

It and a small tree that seems to flourish in its swamy island home. A cozy little place this is chinampa, wherein a man might be glad to retreat from the world, for here he has no neighbors, and if one place becomes distasteful to him, a good bamboo cane will push him over the shallow lake to some more favorable and inviting spot.

There is a visitor to this chinampa to-day, a trader, a sort of itinerant merchant or peddler, who came with his good

exchange them for the pro-

ductions—fruits, flowers and vegetables—on this floating garden. His canoe or *piraguá* is fastened to the shore, and he sits inviting the fisherfolk to come. The fisherman and his family of the house has gone out fishing and left the ladies alone at home— to a glance at his stock in trade—rows of cages of birds of the most brilliant hues, parakeets, macaws and hummingbirds, richly colored cottons, and fruits and vegetables. A girl who is trafficking with him is a good bargain for his good and quiet shop. He has just made the mistake of thinking that the island are too busy to buy from or gossip with the peddler, for they have before them the duty of preparing the tortilla bread that constitutes their main food. One is seated before a stone whereon the grain is being beaten and the other, while the other lights the fire, and having formed the dough into round cakes, cooks it.

G. MARRIAQUE.

From the beating of drums and the noise of trumpets it is evident that some important

going on inside the house be-

fore which we stand. Our curiosity is thoroughly excited, and we glance in the door, in vain, for the marriage hall. The house is divided into two rooms. In the room is a company, friends and relatives of the bride's father, who are enjoying themselves over the wedding feast. In the back room the marriage ceremony itself is being performed in the presence of a gigantic household goddess, who presides over the Aztec home, cares for the wife and protects the child. The priest carries, awing under a black mantle, a large black skull, which some might think inappropriate for a festive affair as a wedding. The household goddess, whose stupid, good-natured face looked on approvingly at the happy couple, is seated on a high stool, and is as stout as a married life. On either side of the throne stands an altar, also flower-crowned. The priest advances with a torch in his hands, and grasping an edge of the bridegroom's long tunic, he holds it up to the light, so that the folds of the bride's dress, thus signifying that the couple are tied together for life, are man and wife, until separated by a decree of the divorce court.

In the room, the guests are having a high old time of it. The hall is scented with perfumes and strewn with odoriferous herbs.

guests are seated around  
one substantial table, as

Other than these are substantial meats, especially fish, and a wide variety of vegetables, fruits and fruits of every kind, tomatoes, cucumbers, melons, potatoes and bananas; but the grand prize of resistance is a cooked man, who is steamed, unskinned and stuffed, in the centre of a table, and is the sight which attracts the most guests. From the unskinned man, a good deal of life. From vessels of silver, and gold of the most delicate workmanship, as well as drinking cups of tortoise-shell, the old gentlemen around the table are drinking, but he is known to be dead, and they are drinking to his health and to the health of the young drunkards who are drinking to his death, but allowing the old man to indulge in as much pulque as he cared for. Besides these, cups of encolado flavored with vanilla are served, and a large plate of sliced plantain, with shell, silver, tortoise shell, and gold, and secured with

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7. **PULQUE.**  
But we must not forget the drink which cheered the ancient Aztec, *pulque*, a taste for which his descendant, the Mexican, has not lost. It is made from the juice of a large agave plant. A field is filled with the maguey, *Agave americana* or American aloë. A woman, the laborer, is seated on the ground before one of these plants. She has made an incision in the trunk from which the juice is trickling freely into a vase she holds. A taster, or, as we would style him, a sampler, is standing near sampling some of the liquor she has just prepared. This is the only way of drinking *pulque* as we would style it. The men on high land

the liquor to slowly trickle

at and fall invitingly into his throat. A warrior, one of those hardy, flat-footed natives, who supplied the place of beasts of burden in the tropics, was riding astraddle in his back, and is just about to start off with it for the city market.

Upon an elevation in the rear of the sandy field is growing a large cactus bush covered with the most beautiful and valuable porcupine. Despite its thorns, a host of humming birds of the richest and most varied colors have gathered here, and are greedily devouring their favorite fruit.

It was the last scene four centuries ago. We have seen how the Indians grew up into a people, if only semi-civilized, far far the most advanced of the North American continent. We have seen their religious, their marriage ceremonies, what they eat and

ing told us this much,

Now you grow on to tell us how the Aztec empire and the Aztec civilization was utterly crushed out and destroyed under the iron heel of the Spaniard.

8. CORTÉZ IN MEXICO.

It is a March morning in the year 1519. A fleet of Spanish galleons has put into a bay off the coast of Mexico and landed a little band of Spanish adventurers in search of gold and glory, a grave looking man with large black eyes, heavy beard and pale complexion, a deep chest, broad shoulders and muscular although slender form, clad in a complete suit of mail, and grasping in his left hand a banner which, like the Latin motto, *in hoc signo vinces*, (in this sign you shall conquer), and in his right his good sword, will recognize the celebrated conquistador, Hernando Cortés.

Under the bush that affords a slender shade lies Bernal Díaz, one of his lieutenants and the historian of the expedition, a rough but honest Spanish adventurer who has come to America to seek his fortune, and who boasts of having fought in one hundred and nineteen battles and wars, and would have been killed, but has removed his helmet and taken off a portion of his armor to ease himself, and is

otes. His squire, arque-  
rily considered the horizon

In his hand, he eagerly scanning the horizon  
 saw the sun, and he is hovering near  
 Father Olmedo, the priest, at the confound of  
 the expedition, has wandered off at short dis-  
 tance. Suddenly he stops with an exclamation  
 of surprise before a cross, the first he has  
 seen, and he is struck by the fact that it is con-  
 sistent to the rain god of the natives, in whose  
 honor many thousand babes are each year  
 sacrificed—but to the priest it is convincing  
 proof that a Christian has been here before the  
 Spaniards, and that the natives are not  
 he aboriginates some of the principles of Christianity.  
 So astonished is Olmedo at the cross  
 that he does not notice the Indian half-hidden  
 behind the thick branches, that grows  
 and is waiting for the new man to utter  
 his words, and prepared to lie and carry the news,  
 with all the swiftness possible, to the Aztec  
 emperor, Montezuma, that a new race of men,  
 called Christians, and god-queerest, whose  
 religion is the same as so long waiting  
 to return the Aztecs have been  
 r, have just landed in his dominions and are  
 arching toward his capital.

THE NATIVES CULTIVATING THE EMBE-

## THE SPANIARDS.

The Spaniards advance into the country to reach the rich city of whose wealth and glory they have heard so much. Everywhere they are welcomed by the natives, anxious to propitiate these new conquerors.

The Spaniards are camped in a small grove of palms. A cannon, having much the appearance of a modern Gatling gun, is placed before the camp to awe the natives. Several Spaniards are standing near it, receiving the rich presents of jewels and gold ornaments which the Montezumans are bringing them. Two noblemen are acting as ambassadors from the Emperor and unloading these presents. Besides these two other Aztecs are present. One of these is a hieroglyphic

It is to write out full paragraphs in his own hand.

culars of the new comers in his queer system of picture writing. When this is done, a scribe stands near, clad in but little clothing, so as not to incommode his movements, who having secured the papyrus on which is inscribed full particulars of the white gods,

## lightning speed up the

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