One of the Indians who was present at the foot-race described in a former article, offered to guide us the day after the race to a place where there was to be a drinking feast. We started off on a hot morning down a very steep slope, the mules having a hard time of it, not walking, but often sliding. When we arrived the feast was over and everyone was drunk. Our guide, however, who took a strange interest in us, invited us to a small-beer feast and dance at his own house. We camped in a narrow valley, near where the feast was to be held the next day in honor of the memory of a son dead one year ago, and also as a thanksgiving for past good crops and a prayer for good crops to come; the Indians cannot afford to have very many such feasts, and so make one feast serve many purposes.

Upon our arrival we found the women busy grinding corn and boiling malt for beer. The pivot around which the thoughts of these Indians move is rain and native beer. In their dry country rain is of the utmost importance for their crops, and without crops they do not get their ba-ta-like (beer made from maize). The Indian is inordinately fond of this, besides which he needs it for all his ceremonies. No act of importance can be done without it. Ba-ta-like is given with the mother's milk to the infant to "cure" it. The dead get no rest without some of this beer being set apart for them. It is the great remedy in the hands of the medicine-men, and never do they use it without first sacrificing a part to their god, who is as eager for this drink as they are. In making it the moist corn is allowed to sprout, when it is ground and boiled, and the seed of a grass resembling wheat is added as a ferment. The liquor is put in large earthen jars, used only for this purpose, and is drunk when twenty-four hours old, or even sooner. The jars cannot hold it longer, as they are not very strong, and so the people take the responsibility upon themselves. A row of these jars, inverted, is a common sight outside of all Tarahumari houses or caves. The Indians drink incredible quantities of this liquor, which is white in color and resembles beer, and is called teswaino by the Mexicans, who also sometimes make it. It is very nourishing, and both Indians and Mexicans refrain from food before drinking it, asserting that the mixture will disagree with them. This may be one reason for their constant intoxication. But they drink it in such amazing quantities that they are sure to be intoxicated, food or no food. At night they cover the jars of teswaino with a sprig of a
Adrien Henri Tanoux give an air of high breeding to his sitters, and of late we have become acquainted with the democratic portrait-painter who professes to exhibit the middle-class citizen as he is. M. Tanoux does not appear to have any preferences of this kind. If the sitter is "an officer and a gentleman" he will be reflected in that character on the canvas; if he is not more fashionable than "The Three Waifs," M. Tanoux will certainly not disdain him, but will find something interesting in him as he is and not miss what is essential in his nature by lending a refinement that does not really belong to him.
kind of artemisia, a plant used by the medicine-men for many purposes and expected in this case to frighten away the evil spirits who might want to spoil the liquor.

The next morning I went to see the manufacture of another kind of liquor which, for certain ceremonies, seems to be necessary and of special value. The heart of a small kind of agave, the charwee, had been baked for two or three days, and the sweet mass allowed to ferment. It was then squeezed in a blanket and the drippings caught in a jar. It is drunk on the same day and in very small quantities, as it is very sweet and very intoxicating.

As a preparation for the funeral feast, a man went out in the afternoon and cut two branches which he tied together in the shape of a cross. This was raised at the spot where the dance was to take place; while a smaller cross which had been standing there, as the custom is, was taken about fifty yards from the house where the boy had died, and east of it were placed some beer in a jar and some cigarettes. All night a fire was kept up in order that the dead person might dance, drink, and warm himself at the same time as the others. About one hour before sunset, a white he-goat was brought and its throat cut. An old hag caught the blood in a bowl and with a spoon threw some of it in the air, first toward the west, then toward the east, north, and south. A white sheep was then brought and killed, and this time the head of the house performed a similar ceremony with the blood. Then a black wether was killed, but its blood was not thrown up. The meat of the animals was put in a pot to boil, without salt, and the bones were afterward taken out, for the god does not like bones.

The sacrifice with blood is, however, not so important as the sacrifice with beer, and this beer sacrifice, which now followed, and is considered as the real beginning of the festival, is performed by the master of the house, who fills a big gourd with native beer, tessel',no, and standing before the cross, facing the east, throws a dipperful of it into the air. He then walks around the cross and throws another dipperful to the west; after which he repeats the ceremony on the other sides of the cross. This is gone through every time a fresh jar of tessel'no is opened. Women are busy preparing for the feast corn-cakes and tamales, maize crushed wrapped in leaves and boiled.

The son of the house, pointing to the stars, told me that the dance would begin when the Pleiades reached a place in the heavens which I estimated would be at about eleven o'clock.

When the dancing began, two musicians, so called, or singers, opened the proceedings by some vigorous shakes of a rattle made of a gourd filled with pebbles, a noise producing instrument used by all medicine-men, and which they say comes from their god. At every ceremony these singers begin by shaking these rattles three times to their god, holding them upward, after which they proceed with their rhythmical din. Up and down, in time to the rattle, they walked around the cross, singing first on one side and then on the other. Their song was one without words, consisting of an unintelligible jargon, the melody constituting, in their opinion, the essential part of the prayer. Some singers will recite intelligible words. These were rather ignorant fellows. Gradually, the rest joined in and all began to dance, at the same time keeping up a sort of melodious murmur in time with the singers. Dancing is an essential part of the Tarahumari's worship; it is not for his pleasure; it is in order to secure rain and good crops and to ward off evil that he dances. The Tarahumari words for dancing are Nau-chi-li Ol-a-wa, meaning, literally, "They are going to work." An old man
may say to a young buck who is idle, at the feast: "Why do you not go to work?" meaning, why does he not dance. There are four or five kinds of dances practised, but of these the most important are the Yumaree, a rain dance, or prayer for rain, and the Rutuburee.

The first named is a species of walk-around, in which the men form a semi-circle and march with lock-step, holding each other by the arm. While this is going on, the women go through similar motions in another concentric ring of their own, standing behind the men, but they often break ranks, jumping forward and backward with a rising and falling motion of the body wholly devoid of grace. Both men and women are wrapped in their blankets, the women often carrying their sleeping children on their backs; strange to say, few accidents happen, although children have been known to be killed at these dances when the mother gets drunk. The dance may last ten minutes, after which there is a rest, and perhaps a repetition, or another kind of dance. In the Rutuburee, the singer or leader stands in the centre of a line, the men on one side of him and the women on the other; the men walk slowly forward, keeping time to the music, while the singer hops along like a crow; then the dancers turn around and go back. The women follow the men, but wait until the men are several yards in advance, when they run after them, without regard to the music. The patter of the women's naked feet on the hard earth sounds like the rush of stampeded mules.

By dancing, the Tarahumaris ward off diseases and keep away caterpillars and grasshoppers, which would eat the corn. There is also a thanksgiving dance, and the dance of the dead. In the winter the yoké dance is for snow, which is essential for good crops. They dance to the sun and the moon, their gods, and hold special festivals in their honor. An Indian seldom smokes in the daytime unless he is drunk, for he would offend the sun by so doing. Therefore, he smokes only after sunset, or for ceremonial purposes. At their dances, it is considered essential to observe a strict formality, to refrain from laughing or talking in a loud voice, and from making any unnecessary kind of noise. As it is difficult to preserve such decorum when large numbers of people and children are present, the pagans often depute one man to dance and sing as their representative, while the rest work. Thus, I have seen outside of a Tarahumari house a lone man dancing and singing, and shaking his rattle before the cross, while inside the cave, or in the fields beyond, the other Indians were at work. This lonely worshipper is doing his share of the work by bringing rain, or warding off disaster. As he is alone, his decorum is not likely to be disturbed, and his dancing may go on all night. The Indians told me that such worship was the hardest kind of work, exhausting even to an Indian. In all these songs and dances they invoke the help of the wild animals. The birds, who sing in the spring, sing for rain; the crickets, the turtles, the fish, the frogs, all help to make rain, and all
dance. The deer in the pairing season taught them to dance their great dance, Yumaree; and the wild turkey taught them their other great dance, Rutuburee.

About three o'clock in the morning, noticing that the dancing flagged and was done with no particular spirit, I went down to my camp to sleep for a couple of hours, and had just rolled myself comfortably in my blankets, when my Indian friend, the son of the house, appeared with a torch and called to me to come, as they were about to begin eating and drinking. Nabor and I went with him. A medicine-man presided at the feast, for which all the food, beer, and rattles were placed on a blanket before the cross. As usual, some of the beer was sacrificed to the four corners of the world, and then some of the meat, the dogs standing around while the latter ceremony was going on, waiting for what might fall to them, and coming back to the charge after having been driven off by the Indians. We entered the hut and I sat next to the medicine-man, a seat of honor, with Nabor next to me. The meat, boiled to a stringy mass and without salt, was first given to me, but did not prove tempting. Then a big gourd of tsewaino was placed before me, with which I was expected to sacrifice. I deputed this ceremony to Nabor, who was quite at home in it. The liquor was then offered first to the host, hostess, and daughter, and to me, in the order named, and then to the others present.

The medicine-man then began to "cure" the persons of the house, taking a dipper of maguey wine, over which he made the sign of the cross with his finger before giving a drink of it to the baby of the house, the mother holding a cross over the child's breast. The same ceremony was gone through with all the children. Wine was offered to me with the cross. At every such feast the medicine-man is expected to cure or help some sick person, and they are very adroit in making the Indians believe that they suck maggots out of the sick person, or bad blood.

Now began another Yumaree dance with more vigor, the participants having had a good deal of drink. The scene was a weird one, the fires lighting up the night and throwing out in bold relief the fantastic figures of the Indians as they moved rhythmically back and forth, giving vent to the so-called song which accompanies their dances. Lucifer, as the Mexicans call the Morning Star, was trying to hold his own against the wan light of the fading moon in its last quarter. Both Lucifer and the moon had, however, soon to give way before the faint rosy tint which rapidly filled the east. For how many hundreds, perhaps thousands of years, had Lucifer cast his last rays upon just such a weird scene as this in the heart of the Sierra Madre. Meanwhile the solemn dance continued. At sunrise the eldest son of the house made a speech, the gist of which was good advice to his friends to avoid the evil of drink, to be quiet, peaceful, and industrious, urging his hearers to dance before the cross, and with the rattle to pray that nothing evil should trouble...
Dancing—"Up and down, in time to the rattle, they walked around the cross."—Page 440.
Sma!! Storehollse Perched on Bowlder.

This appeal was punctuated with exclamations of approval or assent from the company. Then the dance went on, but with less spirit, as the large quantity of liquor drunk during the night was beginning to show its effect.

In the morning were held the ceremonies in honor of the dead person whose spirit was supposed to have taken part in the night's festival. Every one marched in procession to the funeral cross, bringing all kinds of food and beer, and after sitting down each person of the family drank formally with the dead man and made to him the following speech:

"Now be off to the other world; we don't want you here any longer, now that you are dead. He who is above us will carry you off. What do you wish here, wandering around like a coyote? Go away from us. We don't want you. Therefore we give you provisions for the journey."

This was repeated in substance by all the relatives, one after the other, and even the weeping Nabor, although not a relative and who never saw the dead person, gave the speech with great solemnity of manner. Nabor had the honor of distributing the tewaino, drinking meantime incredible quantities of it. In explanation of this curious address to the dead, it should be said, that according to Indian superstition the dead person takes the shape of some animal, who wanders around for a whole year after death. Food is placed and ashes are sprinkled at the spot where a person dies in order that the friends may discover by the tracks what sort of animal shape the departed has assumed. Three ceremonies are held upon behalf of the dead (four for a woman) within the year—the first, three days after death, the second and more important, at the end of six months, and the last and most important at the end of the year. Unless such ceremonies are held and the medicine-man does his best, the dead person may forever continue to wander around as an animal. Sorcerers and people too poor to pay the medicine-man suffer that fate. If the dead person has been a particularly bad man, the medicine-men have a hard time in rescuing him from the animal kingdom;
it may take hours of prayer and dances to get his head through, and then hours of other dances and incantations with herbs and hikori to rescue the rest of his body.

After the funeral service there was some more dancing, but most of the people were by this time very drunk, and by noon all had dispersed. These Indians whom I met at this festival live during the winter in the barrancas de Tuaripa and are, more or less, cave-dwellers. Contrary to my expectations, I later on found two Indians willing to accompany me down in their barrancas and help me to take skulls out of the caves. One was a man of the greatest influence in this barranca and showed his great friendship for me by selling me the bones of his near relatives. I paid him less than a dollar for the skeleton of his mother-in-law. He was an Indian of more than common intelligence and proved himself a valuable friend to me, believing that I would help his tribe.

Before leaving these kind friends who had thus admitted me to their household feasts, I was invited by one of the singers to go to his house. He had a boy who feared neither him nor their god, and who, he thought, would be impressed and sobered by the sight of a particular trick which I had exhibited. This trick was done with the simple apparatus by which a red ball is made to appear and disappear at will from the inside of a cup. It does not impose long upon a ten-year-old child in civilized countries, but these simple Indians were lost in awe-struck wonder over it. The singer believed that his reckless boy, inclined to scoff at wonders and signs, would be brought to his senses by this marvel. It happened, however, that the boy was away in the fields and I had no opportunity of testing it upon him.

I was invited to several other dancing feasts, at one of which, a thanksgiving, ears of corn were hung up near the cross. My trip, although a short one, had proved to be of great interest and profit, and upon getting back to headquarters I at once began preparations for a long southern journey to the great barranca de San Carlos and other places, which was to last several months.

Nobody who travels in the land of the Tarahumaris can fail to notice that a curious feature of all their habitations is the number of storehouses, of which every householder or cave-dweller has from two to ten. Sometimes these storehouses, which measure from four to eight feet square, and are about five feet in height, are built like miniature log-houses, or they may be of stone. The roofs are of straw or of pine boards. Sometimes they are square and of boards; but more often round, and of stone. When found in caves they are...
through which a man may creep with some trouble. When not in use as a closet by the inhabitants of the cave, the door of the storehouse is closed up with a piece of board and the edges tightly cemented with clay. This is always done when the family leaves the habitation to go to some other place, and nothing is considered more heinous by the Tarahumaris than to break open a storehouse thus sealed up. When the storehouses are built of logs and are outside the caves, they are usually placed in the most inaccessible spots of the neighborhood, such as on top of a big boulder or up on the slope above the cave. They are used as receptacles for the surplus riches of the family, consisting chiefly of corn, blankets, and cotton cloth.

Corn is the chief agricultural product of the Tarahumaris, who also cultivate beans, and in rare cases, in the barrancas, tobacco, but all upon a small scale. Their chief dish, twice a day, is what the Mexicans also use to a great extent and call pinole—toasted corn, ground to a flour on a stone and mixed with cold water to the consistency of a thick soup. It is cooling and nourishing, but rather indigestible. As a luxury the Indian eats corn cakes (tortillas). From the harvest, which is in September and October, until February, he lives well, but starves from that time until the next harvest, subsisting chiefly upon baked maguey and herbs. A great many seeds, roots, and the young shoots of the ash tree serve him for food. In a certain part of the Sierra, at an elevation of eight thousand feet, wild onions are found in great profusion. There are two species of these, one of which is rather bitter, but the other is excellent, and I have frequently used it. Wild herbs are many. I have seen the Indians gather in one minute four kinds of herbs, all of which were excellent eating, from the same place in front of the cave. The herbs are generally found in the bottoms of the valleys, and especially in the cultivated fields. The most important herb to the Tarahumari is a species of Cruciferae, known as Mekvasari, which grows in the fields as a weed. Mexicans have the same name for it, and sometimes cultivate it.

I have often had occasion to live largely upon the corn dishes of the Indians, and strange to say I have felt
all the better for this simple and vegetarian diet. I never knew before that corn could give such power to endure fatigue. I have for a few days at a time done a great deal of climbing and walking, living on corn-cakes and water. For weeks my chief dish, three times a day, was a thin soup made from ground and toasted corn, mixed with some condensed milk. I cannot refrain from mentioning one Indian dish, which I have found so strengthening and so refreshing that I may almost claim it as a discovery interesting to mountain climbers, especially to travelers who have to employ great bodily exertion. This dish is called in Mexico iskiate and is made by the Indian women, who rub toasted corn on the millstone, adding water to it, until they produce a thickish kind of drink which is always cool and looks very inviting to the weary traveller; it is of a pleasant green color, owing to certain herbs ground in with it. I remember, one late afternoon, arriving at the cave of a heathen whose wife was just making this iskiate. The day had been extremely fatiguing, and I felt tired and at a loss how to climb up the side of the mountain before dark, a height of some two thousand feet. But after satisfying my hunger and thirst with this dish, offered by my hospitable friend, I felt new strength, and to my astonishment climbed the height without any great effort. After this I always found this dish a friend in need. It does not, however, agree well with a sedentary life, as it is slightly indigestible.

Thus from force of circumstances I became a convert to vegetarianism for the time being. I found that there is more strength in maize than in meat, while journeying in these hot barrancas, with the sharp and severe climbing required. Moreover the meat was poor and diseased on account of the drought. I now fully understand how the Norwegian peasant starts out on prolonged mountain trips, with his oat or barley bread as his main provision, not to speak of the hard work done by the races who subsist chiefly on rice. However, what is good for me may not necessarily prove so to others and I will frankly confess that when in civilization I do not feel inclined to give up the delights of a French menu, although to a certain extent I have at present lost my former liking for meat. I believe that
many travellers who complain of ill health, as well as people living under civilized conditions, would be benefited by an experiment in vegetarianism.

In the dry season the Indian subsists almost wholly at times upon the baked heart of the maguay. This sweet stuff tremendous noise and the animal, in running against the sharp sticks, gets severely wounded and is soon caught. As soon as snow falls, the Tarahumaris sally forth looking for tracks of different animals.

Small birds are killed with bows and arrows or even with stones. Blackbirds are very plentiful in the winter time and are caught by threading corn on a suare of pita (fibre of agave) hidden under the ground. The birds eat the kernel and cannot eject it. Quail are killed with bow and arrow. Turkeys are killed by dogs or caught in traps. The Indians are so fond of mice that I have known them to beg for permission to look through a house for them. They will eat snakes, wolves, and wild dogs. Nothing is eaten raw. A larva found on the branches of the madrona, in small white sacks of a silky texture, is gathered, boiled, and eaten.

Several kinds of berries and wild fruits are used by the Indians, for instance the red berry of the madrona. But above all they value the fruit of the Cereus Pithaya, which lasts for about a month, at the height of the dry season, just when they need it most. This fruit is about as big as an egg, green, spine-covered, its flesh soft, full of black seeds, and very sweet and nourishing. It grows at a height of from fifteen to twenty feet, and the Indian gets it down with a long, pronged fork of reeds, gathering it in a reed crate which he carries on his back. In the early morning at dawn, the Indians, men and women, start out, armed with these slender poles, climbing the ridges with grace and agility, to
Fishing with Nets made of Blankets sewn together Lengthwise.—Page 451.
get the pithaya, which is better picked at this hour than in the middle of the day. I found it excellent with milk. The taste is between that of a fig and a plum. The Mexican servants consider it so great a delicacy that they often abscond during the pithaya season in order to obtain it.

In warm weather the Indians catch fish with their hands in the crevices of the rocks. Their chief fishing is done, however, by poisoning or stupefying the fish with different kinds of vegetable poison. This is practised only in the warm season, as according to the Tarahumaris the cold weather renders the poison ineffective. Neither do they like cold water. Several plants yield the poison, the most important being a tree called Palo de la Flecha. When the poison is obtained, it is necessary to drink beer and to sacrifice some beer and fish to their god. Under the bark of this tree is found a liquid juice, a drop of which causes the skin to smart like fire. The river water is poisoned by cutting off the bark and allowing it to float with the current until it is stopped by a dam made of tree-trunks. The Indians are very careful not to get any spray of this poisonous juice into their eyes, and they stand to the windward of it. One man who omitted this precaution was blinded for three days, but was cured with a solution of salt applied to the eyes.

While the fishing is going on a cross is set up near the river, upon which beads and girdles, headbands, tunics, pouches, and arrows are hung. Should they omit this sacrifice to the spirit of the water, the fish will not die, "for surely there is some great big man who is the master of the fish," said an Indian to me; and he added, "or it is perhaps only the oldest fish." The work begins in the evening after the proper ceremonies and sacrifices have been made and continues all through the night, the men cutting bark and branches of the poison tree and throwing the pieces into the river, one party standing on one bank and one party on the other. There is a manager appointed for each party who takes care that none of his men goes to sleep. One man from each party is deputed to warm stones and throw them into the river two or three at a time, every half hour. I could get no explanation of
Tarahumari Dances and Plant-Worship

At the break of day the two managers follow the river to see the effect of the poison. If much poison is put in, it is said to take effect along a mile of the river, but usually it covers only half that distance or even less. Each man then gathers all the fish he can, but those caught in reed mats, so placed as to intercept stupefied or dead fish, belong to the owners of the mats. Women and children are not permitted to stay with the men at night, but they watch the mats to see that the otters do not steal the fish. After the catch, the women open the fish and hang them on the branches to dry. A good night's catch may amount to two or three mule-loads. Many of the stupefied fish recover, but many of course also die, and are eaten all the same.

During the day the Indians eat and sleep, and at night drink maguey wine and get very drunk. Wine-making from maguey requires three days, after which another day is given to searching for more poison wood, and then the Indians are ready for another catch. This fishing may be repeated two or three times a year, but sometimes, if food is plenty, a whole year passes without such an expedition. The work is done with great earnestness, and almost in silence. Chili is not eaten either by men or women, and the bones of the fish are thrown into the fire.

Later on in the summer the heathen may be seen fishing lower down on the river Fuerte, where it is deep. I have seen them fasten sixteen blankets together lengthwise with splinters of wood, making a gigantic net held at the upper and lower edges by ropes of vines; with this the river was dragged at a narrow part for a distance of about three hundred yards, the operation taking about twenty minutes. Men on either shore carried the rope along, and others in the water pushed the net, holding it at the right height to intercept the fish. The catch upon one occasion that I remember, was more than eighty big suckers, of three or four pounds apiece, which were picked out by hand by men standing in the pocket made by the net as it was drawn on shore. The smaller fish were taken out with a blanket used as a dipping net. I should say that there was more than a cartload of fish.

This account of the Tarahumaris is necessarily brief and incomplete. But I cannot bring it to a close without reference to one of their most curious and important superstitions, plant worship. To the Indian, everything in nature is alive, and even the plants could not grow if they had no souls. Many of them are supposed to talk and sing and feel pain like ourselves. There are five or six kinds of plants, species of Mammillaria, or small cacti, called Hikori, that live for months after they have been rooted...
up, which are even worshipped by the Tarahumaris. They look upon these and to ward off disease. These Hikori are found growing in the ranges east

plants as individuals to be treated with the utmost respect, in fact as demi-gods to whom sacrifice must be offered. The chief benefit sought from this plant worship is the good health of the tribe, but there are also many other advantages to be gained by having the plants in their storehouses, or wearing them about their persons. The Tarahumari does not keep them in his own house, because they, the plants, are "virtuous," and would be offended at the sight of anything wrong or lascivious.

All the small cacti are regarded with superstitious reverence by the Tarahumari. They have different properties, the most pronounced of them being to drive off wizards, robbers, and Apaches, of the Mexican Central Railway, particularly at Santa Rosalia de Camarga. When they are needed by the tribe, ten or a dozen Tarahumaris start out to gather them, first using copal incense on themselves. The journey is a long one, and it takes the Indians a week and three days to get to the Sierra Margosa, where they are chiefly found. Until they reach the field where the Hikori grows, the Tarahumari may eat what he likes, but once there he must be abstinent from all but pinole. Women may follow the Hikori gatherers, but may not touch the plant. Upon arriving at the Sierra, the first thing done is to erect a cross, near which are placed the first few Hikori that are taken up,
TARAHUMARI DANCES AND PLANT-WORSHIP

In order that these Hikori may tell where others are to be found in plenty. The Indians chew and eat the next plants they find, and in consequence get very intoxicated; as speech is forbidden in this place, they lie down in silence. On the second day, when sober, they begin to collect the plant early in the morning, taking it up very carefully with sticks, in order not to hurt it, because the plant would be angry and revenge itself, making them mad and tumbling them down precipices. Different species are kept in different sacks, because otherwise they would fight. He—-the Indian always speaks of the plant as an individual—is a noisy divinity, and sings away when in the sack. One man who used his bag of Hikori as a pillow, told me that such was the noise made by the plant that he was unable to sleep.

When the Tarahumaris return with the Hikori, a festival is held in honor of the plant. The people go out to welcome the travelers with music, and at night much teswaino, or native beer, is drunk. The night is passed in dancing in honor of the plant. The pile of Hikori, perhaps two bushels, is placed under a cross and sprinkled with teswaino, for the Hikori likes teswaino as well as the Tarahumaris. The next day a sheep or even an ox or two goats are sacrificed. Hikori is sold to the heathens in the barrancas who are too timid to go for it themselves. One plant costs a sheep, and the buyer holds a feast in honor of its purchase, and repeats the feast at the same time every year.

Several kinds of Hikori should be described. There is the Wan ami (superior), which, besides being used to make an intoxicating drink, is famous as a remedy for snake bites and burns and wounds. It is moistened in the mouth and applied to the part to be relieved. It is also supposed to prolong life. Sunami, which looks like a small artichoke, is a still more powerful Hikori than Wanami. The deer cannot run away from it and the bears cannot do you any harm if you have it. Robbers are powerless against it, for Sunami calls soldiers to its aid. A liquor, called Hikori, is made from both these cacti, particularly the first, and is highly intoxicating. It is prominent at all festivals held in honor of the plant, and is drunk by the medicine-men and their assistants and also by the whole assembly as a safeguard against witchcraft and for the health of the tribe.

Rosapara is a white and spiny Hikori, different from the two already mentioned. It must be touched with clean hands and only by people who are "well baptized" for "he" is a good "Christian," say the Christian Tarahumaris, and keeps a sharp eye upon people around "him." Rosapara is particularly effective in frightening off Apaches and robbers. Rubio, a medicine-man and a friend of mine, told me that the Apaches once turned back because he had these two plants with him. "He" is very fierce, makes bad people mad, and throws them down precipices. Mulato is a Hikori which makes the eyes large and clear to see sorcerers, gives long life, and speed to the runner.

The greatest Hikori of them all is, however, Walulasaliane, literally meaning a big authority. This is a rare plant which I have never seen. It is said to grow in low clusters from eight to twelve inches in diameter, resembling the Wanami, with many "young ones" about him. All the other Hikoris are "his" servants. "He" is so greedy as to require oxen for food—nothing else will satisfy him, and therefore but few of the Tarahumaris can afford to entertain "him." If an ox is not killed for "him," "he" will eat the Indian. "He" never dies. At ceremonies and sacrifices in aid of a sick person, the medicine-man will, in the absence of this important Hikori, fly to "his" country, where "he" stands looking toward his sons, the Tarahumaris, and offer "him," the soul of the ox that has been sacrificed. "He" eats it and sends benefits back by servants of "his" who are particularly well dressed and wear straw hats—regular Americans, as Rubio expressed it. Only the medicine-men can see "them" when "they" come to clean the souls and to cure the hearts of the Tarahumaris.

There is one kind of Hikori which has long white spines and is supposed to come from the devil and is used for...
evil purposes. If it becomes angry the leg which kicked it will break. Once when I happened to push one of these globular woolly-looking cactuses with a stick, an Indian said to me, “Leave it alone, for it will make you fall down precipices.” In the eastern part of the Sierra, and in a few other parts, for instance in the foot-hills around the River Fuerte, Hikori is not used at all.

According to the Indian traditions, when their god went to heaven at the beginning of the world, he left Hikori on the earth as the great remedy for the Tarahumaris. Hikori sings very beautifully, so that the Tarahumaris may find it. It sings in the field and in the blanket in which it is carried and also in the cave where it is kept. When they go to take it from its country, it says: “I want to go with you to your country, so that you may sing an incantation for me.” The Indians keep it in a jar in a cave very carefully, and do not take it out without offering it beer and meat. If this was neglected it might eat the Indian’s soul. If anything happens to Hikori—if, for instance, rats should eat it, the Indians believe that Hikori in “his” anger will blight them with madness. Hikori is a very important personage and it is necessary to lift one’s hat before approaching it; the Christian Tarahumari makes the sign of the cross. It is saluted as if it were a Tarahumari, with the formal and customary salutation, and is supposed to make the customary answers. The small plants are even sometimes dressed in clothes, making a ludicrous appearance. Neither women nor boys are allowed to touch it.

In the Indian songs, Hikori is described as standing on top of a gigantic bead, as big as a mountain, the polished seed of a grass called Choix Lacrymae. This seed, of which necklaces are made, is believed to be medicinal and to keep away evil. Men and women and children wear them. Peasant women in Italy and Spain use this same grass seed as a protection against evil, and American women have been known to use it with teething children, whom it is supposed to soothe. The Hikori is believed to wash away all diseases. Even the Christian Tarahumari says that Hikori sits next to their god and is called “Uncle” because it is a brother of their god. They believe that the greatest of the Hikoris is a twin brother of their god. The great Hikori rides to feasts on the back of a beautiful green dove. The Hikoris come flying from San Ignacio and from Satapolio early in the morning in order to eat and drink with the Tarahumaris at the end of the dance, when the Indians eat and sacrifice. The biggest authority among them eats with the medicine-man, who alone is able to see “him” and “his” companions. If they do not come, there would always remain on the Tarahumaris the breath or stain of the sorcerers.

At the end of four years, Hikori loses its virtues and grows mouldy, when it is buried in a corner of the cave, or is taken back to the place from which it came and new plants obtained.

At all important festivals, some medicine men devote themselves wholly to the Hikori worship in order that the health of the participants in the feast may be preserved and that they may have vigor for their dances. If there is much sickness, Hikori dances are frequently held. The evening before the festival, the master of the house where it is to be held gives a number of Hikori plants to women known as Roakoro, assistants of the medicine-man, who ground it upon a stone with water and take pains not to spill a drop. Roakoro means stamina, while the medicine-man is the pistil of the flower. Even the stone is afterward carefully washed and the water saved. The special medicine-man who devotes himself to Hikori worship draws with his finger upon the sand a mystical figure, in the centre of which he plants the Hikori. This he covers with a gourd, upon which he rests the end of a notched stick, which he rasps with a piece of wood, so as to produce a noise that serves as the accompaniment to his song. Hikori is fond of noise, because “he” is powerful.

While the medicine-man sings, a man or a woman, but never the two Mr. F. H. Cushing has shown me a drawing from pictographs from the lava rocks of Arizona, representing figures almost identical with this and supposed to be a water animal god.
sexes together, is always dancing before
him, the dance consisting of a peculiar
twisting or hopping on the toes, quickly
whirling the body around. Now and
then the man who dances gives vent to
what is supposed to be an imitation of
the Hikori's talk, which reminds one of
the crow's

The medicine-man's
song is a prayer to the Hikori to come
and help the sick person and to grant a
"beautiful intoxication." Now and then
the thick brownish stuff is served in
small quantities in a gourd, and the
spirits of the people rise in proportion
to their potations, followed by a sleepy
depression. The ceremonies continue
all night. If the medicine-man stops
for a moment, he asks permission of the
Hikori, and formal salutations are ex­
changed, both when he goes and when
he returns. If one of the assistants goes
off for a sleep, he gets permission from
the god and again notifies the Hikori
of his return. Sometimes only the
medicine-men and their assistants drink;
at other times all the persons present
partake of the liquor.

Upon one occasion, at three o'clock
in the morning, I saw a Hikori feast
among the heathens, at which two medici­
ne-men rasped and sang with feeble
voices. In front of them burned an
enormous log fire. People sat in a
square, the most prominent personage:
on either side of the medicine-man. I
wished to taste the Hikori, which was
new to me. A lively discussion arose
between the medicine-men and the host,
and I was finally told that I might sit
with the medicine-men, as it was known
that I had some of the sacred herb, but
upon condition that I should take off my
hat. It was a cold and windy night in
December, but I obeyed and put on a
red silk handkerchief, to which no ob­
jection was made. The man who car­
rried the gourd danced in front of the
medicine-man, then around the fire, and
then brought it to me. The stuff tasted
a little bitter, but was not disagreeable;
and although I drank but about half
a glassful, I felt the effects of it in a
few moments. It made me wide-awake
and a chill such as I have never experi­
enced. To get warm I almost threw
myself into the fire; but it was not until
nearly morning that the feeling of cold
was conquered. Some of the Tarahu­
maris told me that they had been similarly
affected, and for this reason they can­
not take Hikori.

When I told the medicine-man the
effect of Hikori upon me, he asked if
I had ever rasped, because, said he,
Hikori did not give a chill to those who
did. The exercise probably keeps them
warm. At this particular festival I saw
several men and several women dancing
at the same time, but the two sexes not
together. It was a picturesque and
fantastic sight—the women wearing
white petticoats and tunics. Once a medici­
ne-man agreed to sell me some
Hikori and I followed him home. He
went to his storehouse of boards, and
with a long stick undid the lock from
the inside, taking off a few boards on
the roof. After some searching, he
produced a small closed basket, con­
taining the precious demi-gods. Hold­
ing it in his hands, he ran rapidly around
me once, and then said in a scarcely
audible voice, "Thank you for the time
you have been with me; now go to him.
I will give you food before you go." Then he asked my Indian to hold a
broken piece of pottery, on which he
placed some burning coals and some
copal gum. The smoke was blown over
the Hikori, so that "he" might eat, and
given to me to smell, so that "he" should
find pleasure in being with me. This
copal, by the way, is used by the Mexi­
cans as incense to the saints, and is in­
haled as a remedy for coughs and tooth­
aches. He now opened the basket and
told me to take what I wanted. I select­
ed twelve plants, for which he asked
ten dollars, which I thought so exorbi­
tonat that I contented myself with three
pieces.

The specimens were of the Hikori
Wanami, the commonest kind, which is
used as an intoxicant and for healing pur­
poses. The other and rarer kinds—the
Sunami, the Rosapara, and the Mulato—
I secured from my friend Rubio, who
lives in a cave near Nararachic, and is
the greatest expert in Hikori ceremonial
in the whole Sierra. He is frequently
called upon to practise his arts in distant parts of the country. It is from him that I obtained most of my information as to Hikori, and the specimens of the plant. Upon my way back to civilization I spent several days in Guajochic, near where Rubio lives. He came several times to see me, and at last told me in great confidence that the Hikori which he had given me the year before would have to be fed previous to starting on their long journey; it was a long time since they had had food, and they were getting angry. I told him to bring food the next day and feed them. He brought copal, tied up in a small cotton cloth, and after heating the incense upon a piece of hot crockery, he waved the smoke over the plants, which he had placed on the ground before him. This, as he said, would satisfy the Hikori; they would go contentedly, and no harm could come to me, either from robbers or Apaches or sorcerers. This was a comfort, for, in order to reach Chihuahua, I had to pass through a disturbed country and there were rumors of revolution.

Sorcery and witchcraft are the curses of the Tarahumaris; even medicine-men may be sorcerers, sometimes in old age becoming so against their will, because their light goes out. Innocent persons have been accused of sorcery, and in recent years have been burned. The Tarahumari would be badly off without his doctor or medicine-man, supposed to be a very virtuous person who watches over him night and day, guarding him against sorcerers and evil. When the doctor sleeps it is only apparently so. In this life he cures diseases, and after death he is even more necessary, for he helps the Tarahumari into heaven; but teswaino is always necessary, and in the winter time, when ceremonies are frequent, the medicine-man, whose fees are mainly paid in teswaino, is drunk all the time; and yet thanks to his splendid constitution and the excellent climate, he seems to suffer no permanent injury.

To keep away small-pox the natives erect fences across the paths leading to their houses and hang snake skins, spines, and other charms, outside their doors to frighten away the disease. The medicine-men also use the Weesheema, a small cross wound around with colored threads, which is hung on the end of a stick and waved in the air to ward off disease and evil. Lying on the mummies of Peru this form of charm has been found, and I also understand that suggestions of this practice are still found among the Zuñi.

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DAYS

By John Hall Ingham

What is the message of days, what is the thought they bring—
Days that darken to winter, days that sweeten to spring?

Is there a lore to learn, is there a truth to be told?
Hath the new dawn a ray that never flashed from the old?

Day that deepens to night, night that broadens to day,
What is the meaning of all, what is the word they say?

—Silence for aye and aye, and the heart-beats never cease
Till toil and life and the day are the night and death and peace.