THE HIDDEN CITY

BY WALTER H. McDOUGALL

CHAPTER III.

THE FESTIVAL AND THE SACRIFICE.

She faced her lover with a confident, tender smile upon her face.

The smoke was rising and blowing away in the fresh morning wind from hundreds of round apertures in the roofs as the people of Atzlan prepared their morning meal hurriedly, for they were anxious to be out and preparing for the greatest of their religious festivals. One by one they emerged and clambered quickly down the tall ladders until hundreds of them were gathered about in groups or busily arranging for the ceremonies of the day, gathering fruits and flowers, maize cakes and pinon nuts for the minor sacrifices, and decorating the interior and front of the court and temple. To each of the four great phratries or divisions of the inhabitants, according to kinship, was assigned particular duties connected with the festival.

While some were engaged in building and decorating bowers others prepared food in great quantities, while others arranged for the games and dances which followed the sacrifices. Others were driving the animals devoted to sacrifice into an inclosed field.

Gathered in front of the temple stood a number of priests waiting to form in the sacred procession and chatting merrily, with frequent jests, among themselves. Their white dresses formed a contrast with the brilliant coloring of the costumes of the people, and the red suns embroidered upon their breasts, the emblem of their holy calling, showed forth the more conspicuously.

Multitudes of little, stunted, wolfish dogs ran in and out between the people's legs, attesting by frequent howls a plentitude of well aimed kicks. The houses emptied forth into the square every inmate, for every living soul in the city who was able to move or to be moved was obliged to be present at the sacrifice—and few were loath to witness the spectacle. Its bloody delights were eagerly awaited and long remembered. Children were there to be held up to see the rare sight and to have it impressed upon their memories by many a reminder in future years, and old women, wagging their heads, told of many a past scene of splendid slaughter, when were killed not one but a dozen beautiful virgins to appease Kinchahan's wrath in times of famine.

Kulcan stood upon the temple roof gazing down upon the scene. The aged Iklapel, weary with his vigil, was slumbering in the warm sunlight, his withered hand resting on the edge of the altar, whose fire seemed dying slowly out. The young priest was not clad in his sacred robes, but wore a long yellow tunic, encircled at the waist by a belt made of turquoise squares set in gold and fastened by a looped serpent. On his head he wore a feather cap, surmounted by an eagle's plume—the totem of his family. His legs were naked, revealing a shapely, muscular development, and his feet were clad in leather shoes or buskins, with heavy neat's leather soles. They were fastened with gold loops over buttons of the same metal. Around his left wrist was coiled a heavy bracelet, modeled like a serpent with raised head—the rattlesnake of the plains and canyons—a sacred, mysterious emblem of their religion.

He was tall and well built, and his face was browned by exposure to the burning suns of twenty-six summers. But the narrow opening in his tunic showed a skin beneath as white as ivory. With eyes of deep blue and hair of tawny yellow he resembled as he stood there, his lip curled into a contemptuous sneer, gazing fixedly at the group of priests below, a viking chieftain, a man of the land of cold and snow instead of the hot arid desert. But his mouth and chin showed elements of weakness and vacillation, and the blue eyes held an indecision and wavering in their depths that betrayed his character.

He had already acquiesced in the old priest's decision and realized the uselessness of opposition. In him there was none of the stuff of the hero who would die defending the woman he loved, nor dared he kill himself with the knife that slew her. No, he would wait—perhaps some miracle might occur. What if Iklapel were wrong after all, and Quetzalcoatl should appear? And, too, it was a question not only of self preservation, but of his religion, of his priestly order and their fat livings and cherished privileges. Though he loved Ainee with all his heart, yet he questioned, What was one man's love to be set against the interests of a whole priesthood—despise them though he did one and all from the bottom of heart?

Then his thoughts turned in bitter hatred against them, and he felt that he could do no better than to shatter the whole system of lying and deceit, pretense and jugglery. But he was not sure, even were he to die, that such would be the result. In the turmoil of his thoughts, for he was used to little thinking, having heretofore allowed Iklapel to perform that duty for him, he finally resolved to let affairs take their course, weakly hoping against hope that something would intervene. Skeptical though he was as to his religion, he had still a strong taint of Atzlan superstition inrooted in him, part of his very nature, and the prodigy of the night, as Iklapel related it, certainly signified something at least unusual about to occur.

He made his decision, or allowed it rather to be made for him by the force of circumstances as well as habit, and awakening the high priest they descended the trapdoor behind the altar together and attired themselves in their sacred robes.

Unlike the continuous encircling building, the temple was not without doors or windows on the ground floor. Its stories were set successively one behind the other, giving the structure somewhat the appearance of a pyramid, each story having a wide terrace or platform completely around it, and stone steps leading to the one above. The second floor was reached on the outside by a graded ascent thirty feet wide, the platform being even wider. Within there were also ladders, as in the other parts of the city.

Upon the top of the temple before the perpetual fire stood an immense effigy of the sun, made of solid and virgin gold, supported by heavy braces of silver, facing toward the east and reflecting the rays of the heavenly luminary in a blaze of blinding splendor. The small square apertu[illegible] built of cedar [illegible] alternate plates of gold and silver, the walls within being coated with a white cement composed of gypsum and nearly approaching plaster of paris in composition. As I have said, the temple stood toward the western end of the court, where the houses were lowest and near the canyon walls, the distance there from being about sixty feet, so that for the greater part of the day it rested in the cool shadow of the cliffs.

At the southwest corner, close to the altar, now stood Iklapel, holding in his hand his pointed tiara, like that of the modern pope, made of the skin of a huge rattlesnake, with the head surmounting it pointed upward. The placing of the tiara on his head was the signal for the great procession to begin its march.

He had resigned all other duties to the young and vigorous Kulcan, who was already below, busied in arranging the last details of the festival. In the complicated mythology of the Atzlans there were minor gods to be appeased by lesser sacrifices, and these were to be performed in the regular order of the day, leading up to the noonday rite—the sacrifice of a man—an, chosen by lot, before the altar of Kinchahan.

The people were all within the court with the exception of a few tardy stragglers bearing bundles of fagots from the pinon orchards outside the city; even these were hurrying in order to obtain places in the procession. The uproar was immense—each citizen seemed vying with the other as though to drown thought and anxiety—the pressure of feeling bringing a feverish hilarity to the surface in a naturally grave and serious people.

Opposite the temple, at an open door, whose wooden lintel was scarce three feet from its threshold, which was rounded and hollowed by centuries of constant footwear, sat a little child almost hidden in the mass of jasmine-like flowers that grew closely about the narrow portal. Her beadlike black eyes glittered with eager impatience as she watched the groups of people gather. While she wove the delicate blossoms into a garland to deck her black hair—for she was to walk with other children in the procession—she ever cast her eyes into the dark recesses of the room and murmured petulantly, calling now and then:

"Oh, grandmother, hurry! Eltza is waiting. I shall be left out!"

After a time slow and feeble footsteps were heard within, and an old woman appeared—an old woman bearing the weight of years so heavily that she scarce needed to bend an inch in emerging through the little opening. It was the child's grandmother, Intzu, the oldest woman in the city, one of the weavers of the cloth of which the sacred white robes were made—a duty which devolved upon the most aged and most skilled of the women. Her face was shriveled like an old dried apple, so full of wrinkles that not an eighth of an inch of skin was left uncreased, yet her teeth were as white and regular as her grandchild's and her eyes as bright and piercing.

She came out into the glaring light blinking her eyes and puckering the skin about them in concentric wrinkles in an endeavor to see the child among the flowers, and seated herself with a contented chuckle beside her on the sill.

"Ah—the sun is good. He warms old Intzu's bones, though not as fondly as he was wont to do in the old days. And today is another feast—how quickly they come now! Times are changed. Formerly they were far apart, and we waited long for the sacrifice. Now they tread each other's hurrying heels."

"How many have you seen, grandmother?" asked the child, creeping closer.

"Many, many, my child! Two katuns have I lived through, and each katun is fifty-two years in length. And the gods were kind! I was not chosen for the sacrifice, though I was married late in life, for you must know that 'tis only the maidens who are taken, and none is exempt but the blind or lame. Even the wise and good Lela, your cousin, may be chosen when the fatal dice are thrown again, when the feast of the katun comes, two years hence. I have stood upon the housetop and seen a companion of my youth given to the gods, and then, years after, my daughters stood with me and beheld the same sight until it has grown an old tale to me. Yet we have always made merry, for who may mourn those who go to dwell with the god? Some day, they say, Quetzalcoatl, the fair god, yellow haired like the sun, whose child he is, will appear and claim the victim as his bride, but we have waited in vain, my Eltza, for many generations, and perhaps he has forgotten us down in the canyon. But we look for him, for when he comes there will be no more sacrifices, no more famine, no more plagues."

"Oh, I hope he will come!" said Eltza, taking her grandmother's hand.

"After the sacrifice is finished," continued the old woman, "the people break forth in songs of gladness and make merry with shouts and feasting all that day until the sun goes down, but the god knows, and his servant Intzu knows, the secret wailings and sorrow in the houses of his people, who fear that the next feast will take from some dwelling the light thereof forever."

"But Quetzalcoatl may come today, grandmother."

"Alas, my Eltza, I fear not; the hope of it long ago faded in my breast."

"I shall watch for him," said the child, "and I believe he has been waiting for our Ainee to grow up, and he will come and take her."

"Perhaps," said Intzu with a heavy sigh as the flood of memories surged over her mind; "but come, they are nearly ready."

Then rising, she turned and called to some one within:

"Lela, my own, we must go. Iklapel stands prepared to give the signal, and everything is ready."

In a moment there appeared at the door a girl whose tall figure formed a dazzling picture against the darkness of the interior. Bending with stately grace she came into the light clad in a clinging gown of pale blue cotton, which revealed the superb outlines of her form. Her eyes were a deep blue, and her golden hair, tinged with a suggestion of auburn, and her white face upon which the blue veins showed in her excitement, made her seem like a vision of some Norseman's daughter—a child of some snowland of the north. A lovely face, with grave, serious eyes and a mouth of wondrous beauty, and yet so strong and earnest, and withal showing a capacity for loving—a passionate mouth, formed for kisses and tender smiles.

She was very pale and her lips were compressed with emotion, and there was a look of indignation and protest in her eyes which showed to plainly her thoughts.

"Must I go, grandmother? Can I not remain here? Oh, I cannot witness it!"

"My child," the old woman answered, "it is so—you must come. No one would be missed so quickly as you. The city's ruler is dead; you, his only daughter, cannot absent yourself from the great feast unnoticed. Already they have seen you, my darling, and many eyes are upon you. Chalpa now is looking at us, and he motions us to make haste."

"Yes, I feel his serpent eyes upon me, though I cannot look upon him. I will go; 'twill be but a little while."

She covered her hair and forehead with a white scarf, shielding her eyes from the sun, and with a visible effort at self control took the hand of the child Eltza and followed the bent form of the aged weaver.

As they took their places old Iklapel placed the tiara upon his head and the procession began to move. First came the body of priests in their white robes, a hundred or more, chanting a low monotonous song, followed by eight chiefs bearing a litter of wood covered with gold and decked with flowers, in which sat Ainee, a dark skinned girl of eighteen, already under the influence of the potent atsi—a drink distilled from maize—and forming a picture that sent shudders through Lela's frame.

Then came the four death priests, swinging censors of gold and filling the air with an aromatic scent. Their faces were painted most skillfully to represent skulls; their heads were shaved, and their tightly fitting garments were likewise made to convey the idea of skeletons. The effect upon the minds of the people was ghastly and thrilling.

Behind them came the members of the order of the Kabilo, an ancient secret society, to the number of four hundred, clad in black, the foremost carrying a corpse between them. Many of them led little spotted dogs—a favorite form of sacrifice to Chalcu, the serpent, the dread god of evil.

Then came the principal families, in the order of their rank and wealth, with bearers of food, drink, flowers and fruits for sacrifice at the different altars, which were located at intervals all around the great court. The populace followed, in less order and with more or less disputing, and stretched out the long parade until the rear nearly touched the leaders and all could see the entire ceremonies.

When order had been attained they moved slowly and with great solemnity toward a huge heap of wood upon which had been cast the sweepings of the houses, old utensils and clothing, baskets and fishing nets—in fact everything that would be renewed yearly in the household. This was ignited with a brand from the sacred fire by Kulcan, who, covered with small bells and attired in a gorgeous feather robe, marched slightly in advance, with much show of pomp, the priests chanting solemnly.

The procession moved on to a large stone altar, upon which rested the figure of a woman, most hideously carved, bearing in her arms maize and other fruits. This was Ixcan-leox, the goddess of maize. To her was sacrificed bread and pinon nuts and all manner of produce of the fields, brought in baskets and laid around the altar. Four chiefs stood at the corners and held aloft a red cord, under which all who had purified themselves by fasting and dreaming were permitted to enter. Before Ixcan-leox they burned little balls of incense, each casting his ball into the braziers of gold, while the people prayed silently, kneeling, for good and bounteous crops.

Then they moved onward to the altar of Am, the sacred stone, the emblem of life, some holding it to be but the ancient symbol of the sun god himself. It was simply an upright conical stone standing upon a pedestal; before it, in a great fire, they sacrificed sheep and rabbits, also wounding themselves and dropping their blood into a number of braziers set about the altar. Women, kissing this stone of Am, invoked the blessings of maternity with loud pleadings. Farther on stood the dread image of Chalcu—the very sight of which affrighted not only the children, but old men as well—a hideous figure, with a huge serpent coiled about his form, out of whose mouth camo a pale bluish flame continually, as though he hungered for blood.

Before him the people prostrated themselves, while even among the younger priests blanched faces showed here and there. To Chalcu they burned many little spotted dogs, and consigned the corpse which the Kabilo carried to the devouring flames.

Kulcan addressed the prostrate multitude with devout gravity and earnest mien, advising them as to what they should do to avert evil, and announced to them the solemn feast of "Katun," or the fifty-second year, which would occur two years hence, telling them to prepare their daughters for the fatal lottery.

Then opening a folded parchment he read to them the omens for the future year, announcing the findings of those whose duty it was to study the stars and other signs. He prayed aloud to Chalcu to be merciful, to tempt no man beyond his strength, to bring no evil to the city, but to be satisfied with the sacrifice of his servants.

It was evident that each word was echoed by the groaning fear stricken multitude, to whom, as we shall see, the serpent emblem meant more than a mere idea, and represented a real and horrible memory of a terrific event.

It was high noon, the rays of the sun falling from immediately overhead upon the city, so that the great dialpost cast but an inch or two of purple shadow.

The dread event of the day was about to occur, and the people pressed one another closer in their desire to obtain a nearer view. Very many slipped from the ranks and mounted to the highest housetops in order to witness every detail of the awful scene.

Iklapel, standing motionless on the temple, felt that the procession was nearing him. A strange commingling of fear and hope moved him, for the memory of the voice in the storm was fresh in his mind, and he felt that the hour had come for the manifestation or intervention which he expected. The head of the procession had already nearly reached the temple summit. He heard the measured tread of feet as they mounted the graded causeway, and knew that in another moment Kulcan with his charge would stand beside him.

Had Iklapel's vision been what it was of old, and had his eyes been directed upward toward the frowning cliffs, he would have been startled to see a face peering down upon the wondrous scene—a face in which astonishment and gratification were mingled, for the owner of it saw white faces in the multitude below him and felt himself safe. He would have seen a body belonging to the face emerge and descend the crumbling, ladderlike pathway, rifle and bird in hand, in eager anticipation of a welcome which meant food and drink to a hungry and thirsty man. But Iklapel saw nothing, nor did one eye turn in all that host of gazing faces upward toward the real sun—to the golden emblem of which they sacrificed.

Each face was turned toward the temple in a fixed expectancy, eager to catch every action of the priests and the victim. Many were there who had seen but one such sight, when children; children were there to see it for the first time—were to be held up so that they might see and hold it in their minds; aged and middle aged, who had seen it before, some of them many times—all waited the last dread act in the tragedy.

The litter containing Ainee was at last placed before the altar, and to the surprise of all the girl stepped from it calmly and with firmness. Her face bore no trace of the intoxicating atsi, its effects having passed away in the trying hours of the morning. Borne up, even until the last terrible moment, by a firm conviction that Kulcan, her avowed lover, would devise some means to save her, she faced the four dread figures of the death priests and suffered them to bind her shapely arms behind her without a movement or a shudder.

But when Iklapel stepped forward as the weird chant of the Kabilo began and handed Kulcan the sacrificial knife she started, and her eyes were filled with a tearless appeal. Even yet her faith in his wisdom and his love did not desert her, but when she saw that he trembled and averted his eyes a chill swept her frame and the awful truth burst upon her in a moment. Casting her eyes upward in a wild, terrified gaze, she saw what calmed her in an instant, and she faced her lover with a confident, tender smile upon her face.

Kulcan had taken the knife, an ancient blade of white quartz—a material which supplied so many beautiful stone weapons to the prehistoric races—and he stood before Ainee with a pallid face, the cold perspiration upon his brow glistening in the sunlight, in an attitude of prayer. He had come to the supreme test of his priesthood and his love, and the priest had conquered the lover, but he wanted the courage to strike the blow; the moment was one of the deepest torture to him and to most of the spectators, who, spellbound with emotion, stood in deepest silence, unbroken by even a breath.

Chalpa, the second priest, standing close to Iklapel, his dark face, drawn lips and set teeth making him a living resemblance of the god of evil himself, cursed under his breath at the delay.

"The coward dare not strike," he muttered. "Ah, would that he dared refuse! Then I should hold his place this day, for the people would tear him to pieces for spoiling this goodly sport. Let me but grasp the knife and they would be rarely served. Aha! the dog will do it after all!" for Kulcan had raised his head, and with one long despairing look deep into the girl's smiling eyes placed the blade against her bare throat with a hand whose trembling made the weapon flash in the light like a row of diamonds. As he drew in his breath with a shuddering effort the multitude gave an audible, gasping respiration; then, with one quick movement, he raised the knife aloft, his eyes fixed on the spot upon her throat where the blow must fall.

But while it trembled against the shadow of the cliff, darting back in slender shafts the rays of that sun in whose dread service it had drank the blood of his victims for unknown ages, there came a sharp, ringing report that echoed and rolled like thunder along the canyon walls, and the knife was shattered in a thousand fragments, which, falling, dashed the sacred embers from the altar and extinguished the fire instantly forever. At the same moment there rang out a shrill voice, the voice of the child Eltza, crying gleefully as she smote her little hands together:

"Quetzal! Quetzal! He has come and saved our Ainee!"

[To be Continued.]

ECHOS FROM FADERLAND.

TOLD IN THE MOTHER TONGUE.

A Brief Compendium of Happenings that will Interest People from Beyond the Sea.

SUPERVISED BY ANDREW BOESL.

Schnitzel.

Ein Neger in Mississippi heißt „Glory Hallelujah Jones."

In England werden jetzt Stammbäume von Vollblut-Katzen gehalten.

Mit dem Eisschneiden auf dem Hudson sind nahezu 15,000 Arbeiter beschäftigt.

Die neueste Mode sind, wie aus Paris gemeldet wird, Damenhüte aus Aluminium.

Die an Wildpret jeglicher Art reichsten Jagdgründe sollen am Okanogan-Flusse in Oregon liegen.

Zehn Millionen Dollars für Champagner wurden im Jahre 1892 in den Ver. Staaten ausgegeben.

Der Gesammtwerth der in den Ver. Staaten angehäuften Vermögen beläuft sich auf $47,475,000,000.

Im Laufe des Jahres 1892 wurden in den Ver. Staaten 711 Schiffe, darunter 30 Kriegsfahrzeuge, vom Stapel gelassen.

Der Berliner Bankier Bleichröder hat aus Anlaß seines 70. Geburtstages den Berliner Armen $5000 geschenkt.

Der schnellste Schriftsetzer in Californien ist weiblichen Geschlechts und in einer Zeitungsdruckerei in Santa Barbara beschäftigt.

Mit 32,000 Perlen und 300 Diamanten war ein Kleid besetzt, das Heinrich IV. von Frankreich bei besonderen Gelegenheiten zu tragen pflegte.

Ein neues Leiden ist der Maschinenschreiber-Rückenschmerz, welchem sich durch einen hohen Sitz und die Benutzung einer Fußbank vorbeugen läßt.

In Ungarn wurde ein Räuber abgefangen, der einen Bären, den er mit sich führte, derart abgerichtet hatte, daß dieser die zu Berauhenden festhielt.

Eine Papierrolle von 7¾ Meilen Länge, 6 Fuß Breite und 2207 Pfund Gewicht wurde neulich in einer Papiermühle in Watertown, N. Y., hergestellt.

Der Genuß von Hammelfleisch ist muskel- aber nicht fleischbildend, während umgekehrt der von Rindfleisch mehr auf die Fleisch- als auf die Muskelbildung hinwirkt.

Auf dem neuen englischen Schlachtschiffe „Royal Sovereign" befinden sich 800 elektrische Lichter, die durch Drähte von zusammen 30 Meilen miteinander verbunden sind.

Der einzige Gefangene in dem Countygefängniß in Lexington, Mo., ist dieser Tage entlassen worden, weil die Gefängnißverwaltung seinetwegen das Gefängniß nicht heizen wollte.

Der greise Gladstone ist kein berufsmäßiger Raucher. Nur dann und wann, aber sehr selten, nimmt er von einem Freunde, dessen Gast er ist, eine Cigarre an und thut ein paar Züge daraus.

Unter 100 skandinavischen Einwanderern befindet sich kaum einer, welcher des Lesens und Schreibens unkundig ist, während dies unter 100 italienischen Einwanderern bei mehr als 75 der Fall ist.

Für falsche Haare bildet Marseille, Frankreich, den Hauptstapelplatz. Neulich langten dort aus China 20 ungeheure Ballen menschlicher Haare an, die zu Locken, Simpelfransen u. s. w. für englische Damen verarbeitet werden.

Der älteste Mann in Iowa wohnt in New Albin. Er heißt Chas. L. Poot, war am 15. März 1786 in Somersetshire, England, geboren und ist folglich 107 Jahre alt. Er ist noch gesund und rüstig und hat 70 lebende Kinder und Enkel.

Socken ohne Nähte sollen in Zukunft die britischen Soldaten tragen, um deren Ausdauer auf Märschen zu erhöhen. Die bisherigen genähten Socken rieben oft die Füße wund. Der Jahres-Bedarf an den genannten neuen Fußbekleidungsgegenständen ist auf 900,000 Paar berechnet.

In einem Paar feiner Schuhe befinden sich 30 Stifte, 12 Nägel und 20 Knöpfe, abgesehen von den Seiden- und Leinwandfäden. Man fertigt Fußbekleidungsgegenstände aus Leder jetzt mit bewundernswerther Schnelligkeit und wurden vor einiger Zeit ein Paar eleganter Männerschuhe in 20 Minuten hergestellt.

In einem Grabe beerdigt wurden in der gleichen Stunde die Eheleute Pörner in Kirchensittenbach, Bayern. Beide hatten ein Alter von 72 Jahren erreicht, hatten sich stets bester Gesundheit und guten Familienlebens zu erfreuen und starben nach nur ganz kurzem Unwohlsein innerhalb 13 Stunden.

Ein Schlangenlaboratorium, in dem man sich mit dem Studium des Giftes jener Thiere, sowie mit den Heilverfahren gegen Schlangenbisse befaßt, wurde in Kalkutta, Ostindien, eingerichtet. Das Institut, welches das einzige dieser Art in der Welt und vorzüglich ausgestattet ist, verdankt seine Entstehung der Initiative eines Eingeborenen.

Im Irrenhause zu Bedlam, England, starb neulich im Alter von 84 Jahren der Frank, welcher im Jahre 1839 die Königin Viktoria, während sie durch den Hydepark ritt, anhielt und ihr die Hetrath anbot. Der Mann schien im Uebrigen geistig gesund zu sein, war gebildet und schrieb Memoiren über das Irrenanstaltswesen, für das er in seinen Schriften verschiedene Reformen in Vorschlag brachte.

Der amerikanische Hummer.

Wie auf so manchen anderen Geschäftsbetrieb, so hat der ungewöhnlich strenge Winter auch störend auf den Lobster- oder Hummerfang an der Küste Neu-Englands eingewirkt, die mit ihren Buchten, Felsen und Untiefen mehr wie irgend ein anderer Ort der Erde zur Entwickelung dieses Schalthieres geeignet ist. Während der kalten Jahreszeit hält sich der Hummer in Tiefen von zuweilen 30 Faden auf, wo er mehr Schutz vor den Wirkungen der Stürme und dem Eis hat, das in seichtem Wasser oft den Grund berührt und dem Seekrebs gefährlich wird. Bei warmem, schönem Wetter ist der Lobster schon in einer Tiefe von drei Faden zu finden.

Um den Lobsterfang mit Erfolg zu betreiben, gehören 75 bis 100 Fallen dazu, die man auf eine Fläche von wenigstens zehn Meilen im Umfange auf dem Meeresboden vertheilt. Die Fallen werden des Nachts gesetzt, während man am Morgen nachsieht, ob sich Hummer gefangen haben. Im Winter reichen die von den Seekrebsfängern besetzten Flächen weiter in die See hinaus, als im Sommer, da, wie gesagt, die Thiere in der kalten Jahreszeit größere Tiefen aufsuchen. Auch bringen in dieser Saison Stürme, Eis und Schnee nicht nur Gefahren für das Leben des Lobsterfängers, sondern führen auch oft materielle Verluste herbei. Nicht selten sieht man nach stürmischen Stunden am Ufer auf Meilen Fallen zerstreut liegen, welche durch die erregte See von ihren Befestigungsvorrichtungen losgerissen und an's Land geschwemmt wurden. Jeder Hummerfischer hat auf seinen Fallen eine eigene Marke, die den Besitzer ausweist. Entwendung solcher Fangwerkzeuge gehört unter jenem Theile der Bevölkerung zu den unbekannten Dingen. Eine Person, welche sich eines Diebstahls in dieser Hinsicht schuldig machte, würde angesehen werden, als habe sie das größte Verbrechen verübt.

Die Fallen selbst sind höchst einfache Vorrichtungen und ähneln einem aus Holzleisten gefertigten großen Vogelkäfige, dessen beide Enden mit einem netzartigen Geflecht aus getheerten Schnüren bedeckt sind. In der Mitte jedes Netzes befindet sich eine Oeffnung. Die Falle wird auf dem Meeresboden durch Steine festgehalten und liegt horizontal. Eine Boje, welche mit Seilen an der Falle befestigt ist, zeigt dem Eigenthümer die Lage derselben an. Der Kopf eines Codfisches oder Sonstiges dient als Lockspeise, die man an starken eisernen Haken in der Falle anbringt. Der Beute sucht sich der stets hungrige Lobster zu bemächtigen, indem er durch die erwähnte Oeffnung in die Falle krabbelt. Hier bemerkt er denn bald, daß er gefangen ist, und bei seinen verzweifelten Anstrengungen zu seiner Befreiung versucht er nicht rückwärts, wie er sein Hineinkommen bewerkstelligt, sondern mit dem Kopfe voraus aus der Falle zu gelangen, wobei er sich mit seinen Scheeren in dem Netze verfängt. Gelingt es ihm trotzdem, wieder zu entschlüpfen, so führt ihn seine Freßsucht bald wieder in die Falle, wo dann die Versuche zur Wiedererlangung der Freiheit alsbald von Neuem beginnen. Als Beweis für die Bestürzung, welche diese Thiere bei dem Bewußtsein ihres Gefangenseins befällt, diene die Thatsache, daß in den allerseltensten Fällen in Fallen, aus denen man gefangene Hummern nimmt, die Lockspeise berührt ist, was man sogar beobachten kann, auch wenn dieselben in größerer Anzahl, bis zu 20, in einer Falle sich befinden. Wenn der Lobster freilich Kenntniß von seiner gewaltigen Körperkraft hätte, brauchte er sich wegen seiner Gefangenschaft nicht zu echauffiren. Ein einziger Schnitt seiner großen Scheere würde genügen, um das Netz zu zerreißen, wie man etwa Gaze auseinanderschlitzt. Ein Dutzend Hummern zusammen würden in einem Augenblick eine ganze Falle in Stücke zerschlagen.

Die Ver. Staaten sind das Land des Seekrebses. Mehr als 50,000,000 Stück dieser Thiere werden in der Union alljährlich verzehrt, abgesehen von den Millionen kleiner Lobster, welche in Kannen auf den Markt kommen. Den letzteren Handel betreffend, gibt es Geschäfte, für die jahraus jahrein bis zu 150 Fischer thätig sind. Der Hummer wächst übrigens so langsam, daß er im Alter von drei Jahren kaum die Größe eines Flußkrebses hat. Vor dem fünften Jahre sollte er überhaupt nicht gefangen werden. Doch ist dies wenigstens in der Jetztzeit noch lediglich ein frommer Wunsch, denn wie das verderbliche Raubsystem unsere Büffel nahezu ausgerottet und sich unserer herrlichen Wälder, des Lachsfanges in Alaska und des Fischfanges auf den oberen Seen bemächtigt, so führt es auch im Lobsterfang an der Küste Neu-Englands sein Szepter. Während man vor nicht zu langer Zeit noch in New York von jenem Strande Seekrebse von durchschnittlich 20 Zoll Länge, die Scheeren uneingerechnet, und 12 Pfund Gewicht kaufen konnte und einzeln Exemplare bis zu 18 Pfund wogen, ist der größte Lobster, den man heutzutage zu sehen bekommt, vielleicht zehn Zoll lang. Bemerken wollen wir noch, daß 18jündige Hummern wenigstens 30 Jahre alt gewesen sein müssen.

An!

Kleeßchen: „Du, Gevatter Klimpchen, wenn'ch ä Preiße wäre, ich ginge in keene Dräsner Bierwirthschaft mehr." — Klimpchen: „Und weeßerhalb'n thätst'n das machen?" — Kleeßchen: „Siehst De, se nenn'n uns im Jure manchmal Kaffeesachsen, de Bayern Bierbayern und dad'rzu meegen se märschtentheels recht ham. Daß se aber itze in allen Wärthschaften äffentlich de armen Preißen verhohnibeln, das is, weeß Knäppchen, ni hibsch." — Klimpchen: „Gevatter Kleeßchen, Du sprichst in Hieroglifen." — Kleeßchen: „Nu hast De denne noch niemals in ünner Resteration unter Glas und Rahmen groß und breet gelesen: „Bierpreise?"

Ein gutes Herz.

Bräutigam: „Aber, mein Schätzchen, weshalb die großen Vorbereitungen zu unserer Verlobungsfeier?! Die wenigen guten Freunde, die dazu geladen sind, hätten gewiß auch mit kalter Küche vorlieb genommen!" — Braut: „Nein, lieber Paul, das ginge nicht! Wer so warmen Antheil nimmt an unserem Glücke, der darf nicht kalt abgespeist werden!"

FOR SALE. — A three-horse-power horizontal engine and six-horse boiler for sale at a bargain, at this office.

The room's in disorder,
The cat's on the table,
The flower-stand upset, and the mischief to pay:
And Johnny is screaming
As loud as he's able,
For nothing goes right when mamma's away.

What a scene of discomfort and confusion home would be if mamma did not return. If your wife is slowly breaking down, from a combination of domestic cares and female disorders, make it your first *business* to restore her health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is without a peer as a remedy for feeble and debilitated women, and is the only medicine for the class of maladies known as "female diseases" which is sold, by druggists, under a *positive guarantee* from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction, in every case, or the money will be refunded. It is a positive cure for the most complicated cases. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, and a soothing and strengthening nervine, imparting tone and vigor to the whole system. It's a legitimate medicine, too—carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization.

FRANCIS HENRY,

Attorney-at-Law

AND PROPRIETOR OF

THURSTON COUNTY ABSTRACT.

Olympic Block, Cor. Fourth and Main.

MY Abstract, and an experience of more than twenty years in searching the records of Thurston county in regard to title enables me to give prompt attention in regard to same.

I have a complete and the only abstract of the Records of the Probate Court of said county, prepared during the eight years that I was Judge of said Court.

I have the only abstract that was ever attempted to be made of sales of property for taxes in said county.

I negotiate loans for those wishing to borrow or lend on real estate security. (In the matter of loans, I represent only such local capitalists as are my clients.)

I have for many years represented, and at this time represent, as agent of residents and non-residents, a large holding of real estate in the city of Olympia, and in Thurston county, for the sale of which negotiations can be made through me.

I also have upon sale, for fixed prices, a large amount of real estate, both city and country, which I am ready to show up on call.

I am ready and equipped by the labor and experience of more than twenty years for the transaction of a general real estate business, in which line I respectfully offer my services to those who desire, either to purchase or sell, to borrow or loan.

To those who think of investing, I have no hesitation in saying that money put into real estate in Olympia and Thurston county at this time would be a good investment.

To those who wish to sell, I have to say that my connections in this line of business will enable me to find purchasers for their property among the many strangers constantly coming and going through the country in search of chances for investment, who would otherwise know nothing of the opportunity.

I have a large amount of city property, both improved and unimproved for sale. Also, some very desirable farms.

Olympia, June 1, 1890

WE WANT YOU

to act as our agent. We furnish an expensive outfit and all you need free. It costs nothing to try the business. We will treat you well, and help you to earn ten times ordinary wages. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Any one any where can earn a great deal of money. Many have made Two Hundred Dollars a Month. No class of people in the world are making so much money without capital as those at work for us. Business pleasant, strictly honorable, and pays better than any other offered to agents. You have a clear field, with no competition. We equip you with everything, and supply printed directions for beginners which, if obeyed faithfully, will bring more money than will any other business. Improve your prospects! Why not? You can do so easily and surely at work for us. Reasonable industry only necessary for absolute success. Pamphlet circular giving every particular is sent free to all. Delay not in sending for it.

GEORGE STINSON & CO.,
Box No. 488, Portland, Me.

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

Sheriff's Sale

ON FORECLOSURE.

IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington, in and for the county of Thurston.

J. J. Westbrook, Plaintiff, vs. William H. Boothroyd and Eleanor Boothroyd, his wife, G. W. H Davis, M. J. Miller, Nels Reed, and the Puget Sound Townsite Company, a corporation, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the above entitled Court on the 20th day of March, 1893, on a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale rendered in said Court on said 20th day of March, 1893, in favor of the above named plaintiff, J. J. Westbrook, and against the above named defendants William H. Boothroyd and Eleanor Boothroyd his wife G. W. H. Davis, M. J. Miller, Nels Reed and the Puget Sound Townsite Company, a corporation, for the sum of one thousand four hundred forty-eight and 28-100 ($1,448.28) dollars, the same being the amount of debt, attorney's fees, taxes, costs and interest to date of judgment; in which judgment and decree the sale is ordered of the following described real estate, to-wit: The south half of the southwest quarter, (S ½ of the SW ¼) of Section eight (8), in Township nineteen (19) North, Range two (2) West of the Willamette Meridian, containing eighty (80) acres of land; lot one (1) of Section seven (7) in Township nineteen (19) North, Range two (2) West of the Willamette Meridian: lots three (3) and four (4) of Section eight (8), in Township nineteen (19) North, Range two (2) West of the Willamette Meridian, containing one hundred and eight and 43-100 (108 43-100) acres of land, together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given that I have levied upon the above described property, and in obedience to said order of sale will, on the 24th day of April, 1893, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M. of said day, at the front door of the Courthouse of said county, in the city of Olympia, sell the same at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment as above stated, together with increased interest and increased costs.

Dated March 21st, 1893.

G. S. PRINCE,
Sheriff of Thurston County, Washington.
BAKER & CAMPBELL, Attorneys for Plaintiff.
Date of first publication, March 24, 1893.

Sheriff's Sale

IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington, in and for Thurston county.

Jacob Stampfler vs. Charles J. Thomas and Mary C. Thomas, his wife.

Under and by virtue of an execution on foreclosure issued out of the above entitled Court on the 13th day of March, 1893, on a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale rendered in said court on the 6th day of February, 1893, in favor of the above named plaintiff, Jacob Stampfler, and against the above named defendants Charles J. Thomas and Mary C. Thomas, his wife, for the sum of six hundred four and 07-100 ($604.07) dollars, together with costs of suit amounting to twenty-one and 80-100 ($21.80) dollars. In which execution on foreclosure the sale is ordered of the following described real estate, to-wit: The northeast quarter (N. E. ¼), of the northwest quarter (N. W. ¼) and the north half (N. ½) of the northeast quarter (N. E. ¼), and the southeast quarter (S. E. ¼), of the northeast quarter (N. E. ¼), of Section ten (10), in Township sixteen (16), North Range one (1) West of the Willamette Meridian, in Thurston county, State of Washington, and containing one hundred and sixty acres of land.

Public notice is hereby given that I have levied upon the above described property, and in obedience to said execution on foreclosure, will on the 17th day of April, 1893, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day at the front door of the Court House of said county, in the City of Olympia, sell the same at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, for cash in hand, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said execution as above stated, together with increased costs, and increased interest.

Dated March