

FROM PURGATORY TO PARADISE.

How the Transit Is Aided by Ceremonies Among Mexican Indians—A Strange and Gruesome Sight to American Eyes—Celebrating All Saints' Day—A Royal Entertainer.

Special Correspondence.

Tehuacan, El Puerto River, Nov. 8, 1900.—The tribes of Indians from the Yaqui river to the Linaloa are all converted to Catholicism, but they retain much in their form of worship and ideas of God that savors of their ancient heathenism. It has been some years since priests were among them, in fact in every town the churches are in ruins, and the doors are closed to service, and as the natives do not read or speak Spanish it is little wonder that they soon degenerated, if indeed they ever comprehended the rites of the Catholic form of worship. The priest's days, however, were retained accurately whether the form of observance is remembered or not, and on All Saints' day, or on the eve of that day, we had the pleasure of witnessing the rites and ceremonies at Bacavachi, a little Indian town twenty miles from Navajo.

PROMISED A GREAT SIGHT.

Our friends, a white Indian, in whose field we had camped by invitation, told us a few days before and several times every day until the feast came off, that it would be a great sight. There would be many people from the surrounding country; there would be much to eat—tamales, tortillas, sugar cane, fruits, carne, cakes, etc., and there would be a good opportunity for us to see the people. We determined to remain.

Early in the afternoon preparations were begun. In fact work in the grave yard had been done a few days before, by way of clearing and fixing the little mounds, sprinkling the graves with water to settle the dust, and clearing away the weeds. But all day cooking was going on, and towards evening the people began to gather in. Whole families would come dressed in their best, and bearing with them their basket or burro load of provisions.

CAME ALL WAYS.

Many came on foot, others on horseback or mule-back, others on burros. In some cases the mother and little children were riding while the father and older ones walked, some before and others behind the animals. Some came in wooden wheeled oxcarts drawn by a yoke of large poor-looking oxen, bearing their supplies with them. Several came as pilgrims with nothing but a staff in hand and a handkerchief full of tortillas on their backs. One poor fellow had nothing to eat with him. He was deaf and dumb, and from his motions we judged he was also hungry. Seeing our camp where dinner was in preparation he limped over, and by rolling his eyes, opening his mouth and stroking his abdomen, at the same time putting on a very hungry look, made out to us his needs. In fact, his language was the most comprehensible we had met with for some time.

WAS A PICNIC, INDEED.

All the people were happy, all were dressed in their best. They were not going to the place of mourning, but to the place of feasting and rejoicing. It was a picnic, a gala day. In the evening, after dusk, we walked over. The graveyard was lighted by a thousand candles, placed on the head stones or

boards, and around the graves, and on arches at the heads of the graves. The yard was full of people, men women and children of all ages, from the week-old to the sire who knew that before long he, too, would be a citizen of the silent city. The graves were cleaned and over many a white cloth was spread, on which laid out as if for show, or sale were foods and fruits of different kinds. Where there was no cloth the food was spread on the ground.

DECORATED GRAVES.

Some, the graves no doubt of the more wealthy, were beautifully decorated with foods and flowers and were well lighted with numerous candles, while others, of the poorer people, were not covered with cloth and not so well lighted. Two little mounds, the resting place of orphan brothers, had but a single candle each, and an ear of corn uncooked. In the yard was an arch four feet high and as wide, well lighted with numerous candles. It was a place where all evening ceremonies were being performed.

FOOD FOR THE LIVING.

At first we understood that the foods and fruits were for the spirits of the departed, but not so. They were for the living, but for those who would kneel by the grave and offer a prayer, silent or spoken, in behalf of the dead. And this ceremony soon began. Well dressed women, old men and young girls—we did not notice any young men—would pass from grave to grave, and after kneeling at the foot and saying a few words of prayer, would receive from the persons in attendance a portion of the food or fruit. The best supplied graves received the first and the most prayers; but we noticed that the watchers at the head would not always give the most desirable food first. Thus the ceremonies continued until all the foods were gone, the two little graves with the ears of corn remaining till the last.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A PRAYER.

One man was able to repeat Latin prayers, and did a flourishing business at twenty-five cents a prayer. The man before the arch and the woman behind him who repeated occasionally in a half chant what he said, did also a good business at the same price. Two fiddlers, however, were in greatest demand, and would pass from grave to grave by invitation, playing a few tunes before each, the number of tunes depending on the amount of pay. In the meantime, the people, and the sky rockets were in evidence, the loud ones eliciting from the people great applause and admiration.

FROM PURGATORY TO PARADISE.

Thus the souls of the departed were assisted from purgatory to Paradise, and the living, especially the poor, including the dumb beggar, were supplied with at least one meal of victuals. There seemed to be no sorrow, no weeping; all had implicit faith in the prayers purchased at the price of a supper.

One little girl, alone, however, wailed out in heart-felt weeping her sorrow for her departed mother. On her parent's grave, not yet a year old, with her face buried in her shawl, she cried and sobbed, "Ah, me Madre! oh, mi Ma-

dre!" No one paid any attention to her, with the exception, I might say, of our party, who instinctively turned from the mockery we were interested in watching, and walked silently towards the prostrate girl.

TURNED TO A DANCE.

At midnight the candles were all burnt out, the food all prayed for, including the two ears of corn on the little brothers' graves, and at the beating of a big drum, all went to a house near by, where the ground floor under a bowery had been previously prepared, and joined in the dance, the two musicians who had reaped a rich harvest in the grave yard, furnishing music. The dance continued all night.

AT SAN FRANCISCO RANCH.

With the help of a Mexican guide we reached the San Francisco ranch Sunday noon tired ourselves, and with some of our animals, we acceptedly two horses almost worn out. An application for pasture to Mr. Guerrero brought not only an affirmative reply, but a welcome we had hardly expected. Our camp was pitched under a shed, a place from the large house, our horses were given fodder and afterwards taken to a field, from which the crops were just harvested, while a bucket of milk and a pan of cheese administered to our wants.

After a short acquaintance, Señor Guerrero invited us to stay with him a week or a few days at least, stating that our horses would have plenty and ourselves receive needed rest. "If you remain a while," says he, "I will furnish you fresh animals for these that are nearly given out."

ACCEPTED CORDIAL HOSPITALITY.

Seeing that the offer was real, and that the owner liked our company, and wished us to stay, we acceptedly two Mr. Guerrero is about 35 years of age, well educated both in French and Spanish, and is a Mexican by birth and parentage. He inherited the San Francisco ranch from his father who, in 1865, was killed by the Yaquis. The ranch contains about 27 square miles of land, and is stocked with 7,000 head of horses, 3,000 head of cattle, and 1,000 head of mules. It produces also 1,000 fanegas of corn, besides garden products in abundance each year. There are milked each day about 200 head of cows, the product being made into cheese, which brings in no little revenue.

So Señor Guerrero lives in a princely style, surrounded with all the luxury and convenience the country affords.

IN PRINCELY STYLE.

And possessing a host of peons, little better than slaves, to do his bidding. He has the name of being liberal, and no one comes to him in want that goes away unsatisfied. He is much interested in science, and was delighted to learn that our expedition was for scientific purposes. When we left, he presented our photographer, who had done some little work for him, with a horse, and exchanged for our worn-out horses two fresh animals in good condition.

With little difficulty we reached our present camp on El Puerto river. Tomorrow Mr. Klenke and I start for Los Mochis, where is located a colony of Americans, who some fourteen years ago came here on a socialist experiment.

We will inquire into their failures and successes.

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TRADING IN SHARKS

Dangerous Industry Thrives Among Gilbert Islanders—Dried Fins and Their Commercial Value—Vanity of the Native Women—How Jack Is Caught and Killed.

Special Correspondence.

Honolulu, Nov. 1.—Shark fishing is a dangerous business. To realize the risks continually encountered by those depending on the capture of the vicious fish for a livelihood one should see the natives of the Gilbert Islands as they launch their frail canoes and paddle seaward in their quest. The shark, or Jack, as it is called by the natives, is valuable from a commercial point of view, but to these islanders he is the source of all, or nearly all, their income. The islander exchanges Jack's fins and tail with the trader for tobacco, calico, guns, ammunition and gin. The native's wife when she meets her brown skinned lord and master on the beach as he returns from fishing looks anxiously into the blood stained canoe to see how many kapakaps, as fins are called, he has taken. Two or three dozen, when dried, mean to her a new hat, trimmed perhaps with a bright green ribbon on a red and yellow background, that the trader showed her some time previous. Then she picks up the "take," puts it into a basket, and an hour later Jack's motive power is suspended on a line between two coconut trees, drying for market.

Wonderfully constructed craft are their canoes. They are made of small strips of wood sewed together with a coconut twine called cinnet. Perhaps 30 or more canoes go out together. There is no need to go far, just outside the reef will answer. There Jack is waiting, accompanied by relatives of many different sizes, male and female. Lying upon the grating of crossed sticks reaching from the outrigger of the canoe to the gunwale is the tackle. Rude it is, but effective. It consists of a naturally formed wooden hook, cunningly trained, when it was a young tree root into the proper shape, and 40 fathoms of strong coconut fiber rope as thick as whale line and fully as strong.

CHILDREN AND EXPOSITION.

Five Million Who Were Too Young to Attend the World's Fair.

Reports show that more than 21,000,000 paid admissions were recorded during the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Upon this fact Mr. Charles H. Webster, the well known life insurance expert, bases some interesting vital statistics, applicable to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, which opens on May 1st next. In the hard-pan estimation of coldly practical men, most competent to judge, the attendance at the Pan-American will fully equal, and probably exceed the World's Fair record.

Counting each paid admission as that of a separate person, it is approximately figured that during the period of eight years which will have elapsed between the inauguration of the two expositions named, 1,680,000 of those visited the Chicago Exposition will have passed away. It is further estimated that 4,250,000 persons, between the ages of fifteen and twenty years

were included in the 21,000,000 who attended the Columbian Fair, or over a million more young people than the entire population of the United States at the close of the struggle for American independence. One may reasonably anticipate that some five millions of the bright and inquisitive youth of the New World will visit Buffalo during the six months of the Pan-American. These five millions will be persons who were under the age of twelve years at the time of the World's Fair, at Chicago and therefore too young to have a clear remembrance of its features. The unusual and beautiful object lessons which will impress themselves upon their curious, receptive and plastic minds will remain with them through life, making them more patriotic, cosmopolitan, intelligent and progressive; giving them a better idea of the character, resources and possibilities of this whole hemisphere than years of travel and reading could convey, and preparing them, when arrived at the responsibilities of manhood's estate, to exercise beneficent influences in public and domestic affairs, in every useful avocation of life. In short the Pan-American Exposition will not

Two Nothings

There is nothing so bad for a cough as coughing; and there's nothing so good for a cough as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Just think, if you had only known this a long time ago, how you could have saved that long illness. Buy a bottle today, so that your cough will be better tomorrow.

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only be a vast and veritable fairyland playground for the children, but a phenomenal and perfect kindergarten, in which they will be delightfully taught just the kind of lessons to make them wiser and better men, women and citizens.

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