

the Evil Spirit. To conciliate him, they brought dead fowl to the foot of the rock and erected long poles, from which hung bunches of feathers, foxtails and streamers of dyed cloth.

Ignacio could not sleep. As soon as the dawn broke over the desert, Ignacio was on the roof. He could not keep his eyes from the "Mesa mirabilis." Again and again he was attracted by it. Noon came and with it the resolution to escape. "God will help me" said the boy to himself, "and Mother Mary, the Immaculate, will not forsake me." He looked around. The village seemed asleep. No person was to be seen. Slowly he descended the ladder, it neither creaked nor swayed. Quickly he ran to the stony path that led into the valley. He was midway now, when all at once he heard a cry above—it was the voice of Hieronymo and then other voices joined. The discovery nettled him and he ran faster, jumping from rock to rock and sliding at times. At last the valley was reached. Whither should he flee? Like a magnet the "Mesa mirabilis" drew him to itself. He fled in that direction, over stones and through the pink sand. Back of him the Indians, among them some of their swiftest runners. Sometimes they would halt and send an arrow after him. He had observed the tactics of the coyote on the journey and he used them effectively. Now he would dodge behind some cactus and crawl swiftly in an other direction, puzzling his pursuers and then again he would disappear in the dry bed of a creek to emerge in a place where the Indians were not looking for him. Back and forth the race took place. Now he was within the shadow of the "Mesa mirabilis." He stood appalled—but hearing the voices of the runners in pursuit—he desperately jumped—his hands hung on a tiny edge of projecting rock and he began to ascend. The yells increased below him and then a silence ensued. Ignacio was now far above ground. Arrow after arrow was shot at him but the strong wind, that had aris-