

THE NIGHT WHEN FAIRIES HOLD HIGH CARNIVAL

When Witch and Devil Are Abroad

The Halloween Festival in Mexico

No night in the year is invested by popular imagination with a more peculiar character than that of October 31, or Hallow Eve. Glendower asserts that any one can then call up spirits "from the vast deep." It is said that all devils and witches are abroad, while fairies hold high carnival. Hallow Eve's innumerable superstitions are clearly relics of pagan times, since they are all devoid of religious character.

Nuts have always borne a most prominent part, as they still continue to do, in the festivities of Halloween. Among the English, Scotch and Irish peasantry a synonym for it is "Nut-crack night," a name derived from the custom of celebrating it by cracking nuts with the teeth, with hammers or by throwing them into the fire. At Ripon, in Yorkshire, another synonym for Hallow Eve is "wake night," because on that occasion the mother of every household bakes a cake for each member of her family.

Goldsmith, in his "Vicar of Wakefield," describing the manners of some rustics, tells us that, among other customs preserved by them, they "religiously crack nuts on Hallow Eve."

Hutchison, in his history of Northumberland, compares Hallow Eve to the Roman festival of Pomona, and says that divinations and consulting of omens are common to both occasions. "Hence," he proceeds, "in the rural sacrifice of nuts propitious omens are sought touching matrimony. Two nuts are placed in the fire by a young man or maiden named for two of his or her sweethearts. If they lie still and burn together it prognosticates a happy marriage or a hopeful love. If, on the contrary, the nuts bounce and fly asunder the sign is inauspicious."

The English poet, Gay, in his poem of "The Spoil," thus alludes to this custom:

Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name.
The ill-matched couple fell and tumbled,
And thus in spite themselves consumed;
Or from each other wildly start,
And with a noise forever part.

But see the happy, happy pair,
Of genuine love and truth sincere;
With natural fondness while they burn,
Still to each other kindly turn;
And as the vital sparks decay,
Together gently sink away.
The life's fierce ordeal being past
Their mingled ashes rest at last.

In Ireland young women place three nuts on the grate-bars. One that cracks or jumps is a faithless lover, while one that burns or blazes is a true one. They burn the shells of nuts eaten on Hallow Eve and cause snails to crawl through the

ashes and so trace the initials of the future husband. Apples bear a prominent part in the diversions and superstitions of Hallow Eve. Every one knows what capital sport it is to let a number of them float in a washbasin and have blindfolded youngsters try to spit them on a fork held in the mouth, while their hands are tied behind their back. Another familiar custom is to swing an apple paring three times around the head and throw it on the ground, where it is believed to form the first letter of the future husband or wife's name. In the north of England while performing this diversion it is customary to repeat the following lines:

I pare this pippin round and round again,
My sweetheart's name to flourish on the plain;
I ring the unbroken paring o'er my head,
My sweetheart's letter on the plain is read.

A method of determining the constancy of lovers, practiced many times by every American and English girl of our day and by her mother and grandmother before her, is to place two apple seeds, each named for a lover, on the cheeks or eyelids. The one which drops off first is faithless, while the other, like that Darius famous in song, "is tender and true."

Another very old Hallow Eve spell is to eat an apple before a mirror at midnight all alone in a remote apartment, lighting one's self by a solitary candle held in one hand. Before the apple is finished the face of the future husband or wife will be seen peering over your shoulder. Gay mentions another species of divination practiced in his time with the ladybug, popularly called the ladybug, to determine from what quarter of the compass the future husband or wife is to come. He explains it thus:

This ladybug I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.
Fly, ladybird, north, south or east or west,
Fly where the mark is found that I love best.

Scotland's rustics regard Hallow Eve with special awe and veneration, investing it with intense mysticism and placing simple, unquestioning faith in all its charms and spells. The rest of the world derive many of their Hallow Eve customs from the Scotch. In an old book, published in 1728, and called "Ye True Fortune Teller," there is a chapter headed, "To know whether a mayde will have ye man she wishes," in which I find the following charm: "Wear two lemon peels all day, one in each pocket. On Hallow Eve night rub ye forehead of ye bestid with them. If ye man appear in her sleep and present her with a couple of lemons she is to have him. If he does not there is no hope for her."

Gay thus describes a divination among the English peasantry:

At eve last midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp seed brought;
I scattered round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling voice cried,
This hemp seed with my vitchment I sow,
Who shall my true love be the crop shall show.

The belief being that the future husband or wife will then be seen in the act of pulling hemp.

A popular Hallow Eve spell among the weaver lasses of Lancashire, England, is performed with five small slips of paper, upon three of which the damsel seeking

to know her marital kismet writes the name of her three favorite swains. On the fourth she writes "Stranger," and on the fifth "Death." Each slip is then rolled into a ball, covered with moistened earth, and placed in a dish of cold water. The water dissolves the earth, liberating the slips of paper. Whichever slip first rises to the surface tells the maiden's fate. If it bear a name she will wed the person indicated; if it bear the word "Stranger" she will marry some one then unknown to her, and should it display the word "Death" she will die unmarried.

In "Mother Bunch's Closet Newly Broke Open," a very old book of folk lore, I find the following: "If a mayde would know what manner of fortune she shall wed—a gentleman, a tradesman or a traveler—let her on Hallow Eve take a walnut, a hazelnut and a nutmeg; grate and mix

clock strikes that hour the future husband of her who is to be married first will enter and lay his hand upon the part of the cake marked with her name. Not a word must be spoken during the whole proceeding, and hence the name "dumb cake."

In the Mexican Capital.

No festivals throughout the year are hailed by the Mexicans with greater delight than those of All Hallow Eve—the night preceding All Hallowmas, or All Saints' day and All Souls' day. The former was introduced by the church because of the impossibility of keeping a separate day for every saint, while the object of the latter is to alleviate by prayers and almsgiving the sufferings of the souls in purgatory. The religious aspects of these festivals is somewhat overtopped in Mexico,

with innumerable booths, within which are displayed by the light of thousands of tallow candles, around which shades of white paper have been placed to increase their power, every conceivable variety of holiday wares. Nuts, raisins, oranges, figs, tortillas, bananas, candies, pulque, cakes, toys, hot sausages and notions are visible in endless profusion. There are occasions when appetite, which is common to both clowns and gentlemen, is strangely tempted by such public ministry and display of eatables, and doubtless did not "the mode" and point of honor—sadly misplaced by both sexes—whisper forbearance more than one lechuguino (Anglo-Saxon) and delicate señorita would be seen devouring, with a hearty relish, morsels intended for the more homely mouths of peons. Troops of young brats, trusting to their

of wares, what strikes a foreigner as strangest of all are the numerous quaint articles designed to be purchased as souvenirs of the occasion. Students of old English customs have heard of soul cakes, a sort of bun which good-natured people used to prepare in large numbers to give to children, who used to go about from house to house on Hallow Eve singing a song and demanding the "soul cake" as a reward, but the booths in the Plaza Mayor on Hallow Eve display soul cakes which, for appropriateness and elaborate design, far surpass the Hallow Eve buns of old England. They consist of three layers of cake so placed as to form three steps, covered with white icing, and leading up to a chocolate cross at the extremity of the topmost layer or step. Upon each of the other layers there is some design in chocolate intended to remind the purchaser of the solemn occasion the cake was meant to commemorate, such as skulls, bones and coffins. Catafalques, made of wood and painted black, from six inches to two and a half feet in height and from three inches to two feet square, are also a highly popular article of merchandise. Some of them consist of several platforms rising one above the other, elaborately draped with black cloth and emblazoned in gilt with crosses, skulls, bones and coffins. There are skeletons of every imaginable size and material upon the counter of every booth, some of them poor, cheap affairs of paper, many of candy and others elaborately constructed of wood and joined so that the pulling of a string would cause them to dance and caper in a weirdly comical way. Some of them are fantastically dressed like ballet dancers and are surrounded by groups of candy skulls.

All classes seem to have turned out to purchase these mementos of the time. Men and women of wealth and culture, accompanied by beautifully dressed, merry children, their hands filled with soul cakes, skeletons, catafalques and candy skulls, elbow and are elbowed by the poor peons, who are spending the few coppers they have laid by so carefully for the occasion. It is a period of universal merriment and rejoicing—a feast and joyous carnival without masks. The shouts and vociferations of the light-hearted crowd and their boundings and gambols in the shadow of the grand old cathedral, which for over 200 years has stood at the head of the plaza, are such as might at first lead one to think that the inmates of that philanthropic establishment, the Casa de Locos (lunatic asylum) had forced the bolts and bars and exchanged their strait waistcoats for others of a more elastic and becoming model, while above all there arises from the zoco strains of such music as we seldom or never hear in the States, for the playing of a Mexican Government military band is a revelation of the possibilities of such an organization.

The dawn of November 1, All Saints' day, finds the half a hundred magnificent temples of worship which the Catholic church has reared in the Mexican capital

crowded with devout worshippers, while through the nave and up among the vast arches of the magnificent cathedral resound such music of the mass as seems of heaven rather than of earth. No sooner is the mass concluded than the fun again grows fast and furious. In the beautiful Alameda everything betokens a holiday. There, as in the Plaza Mayor, a fine military band plays all day long. The entire place is given up to the enjoyment of the pleasure-seeker. There is no prohibitory "Keep off the grass"; perfect and complete equality reign in the Alameda today. The poor peon and his sweetheart are as free to stroll and sit upon the green sward as the elaborately dressed lechuguino and his mina. The theaters are in full blast. Every one of them gives a daily matinee during the continuance of the festival, even when one of its days falls on Sunday. If you want grand opera you can have it at the Teatro Nacional in the Calle de Verapara. If your preference is for opera bouffe you may indulge it at the Teatro Arbeau in the Calle de San Felipe Neri.

But greater even than the festivities of All Saints' day are those of All Souls' day. For this latter festival the church is said to be indebted to a pilgrim, who, while returning from the Holy Land in 993, was compelled by a storm to land on a rocky isle somewhere between Sicily and Thesalonica, where he found a hermit, who told him that among the cliffs of the island was situated the opening into the under world, through which flames ascended, while the groans of the souls tortured by evil spirits were plainly audible. Through this opening the hermit had also frequently heard the complaints and imprecations of the demons at the number of souls that were torn from them by the prayers and alms of the pious, and they were especially enraged on that account against the pious abbot and monks of Clugny. After hearing the hermit's tale the pilgrim proceeded to the monastery of Clugny, where he acquainted Abbot Oulio with what he had learned, whereupon the abbot appointed the day immediately following All Saints' day to be kept in his monastery as an annual festival for "all souls." The observance was quickly adopted by the whole Catholic world. There is another account, which represents the festival to have been established at Sicily in the year 998.

In Mexico the festival of All Souls is a national decoration day, suggesting our observance of the 30th of May, but while we decorate only the graves of soldiers, the Mexicans place flowers, wreaths and all kinds of elaborate floral designs upon the last resting-places of all their loved ones who have passed before them through the dark valley of the shadow of death. From early morn until dusk on All Saints' day the cemeteries of San Fernando and Dolores are crowded with people visiting and decorating the graves of their dead. The night is given over to general jollification.

ALICE DANA BOARDMAN.



HALLOWEEN CARNIVAL IN THE GRAND PLAZA IN FRONT OF THE MEXICAN CATHEDRAL.

them with butter and sugar into pills, and take at bedtime. Then, if her fortune be to marry a gentleman her sleep will be filled with golden dreams; if a tradesman, she will dream of odd noises and tumults; if a traveler, there will be thunder and lightning disturb her."

In England's northern counties the "dumb cake" is made between 11 o'clock and midnight on Hallow Eve. Any number of young women participate. Each places a handful of flour on a sheet of white paper and sprinkles it over with a pinch of salt. Then one makes it into dough with spring water. Each must roll the dough, spread it out and mark her initials on it with a new pin. While baking before the fire each must turn it once, meanwhile sitting as far from it as possible. All this must be done before midnight, and when the

however, by social observances, and even the most devout Christians after attending mass early in the morning of each day, devote themselves completely for the remainder of the twenty-four hours to having a good time.

The night of October 31, All Hallow Eve, is observed here with a universality which is not to be met with in our own country, and in a very different fashion. At 7 o'clock on that night fancy yourself mingled with a crowd of people who are pouring along the Calle de San Francisco into the Plaza Mayor, within whose elegant zocolo a Government military band is sending forth strains of delicious music. Both the Plaza Mayor and the Plaza de la Constitucion present a most brilliant sight. They had been converted into a temporary fair ground crowded

legs and lungs to procure them customers, go winding through the crowd offering circles of flour paste fried in oil, which are laid upon a long lath, held in the middle to prevent it from breaking. It is surprising to see how rapidly the laths are eased of their burdens and the brittle fry consumed. The kitchen is not far off, and two cooks, in their shirt-sleeves, are busily engaged in producing fresh supplies. One of these keeps a large iron pan over a stand of charcoal, where it fries and hisses most invitingly, while the other, seated before a vessel filled with water and a pan containing the flour paste, forms the cake in a moment and draws it out into a hollow ring. Thence he flings it into the bubbling oil, where it browns and swells into a crisp mouthful.

But in all this heterogeneous collection

emigrant teams that went by on their way into California. They had cut quite a crop of hay over at Mud Meadows (the wild grass used to grow there higher than a man's head), and had stacked it ready to haul to Rabbit-hole. But the Indians were getting pretty bad, and the boys (there were only two of them) were afraid to go over after it alone. So they came down here and got some of us fellows to go with them—armed, of course. There were seven of us in all; and we made the trip from Rabbit-hole Pass across the big desert to Mud Meadows all right, and didn't see a sign of an Indian.

"And though some one stood guard that night while the rest slept we heard no Indians about to disturb us. Early the next morning we got our load on and tried to haul out of the meadows; but it was boggy in there, and we got mired, and the oxen balked, and we had a deuce of a time generally, so that it was almost sundown before we got out of the miry places and on solid ground, ready for the next day's start. You see, what we hoped to have done was to get out on the desert where there was as flat as a billiard-table, and there was no brush about for a Piute to skulk along behind and get within shooting range of us. After we had pulled out to solid ground, as I say, we unyoked our oxen and got supper, and it was just getting toward dark when who should come down to the camp but that old chief devil of devils, old Black Rock Tom? We knew him for what he was the most treacherous old cut-throat that the good Lord ever let live. We knew that he would just as soon send us all to Kingdom Come as to bring down an antelope, but what could we do? We knew he was down there for no good, although he said he was after tobacco, and that he was 'heap good Jin'."

"We knew how much stock to take in his yarn, but we shook hands with him and told him 'hello!' and gave him some tobacco, keeping a sharp lookout all the while for stray redskins that might creep up on us unawares. After he had taken a pretty thorough survey of our situation he got up and said, 'Goody-by; I go now; goody-by,' and was about to start, when one of the boys jumped up and caught him by the shoulders, saying: 'No you don't, my friend! You'll stay with us to-night. We couldn't think of letting you go back to your 'good Jin's' to-night. We'll just keep you here where we can keep an eye on you till we get out of the country.'"

"The old rascal looked pretty sullen an ugly, but it was no use. We kept him there; at the point of our rifles making him lie down in the wagon. It wasn't long before we saw the signal fires burning in the mountains about us. The old spy-hostile had planned a raid, and his men were only awaiting his return to come down on us.

"We kept him a prisoner, and they didn't know where he was, nor what was to pay, nor anything. Several times through the night we heard lurking savages in the brush, but we held guns on old Tom, and he didn't dare to call out to them.

"When daylight came—and I can tell you it seemed a long time coming—we saw that the coast was clear and we got out of there pretty lively. We took old Black Rock Tom with us until we were well on to the desert, where we could look out for ourselves. Then we let him go. As he got down off the wagon we told him to 'Get! and lively, too!' You ought to have seen him! He was a good sprinter, and we had a fine view of him as he traveled over the level desert.

"We got back to Rabbit-hole Pass that night; and that was the last I ever saw of Black Rock Tom.

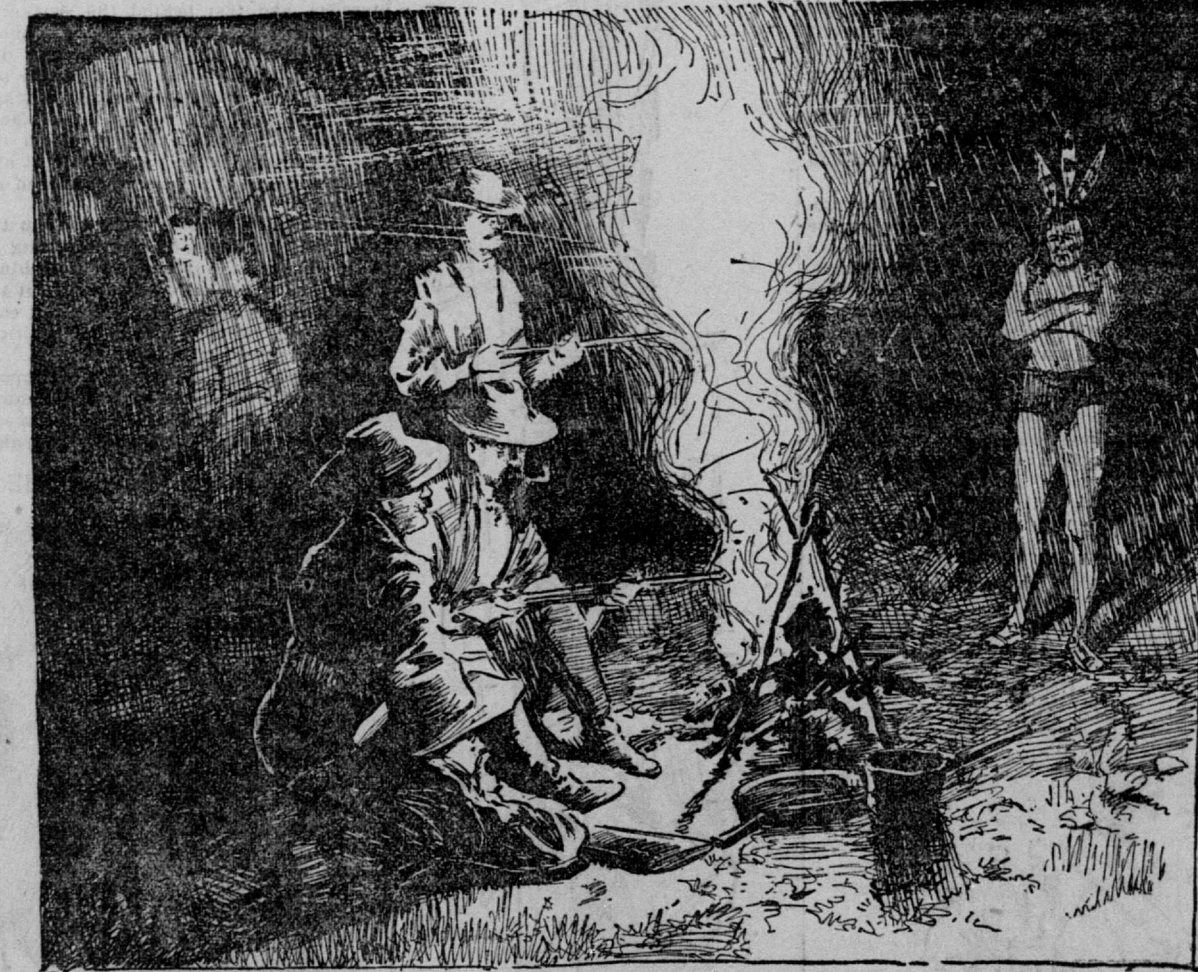
"A short time after that a detachment of soldiers captured him and were taking him to Fort Churchill to investigate his case. When they got down to Hank Sprague's station, some of them went in to get a drink, and left old Black Rock Tom standing in the doorway. There were people who afterward said that it was a put-up job between Hank and the soldiers—for Hank knew that if Tom tried to get away the soldiers would shoot him sure—but however that might be I don't know; anyway, Hank motioned to the old fellow to run. And run he did. The soldiers called to him to 'halt!' and Hank yelled 'Run! run!'

"Naturally the Indian took the advice that suited him best, and—well of course the soldiers did their duty. And that was the last of Black Rock Tom."

Frank drew the match across his knee and applied the blaze to the pipe, now held between his teeth, as he said:

"And (puff) a little Indian boy (puff) that Hank was raising (puff) concluded it was about time (puff) for him to go, too; (puff) so he jumped on Hank's best horse (puff), and that was the (puff) last Hank ever saw of that horse."

DAVE MEACHAM STROBRIDGE.



FRUSTRATION OF THE SPY'S DESIGN.

matter what his inherent tendencies may be, is held in check. Peace is about us; safety is assured. We see—

"It was in '65 or '66," Frank's voice

The briarwood had been filled, and was held unlighted in his hand.

"It was in those days when our red brothers in general and the Piutes in particular made things remarkably lively for the settlers here, and when every man went with his heart in his throat and his rifle in hand. Why, a jackrabbit jump-

up from behind a sagebrush would nearly scare the life out of a fellow!

"Well, there were some boys who had a station over in Rabbit-hole Pass for the

nishes a surprising amount of meat, as well as weight, if you are packing the meat any distance. So there were plenty of reasons why we did not want to engage in wanton destruction.

"The elk we saw were usually some distance away in the mountains, and above us. When we decided to make a foray for any we would work round and crawl up the mountains to within gunshot of them. We always tried to keep on the windward side, for an elk, we found, could smell you faster than you could see him.

"In this way we moved on bands that when first discovered were from one to two miles away.

"When the elk run they go in bunches, while deer go singly or in pairs. I saw

one band of fifteen elk and another of ten, out of both of which we made killings. The elk all ran together and were bunched up like so many frightened cattle.

"I saw a sight there I shall never forget. It was awe-inspiring, and in a sense ennobling. A band of prodigious elk that we had sighted and that had smelled or seen us swept down an almost perpendicular bank and disappeared in the timber below.

"The elk went almost straight down, and as swift as the wind. How they got down without being dashed to atoms was passing strange to me, but the elk poured over the decline like a living stream, and did it as easily and gracefully as a stream of water falls from a cliff.

"We were in the basin three days, and enjoyed ourselves to the utmost. Along our route, and even in the basin, there were some deserted cabins, and of some of these we took possession. We cooked our steaks and with some fresh trout from the streams, with the eatables we had brought along, we had some repasts that were royal.

"There are plenty of blacktailed deer in the basin, too. The day before we got there a big cinnamon bear was killed, and we saw no bear, mainly, I presume, because we were looking for another and bigger kind of game.

"The basin, I may say, is a sort of garden of wonders as regards the fine and big game of the country.

"In the wild region west of the Yellowstone National Park where I have been," said Haswell W. Baldwin of Zanesville, Ohio, to a CALL representative a day or two ago, "there are bands of magnificent elk, bear, blacktailed deer and an occasional ibex. It is one of the finest hunting sections on the continent. For elk it cannot be beat."

Mr. Baldwin had just arrived from the mountain wilds.

"It is what is known as the Gallatin Basin and to get there you must go up the rugged canyon of the Gallatin, a distance of fifty miles. I was accompanied by H. D. Atwood of Pittsburg, who is here with me now. We went on some stout, sure-footed Montana broncos accompanied by

two guides and having four pack horses bearing our equipment and rigged for bringing out any meat or skins we might get. The guides were skilled mountaineers, ready shots and could pitch a camp and get up something steaming hot to eat as quick as anybody.

"The canyon, which is very wild and pretty, is at the northwest corner of the park. Our track led along this canyon, and in many places it was so steep we could not keep our saddles but had to get off and walk. Even walking was in places almost an impossibility. We had to literally crawl along.

"The air is very pure there and the sun shines with a rare brightness. I never was in a more healthful place, it seemed to me,

and as I had gone to these mountains for my health I was suited exactly.

"It was not long until we got into the dominion of the elk, the Gallatin Basin. This is a little lower than the National Park, and at this season of the year the elk are coming down from the snow in the heights for the milder temperature of the basin. We were armed with 45-caliber Winchester rifles, carrying 70 grains of powder. Besides these, however, we had one Winchester of the same caliber that carried 90 grains of powder. Thus we were well equipped for long-range work.

"Unexpectedly to us we saw a great many elk, for, you know, you often hear a great deal about the plentifulness of game, especially big game, but when you get

there you don't see any. But in this case we did. There were lots of elk, and they were as fine as any sportsman could wish to see.

"I saw band after band, but after we had killed what we wanted we shot no more, for it would be useless, almost criminal, to kill what we could not use. In short, we only shot one apiece, and of these one got away. We trailed this elk for a mile or a mile and a half by his blood. If there had been snow we would have got him, but as it was the elk's trail led over dry ground, in some places covered with leaves, and we at length lost him. I suppose, like enough, he died.

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EXCITING SPORT IN TRAILING BIG ELK IN THE GALLATIN BASIN

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