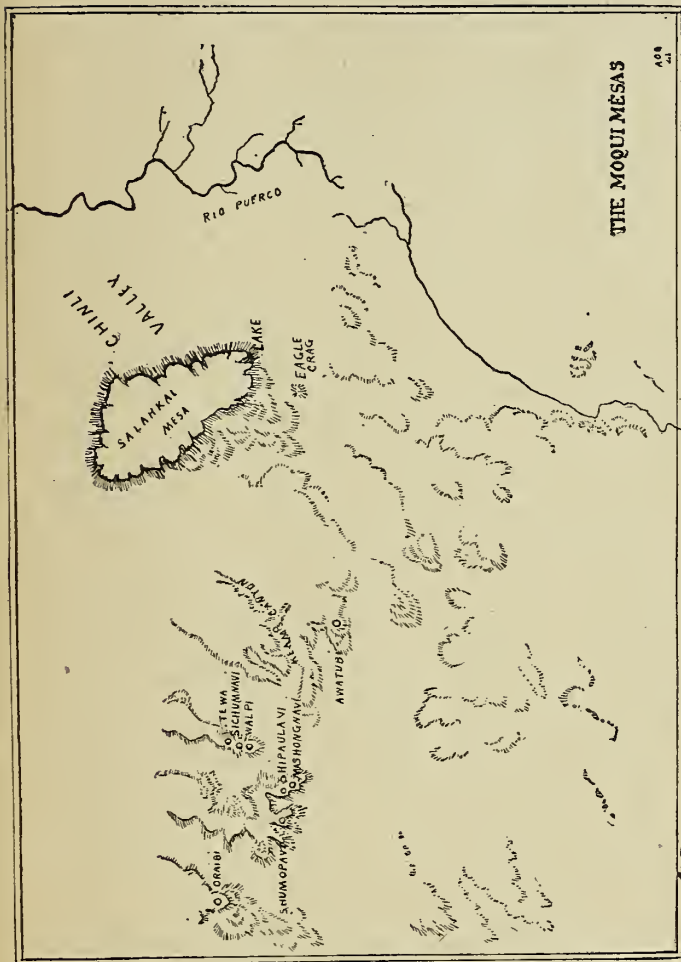


AFTER a short time Lolami was ready to go on into the forest of pine at the west. He thought he would merely wander in its shade for a while, but he kept going on and on until he came out at the further side.

In the far distance he saw the white peaks of the San Francisco Mountains, and he darted toward them. Soon he found himself in a small gully which deepened and broadened into a canyon.

This was Keam's Canyon which opened out toward the west, and at the end of it he found a path made by men and beasts.

He followed this to another canyon,



GENERAL VIEW OF TUSAYAN.

and then, what was his joy when he found an empty house-village, which was built around two open squares or courts! This was a new way of building which he had not seen. In the cliffs there was no room to spare for inside courts; and this was the first time he had seen a village on a mesa.

But he was very glad to find that there really were houses in this western land. There must have been people to build them, and perhaps some of the people were still living. He said that he would find them if they were alive; for he so longed to see men and women once more.

The lad did not know it, but this was the great Horn House. It had once been the home of the tribe to which he belonged.

This was called the Antelope Canyon. The Bear, Bat, and Horn people had come from the cliffs and had lived here for a time.

There were other house-villages on the mesa. One of them had houses on a lower shelf. This looked like the cliff dwellings. He was sure that some of his own people must have built it. Where were they now?

He could scarcely wait to be off to find them. From the top of the mesa he could see a path running across the valley to the northwest. This path he meant to take; but this time he would travel by night.

The slender moon gave but a dim light. But Togo led the way and they started out over the gray plain. They had traveled ten miles when they came to a rough country where it was hard to walk, and Lolami lay down for a nap.

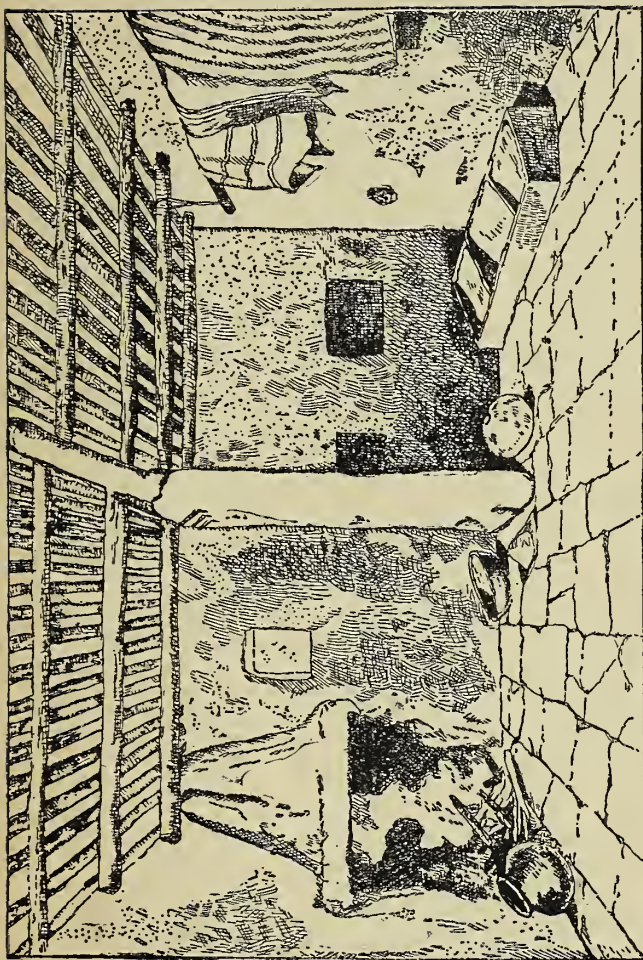
Early in the morning Togo barked close to his ear, for Togo was eager to go on. Up they went, over sandy foot-hills, and

rocks, and through gullies. The lad could not see where they were going. The mists of morning hid the top, but Togo evidently knew where they were, and so the boy continued to follow him. They stopped to drink at a large spring, and afterward passed the ruins of other villages on the mountain side.

At last, high up on the cliff above them, they saw the wonderful village of Wal-pi in Tu-say-an. Lolami never forgot his first sight of it. It was built of stone like the cliff dwellings, and must have been built by the same kind of people.

And *there were the people!* At last! At last! On the mesa far above were persons dressed in clothing like his own. They were like the people he had seen in his childhood.

Togo barked joyfully when he saw



LOLAMI'S LAST HOME.

them. The people heard him and came to the edge of the mesa. They saw the boy and began to run down the rocky stairway to meet him. A dozen of them shouted, "Lolami! Lolami!"

The boy was surprised to find that they knew his name. "How did they come to know that?"

He did not know that his name was only a "nickie-name"; and that the strangers were merely saying "good morning." He did not know any of them. But he knew that they were of his people, and that made him happy. They led him up the rock-cut stair; and he could hardly keep from running on ahead, for he hoped to find his mother and father.

All came out on the mesa to welcome him. They brought him paper-bread, melons, and peaches to eat, and treated him

like a son that was lost and is found; but he could not find the ones he most desired to see. Then he told them of that dreadful day when he lost his parents; and of how he had seen his brother thrown over the cliff; and of his life alone in the canyon. Some of them knew that day, for they had been driven away by the same foe.

He told them how Togo had coaxed him to start on this trip, and then they were ashamed. For they remembered that the dog had visited them, and had tried to get them to follow him back.

If they had gone with him, they would have found the lonely little boy in the cliff-house.

He finished his story. Then the priest drew out the little buckskin bag that hung around his neck.

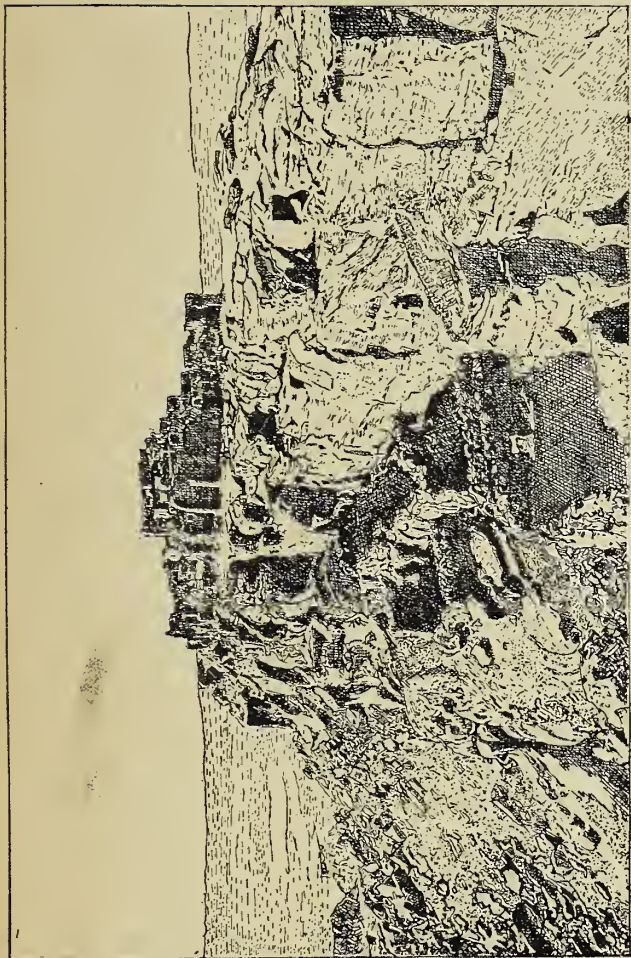
“By the heart of the stars; it is so,” he cried, when he saw what was in it. “He is an Antelope of the Horn people.”

Then the old women hugged him and wept over him, and the children crowded around in wonder.

The boy did not understand all that they said, for it was a long time since he had heard people talk.

But he knew that he was welcome, and tears of joy sprang to his eyes. He tried to tell them how much he thanked them, but he could not. At last he cried:

“Where is my mother?”



WALPL

CHAPTER XV.

FAMILY HISTORY.



AMOTHERLY woman came and took Lolami's hand and said, "I will be your mother. I knew your parents and will tell you all I know about them."

She bade him sit beside her on a rock while she told the story. And this was the story:

"Long ago our people lived near the head waters of the Rio Grande. There the trees were green, and deer and buffalo fed upon the rich grass.

"The savage Utes often came and stole our grain. We were not so strong as they and we came west and built homes high among the cliffs. But still we were trou-

bled by the Utes, and some of our tribe moved still further west and settled on the deep canyon of the Chelly. At that time there was a living stream of water flowing through the canyon.

“They built a large village-house. They worked for three years in building it, and making the ladders and the niche stairways. We lived there until the stream ceased to flow and food was scarce; then many of our people came out here.

“In time there were Snake, Horn, Bear, Fire, Rain, Sun, and Cloud people living here in the far west. They built seven villages on these three mesas; two on the east one; three on the middle one; and one off by itself on the western mesa. There were springs at the foot of these mesas, and good farm lands in the valleys between.

“A few of us Horn people remained in the canyon until one day a band of the Utes again attacked us. The battle raged from morning till night and many of our men, women, and children lay dead at the foot of the cliffs. We drove them off the cliff at last. But they carried off your parents with them as prisoners. None of us know whether your father and mother are still alive.

“The rest of us fled in the night, taking all the food and robes we could carry, and we came here where we were welcomed by those who had come before us. We did not know that there were any children left in the store-rooms, but I am sure your story is true; for we remember your parents, and we know you by the family name you wear around your neck.

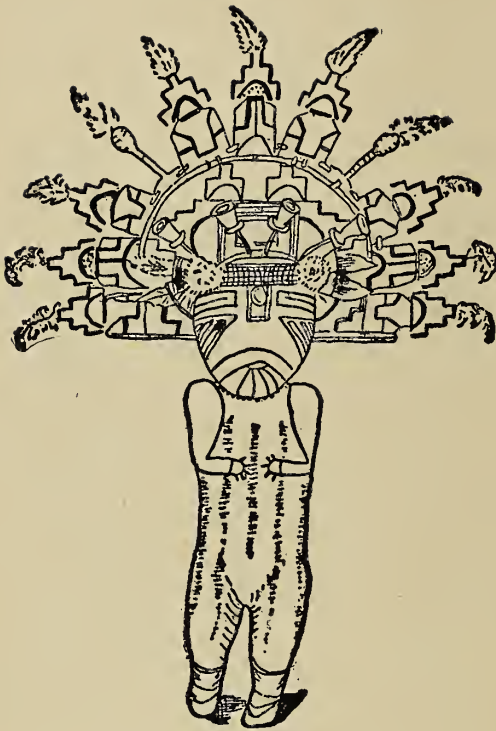
“We welcome you to our village, and you shall live with me and be my son.”

The lad thanked his new mother as well as he could, and then he said to the people:

“Some day, when I am a man, I shall seek to find my mother and my father.”

They promised to aid him when the time came; and then his new mother led him to his new home in the great house-village of Wal-pi.

[A more complete story of the little cliff-dweller, describing his exploits in hunting and war, his life in Walpi, his search for his parents, and his own marriage, will be found in the two volumes entitled “Lolami, the Little Cliff-Dweller,” and “Lolami in Tusayan,” published by the Public-School Publishing Company, Bloomington, Ill.]



A GLANCE AT THE CLIFF-DWELLERS' HISTORY

FOR THE TEACHER.

In the southwestern part of the United States, where the Rockies, Sierras, San Juan, and San Mateo mountains have reared their huge masses skyward, the seismic disturbances have gradually lifted almost the whole surface of the earth above its original level, and the rivers have held to their courses only by cutting deep grooves through the soft sandstone; so that many of them now flow far down between walls of red rock rising, in some places, almost perpendicularly from either side of the river bed, and in other places receding from it in a series of terraces which finally blend with the vast rolling mesas.

Between the mountain ranges lie vast deserts of red or yellow sand, or of gray, volcanic ashes. For this is the "arida zona," the arid zone (from which comes Arizone) of the Spanish Cavaliers, who were the first white people to visit it. For hundreds of miles there is nothing to break the monotony except sage brush, cactus, and dust-laden cedars.

And through these deserts meander the dry beds of dead streams which long ago went the way of the ancient inhabitants, and yielded up the ghost. It is a petrified land, in which the mountains, the vegetation, and the people seem to have gone to sleep in the sun, and to have remained unchanged for forty centuries.

Yet it is a land majestic in the awful grandeur of its rugged mountains and fascinating in the very desolation of its wide stretching sands. These are the "boundless spaces where the heart grows big."

But what adds to the interest of this strange corner of the world is that in every nook of the canyon walls hang

the queer dwellings of the by-gone people: caves hollowed into the cliffs and stone and adobe houses perched on jutting shelves of rock.

The mode of reaching these dwellings was by ladder, by rock-cut stair, up sloping ravines, and even, in some cases, by lowering oneself from the brow of the cliff above. One house in the Mancos was situated six hundred feet above the river bed, and the path to it was comparatively easy for five hundred feet, but the last one hundred feet was up a stairway of niches cut in an almost perpendicular rock.

It is supposed that the occupants climbed to these high perches so as to be out of reach of the more war-like Indian tribes who attacked them. The cliff-dwellers were Indians too, but of shorter stature and more peaceable disposition; making their living largely by tilling the river bottoms. It has been conjectured that they once lived on the lower levels where their gardens were located, and that their occupation of the cliffs began by hiding their produce in store-houses among the rocks, and by making retreats in which to secret their wives and children when the barbarian hords came to slaughter and plunder them.

But it is probable that another foe, more swift and irresistible than their fellow-men, co-operated to drive them to the canyon walls. It was necessary for these aboriginal people to live beside the water and near to their farming land in the river bottom. Yet they must live above high water mark; for these streams are treacherous, liable at all times to sudden freshets, and the people must often have had to scurry to places of safety. Sometimes you see a shower miles away among the mountain peaks and in an hour's time, while the sunshine still falls about you, down the parched bed of the empty channel at your feet comes a sudden flood almost as red as blood,—the waters of the distant storm

bearing with them the red sands of the rocks over which they have washed.

Whatever the cause or causes that led the cliff dwellers to perch on high, certain it is that in the days which are gone those canyon walls sheltered a numerous people who constructed their domiciles either by burrowing out a series of communicating rooms in the softer strata, or by piling up stones and mortar to form three sides of a dwelling whose rear wall was the face of the cliff itself. Sometimes where the rock recurved so as to form a natural cave with overhanging roof, they utilized the made-to-hand dwelling as it stood; and sometimes a communal house³ or small village was built in the open cave. Other villages were constructed street above street on terraced bluffs rising from the river brink.

Cave dwellings, artificially constructed, are found in four principal localities: on the eastern slope of San Francisco Mountain, in Arizona; along the middle region of the Verde River, near Prescott; on the beautiful cliffs of San Juan River near its conflux with the Colorado; and west of the Rio Grande, near Espanola, New Mexico.

Tradition says that the latter have been twice reoccupied since their first abandonment, the last time when the Pueblos fled to them for safety from the Spanish invaders of 1540.

Some of the canyon walls are literally honeycombed with caves, showing how populous were these strange, mole-like cities. Along the banks of the Rio Grande, a branch of the Cila extending northward through the Black Mesa, are thousands of cavate lodges, some of single rooms, but mostly consisting of a series of intercommunicating, circular cavities, varying in size from mere cubby-holes used as storage cysts, to rooms fifteen by sixteen feet in diameter and seven feet high. The floor, and usually the wall of these earth

chambers were plastered with adobe cement, and in the main room were several small pits sunk below the level of the floor and plastered. One of these was the fire pit and another was sometimes used as a receptacle for water.

In other localities the receptacle for water was usually a pocket or niche scooped out of the side wall to hold the olla or water jar. In another niche was kept the sacred meat bowl. A pole was fitted into sockets on opposite walls and on the pole was hung the bedding and clothing that was not in use. A robe hung over the doorway in stormy weather to keep out the cold. A hole was made above the doorway for the egress of smoke, and one near the floor for the ingress of air. Yet the smoke darkened ceilings still hang above like a canopy of black moss. The kivas or sacred chambers were larger than the dwelling rooms, were well finished, and sometimes had as many as six finely shaped wall pockets, and two smaller caves at the rear. The kiva walls were etched with representations of the lightning serpent, clouds, sun, moon, the cross of the four points of the compass, and other sacred symbols.

Along the Rio Verde, caves, single cliff dwellings, and villages are thickly clustered. In the Chelly Canyon east of the Rio Chelly, are many cliff houses and villages, but neither artificial caves nor towers. In the Platte, Mancos, McElmo, Montezuma, and Epsom canyons,—all northern tributaries of the San Juan—are few if any caves, but there are many round, stone towers; numerous cliff dwellings; and several villages or mammoth communal houses, capable of sheltering many families. In the Mancos is the Great Cliff Palace, which consisted of three hundred and fifty rooms; and in the Chaco canyon, south of the San Juan, stands one of these house cities known as Pueblo Bonito, which was four stories in height and contained more than six hundred and forty apartments.

It was a meager and an arduous life that they led,—these canyon dwellers. With no implements but those of stone and bone they tilled the thin soil, hunted the scanty game, shaped vessels of clay at the river brink, and made clothing of skins, reeds, and bark. But they worshipped their gods of sun, and moon, and growing corn, and met their hard conditions with a patience and an industry well-nigh incredible—for the canyons were once strewn with arrow points, spear points, bows and arrows of wood, stone axes and hammers—which had handles of wood bound in with yucca fiber—spoons, awls and needles of bone, hide-scrapers, metates or grinding boxes for making meal, baskets, partly prepared yucca, buckskins, baby-boards, corn, husks, tassels, cobs, beans, turkey-feathers, horns, bundles of stiff grass tied in the middle to be used as hair brushes, sandals, garments of hide and of yucca fiber, cotton cloth and card, bone and shell beads, feather-cloth made by twisting feathers into strands of leather before weaving, remains of looms, and unlimited quantities of pottery. Within a space of ten feet square near the foot of the Mancos gorge, one of the early explorers found fragments of fifty-five different kinds of vessels; some of them decorated with bands of clay of another color, some with etched designs, and others with twisted coils of clay closely indented with prints of finger nails. Now and then, too, a child's doll or a grotesque little image of a god gives evidence that in the hearts of these hard pressed people there yet was room for mother love and for the amenities of religion.

The first occupation of the cliffs dates back to a very remote antiquity, since in the construction of the dwellings are evidences of six different stages of progress.

The first was that when the homeless aborigines took shelter in caves made by nature. For when the floods fell on the still heated bed of volcanic ashes they washed great

gullies in it and formed a thick crust over the remaining ridges, and in the crust were bubbles and seams caused by the escaping gas and steam. In these natural caves the people lived for a time, doing what they could to level up the floors and chip off the sharp angles of the walls.

The second stage was that of the artificial cave, when the people went down on lower ledges and scooped out well rounded caves in the softer tufa.

At a later period, they built a porch or summer room in front of the caves, laying up two pillars of stone on the edge of the ledge on which the house stood and making a roof of poles, cross-poles, and branches.

Still later they built houses of stone laid up without mortar.

Then came houses of stone with mortar to fill the chinks.

And, lastly, great communal house villages, parts of which were of pure adobe.

Yet all these stages of progress had become matters of the past centuries before the white man came to this country. For when Coronado and his band of Spanish cavaliers came up from old Mexico in 1540, they found the cliffs abandoned and the Pueblo people living in villages on the mesas. Laguna in New Mexico, the youngest of the villages, was then already built and occupied. So the desertion of the cliffs must have occurred more than four hundred years ago; and their first occupation must stretch backward into the *dim* ages.

In many places the streams at the foot of the cliffs have ceased to flow, and this may have occasioned the desertion of the dwellings. For over all these canyons reigns the silence of death and desolation. Some far day in a long gone century the dwellers by the vanishing streams wandered out over the barren land and found a spring or a hesitating rivulet, and beside it they made their home and built the Pueblo

cities of a later date. In the canyons behind them they left their empty houses, their broken wares,—and something else beside; for in narrow spaces back of the house, or walled up in crevices of the rocks, are the mummied remains of their loved ones; men with their jars of corn and weapons, women with their pots of food, bone needles, and weaving sticks, ready for service in that “Sunsetting Land” whither they have gone.

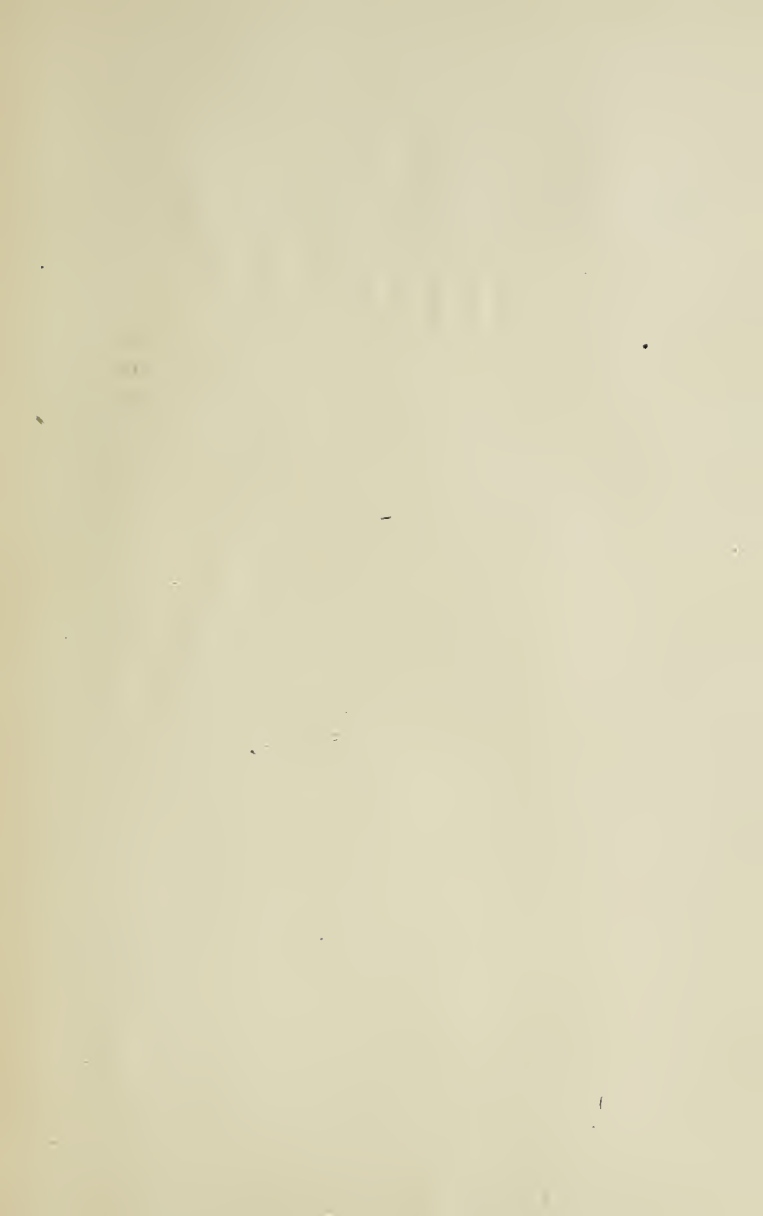
Other canyons there are where the well-preserved grain, the unbroken pottery, and the unfinished web in the loom bespeak a hasty departure occasioned, perhaps, by the sudden onslaught of foe or flood. And here, the dried forms of little children hastily hidden in the dark storerooms, tell to another race the tale of a by-gone tragedy.

We may read the story of the cliff dwellers in the lives of their latest offspring, the mesa-dwellers, who live in floorless, mud-plastered houses, make the same pottery, use the same grinding stones, enter their houses and their kivas through holes in the roofs, and still raise corn of the seven sacred colors.

The Pueblo people have always been sedentary; have earned their own living, and have never been wards of the government. Long ago their scalp dances ceased, and with in historic times they have never gone to war except in self defense. But theirs is a civilization which has remained unchanged for centuries. They have looked with suspicion upon all innovations, and have worshipped the gods of their fathers until progress has passed them by on the other side. At Taos, with its two six-storied houses in the valley of the north, at Acoma on its mesa of white sandstone, and at Jemez* in the valley of the Rio Grande, the people live in the same identical cities built before the Spanish cavaliers set foot in America.

*Pronounce Ha-mez.

Nestling in small semi-fertile valleys in the Red Land of the West, in stone and adobe villages, are the later descendants of the cliff-dwellers, toiling like their forefathers, from dawn until dark; watering their stunted hills of corn; gathering by hand their sparse crops of wheat, praying still, some of them, to the lightning-god to send the blessed rain to revive their parched fields—but praying oftener now to the white man to spare them from his intrusive settlements and his snorting railway engines, and to leave them at least this poverty-stricken land which has belonged to them and to their ancestors from time immemorial.



c.c.

372.214 B358L 35179

Bayliss

The Little Cliff dweller

c.c.

372.214 B358L 35179

Duke University Libraries



D01089362T

