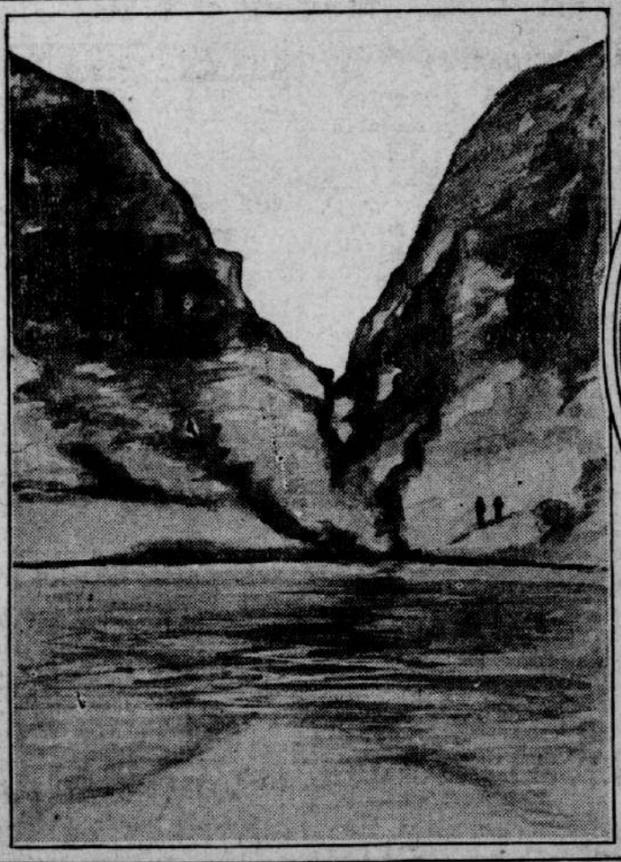


SACRED LAKE GIVES UP TREASURE



LAKE GUATAVITA AS IT WAS



THE HOUSE IN THE LAKE NEAR WHICH THE EXCAVATIONS WERE MADE



"El Dorado," he said softly, "El Dorado, after centuries. The gifts of the golden man. The treasure of the sacred lake."

Out of the Indian legends of centuries ago, the wonder-tales of the Spaniards in the New World, the man with the cigar box explained, had come these strange bits of gold and precious stones. Modern enterprise is discovering the lost treasure into which Andean tribes threw their riches to appease their gods, has been drained; here are some of its treasures.

Hartley Knowles, the man with the cigar box, is an English engineer who has made the excavations and has now brought some of the things to America. He says himself that they are all exceedingly valuable as antiques, and, intrinsically, as gold and gems. One of the Americans to whom Mr. Knowles has showed his treasures adds that the excavation of the sacred lake of the Andes brings with it a possibility that the excavator has apparently not thought of in discoveries as to the lives of prehistoric peoples and in civilization of prehistoric times.

The story that lured a modern Englishman to South America, and is interesting American collectors in South American discoveries, is the same story that four and a half centuries ago called the Spanish adventurers to conquest in the unknown western world. It is the story of El Dorado. It is a tale that most of us have heard long ago, and long ago forgotten. It is the legend of the holy lake.

Upon the original story of the sacred lakes of the Chibcha tribes in the northern part of South America innumerable myths have been built. The early tales themselves are well-nigh shrouded in mystery and somewhat obscured by legend. Yet the story of El Dorado has its historical foundation, and the tale of the sacred lake of Guatavita, or Guatabita, is accredited by historians today. Much of the wonder-tale of El Dorado as the Spaniards and their followers built it on the first substructure is probably untrue. But the story of the lake, so far as historians have been able to ascertain, is a bit of real history—the tale of a people and their sacrifices, the record of wealth thrown away in a religious ceremonial as an offering to the gods, the true story of an ancient superstition.

According to the legends told by travelers and the facts set down by historians, the Andean tribes of the Chibcha venerated the mountain lakes of their province, and into them they threw their jewels. Great feasts and great fastings, the accessions of rulers, the celebration of a pilgrimage, the prayer for the tribe's good fortune—these were all accompanied by gifts of the gods; the gifts were thrown into the lake. Of these mountain lakes Guatavita was the largest and most important; here most of the feasts were held, the offerings made to the gods. And here excavators and engineers have gone from England with the latest dredges and engines and set up modern apparatus to drain the lake.

The lake is drained now as nearly dry as the excavators dare to make it. Quantities of pottery, gold and precious stones have been taken out. The excavations are still going on, and it is believed that the discoveries have only begun. Various attempts have been made, in the last four centuries, to find the treasure of Chibcha plenty; this latest effort is proving successful.

"I should say that the gold and gems already taken from the lake bottom amount to about \$20,000," said Mr. Knowles. "How much there is left I shouldn't dare to say. But I think that we are just reaching the most interesting part of our work and our discovery."

"I think that most of what we have taken out up to date is from the sides of the lake. We have not yet dug down to the bottom, and we don't know just how much more we have to dig

before we reach it. But, according to the stories, the bottom of the lake is where the richest treasures are."

We have most of us heard in our childhood that the Spaniards of the sixteenth century dreamed of "El Dorado," the land of gold, and that they sought for it in strange and savage and ever hopeful ways among strange and savage peoples. We have read how the lust of gold seized the adventurers of Spain, and they pressed into the wilderness and found and conquered more and more land without ever finding the land of gold. But, as a matter of fact, the Spanish explorers did find El Dorado. Only El Dorado was not the land of gold; it was the golden man. And the treasure of the golden man's gift was not a treasure that could be found on the land; it lay at the bottom of a lake, and the Spaniards could not drain it. The story of the real El Dorado is the story of the religious festivals of the Chibchas.

The tribes of the Chibchas, according to recent historians, occupied the plateau region of the northeastern province of Colombia, and were among the richest, the most magnificent, and the most enlightened of South American tribes. In their wealth, their barbaric splendor, and their handicrafts, they ranked with the Aztecs of Mexico and the Incas of Peru. Their land was rich in emeralds. Gold they procured in great quantities from their immediate neighbors. Rich textiles and dyed cotton stuffs, as well as the feathers of beautiful birds, added to the wealth and their magnificence. Amber they obtained from their neighbors, and apparently from the other side of the world they procured in some unknown manner some quantity of jade.

Savage, uncontrolled in their indulgence of the arts of pleasure that they had cultivated even more eagerly than the arts of war, they were yet a thoroughly religious people. Their hierarchy of gods and goddesses had passed beyond the simple worship of the forces of nature and included definite deities with definite powers—deities to be propitiated. Occasionally they offered up human beings to their gods; often they sacrificed talking parrots to avert calamity. But for the most part they gave their possessions to their deities, and worshipped, with barbaric wealth of sacrifice, at the sacred lakes.

There were five of these lakes in the district that we now know as Colombia—Guatavita, Guasca, Slesha, Teusaca, and Ubaque; of the five, Guatavita was by far the most important, Ubaque being its nearest rival. The people made pilgrimages to all the lakes, but to Guatavita most of all, and with the richest gifts. And it was at the lake of Guatavita that the great ceremony of the Chibcha tribes took place—the installation of the chief. Guatavita was the most important center of the Chibchas, the religious "capital" of the tribe.

The chief who came to his kingdom with sacrifices to the holy water of the plateau was an absolute monarch, whose power rested largely on the assumption that he was semi-divine. No subject dared look his leader in the face, but in the royal presence turned aside or assumed a stooping attitude. No messenger might approach the chief without bearing a gift, not to win the royal favor, but merely to do homage to the royal state. Over every detail of his subjects' lives he ruled, and if a man of Guatavita wished to alter the style of his dress he must ask his leader's permission and receive the new garment from the royal hand. In his "South American Archaeology" T. Athol Joyce of the British Museum describes the state of the Zipa of Bogota: "His garments were of the finest cotton, his throne was of gold studded with emeralds, and he traveled in a litter hung with golden plates. His head-dress was of gold, and a golden crescent ornamented his brow; nose and ear ornaments were of the same material, and also the breastplate he wore upon his chest."

For five years or more before a Chibcha chief became his people's ruler he must remain in seclusion, preparatory to the great ceremony of the lake. At the end of his rigorous period of probation—for it was also a period of stern self-denial—the chief's nose and ears were pierced for the ornaments of his rank, and he made golden offerings to the gods. Professor Joyce, who in his book describes the ceremonies of the sacred lake as historically attested facts, quotes from the history of the conquest and discovery of New Granada, by Juan Rodriguez Freyle, written in 1536:

"Not only was the ceremony of Guatavita particularly elaborate, but it gave rise to the stories of El Dorado which so fired the imagination of the early conquerors and gave such an impetus to the exploration of the interior. According to Freyle, the population of the neighborhood repaired to the sacred lake of Guatavita clad in their finest ornaments of gold and feathers. Innumerable sacrificial fires were kindled on the banks, and the lake was encircled with a cloud of incense. The ruler-elect was divested of his garments, anointed with an adhesive earth, and powdered with gold dust. Attended by his four principal sub-chiefs he embarked upon a reed raft ornamented with gold dust and furnished with four braziers for incense; at his feet was piled a mound of gold and emeralds, and amid the shouts of the multitude and the sound of whistles and other instruments he proceeded to the middle of the lake. There he plunged into the waters and washed off the offerings of gold dust, and the gold and emeralds were thrown in at the same time, the four chiefs making offerings on their own account. The raft they returned and the proceedings terminated with the revelry and chicha drinking so dear to the heart of the Colombians."

The chief with his gold-dust coat was in reality "El Dorado," the golden man of Spanish legend and Indian history.

Splendid as were the ceremonies attending the consecration of the tribal chief at Guatavita, or Guatabita, as Professor Joyce calls it, the national pilgrimages and feasts were still more important. These pilgrimages were made periodically to all the chief lakes of the country. The northern Chibcha honored Guatavita almost exclusively, while the southern tribes paid their religious homage at Ubaque, south of Bogota.

While the chiefs and nobles were throwing their gold and jewels into the sacred waters, the common people were burying theirs by the side of the lake or in secret places not far removed from the holy waters. Many curious bits of pottery have been recovered from the neighborhood of the lake of Guatavita.

When Mr. Knowles came to America a short time ago he brought with him many of the treasures that he had taken from the sacred lake. Most of the pieces are small. Whatever may be their value as ancient pieces of handicraft, the emeralds are undoubtedly the richest "finds" in intrinsic worth.

M. de la Kler of the Royal Institute of Paris is quoted as estimating the probable value of the articles in the lake at several million English pounds. But such estimates are, of course, guesses. The bottom of the lake has not yet been reached, and is still in a semi-liquid muddy state. It is believed that the articles taken out to date were thrown or buried in the sides of the lake and have been, in the ages since, carried toward the center by the pressure of the mud. The number of pottery vessels found seems to substantiate this view.

The work done by Mr. Knowles' company—which is incorporated in London under the name of "Contractors, Limited"—is but the final link in a long chain of explorations that stretches from the times of the Spaniards down to the present day.

In 1542 Antonio de Sepulveda of Santa Fe de Bogota lowered the waters of the lake to fifteen feet, or thereabout, and is said to have taken out great quantities of gold and an emerald of rare beauty. Sepulveda had made his attempt by digging a trench, and before the work could be finished the sides of the trench caved in, and the waters began to rise again. During the three centuries that followed several attempts to drain the lake, always by means of trenches cut from above, were made and failed.

In 1897 a small company of native engineers was formed and three years later sold out its rights to Hartley Knowles and his company.

"I had read about the legends of the golden man," said Mr. Knowles, who stands sponsor for the foregoing history of the attempts to drain the lake, "and, being an engineer, I thought I should like to have a try. I have been working at it for twelve years. The lake is drained as dry as I want it; if it is completely drained the mud at the bottom may solidify, and we do not want that. What we are after now is to dig down to what was the bottom of the lake 450 years ago. The present bottom is, of course, a sediment of years. The lake is cup-shaped. It is about 10,000 feet above sea level in the Colombian Andes. It took four years to drain the lake. Now we are excavating."

"The government of Colombia has been most kind in letting us make the excavations and take out the things. Of course the interest that attaches to the treasure is for antiquarians, museums and collectors."

SPIES HELP TO WELLINGTON

Archivist of French War Office Says Spanish Officers Betrayed the Great Napoleon.

An interesting statement was made not long ago before the French Academie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, by M. Bonnal, archivist to the French war office. According to M. Bonnal, Dumouriez, "coached" Wellington from 1808 to 1814, and the latter often reaped the benefit of betrayals by aristocratic French officers who had relatives in London.

M. Bonnal goes to the archives of the Spanish war office, there to hunt up confessions by Spanish officers in the service of King Joseph Bonaparte of their own treason—some of these confessions recorded as early as 1815, under Ferdinand VII. Without any sort of shame they acknowledge that they betrayed Joseph to secret agents of Wellington.

In a time of universal scare, Wellington saw more clearly than anyone—this was his great merit—that Napoleon was fast using up the military resources of France, and, indeed, all but its soil, climate and genius, and tiring out the latter. He managed to keep Spain an open sore in the enemy's flank, and thus left hopes to the continental courts for the downfall of the Corsican if they could coalesce against him.

M. Bonnal says that plans dictated by Napoleon for his brother King Joseph's guidance were found by guerrillas and passed on to Wellington. The idea of the lines of Torres Vedras to defend Lisbon has been placed to the credit of that renowned captain. Their real author is now discovered in the French Colonel Vincent, who knew the country and had served as a military engineer under Junot and Dupont. His plans to fortify the Torres Vedras hills were stolen and sent to Wellington.

ALMA MATER ALWAYS LOVED!

To the End of Life College Men Think With Joy of His Golden Student Days.

The phrase "college life" is an Americanism and it has no equivalent in any other language but English. It describes, to those who use it with understanding and sympathy, an experience out of which grows a deep sentiment made up of pleasure, friendship, affection, loyalty and pride. It seems to them "a tender influence, a peculiar grace," that reaches out across miles and years, drawing them back to their Alma Mater, and the comradeship of their classmates. To most graduates their college life seems their golden age; through the mist of years the campus becomes an island of Utopia whose very tediums grow bright in the retrospect, the sting of whose sins and failures was always lessened by the power of the ideals and hopes that filled its air. No campus ever was a Utopia, and the most golden age of memory has doubtless been much alloyed with baser metal, but if there is not something very bright and beautiful in American college life it is hard to account for the feeling in thousands of gray-haired men that long ago in their youth, besides the education they got or failed to get, they gained around the knees of Alma Mater lasting joy, strength and inspiration that was not entirely contained in the books they read and cannot be exactly measured by the knowledge they acquired.—Paul Van Dyke, in Scribner's Magazine.

They Did Better Then. "We are losing all our secrets in this shabby age," an architect said: "If we keep on, the time will come when we'll be able to do nothing well."

Take, for instance, steel. We claim to make good steel, yet the blades the Saracens turned out hundreds of years ago would cut one of our own blades in two like butter.

Take ink. Our modern ink fades in five or ten years to rust color, yet the ink of mediaeval manuscripts is as black and bright today as it was 700 years ago.

Take dyes. The beautiful blues and reds and greens of antique oriental rugs have all been lost, while in Egyptian tombs we find fabrics dyed thousands of years ago that remain today brighter and purer in hue than any of our modern fabrics.

Take my specialty, buildings. We can't build as the ancients did. The secret of their mortar and cement is lost to us. Their mortar and cement were actually harder and more durable than the stones they bound together, whereas ours—horror!

Never On. Senator Penrose, on a visit to Atlantic City, rang for a bellboy to take a telegram, but it was not until the twelfth or thirteenth ring that the boy appeared.

"You've been a long time coming," said the senator.

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "You see, sir, it's our dinner hour."

Senator Penrose smiled grimly.

"I know why you bellboys are called buttons," he said. "You're always off."

Acceptable Gift.

A woman who has traveled widely says one of the most acceptable gifts one can make to a friend going on a steamer is a box or jar of stuffed prunes. These are rarely given, can be eaten when other fruits are indigestible and are mildly laxative.

As one authority advises free use of prunes for nervous people, declaring they have a quieting effect, the eating of prunes on shipboard should help to check seasickness—always augmented by "nerves."

TO TUNNEL UNDER CHANNEL

Long-Delayed Franco-English Project is Once More Being Put Forward.

A tunnel between England and France beneath the English channel was first proposed at the beginning of the nineteenth century by Mathieu, a French mining engineer, says the Argonaut. Fifty years later the scheme was financed, but it was not until 1867 that it seemed that the project would be actually attempted. At that time there were a dozen or more plans for rail communication between the two countries. The accepted scheme was that of a tunnel bored beneath the bed of the channel. The estimated cost of the undertaking was about £10,000,000. Preliminary boring had been made, when the work was interrupted by the Franco-Prussian war. In 1874 the French and English governments resumed negotiations concerning the tunnel leaving the matter in the hands of a joint commission. Failure on the part of the English company holding the contract for the work to receive sufficient funds resulted in the failure of the enterprise in 1880. Now the project is receiving some attention, a better feeling having been established between the people of the two countries.

MERIT HAS MADE

Bond's Liver Pills a household word by the people of the great South. We have spared neither time nor money in perfecting BOND'S PILLS to meet the needs of those who suffer from Headaches, Biliousness, Constipation, Malaria and consequent illa. MERIT was our chief object. Not how cheap, but "how good" we could make them. The phenomenal sale of BOND'S LIVER PILLS is due solely to their MERIT—not to loud and misleading claims of CURING EVERYTHING. All druggists, 25c.—Adv.

Demand of Trade.

"It would seem a flagrantly clear case," said the magistrate, adding, to the burglar who had been haled before him, "What have you to say for yourself?"

"Not much, your honor. But I hope you can give me a short sentence. This is my busy season."—Judge.

His Successor.

"I suppose you expect your son to step into your shoes when you retire."

"No. I hardly expect that; but he has already taken my seat in the front row."

They're Simple Folk.

"Do you think two could live on my salary?"

"Two Fiji Islanders might."

NOT FIT FOR LADIES.

Public attention should be called to the fact that there is no reason why ladies should have to suffer with headaches and neuralgia, especially when Doan's Kidney Pills give such prompt relief. It is simply a question of getting the ladies to try it. All druggists sell Doan's Kidney Pills in 50c and \$1.00 bottles. Adv.

Not Frequent.

"Do you like rare beef?"

"Is there any other kind these days?"

As a summer tonic there is no medicine that quite compares with OXIDINE. It not only builds up the system, but taken regularly, prevents Malaria. Regular or Tasteless formula at Druggists. Adv.

What Are Her Thoughts.

"Gladys has a far away look."

"I don't understand that. Her fiancé lives just around the corner."

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint. Tiny sugar-coated granules. Adv.

About the only man in the world who is satisfied with his job is the self-made man.

Whenever You Use Your Back

Does a Sharp Pain Hit You? It's a sign of sick kidneys, especially if the kidney action is disordered, too, passages scanty or too frequent or too frequent or too color. Do not neglect any little kidney ail for the slight troubles run into Dropsy, Gravel, Stone or Bright's disease.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills. This good remedy cures bad kidneys.

AN IDEAL CASE. L. C. Warner, N. Fairchild Ave., Pocatello, Ida., says: "I suffered severely from gravel and many of the attacks confined me to bed for weeks. The pain endured when the stones were passing was indescribable. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me completely and the cure has been permanent. Though in my 75th year I am hale and hearty."

Get Doan's at Any Drug Store, 50c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Promotes and restores the hair. Prevents dandruff. Keeps the scalp cool. Restores hair falling out. Use on the scalp.

Petit's Eye Salve. RELIEVES SORE EYES. PISO'S REMEDY. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.