leather waistcoat, which serves to support and balance the large jar. Both jars are attached to straps which cross on the head over a palm-leaf cap with leather visor. It is essential that these vessels correspond in size and perfectly balance. If either be suddenly broken, the *aguador* at once loses his balance and falls to the ground.

On the opposite side to the *rosadera* he carries a deerskin pouch called *barrega*, adorned with figures. This pouch serves for carrying the nickel coins and *pitoles*, or small red beans with which he keeps an account of the number of trips he makes, being paid at the end of a week or fortnight, according to the number of beans he leaves at a house. He also keeps a corresponding "tally-sheet" with beans, and compares notes with his employer when being paid.

The *aguador* is a person of importance; nobody knows better than he the inner life of the household that he serves. He is often made the messenger between lovers, and when for any reason he may refuse to perform that office, the ingenious lover resorts to artifice, and by means of wax fastens the missive upon the bottom of the *chochocol*, and the unconscious *aguador* thus conveys it to the expectant fair one, who informed of the device, is ready to remove the epistle. He often wonders why the young mistress comes out so early in the morning to meet him, and that he so frequently finds her lover standing at the door of his house.

The *aguador* scarcely ever dines at home. His wife meets him with a basket covered with a napkin at the entrance to some house, and there, together with his children and companions, he dines with good appetite and without annoyance of any kind. Then he goes to the fountain where he is accustomed to draw water, frees himself of his jars, and stretches himself in the shade to take his *siesta;* or he spends the rest of the day at some *pulque* shop, playing a game called "*rayeula*" with his companions, or repeating pleasantries and proverbs to the maids that happen to pass near him, and drinking *pulque*. But in the midst of this monotony, they also have their days of enjoyment, their days of merriment and diversion. The feast of the Holy Cross arrives, and when day begins to dawn, they burn

an endless number of rockets and bombs, which they call *salva* or salute.

When the sun rises, the sign of the cross has been already placed on the spring of the fountain, or in the center, if the fountain is in a public square. The said crosses are adorned with rosaries or chains of poppies and *cempazuchitl*. On that day the water-men bathe, dress themselves in their holiday clothes and go to dine in community, eating heartily and drinking white and prepared *pulque* the greater part of the day.

One of the poor waterman's joys is the Saturday of Passion Week, or *Sabado de Gloria;* but this day is not so animated as the former, for it is confined to strewing flowers on the water of the fountain and burning an image representing their profession.

The following account of the superstitious beliefs of the Nahoan Indians is taken from *Mexico á traves de los Siglos*. They had singularly materialistic views in regard to death. They believed that *Mictlan* (literally hell) was reached by the dead after a long and painful journey. Their hieroglyphics indicate that the dead must first cross the Apanohuaya river, and to do this it was necessary to have the aid of a little yellow dog (*techichi*) with a cotton string tied around his neck, which was placed in the hands of the dead. Dogs of no other color could be used, as neither white nor black dogs could cross the river. The white ones would say, "I have been washed," while the black ones rejoined, "I have been stained." These dogs were reared by the natives for this special purpose, and the *techichi* is that well-known favorite among *perros*, now called the Chihuahua dog.

After crossing the river, the dog led his master, devoid of clothing, between two mountains that were constantly clashing together, then over one covered with jagged rocks, and then over eight hills upon which snow was ever falling, on through eight deserts where the winds were as sharp as knives. After this he led him through a path where arrows were flying continually; and, worst of all, he encountered a tiger that ate out his heart, when he fell into a deep, dark, foaming

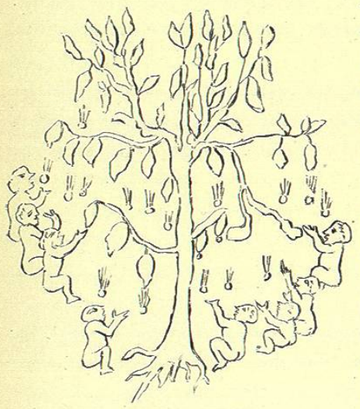
river, filled with lizards, after which he appeared before the King of Mictlan, when his tortuous journey was ended and his identity ceased.

It was also a belief that when the body began this journey it must have been buried for a period of four years. In this belief it was not the soul, but the body in actuality that made the mysterious journey.

For those who enjoy euphonious names, I will state that the name of the last stopping place was "*Izmictlanapochcalocca*, on which the alligator *Xochitonal* is encountered; the alligator is the earth's symbol and Xochitonal the last day of the year, which shows the body here reached the last stage of its existence and became dust of the earth."

When the two are united we see readily the connecting link in their ideas: that at the end of a certain time the body is converted into dust, and the dead are finished forever.

The Milk Tree for Dead Children—*El Arbol de Leche de los Niños-Muertos*, embodies another superstitious tradition of the Nahoa Indians, which was the existence of a mansion where children went after death. This was called *Chihuacuauhco*, from a tree which was supposed to grow there, from the branches of which milk dropped to nourish the children which clung to them. It was believed that these children would return to populate the world after the race which then inhabited it had passed away



A CELESTIAL MONOPOLY.

The superstitions of to-day among the Mexican lower classes, though without this post-mortem materialism, are quite as strong and as closely adhered to. They are almost numberless, and the most

insignificant has its own place, not to be substituted by any other. Evidences of this appear in the performance of the simplest duty. Let them begin to make a fire, and the first movement is to make the sign of the cross in the air before the range; or if about to cook any such articles as *tortillas*, many of them, as preliminary, make the cross and utter a few words of prayer. The moon has much to do with these fancies, and many of their individual failings are laid to the account of that luminary.

These are carried with humorous effect into the smallest minutiæ of household labors. In killing fowls, they pull the head off, then make the sign of the cross with the neck on the ground, and laying the chicken on the place, declare it cannot jump about; but I noticed they always held it firmly on the cross.

Many of them keep a light burning both day and night in their houses. In the majority of instances, the light is merely a wax taper placed in a glass half filled with water, with a little oil on the top. Beside the taper a cross is fixed.

On one occasion, I went into a *tortilla* establishment where were eight or ten women grinding corn, and seeing the light I asked the *patrona* why she kept this light burning.

"Because," she answered, "I want God and all his saints to keep this house from evil spirits. We have to work very hard all day, and when this light is burning they dare not come near."

"Do you keep it burning always?" said I.

"Yes, always; without it we would be in total darkness." Then, turning to me, she asked:

"Have you not God and saints in your country?"

"Yes; but we believe that God will protect us without the light, and we do not depend on the saints;" which ended the colloquy.

I have been at times much impressed with the seriousness and sentiment so evidently underlying these little superstitious actions. The old *tamalera*, the music of whose *grito* appears in these pages, came to our house the evening I left the capital. She released her

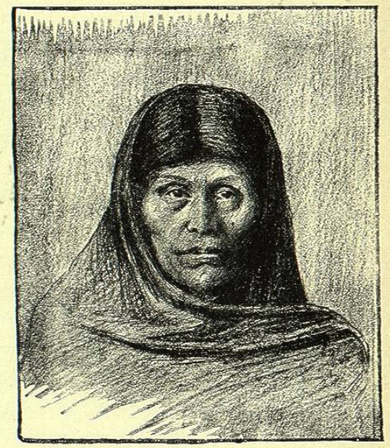
burden from her back, and then began as usual to chat with me, her extreme age and trembling frame appealing strongly to my sympathies. When I had sung her *grito* over and over with her, she made the sign of the cross over the *olla* in which she kept her *tamales*, then crossed herself, saying: "In the name of the *Divina Providencia* may I have enough customers to buy these *tamales*, that I may go early to my home. I am weary of trudging these streets, and *mi pobre casa* is far away." Before leaving, she turned to me, and, with tears streaming down her face, placed her hand on my head and said: "*Niña*, you leave us to-night to go to your home, that is far, far away in another land; may the *Divina Providencia* take you safely there; may you find your people well, and some day before I die, may you return to us here, and sing again with me this *grito!*"

On the feast of All Souls, they place a table on the sidewalk containing such articles of food as their dead friends and relatives liked best—even to the *pulque*. When morning comes, it is, of course, all gone, and the donor is duly happy, because she imagines the dear dead ones have returned and partaken of their favorite food, when in reality, mischievous boys have consumed these precious edibles. On this day the various venders and outside help come for their gifts, just as newsboys come for their contributions on New Year's. These gifts are disguised under the name of *calaveras*—skulls. Each one asks in his own characteristic fashion, the paper carrier in the following verse:

"Your faithful carrier
Cheerfully presents himself,
Encouraged by the hope
Of obtaining your favor:
You who are a subscriber,
Applauded everywhere
For that sincere loyalty
With which you are accustomed to pay:
He only comes to beg you
To give him his 'Calavera.'"

The *curandera* is another outside household appendage. She is the professional nurse, and as such is faithful, ready, and attentive. In this capacity her services are invaluable. She may also assume the rôle of practicing physician, and with numerous remedies and herbs of every kind, she becomes quite a power in the land. There is a world of witchcraft and superstition in the practice of the *curanderas*, and the common people stand in great awe of them.

In the rural districts their pharmacy consists of ground glass, beaten shells, white lead, and an infinity of herbs. Their diagnosis embraces *calor y frio* (heat and cold), and their therapeutics are always directed toward these two conditions. A disease quite common which these women assume to cure is *empeche*, a condition where undigested food adheres to some part of the stomach. To dislodge the *empeche*, they give white lead and quicksilver, at frequent intervals, in compound doses. For paralysis, they have been known to give blue and red glass beads, ground up in equal portions, a tablespoonful at a dose. Strange to relate, the patient recovered.



VICENTA.

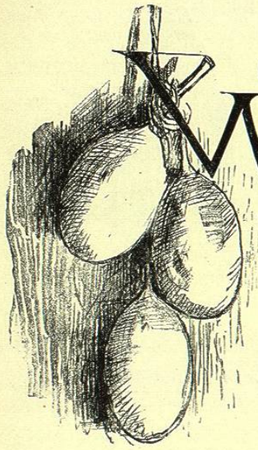
"I became a doctor by my natural intelligence."

If a child is slow in learning to talk, they recommend a diet of boiled swallows. This is infallible. If he is slow about walking, his legs should be rubbed with dirt. This accounts for the fact that *pelado* (poor) children acquire the use of their limbs sooner than those of the higher classes.

The portrait of Vicenta gives an excellent idea of the intellectual development of these women doctors. From a conversation I held with her, I feel confident she had some believer in "Altruistic Faith" as partner in the practice of her profession; for when I asked her how she became a doctor, she coolly replied: "By my natural intelligence."

CHAPTER XIII.

TO PUEBLA, CHOLULA, SAN MIGUEL SESMA, AND ORIZABA—ALONG THE MEXICAN RAILWAY.



A BUNCH OF GRANIDITAS.

WE left the capital at early dawn for a visit to Puebla and other places of interest, along the Mexican or Vera Cruz Railway, which penetrates the tropic glories of the *tierra caliente*.

Swiftly we sped along the smooth rails, passing numerous wayside shrines, where, in the not remote past, earnest devotees halted for a prayer as they wended their way on their knees to renew their vows at the great temple of Guadalupe. Picturesque Indian burden-bearers trotted along beside the cars, peering through the windows, now and then taking off a hat or waving a hand in salutation to some passing acquaintance.

We whirled through fields of maguey, growing in parallel lines which intersected each other. The rapid motion of the train causing these lines to successively converge and diverge, the figure of a star was constantly being presented, and I could not but be delighted in fancying I saw pictured on these distant plains the emblem of my own great State.

At San Juan Teotihuacan our nineteenth century civilization in-