

hereafter limited our belief in water-proof receptacles to the ordinary well-corked glass bottle of commerce in which we kept our matches.

What a medley of gypsy music, song, and *csárdás*, of beautiful women and cheery, sympathetic men, of abundant hospitality and general good-fellowship, Buda-Pesth now remains to us in our memory! It wellnigh proved our Capua, for, being only human, we could but yield to the enchantment. Who shall adequately describe the fascination of the native gypsy music, with its throbbing, wailing strains and its intoxicating rhythm? What writer's pen or artist's pencil shall picture the *csárdás*, with its Oriental action and its exhilarating intensity? It would be easier to convey by words or by lines the

sense of a strange perfume than to analyze and explain the charms of the music or the attractions of the dance. Prosaically described, the *csárdás* is a dance for one or for any number of couples. The partners face one another, the lady resting her hands on the gentleman's shoulders, who, in his turn, places his hands on her waist. A long-cherished admiration for the dance forbids me to attempt to give any notion of the step or of the vibrating action of the body, truly interpreting in motion the spirit of the music, which, with sweet insinuating melodies, wild and ever wilder bursts of mad chords, lends the contagion of its tireless vigor to the dancers, and sways them like reeds by the power of its savage harmonies.

AN INDIAN FAIR IN THE MEXICAN HOT COUNTRY.

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER.

TRAVELLERS in the fascinating land to the south of our own may find there an institution that carries the thoughts far back into the past of the New World and the Old, and far out into the wide present. It is an institution joined with the beginnings of commerce, and probably thereby with the beginnings of civilization. One need not forsake his path to seek it, for it is an institution that is universal in that country. There is probably no time of year when it may not be seen in some one place or another. But to behold it in primitive shape that tells visibly the story of its vast dispersion in time and space, to witness the quaint customs and strange usages that characterize it, one must depart, as did the writer, from the beaten tracks of travel, and journey into some region where the spirit of the modern world penetrates but faintly.

Every town in Mexico that pretends to any rank at all has its annual *feria*, its great fair, when for a week it abandons itself to a round of festivities. The Mexican *feria* has a triple aspect, and it rests with the mood of the participator as to whether its phase of religion, of commerce, or of pleasure shall be considered the most important.

The *ferias* of Mexico may be said to occur in regular series, or "circuits," to use a term common in travelling theatri-

cal parlance. From the capital of the republic down to the Pacific coast at Acapulco there is a regular chain of these *ferias*, following each other week after week throughout a large portion of the year. The same companies of circuses, caterers, professional gamblers, "fakirs," etc., pass from one to the other, and thus find steady and usually very lucrative occupation. Beginning at Tacubaya, the fashionable suburb of the city of Mexico, just after Lent, these *ferias* occur successively at Amecameca, the Swiss-like pilgrimage town at the foot of the two great volcanoes; at Cuautla de Morelos, the centre of one of the great sugar-cane regions, and formerly the capital of the state of Morelos; and Tepalcingo, in the same state, the second greatest fair in the country, and the immediate subject of this article. Thence the line of *ferias* proceeds from town to town down to the coast.

These first four in the series may be taken as typical of the various classes of the *feria* in Mexico, for in each a different feature predominates, and gives it distinctive character. At Tacubaya the newcomer in Mexico will find the occasion novel and picturesque, but to one more familiar with the country it will be exceedingly commonplace. It is little more than a great gambling festival, at which crowds from the great city devote the

week to an unlimited indulgence of their passion for hazardous games. Being in the favorite metropolitan suburb, it is a modernized and cosmopolitan affair, brilliant in aspect, and frequented by fashionable people of both sexes, well commingled with plebeian throngs.

Amecameca is the second pilgrimage town in Mexico, and there the religious element gives the dominating tone, although motives of pleasure probably excel in attracting the multitudes drawn thither largely by reason of its convenience of access by rail. The town is doubtless indebted for its rank in the esteem of Catholic pilgrims to its similar rank in the ancient Aztec days, when its situation at the foot of the two great volcanoes brought multitudes thither to propitiate with their sacrifices the deities presiding there. The ground about Amecameca is full of rich remains of pottery and ornamental terra-cotta that were probably broken in these sacrificial rites.

The third of these *ferias* occurs under conditions strongly contrasting with those of this Alpine-like town. Cuautla de Morelos lies further along on the same line of railway—the Morelos division of the Great Inter-oceanic system—basking in the genial temperature of the *tierra caliente*, the hot country. It is seen afar from the heights in our meandering approach down the long descent, embowered in arborescent verdure, and seeming an island amidst a vast lake of golden green sugar-cane with brown and sun-baked shores. “*Es ocasion de lujo, es la feria de Cuautla; esa de Tepalcingo es de comercio*” (It is an occasion of luxury, is the Cuautla fair; that of Tepalcingo is one of commerce), is the way in which the difference between the two was explained to me.

Cuautla is one of the favorite winter resorts for the people of the capital, who take the same delight in tropical warmth and luxuriant vegetation that is found by the tourists from the far North, who of late years have also frequented the beautiful place in considerable numbers. Pleasure is therefore the leading motive that attracts people to the *feria* at Cuautla. There are bull-fights and cock-fights and circuses and theatricals, and, of course, gambling galore, together with all sorts of things to eat and drink, and pretty objects for sale in hundreds of booths that line the principal thoroughfares.

A month or so previous to the occurrence of one of these *ferias* in a Mexican town, the local committee in charge makes announcement of its features in printed placards setting forth the promised attractions, and posted not only throughout the place, but in all railway stations along the line and in neighboring towns. These placards, in their naïve composition, their unconsciously humorous suggestiveness, their flowery language, make delicious reading to a stranger.

We learn that the utmost care has been taken to make it a most successful and particularly enjoyable occasion. Special police protection will be provided for the security of strangers, and all the approaching highways will be guarded with care. The festivities will be inaugurated with a solemn “function” in the parish church, after which there will be cock-fights, bull-fighting, gambling, enchanting music, brilliant fireworks, etc. Mexican fireworks are, indeed, strikingly well made, and in the way of artistic illumination, decoration, etc., the achievements of our great cities in the United States can hardly vie with what is frequently seen at a *fiesta* in a minor Mexican town. In these announcements the bulls are always “arrogant,” and the cock-fights are described as of some one town pitted against another town, indicating a spirit of municipal rivalry, after the manner of our own baseball matches.

The fair at Tepalcingo begins immediately with the close of that of Cuautla. It is an occasion second in importance only to the great *feria* of San Juan de Lagos, in the state of Jalisco, and in many respects is unique. It is a kind of Mexican Nijni-Novgorod. It is probably more given up to commerce than any other *feria* in the country, and the crude Indian town where it is held swells during the week from a place of about ten thousand inhabitants to a population of something like a hundred thousand.

I had arranged to go over to Tepalcingo with a company of friends from the Gran Hotel Morelos, in Cuautla, but at the last moment it happened that several of the intended company could not go. Our kind friend Don Pancho, however, gave us a letter to his friend Don Celso Ortega, the administrator of the great sugar hacienda of Tenango, only a few hours away from the place, saying it would be comfortable to stop there instead of in the

crowded town, where it was doubtful if we could obtain accommodations, and we would find in Tenango one of the most beautiful haciendas in Mexico.

Tepalcingo was a good day's journey by horse, off to the southwestward from Cuautla, at a considerably lesser altitude, and therefore much hotter. We made quite a cavalcade, after all, when we started on Wednesday morning, March 5, 1890. Our party numbered six, all told. There was Don Ernesto, a wealthy young Mexican gentleman from the capital, a guest at the hotel, together with myself and an English friend of roving disposition and cosmopolitan nature. Don Ernesto was an invalid, and so he found a pack-mule necessary to the transportation of the many things essential to his comfort. Don Ernesto was attired in all the gorgeousness of the charro costume, the regulation Mexican riding suit, and rode a beautiful horse of his own. He was accompanied by Don Joaquin as courier and guide, a typical *ranchero*, thin and straight as an arrow, an old man with bright eyes and strong features, his mustache and front chin shaven in old-fashioned style, leaving a well-trimmed fringe of gray beard. Courteous, reserved, and kindly, with a Castilian pride in his erect, vigorous bearing, he was honest and trustworthy as the day is long. His son Manuel was in charge of the pack-mule. He was a smooth-faced, dark-skinned youth, with his father's strong features, though stockier in figure, and was as silent as his sire. Don Joaquin wore the old-fashioned *ranchero* costume, with wide flaring trousers open down the sides and loosely laced, showing full white drawers underneath. This costume is comparatively rare in Mexico nowadays, and Don Joaquin corresponded to the rural New England type that wears a dicky and choker, or a blue swallow-tail with brass buttons.

My English friend, whom I will call Don Norman, with the inherent eccentricity of many travellers of his race, wore a fearful and wonderful suit of corduroy, once white, which he had had specially made in the old country for riding in the New World. It was loose at every



FAMILY GROUP ON THE WAY TO THE FAIR.

point, and clothed his spare figure with the easy grace of a meal-sack on a bean-pole. As for myself, I wore the oldest garments I could find, including a cheap straw sombrero that cost me a *real y medio*, or eighteen cents. Don Norman and I had engaged our horses of a man who was to come along as our *mozo*, or attendant, for the journey. Horses to let were scarce in Cuautla, and we knew that we should have to put up with whatever might be offered. But when we descended into the hotel *patio* that morning we were somewhat taken aback to encounter our *mozo* arrayed *en charro*, in a style that almost vied with Don Ernesto's. He had a fine horse also, elaborately caparisoned. But the two steeds he had brought along for us! They were the sorriest-looking nags I had seen for many a day, and their ancient saddles were marvels of patch-work. Mine had a rope bridle, and before the day was over I concluded that he must have Kentucky blood, for he seemed by his gait own cousin to a steed on which I had traversed the "Kaintuck hog road" through Cumberland Gap the previous summer, and suffered untold misery in so doing. "We shall surely be taken for *mozos* ourselves, and our *mozo* will seem nothing less than an *hacendado*, a rich planter, in compari-

son," I said. But it was all part of the fun, and we accepted it uncomplainingly, concluding not to adopt Don Ernesto's suggestion of making the *mozo* exchange horses with one of us, for then the other would still be just as badly off.

We had intended to start at three o'clock, so as to make the greater part of the journey, according to Mexican custom, before the fierce heat of mid-day set in; but various delays occurred, and it was five o'clock before we sallied out of the great doorway and went clattering over the street pavements. Passing through the silent lanes of the city, where cool shadows lurked under the overhanging bananas, and abundant streams of clear water went their babbling way, we crossed the river over a substantial modern iron bridge, and were soon on the bare brown upland beyond, across which our road took us southward.

It was high noon when I observed in the distance, on the verge of the vast coastward-dipping valley, down into which we had somewhat abruptly descended from the charming little city of Jonacatepec, the clustered buildings of a great hacienda gleaming white in the sunlight, the usual tall chimney, with its smoking pennant, contrasting with the beautiful dome and tower of a great church.

"Allí está Tenango!" said Don Joaquin.

It was much farther away than it looked, and I was so tormented by my horseback misery that it seemed provokingly slow in growing near.

We came close to the place at last, and as I managed to urge my animal into overtaking the rest of the cavalcade, the one-o'clock whistle of the sugar-mill sounded with a nineteenth-century effect strangely out of keeping with the character of the scene.

Our letter of introduction brought a cordial welcome from Don Celso Ortega, who straightway made us at home. The next three days were the chief ones of *feria* week, and the whole country-side was "going to the fair." Don Celso was going to the fair with us, and had kindly offered to take us over in his vehicle. It was shortly after sunrise that we started. Tepalcingo was over on the other side of the valley, on the verge of the foot-hills, between three and four hours away by drive. Our carriage was a strong six-seated vehicle of the "carry-all" varie-

ty, drawn by five mules—two at the wheels and three abreast in the lead.

As we entered upon the main road to Tepalcingo we found it thronged with motley crowds. There were hundreds of people on foot, scores on horseback and donkeyback, and now and then a wagon or a rude cart. But wheeled vehicles were scarce. There were heavily laden donkeys with merchandise for the fair, and occasionally men were passed plodding along with a burden of wares—pottery, basketry, or other light but bulky goods—piled so high as to make the forms of their bearers indistinguishable, and converting them into walking towers. Very commonly a horse would carry man and wife, the latter seated comfortably behind, and occasionally there would be three persons, a little boy sitting behind his mother. A frequent sight was that of a donkey bearing a mother with her infant in her arms, and the father walking beside them. This strongly resembled the pictures of the Flight into Egypt.

For several nights past in Cuautla there had been a steady tramp of these multitudes on the way to Tepalcingo, all night long through the streets. Many of these would arrive early in the evening and put up overnight, departing at dawn, and all the *mesones* in the place were crowded. These *mesones* are caravansaries, with accommodations for man and beast, and are frequented by the ordinary classes. A New England lady stopping in Cuautla for the winter with her artist son, when out for a stroll one evening, and seeing one of these family groups with the mother and infant on donkeyback drawing up at a *meson*, the great door swinging back to receive them, and revealing the numerous animals huddled in the great square interior court, exclaimed, "Oh, Palestine!"

Truly there was an Oriental suggestiveness on nearly every hand. We passed by many groups of pilgrims with their coarse garments, their long staves and their peculiar bottles, striding along and looking neither to the right nor left, with thoughts directed apparently far from mundane affairs. Now and then we met people coming away, having completed their business, either in the sale of their merchandise or the making of all their intended purchases. Sometimes their animals, and more often their own shoulders, would be laden with the things they had

bought. Among these a small and gaudy print of the miraculous image of Tepalcingo, glazed and rudely framed, was very common; it was worn with evident satisfaction and ostentation, depending from a cord around the neck, like a queer breastplate. Perhaps it was held to be a protection against the perils of the journey.

Tepalcingo appeared in the distance, a more considerable place in aspect than I had looked for. It lay directly against the brown slope of the valley-side, with

This custom still prevails in the more primitive towns throughout Mexico.

As we entered the town it had the appearance of being full to bursting. The streets were thronged, and every house yard was converted into a corral, where burros were braying and horses were munching. I could well believe the statement that during *feria* week the population of Tepalcingo swelled to the figure of 100,000 at least. What a store of picturesqueness was here contained! The throngs of people, almost exclusively Ind-



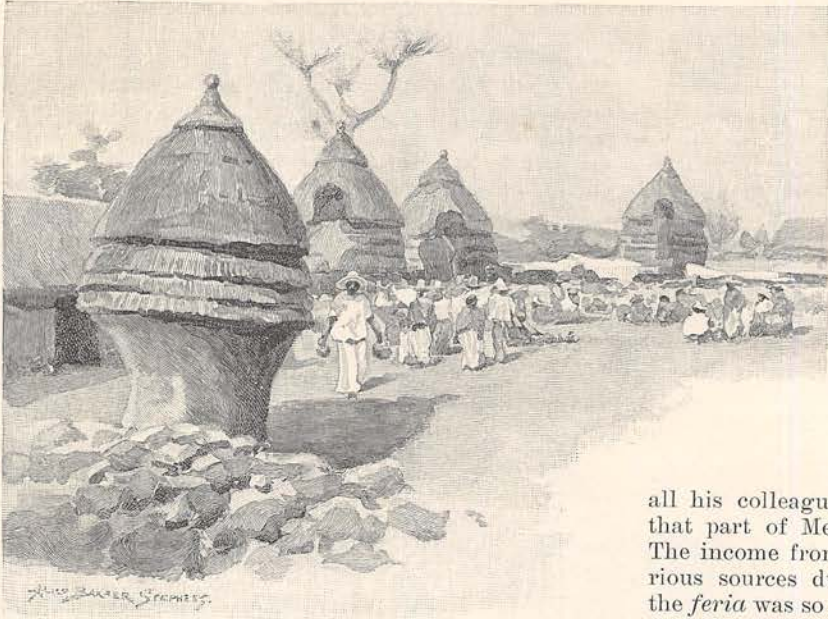
BARTERING IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

several conspicuous towers and domes, among which the large mass of the parochial church was nobly prominent.

When near the place we passed inside a low and rough wall of loose stone, the limit of the municipal square league which, under the old Spanish law, surrounds a town. Within this limit the land is held in common, and assigned for cultivation to the members of the community according to their needs.

ians, from all over Mexico, with their varying types and costumes, the thatched huts, and the massive churches! With the exception of the latter and the public buildings, there were few masonry structures—only a half-dozen or so of stores and dwellings.

In the heart of the town there was a stream with a mere suggestion of water in it, and groups of palms growing on its banks. Crossing on a handsome old stone



STRUCTURES FOR STORING GRAIN.

bridge, and passing a fascinatingly composed old ecclesiastical pile—a chapel with various dome-covered annexes that would delight the soul of any of Richardson's disciples in architecture—we rattled through the narrow streets, and came to a stop not far from the great church. Our mules were led to a corral, and we took our way as best we could through the multitude.

We were in la Calle de las Velas—the Street of the Candles. It was the way which all devout ones had to take on their route to the shrine, and no one could worship there without a lighted candle in hand. Therefore there was an enormous business done in candles, which, to meet the regulations of the church, had to be of pure beeswax. The street was lined with booths for the sale of these, which were displayed in amazing quantities and in a variety of handsome shapes and attractive colors. Probably the idea was that the more elaborate and costly a candle the devotee held in his hand before the altar, the greater the efficacy of the ceremony for himself. The revenue from the sale of the candles was a prerogative of the *cura*—the parish priest—whose position was so snug and comfortable as to make him the envy of

all his colleagues in that part of Mexico. The income from various sources during the *feria* was so great as to assure the *cura* a very handsome personal return, as well as to maintain the

church in first-class condition. I was informed that another priest had offered his brother of Tepalcingo six thousand dollars a year for his position, but the proposition was not entertained for an instant. These candles were not only paid for at goodly prices, but it was the rule that they must be left in the church at the end of the ceremony. The *cura*, therefore, got the greater part of the wax back again, to be made over into fresh candles; for the ceremonies, very likely with regard to the due economy of wax, were made conveniently short.

At the end of this street was the entrance to the large church-yard, which was enclosed by a high wall of stone. The ecclesiastical processions and other ceremonials to which the streets of a Mexican town were formerly given up on religious feast-days are now forbidden by the "reform laws" enacted by the national government in 1857, which, after a severe struggle, dissolved the connection between the state and the Church, sequestered the convents, confiscated the greater part of the property of the Church (into whose hands a large proportion of the wealth of the country had passed), and regulated the conduct of ecclesiastical affairs by very stringent enactments. The

out-door ceremonials are now confined to these great church-yards.

This gateway was a simple and beautiful piece of architecture: a light round arch of a single course of stone springing from two square pillars flanked by plain sections of wall built higher than the regular wall, down to which they sloped in two graceful scallops. This arched gateway framed a view of a fine palm-tree just beyond the church, with the steep hill-side rising in the background.

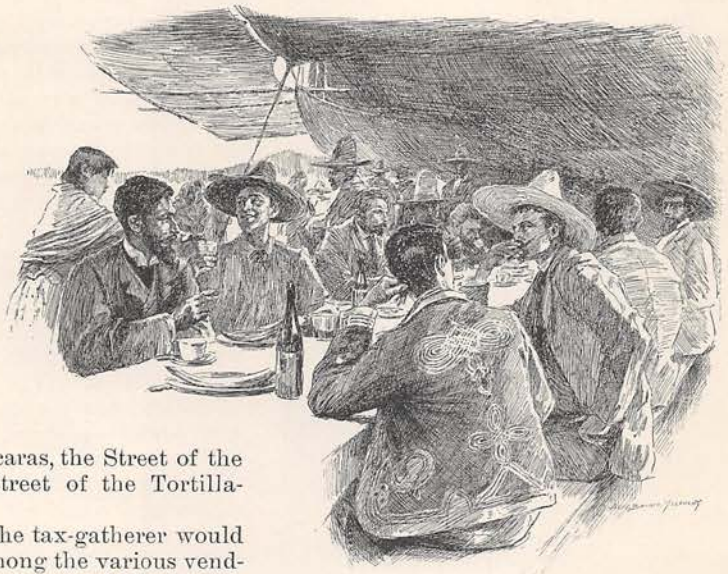
Close by, on the right, rose the magnificent great church, one of the handsomest and richest I have seen in Mexico. The church-yard was very large, and beyond there stretched a great open space, towards which the church faced; it carried the width of the yard down to the transverse street upon which stood the town-hall. This space, which was bordered by shops on one side and the arcades of a market on the other, was filled with booths made of matting, and arranged along several temporary thoroughfares. These booths extended through other streets, and occupied a large portion of the town. Those intended for the sale of one kind of ware were grouped together, and the thoroughfares named accordingly. There was, for instance, the Calle de las Jícaras, the Calle de las Atoleras, the Calle de las Tortilleras, etc.—

the Street of the Jícaras, the Street of the Atole-sellers, the Street of the Tortilla-sellers.

Every morning the tax-gatherer would make his rounds among the various vendors, and gather his tribute of a few cents from each. This amounted to a very considerable revenue for the town in the course of the entire week. The heaviest rates were laid upon the gamblers, who had to pay very roundly for their privileges. Their trade here was conducted in a far less elaborate manner than at the Cuautla *feria*, and there were few of the devices there used for enticing customers.

One of the chief articles of commerce here at Tepalcingo was the jícaras, over thirty thousand dollars' worth of which are annually sold—more than at any other place in Mexico. These are bowls of various sizes made from gourds, and usually elaborately decorated in brilliant colors with a sort of lacquer-like paint. The most popular is a gaudy style that includes a lavish use of silver-leaf with a variety of crude colors. Far more beautiful, however, is a simpler kind, with a rich green figure upon a ground of deep orange. This seemed a purely aboriginal art, with the same feeling that is exhibited in the Aztec symbolic decoration. These jícaras come from somewhere in the state of Oaxaca.

Another staple peculiar to Tepalcingo is the light poles of bamboo used for prodding donkeys and mules. Thousands and thousands of these are annually sold. Then there is a great sale of dry-goods of various kinds—clothing, cloth, blankets, sashes, and minor articles;



OUR PARTY AT THE FONDA.

hats, boots and shoes, saddles, dressed skins, and hides are in much demand. There is also an extensive sale of hardware, mostly of native make; and some of the articles, such as the locks, are particularly quaint in design. Considerable

pottery is disposed of, but less extensively and not in such variety as I had expected—probably because it is one of the commonest of wares in Mexico, an every-day sort of article, on sale everywhere and at all times.

I was particularly struck with the completeness of the arrangements for catering to this multitude. We are so accustomed to draw our supplies from great distances that the provisioning of one of our great centres of population seems inconceivable without the modern means of transportation. Should anything happen to suspend railway communication for two or three weeks, how disastrous would be the consequence in most of our great American cities! Yet these facilities are not essential in the teeming cities of China, for instance, where the machinery of distribution is adjusted upon different lines. So here long usage has enabled the wants of the masses of humanity that annually gather at this fair to be abundantly met, and the supply appears to adjust itself to the demand with automatic nicety.

The great mass of the throng being Indians, their wants in the way of food



“ADIOS, JOVITA!”

are comparatively simple. Maize in various forms makes up the basis of the supply. Atole, a gruel of corn meal, and tortillas, the national bread of Mexico—thin cakes made of lye-soaked corn, with a flavor similar to that of our New England hulled corn—are the chief of these viands. Yet such a gala occasion demands to be recognized with something

extra in the way of edibles, and probably few are the visitors who do not indulge themselves in some of the savory stews, highly seasoned with chile and onions, that simmer in huge pots on every side. There are also huge stacks of sweetmeats in great variety, and quantities of refreshing drinks are disposed of. The latter included strikingly few intoxicants, and I did not see a single drunken person during the two days of the fair.

After threading our way slowly through the dense crowds, and taking our preliminary survey of the place, Don Celso conducted us to a *fonda*, with appetites well sharpened for dinner. This *fonda*, or restaurant, was a temporary affair, a shed of matting open to the street, and occupying the sidewalk in front of one of the stores. Here were arranged a number of well-set tables spread with snowy cloths, and at one end a cooking-range had been improvised out of adobe bricks. Upon this were simmering in huge kettles of earthen-ware over tiny fires of charcoal the various dishes to be served. Here presided Maria, a handsome young woman, giving directions to a bevy of busy waitresses.

Our dinner was astonishingly good. Just think of a meal in that semi-barbarous place down in the hot lands of Mexico equal to the best to be had in the Italian or French restaurants that stand high in the favor of artists and other bohemians in New York! There were nine bountiful courses, served in excellent style, at a total cost of three reales, or thirty-seven and a half cents in Mexican money, hardly more than twenty-five cents American, with exchange reckoned as it was then. The watermelon served at dessert was the most delicious I had ever tasted—a deep red pulp of a firm texture and mealy crispness that almost melted in the mouth. The melons in this region are raised on the sandy beds of the streams in the dry season, where they mature quickly in the intense heat. For drink there was pulque from Apam on the table-land, brought by railway train to the nearest station, and thence hauled by team across country.

This *fonda* was, of course, patronized by the “quality”—the visitors from the neighboring great estates, city people who had come over from Jonacatepec, and *rancheros* with their families. These last, like farmer-folk the world over, I be-

lieve, were undemonstrative and chary of speech, exchanging but few words as they sat at table, awkwardly handling their knives and forks, and evidently awed by the unaccustomed magnificence

"No, no," she appealed. Her head drooped, pretty fingers went shyly to her mouth, a flush stole over her brown cheeks, and she stood there with face averted, a picture of maidenly shame.



DRINKING-PLACE.

of their repast. Don Ernesto had entered into a little friendly chaffing with Maria, a proceeding upon which a good *ranchera*, who sat opposite with her husband, looked with evident disapproval.

"Drunk!" she was heard to remark to her husband, under her breath.

"Yes," he responded, with a confirmatory glance.

Poor young fellow, to be so harshly misjudged for his metropolitan manners, when his delicate health made him a total abstainer!

Jovita, one of the waitresses, became a great favorite with us all. She was a girl of about fifteen, slight, with regular, delicately chiselled features, and glossy dark hair falling in two long braids—a type of lovely rural innocence. There was an exquisite shy grace in her movements.

"Take her photograph," suggested Don Celso, and the proposition was heartily seconded by all hands. But even here the function of a hand-camera appeared to be known, and Jovita took sudden alarm.

She was now on her guard, and ever glanced apprehensively towards us. Every time she saw the instrument aimed in her direction she would turn her face quickly away. It was too shadowy in the *fonda* for a good snap-shot, and so I really did not lose anything. But when we rose to leave, Jovita was standing by the range, well out in the light, and awaiting an order. She had seen us start, and deemed herself in safety. She was looking the other way, I was within a few feet, and my camera was ready.

"Adios, Jovita!" I said.

She turned my way unthinkingly. Click went the shutter, and I had her.

A shout of merriment from my companions greeted the success of my stratagem, and the expression of dismay on Jovita's face gave way to a rippling little smile, as if to say that now it was done, it was no great harm, after all.

The early afternoon sun was now beating down fiercely, and Don Celso took us over to a *neveria*, one of many places for

the sale of refreshing drinks so popular everywhere in Mexico. There were *limonada*, *tamarinda*, *jamaica*, *orcheata*, and many other beverages. The nature of the first two will be recognized without the necessity of the slight change of translation. It may be said, however, that in Mexico a lemon is a lime and a lime is a lemon—that is, *limon* and *lima* respectively. Lemons are not liked in Mexico, and are called coarse in flavor, and their beverage which gives the name to our lemonade is made from limes. *Orcheata* is a milky-looking drink made from fresh muskmelon seeds ground on a *metate*, or stone hand-mill, of an unpronounced flavor, but agreeable and cooling. It is said to have excellent medicinal qualities. Another favor-

quantity of cold water, and then sweetened, making a beverage of a beautiful crimson hue, just about the color of currant juice, and somewhat resembling it in flavor.

We lingered here for more than an hour, sipping the pleasant *jamaica* and watching the multitude about us. One of these great indigenous fairs would be a field for an ethnologist, and there is none finer than Tepalcingo for the purpose. There were fine types of Indians from all quarters. The proportion of handsome, finely developed figures was remarkably large. I was often struck by the fine

natural carriage of those who passed, their motions unimpeded by the hampering garments of civilization. They were mostly clothed lightly, and here and there were seen men and youths from the remote interior, statuesque in their bronze-like nudity, wearing only a waist-cloth. There were also many fine-looking women, with handsome, regular features, and often a cast of countenance that might be called aristocratic.

The most inferior-looking types of all were the Indians from Tetalcingo, a place on the line of the railway near Cuautla, but as isolated as if it were a hundred miles from the highway of steel. They have squat figures, and appear a race quite distinct from their neighbors. The women wear *jicaras* as a sort of cap, an attractive and graceful form of head-gear that somewhat relieves their natural ugliness. They may always be distinguished from other Indians by this, as well as by a custom they have of coloring their hair, or rather a portion of it, to a peculiar reddish-brown, by a process that they keep a secret from outsiders.



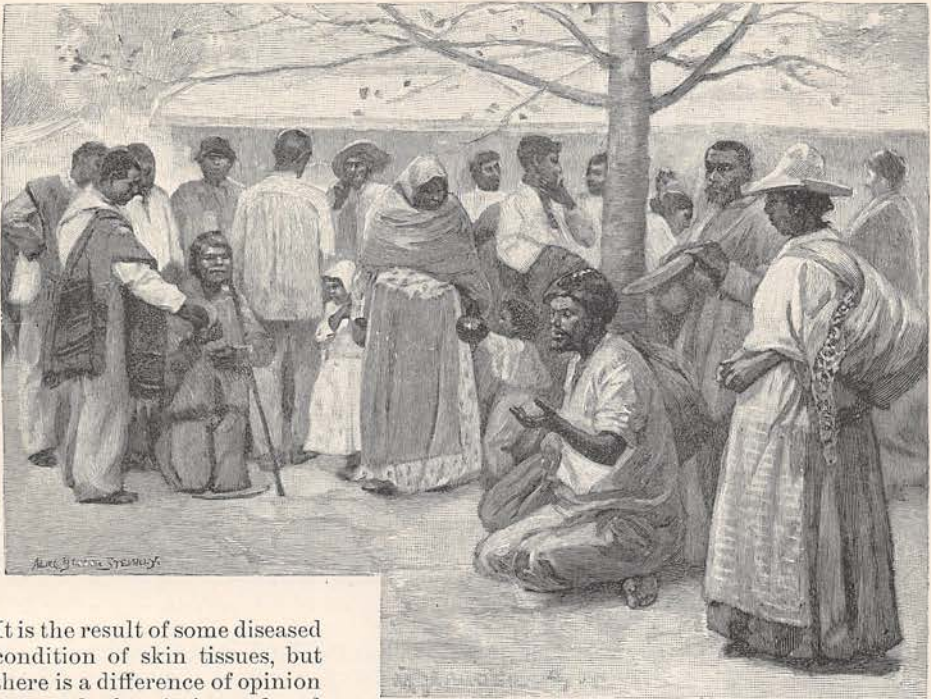
BEGGARS.

ite beverage is made from the shells of cocoa, served cold, and having a mild chocolate taste.

Jamaica was recommended by Don Celso. No, it is neither of rum nor ginger. It is made by steeping the dried petals of a flower of that name, and sold in the markets nearly everywhere. A little of the concentrated decoction is added to a



Another peculiar type of Indians who resort to Tepalcingo in large numbers are the Pintos, or "Painted Ones." They come from a certain district in the state of Guerrero. Their dark skin is defaced by great patches of white here and there.



ANTIPHONAL BEGGARS.

It is the result of some diseased condition of skin tissues, but there is a difference of opinion as to whether it is produced by contagion or hereditarily transmitted.

While we were at the *nevada*, several donkeys, heavily but not bulkily laden, were driven up and unloaded. Their burden consisted of ice enveloped in straw, and carefully wrapped in matting. It had been brought in that manner all the way from the *volcan*, the volcano, as Popocatepetl is universally called on this side of the range. The journey occupies two days, and it is a wonder there is any ice left at the end of it.

In spite of the dense multitudes through which we threaded our way, there was not the least elbowing, not a trace of the rudeness usual to a crowd of our own race. A Mexican throng in its conduct is not unlike what I have often heard related of the Japanese. There is a mutual considerateness throughout all classes, and in the component parts of the most compact mass there appears to be a remarkable mobility, a capacity to yield and give way before individual movement. There was also nothing of the expression of jadedness, of discontent, so common to a holiday multitude in the North. Neither was there any exuberance of joyousness, nor disposition to intensity

of excitement. These people appeared passively interested, receptive in mood, but by no means dull or unobservant, though unconcerned and somewhat indifferent. They were very gentle; much smiling and quiet chatting among friends, with frequent but unboisterous laughter. When they felt like resting, they would squat down Indian fashion anywhere they took a notion. On all sides would be seen little groups thus seated—family parties, women nursing their babies, men smoking cigarettes, and children sporting.

There were beggars out in astonishing variety; some maimed, some blind, and lusty able-bodied fellows, with most artistic "make-ups" of tattered garments and unkempt hair and beards. Some of these would come around and stand before one silently, with the dumb appealing look in their eyes that is characteristic of a wistful dog. Others would kneel in the midst of the way, and fill the air with their doleful stereotyped appeals for charity. Remaining in one spot for a moment, they would move on a short distance on their knees, and repeat their performances. Some would shade their bare heads from

the sun by the improvised handkerchief parasols. In the church-yard I noticed a curious performance on the part of two beggars kneeling opposite each other—a sort of duet or antiphonal ceremony. One would recite in a very vehement voice a long passage about the blessedness of giving, and then his companion would follow in the same strain. And so the two would keep it up interminably.

Of course these beggars were all humbugs, after the manner of their kind the world over. They were all skilled professionals, and belonged to the "circuit" of *ferias* just as the caterers did, and the gamblers and the circus performers. As to the latter, I saw a highly picturesque circus troupe making the rounds of the town to announce their evening performance. The swell circuses in Mexico are American, but this was a native affair, and some of the riders were almost naked, their bare brown bodies brilliantly streaked with paint, and hair stuck full of feathers. The circus was about the only diversion connected with the *feria* except the gambling and the devotional dances at the church. The absence of cock-fighting and bull-fighting was notable.

These church dances are not peculiar to Tepalcingo, but may be seen in various forms in many parts of Mexico, even in front of one church in the national capital itself, where it is considerably modernized. The dances before a church are said to be performed by peasant Indians in accord-

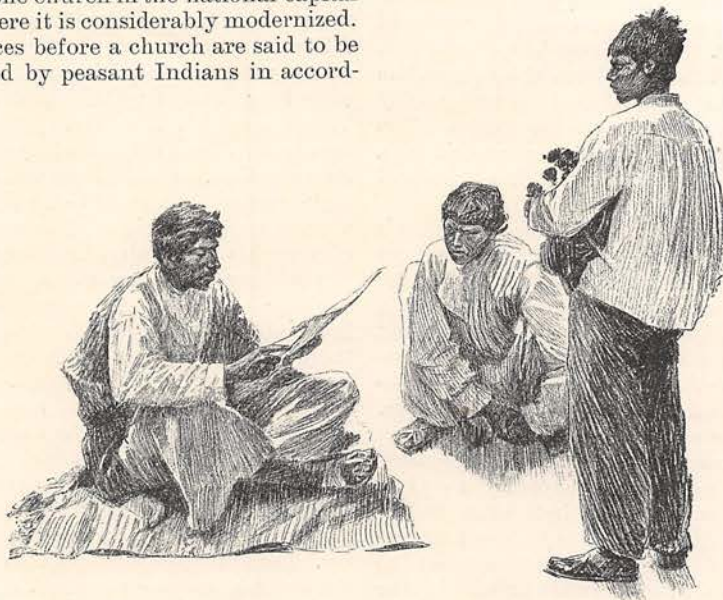
ance with vows made for success in their undertakings, as in their crops for the year, their herds, and the like.

Arrived at the church, we found the various transactions at their height in the yard. Vociferous beggars were sending up their appeals for charity in all directions; and there were readers of ballads and religious broadsides illustrating the qualities of their wares to wondering listeners, simple-faced and illiterate Indians.

The church-yard was also filled with itinerant venders of various wares, which purchasers were critically examining and bargaining for.

Before the church, between the entrance and the great arched gateway, we found a dense throng assembled to witness the dancing there. In these swarthy-faced, cotton-clad Indian peasants of Mexico there was the same manner of gazing, the same look of absorbed amusement, that one might encounter along the Broadway curbstones at the passing of a great procession.

It was the *Baile de los Cazadores*—the Dance of the Hunters—that day. All the performers were masked. There were several men dressed in hunting garb and armed with guns. These men had long



A BALLAD-READER.



After Jacobs' Travels.

PILGRIMS HOMEWARD BOUND.



THE HUNTERS' DANCE.

and ragged beards and exaggerated noses. It was a sort of pantomime representing the hunting and killing of various animals, the parts of which were taken by boys. One of these carried on his shoulders a huge head representing a bear, and another a deer, while one bore a stuffed weasel, or something resembling that animal, on top of his head. While the hunters were stalking their game, some clown-like figures, strikingly resembling the "*né-wes*" and "*cóyamaches*" of the Zuñi sacred dances in their grotesque masks, afforded amusement to the spectators by their comments and antics. Instead of the bare painted bodies of the Zuñi performers, however, these characters wore loose garments, some of them white and painted with small crescents and stars, and rings that evidently stood for the sun; the attire of others was yellow dabbled with red. Most likely these were survivals of old pagan dance characters representing mythological beings of air and fire. Finally one of the hunters took aim; bang! went his gun, and, amid general excitement, the tail of some animal—a fox, I believe—was flung into the ring.

That ended the performance for the time being. People now came pouring out of the church, and the band appeared, playing loudly as it walked out backward, succeeded by a company of pilgrims walking in the same way.

So it was kept up all the afternoon. The band would march off into a side street not far from the church, whence it would return at the head of a fresh instalment of pilgrims, each holding a lighted candle in one hand and a staff in the other. When they had disappeared within the church, the dancers would advance from behind the edifice and repeat their performance.

There was something irresistibly ludicrous in the sight of a band of departing pilgrims. They would march off in long strides—the women in front, the men in the rear. About the necks of some would be hung the framed prints of the sacred image. Occasionally one of the men was so highly educated as to be able to read the broadside that he had purchased. Then he would hold it proudly before him, and lift up his voice in song, or what passed for song. The rest of the company would sing also, but not in

unison. Such terrific screeching I never before heard from human lungs. The Mexicans are passionately fond of music, but the Indian portion of the population has not yet acquired the vocal art. A

strange and harsh falsetto is supposed to be the proper thing for song among the "Naturales." It seems odd that it should be so when their natural voices are remarkably soft, sweet, and gentle.

ELEANORE CUYLER.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

MISS ELEANORE CUYLER and her mother had dined alone that night, and she was now sitting in the drawing-room near the open fire, with her gloves and fan on the divan beside her, for she was going out later to a dance.

She was reading a somewhat weighty German review, and the contrast the smartness of her gown presented to the seriousness of her occupation made her smile slightly as she paused for a moment to cut the leaves.

And when the bell sounded in the hall, she put the book away from her altogether, and wondered who it might be. It might be young Wainwright, with the proof-sheets of the new story he had promised to let her see; or flowers for the dance from Bruce-Brice, of the English legation at Washington, who was for the time being practising diplomatic moves in New York; or some of her working-girls with a new perplexity for her to unravel; or only one of the men from the stable to tell her how her hunter was getting on after his fall. It might be any of these and more. The possibilities were diverse and all of interest, and she acknowledged this to herself with a little sigh of content that it was so. For she found her pleasure in doing many things, and in the fact that there were so many. She rejoiced daily that she was free, and her own mistress in everything—free to do these many things denied to other young women, and that she had the health and position and cleverness to carry them on and through to success. But it was rather a relief when the man opened the curtains and said, "Mr. Wainwright, miss," and Wainwright walked quickly towards her, tugging at his glove.

"You are very good to see me so late," he said, speaking as he entered; "but I had to see you to-night, and I wasn't asked to that dance. I'm going away," he went on, taking his place by the fire,

with his arm resting on the mantel. He had a trick of standing there when he had something of interest to say, and he was tall and well-looking enough to appear best in that position, and she was used to it. He was the most frequent of her visitors.

"Going away," she repeated, smiling up at him; "not for long, I hope. Where are you going now?"

"I'm going to London," he said. "They cabled me this morning. It seems they've taken the play, and are going to put it on at once." He smiled and blushed slightly at her exclamation of pleasure. "Yes, it is rather nice. It seems *Jilted* was a failure, and they've taken it off, and are going to put on *School*, with the old cast, until they can get my play rehearsed, and they want me to come over and suggest things."

She stopped him with another little cry of delight, that was very sweet to him, and full of moment.

"Oh, how glad I am!" she said. "How proud you must be! Now why do you pretend you are not? And I suppose Tree and the rest of them will be in the cast, and all that dreadful American colony in the stalls, and you will make a speech—and I won't be there to hear it." She rose suddenly with a quick, graceful movement, and held out her hand to him, which he took, laughing and conscious-looking with pleasure. She sank back on the divan, and shook her head doubtfully at him. "When will you stop?" she said. "Don't tell me you mean to be an Admirable Crichton. You are too fine for that."

He looked down at the fire, and said, slowly: "It is not as if I were trying my hand at an entirely different kind of work. No, I don't think I did wrong in dramatizing it. The papers all said, when the book first came out, that it would make a good play; and then so many men wrote to me for permission to dramatize it that