

THE FAIR GOD.

BOOK SEVEN.

CHAPTER I.

THE HEART CAN BE WISER THAN THE HEAD.

I will now ask the reader to make a note of the passage of a fortnight. By so doing he will find himself close upon the 24th of June—another memorable day in the drama of the conquest.

'Tzin Guatamo, as is already known, had many times proven himself a warrior after the manner of his country, and, in consequence, had long been the idol of the many. He was brightly lighted; and there, in fact, was the 'tzin, with Tula and Yeteve, the priestess.

Once before, I believe, I described this pavilion; and now I know the imagination of the reader will give the floating garden richer colors than lie within compass of my pen: will surround it with light, and with air delicious with the freshness of the lake and the exhalations of the flowers; will hover about the guardian palm and willow trees, the latter with boughs lithe and swinging, and leaves long and fine as a woman's locks; will linger about the retreat, I say, and in thought of its fitness for meeting of lovers, admit the poetry and respect the passion of the Aztec.

Within, the furniture was as formerly; there we get the carved stools, the table with its bow-like top, now a mass of flowers, a couch draped with brilliant plumage, the floor covered with matting of woven grasses, the hammock and the bird cage—all as when we first saw them. Nenetzin was absent, and alas! might never come again.

And if we enter now we shall find the 'tzin standing a little apart from Tula, who is in the hammock, with Yeteve by her side. On a stool at his feet is a waiter of ebony, with spoons of tortoise-shell, and some zacaras, or cups, used for chocolate.

Their faces are grave and earnest. "And Malinche?" asked Tula, as if pursuing a question. "The gods have given me time; I am ready for him," he replied.

"When will he come?" "Yesterday, about noon, he set out from Tezucuo, by way of the shore of the lake; tonight he lodges in Iztapalapan! to-morrow, marching by the old causeway, he will re-enter the city."

"Poor, poor country!" she said, after a long silence. (To be continued.)

in these later days, at sight of them would have said, "Beware! the 'tzin is hereaway."

The three were almost as one—so had their friendship grown. The pavilion, a circular canopy, spread like a Benjamin's tent, was brightly lighted; and there, in fact, was the 'tzin, with Tula and Yeteve, the priestess.

Once before, I believe, I described this pavilion; and now I know the imagination of the reader will give the floating garden richer colors than lie within compass of my pen: will surround it with light, and with air delicious with the freshness of the lake and the exhalations of the flowers; will hover about the guardian palm and willow trees, the latter with boughs lithe and swinging, and leaves long and fine as a woman's locks; will linger about the retreat, I say, and in thought of its fitness for meeting of lovers, admit the poetry and respect the passion of the Aztec.

Within, the furniture was as formerly; there we get the carved stools, the table with its bow-like top, now a mass of flowers, a couch draped with brilliant plumage, the floor covered with matting of woven grasses, the hammock and the bird cage—all as when we first saw them. Nenetzin was absent, and alas! might never come again.

And if we enter now we shall find the 'tzin standing a little apart from Tula, who is in the hammock, with Yeteve by her side. On a stool at his feet is a waiter of ebony, with spoons of tortoise-shell, and some zacaras, or cups, used for chocolate.

Their faces are grave and earnest. "And Malinche?" asked Tula, as if pursuing a question. "The gods have given me time; I am ready for him," he replied.

"When will he come?" "Yesterday, about noon, he set out from Tezucuo, by way of the shore of the lake; tonight he lodges in Iztapalapan! to-morrow, marching by the old causeway, he will re-enter the city."

"Poor, poor country!" she said, after a long silence. (To be continued.)

Eczema, Itchy, Scaly, Skin Troubles.

The simple application of SWAYNE'S OINTMENT, without any internal medicine, will cure any case of Itch, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Piles, Sores, Sores, Pimples, Eczema, All Scaly, Itchy Skin Eruptions, no matter how obstinate or long standing. It is potent, effective, and costs but a trifle.

Local Notices.

Porpoise-Lives—the genuine porpoise lives—for sale at Goff Bros. m4 tf

Gilt Edge Dressing (4 and 6 oz. bottles) in kegs and boxes, to be had at Goff Bros. m4 tf

Seventy-five pounds new spruce gum just received at Beer & Goff's. my 13 2t

COMPLETE.—Our seasons stock of suitings, coatings and trousers, neck-wear and underwear is complete. We would call special attention to our \$12 wool custom made suits. Our prices in hats can't be duplicated in the city.—D. A. Bruce. my6 eod tf

Try the "Old London" Apple Cider.—J. Joy, Water Street, Ch'town. my6 eod 3t

Any old ornament, or article of furniture, wood, earthenware, metal or glass, may be made beautiful by Aspinall's Enamel, which a child can apply. Surface like porcelain, colors exquisite. The following colors may be had at Watson's Drug Store: white, black, grey, peacock blue, turquoise, scarlet, garnet, olive green and old gold. a306w

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water and milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England. dec19-1 yr dy & wky

War, good reader, never touches anything and leaves it as it was. And the daughter of the lake, fair Tenochtitlan, was no exception to the law. The young master, having replaced the question of strategy—to the formula—a street or a plain, chose the street, and thereby dedicated the city to all of ruin or horror the destroyer could bring. Not long, therefore, until its presence could have been detected by the illdest glance, the streets were given up to the warriors; the palaces were deserted by families; houses conveniently situated for the use were turned into forts; the shrubbery garishing roofs that dominated the main streets concealed heaps of stones made ready for the hand; the bridges were taken up, or put in condition to be raised; the canoes and the ladders were multiplied and converted to the public service; the great markets were suspended; even the sacred temples were changed into vast arsenals. When the 'tzin, going hither and thither, never idly, observed the change he would sign, but say to himself:

"This well. If we win, we can restore; if we lose—then, to the strangers, waste, to the waters, welcome!"

And up and down, from city to bivouac and back again, passed the minstrels, singing of war, and the psalm, proclaiming the oracles and divine promises; and the services in the temples were uninterrupted; those in the teocallis were especially grand; the smoke from its turrets overhung the city, and at night the fire at Huiztil, a new star reddening in the sky, was seen from the remotest hamlet in the valley. The 'tzin had faith in moral effects, and he studied them and was successful. The army soon came to have, like himself, but one prayer—"Set us before the strangers; let us fight!"

The night of the 23rd of June was pleasant as night can be in that region of pleasant nights. The sky was clear and starry. The breeze abroad brought coolness to outsiders on the housetops, without threatening the lake to the disturbance of its ruyogars.

Up in the northeastern part of the little sea lay a chinampa at anchor. Over its landing, at the very edge of the water, branched a flame-bean of resinous pine. Two canoes, richly decorated, swung at the mooring. The path from the landing to the pavilion was carpeted, and lighted by lamps pendent in the adjoining shrubbery. In the canoes the slaves lay at rest, talking idly, and in low voices crooning Indian songs. Close by the landing, on a bench over which swayed the leaves of an immense banana-tree, rested a couple of warriors, silent and nodding, as it were, to the nodding leaves. From the rising to the sitting of the day's sun many a weary league, from the city to the vale of Anahuac, had they travelled—Huapala and Io. One familiar with the streets

War, good reader, never touches anything and leaves it as it was. And the daughter of the lake, fair Tenochtitlan, was no exception to the law. The young master, having replaced the question of strategy—to the formula—a street or a plain, chose the street, and thereby dedicated the city to all of ruin or horror the destroyer could bring. Not long, therefore, until its presence could have been detected by the illdest glance, the streets were given up to the warriors; the palaces were deserted by families; houses conveniently situated for the use were turned into forts; the shrubbery garishing roofs that dominated the main streets concealed heaps of stones made ready for the hand; the bridges were taken up, or put in condition to be raised; the canoes and the ladders were multiplied and converted to the public service; the great markets were suspended; even the sacred temples were changed into vast arsenals. When the 'tzin, going hither and thither, never idly, observed the change he would sign, but say to himself:

"This well. If we win, we can restore; if we lose—then, to the strangers, waste, to the waters, welcome!"

And up and down, from city to bivouac and back again, passed the minstrels, singing of war, and the psalm, proclaiming the oracles and divine promises; and the services in the temples were uninterrupted; those in the teocallis were especially grand; the smoke from its turrets overhung the city, and at night the fire at Huiztil, a new star reddening in the sky, was seen from the remotest hamlet in the valley. The 'tzin had faith in moral effects, and he studied them and was successful. The army soon came to have, like himself, but one prayer—"Set us before the strangers; let us fight!"

The night of the 23rd of June was pleasant as night can be in that region of pleasant nights. The sky was clear and starry. The breeze abroad brought coolness to outsiders on the housetops, without threatening the lake to the disturbance of its ruyogars.

Up in the northeastern part of the little sea lay a chinampa at anchor. Over its landing, at the very edge of the water, branched a flame-bean of resinous pine. Two canoes, richly decorated, swung at the mooring. The path from the landing to the pavilion was carpeted, and lighted by lamps pendent in the adjoining shrubbery. In the canoes the slaves lay at rest, talking idly, and in low voices crooning Indian songs. Close by the landing, on a bench over which swayed the leaves of an immense banana-tree, rested a couple of warriors, silent and nodding, as it were, to the nodding leaves. From the rising to the sitting of the day's sun many a weary league, from the city to the vale of Anahuac, had they travelled—Huapala and Io. One familiar with the streets

War, good reader, never touches anything and leaves it as it was. And the daughter of the lake, fair Tenochtitlan, was no exception to the law. The young master, having replaced the question of strategy—to the formula—a street or a plain, chose the street, and thereby dedicated the city to all of ruin or horror the destroyer could bring. Not long, therefore, until its presence could have been detected by the illdest glance, the streets were given up to the warriors; the palaces were deserted by families; houses conveniently situated for the use were turned into forts; the shrubbery garishing roofs that dominated the main streets concealed heaps of stones made ready for the hand; the bridges were taken up, or put in condition to be raised; the canoes and the ladders were multiplied and converted to the public service; the great markets were suspended; even the sacred temples were changed into vast arsenals. When the 'tzin, going hither and thither, never idly, observed the change he would sign, but say to himself:

"This well. If we win, we can restore; if we lose—then, to the strangers, waste, to the waters, welcome!"

And up and down, from city to bivouac and back again, passed the minstrels, singing of war, and the psalm, proclaiming the oracles and divine promises; and the services in the temples were uninterrupted; those in the teocallis were especially grand; the smoke from its turrets overhung the city, and at night the fire at Huiztil, a new star reddening in the sky, was seen from the remotest hamlet in the valley. The 'tzin had faith in moral effects, and he studied them and was successful. The army soon came to have, like himself, but one prayer—"Set us before the strangers; let us fight!"

The night of the 23rd of June was pleasant as night can be in that region of pleasant nights. The sky was clear and starry. The breeze abroad brought coolness to outsiders on the housetops, without threatening the lake to the disturbance of its ruyogars.

Up in the northeastern part of the little sea lay a chinampa at anchor. Over its landing, at the very edge of the water, branched a flame-bean of resinous pine. Two canoes, richly decorated, swung at the mooring. The path from the landing to the pavilion was carpeted, and lighted by lamps pendent in the adjoining shrubbery. In the canoes the slaves lay at rest, talking idly, and in low voices crooning Indian songs. Close by the landing, on a bench over which swayed the leaves of an immense banana-tree, rested a couple of warriors, silent and nodding, as it were, to the nodding leaves. From the rising to the sitting of the day's sun many a weary league, from the city to the vale of Anahuac, had they travelled—Huapala and Io. One familiar with the streets

War, good reader, never touches anything and leaves it as it was. And the daughter of the lake, fair Tenochtitlan, was no exception to the law. The young master, having replaced the question of strategy—to the formula—a street or a plain, chose the street, and thereby dedicated the city to all of ruin or horror the destroyer could bring. Not long, therefore, until its presence could have been detected by the illdest glance, the streets were given up to the warriors; the palaces were deserted by families; houses conveniently situated for the use were turned into forts; the shrubbery garishing roofs that dominated the main streets concealed heaps of stones made ready for the hand; the bridges were taken up, or put in condition to be raised; the canoes and the ladders were multiplied and converted to the public service; the great markets were suspended; even the sacred temples were changed into vast arsenals. When the 'tzin, going hither and thither, never idly, observed the change he would sign, but say to himself:

"This well. If we win, we can restore; if we lose—then, to the strangers, waste, to the waters, welcome!"

And up and down, from city to bivouac and back again, passed the minstrels, singing of war, and the psalm, proclaiming the oracles and divine promises; and the services in the temples were uninterrupted; those in the teocallis were especially grand; the smoke from its turrets overhung the city, and at night the fire at Huiztil, a new star reddening in the sky, was seen from the remotest hamlet in the valley. The 'tzin had faith in moral effects, and he studied them and was successful. The army soon came to have, like himself, but one prayer—"Set us before the strangers; let us fight!"

The night of the 23rd of June was pleasant as night can be in that region of pleasant nights. The sky was clear and starry. The breeze abroad brought coolness to outsiders on the housetops, without threatening the lake to the disturbance of its ruyogars.

Up in the northeastern part of the little sea lay a chinampa at anchor. Over its landing, at the very edge of the water, branched a flame-bean of resinous pine. Two canoes, richly decorated, swung at the mooring. The path from the landing to the pavilion was carpeted, and lighted by lamps pendent in the adjoining shrubbery. In the canoes the slaves lay at rest, talking idly, and in low voices crooning Indian songs. Close by the landing, on a bench over which swayed the leaves of an immense banana-tree, rested a couple of warriors, silent and nodding, as it were, to the nodding leaves. From the rising to the sitting of the day's sun many a weary league, from the city to the vale of Anahuac, had they travelled—Huapala and Io. One familiar with the streets

War, good reader, never touches anything and leaves it as it was. And the daughter of the lake, fair Tenochtitlan, was no exception to the law. The young master, having replaced the question of strategy—to the formula—a street or a plain, chose the street, and thereby dedicated the city to all of ruin or horror the destroyer could bring. Not long, therefore, until its presence could have been detected by the illdest glance, the streets were given up to the warriors; the palaces were deserted by families; houses conveniently situated for the use were turned into forts; the shrubbery garishing roofs that dominated the main streets concealed heaps of stones made ready for the hand; the bridges were taken up, or put in condition to be raised; the canoes and the ladders were multiplied and converted to the public service; the great markets were suspended; even the sacred temples were changed into vast arsenals. When the 'tzin, going hither and thither, never idly, observed the change he would sign, but say to himself:

"This well. If we win, we can restore; if we lose—then, to the strangers, waste, to the waters, welcome!"

And up and down, from city to bivouac and back again, passed the minstrels, singing of war, and the psalm, proclaiming the oracles and divine promises; and the services in the temples were uninterrupted; those in the teocallis were especially grand; the smoke from its turrets overhung the city, and at night the fire at Huiztil, a new star reddening in the sky, was seen from the remotest hamlet in the valley. The 'tzin had faith in moral effects, and he studied them and was successful. The army soon came to have, like himself, but one prayer—"Set us before the strangers; let us fight!"

The night of the 23rd of June was pleasant as night can be in that region of pleasant nights. The sky was clear and starry. The breeze abroad brought coolness to outsiders on the housetops, without threatening the lake to the disturbance of its ruyogars.

Up in the northeastern part of the little sea lay a chinampa at anchor. Over its landing, at the very edge of the water, branched a flame-bean of resinous pine. Two canoes, richly decorated, swung at the mooring. The path from the landing to the pavilion was carpeted, and lighted by lamps pendent in the adjoining shrubbery. In the canoes the slaves lay at rest, talking idly, and in low voices crooning Indian songs. Close by the landing, on a bench over which swayed the leaves of an immense banana-tree, rested a couple of warriors, silent and nodding, as it were, to the nodding leaves. From the rising to the sitting of the day's sun many a weary league, from the city to the vale of Anahuac, had they travelled—Huapala and Io. One familiar with the streets

Mortgage Sale.

To be sold by Public Auction, on THURSDAY the 23rd day of May, A. D. 1889, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, at the Law Courts Building, Charlotetown, under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Fourth day of May, A. D. 1888, and made between John Howell, Minister of the Gospel, of the one part, and William A. Heartz, of Yarmouth, in the Province of Nova Scotia, Minister of the Gospel, of the other part:

A certain tract, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being on Lot or Township Number Thirty, bounded as follows, that is to say: Commencing on the south-west margin of the Rhymany or Elliot River, at the north-west angle of land in the occupation of Patrick Woods; thence the north-west boundary line of the said Patrick Woods' land to the Carro Brook; thence westwardly along the Brook to the east boundary line of land in the possession of John Smith; thence north to the Appin Road; thence eastwardly along the said Appin Road, to the south-west angle of land in the occupation of Patrick O'Neill; thence by a line parallel to the first-mentioned line to the River aforesaid; and thence along the same to the place of commencement, containing seventy Acres of Land, a little more or less.

For further particulars apply at the office of John T. Meaher, Solicitor, Charlotetown. Dated this 18th day of April, A. D. 1889.

W. H. HEARTZ.

ap18-wky 4t

VALUABLE BUSINESS SITE FOR SALE.

THAT very eligible piece of Land on Kent Street, part of the Estate of the late John Jury, with a frontage of 51 feet and running back 160 feet. Terms easy. Apply to

mch23 WILLIAM DODD.

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit. Positively Cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the patient knowing it, and is a powerful, harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The patient once imprudently with the specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to return. Regularly analyzed and sold by G. D. B. & CO., 125 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.

I WISH I COULD GET SOME! I TAKE A PILL—ME—ONCE A WEEK.

Are the best in the world for getting Horses into condition. For testimonials etc., apply to

C. H. McLEAN, London and China Tea Co., Charlotetown, P. E. I. mch11-dy wky 1yr.

J. BARTON'S Pick-Me-Up Horse Powders

Are the best in the world for getting Horses into condition. For testimonials etc., apply to

C. H. McLEAN, London and China Tea Co., Charlotetown, P. E. I. mch11-dy wky 1yr.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical Work of the Age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon.

300 pages, 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only \$1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jeweled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address, P. O. Box 1835, Boston, Mass. A. DR. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4 Bulfinch Street. mch12-ly eod & wky

War, good reader, never touches anything and leaves it as it was. And the daughter of the lake, fair Tenochtitlan, was no exception to the law. The young master, having replaced the question of strategy—to the formula—a street or a plain, chose the street, and thereby dedicated the city to all of ruin or horror the destroyer could bring. Not long, therefore, until its presence could have been detected by the illdest glance, the streets were given up to the warriors; the palaces were deserted by families; houses conveniently situated for the use were turned into forts; the shrubbery garishing roofs that dominated the main streets concealed heaps of stones made ready for the hand; the bridges were taken up, or put in condition to be raised; the canoes and the ladders were multiplied and converted to the public service; the great markets were suspended; even the sacred temples were changed into vast arsenals. When the 'tzin, going hither and thither, never idly, observed the change he would sign, but say to himself:

"This well. If we win, we can restore; if we lose—then, to the strangers, waste, to the waters, welcome!"

And up and down, from city to bivouac and back again, passed the minstrels, singing of war, and the psalm, proclaiming the oracles and divine promises; and the services in the temples were uninterrupted; those in the teocallis were especially grand; the smoke from its turrets overhung the city, and at night the fire at Huiztil, a new star reddening in the sky, was seen from the remotest hamlet in the valley. The 'tzin had faith in moral effects, and he studied them and was successful. The army soon came to have, like himself, but one prayer—"Set us before the strangers; let us fight!"

The night of the 23rd of June was pleasant as night can be in that region of pleasant nights. The sky was clear and starry. The breeze abroad brought coolness to outsiders on the housetops, without threatening the lake to the disturbance of its ruyogars.

Up in the northeastern part of the little sea lay a chinampa at anchor. Over its landing, at the very edge of the water, branched a flame-bean of resinous pine. Two canoes, richly decorated, swung at the mooring. The path from the landing to the pavilion was carpeted, and lighted by lamps pendent in the adjoining shrubbery. In the canoes the slaves lay at rest, talking idly, and in low voices crooning Indian songs. Close by the landing, on a bench over which swayed the leaves of an immense banana-tree, rested a couple of warriors, silent and nodding, as it were, to the nodding leaves. From the rising to the sitting of the day's sun many a weary league, from the city to the vale of Anahuac, had they travelled—Huapala and Io. One familiar with the streets

War, good reader, never touches anything and leaves it as it was. And the daughter of the lake, fair Tenochtitlan, was no exception to the law. The young master, having replaced the question of strategy—to the formula—a street or a plain, chose the street, and thereby dedicated the city to all of ruin or horror the destroyer could bring. Not long, therefore, until its presence could have been detected by the illdest glance, the streets were given up to the warriors; the palaces were deserted by families; houses conveniently situated for the use were turned into forts; the shrubbery garishing roofs that dominated the main streets concealed heaps of stones made ready for the hand; the bridges were taken up, or put in condition to be raised; the canoes and the ladders were multiplied and converted to the public service; the great markets were suspended; even the sacred temples were changed into vast arsenals. When the 'tzin, going hither and thither, never idly, observed the change he would sign, but say to himself:

"This well. If we win, we can restore; if we lose—then, to the strangers, waste, to the waters, welcome!"

And up and down, from city to bivouac and back again, passed the minstrels, singing of war, and the psalm, proclaiming the oracles and divine promises; and the services in the temples were uninterrupted; those in the teocallis were especially grand; the smoke from its turrets overhung the city, and at night the fire at Huiztil, a new star reddening in the sky, was seen from the remotest hamlet in the valley. The 'tzin had faith in moral effects, and he studied them and was successful. The army soon came to have, like himself, but one prayer—"Set us before the strangers; let us fight!"

The night of the 23rd of June was pleasant as night can be in that region of pleasant nights. The sky was clear and starry. The breeze abroad brought coolness to outsiders on the housetops, without threatening the lake to the disturbance of its ruyogars.

Up in the northeastern part of the little sea lay a chinampa at anchor. Over its landing, at the very edge of the water, branched a flame-bean of resinous pine. Two canoes, richly decorated, swung at the mooring. The path from the landing to the pavilion was carpeted, and lighted by lamps pendent in the adjoining shrubbery. In the canoes the slaves lay at rest, talking idly, and in low voices crooning Indian songs. Close by the landing, on a bench over which swayed the leaves of an immense banana-tree, rested a couple of warriors, silent and nodding, as it were, to the nodding leaves. From the rising to the sitting of the day's sun many a weary league, from the city to the vale of Anahuac, had they travelled—Huapala and Io. One familiar with the streets

War, good reader, never touches anything and leaves it as it was. And the daughter of the lake, fair Tenochtitlan, was no exception to the law. The young master, having replaced the question of strategy—to the formula—a street or a plain, chose the street, and thereby dedicated the city to all of ruin or horror the destroyer could bring. Not long, therefore, until its presence could have been detected by the illdest glance, the streets were given up to the warriors; the palaces were deserted by families; houses conveniently situated for the use were turned into forts; the shrubbery garishing roofs that dominated the main streets concealed heaps of stones made ready for the hand; the bridges were taken up, or put in condition to be raised; the canoes and the ladders were multiplied and converted to the public service; the great markets were suspended; even the sacred temples were changed into vast arsenals. When the 'tzin, going hither and thither, never idly, observed the change he would sign, but say to himself:

"This well. If we win, we can restore; if we lose—then, to the strangers, waste, to the waters, welcome!"

And up and down, from city to bivouac and back again, passed the minstrels, singing of war, and the psalm, proclaiming the oracles and divine promises; and the services in the temples were uninterrupted; those in the teocallis were especially grand; the smoke from its turrets overhung the city, and at night the fire at Huiztil, a new star reddening in the sky, was seen from the remotest hamlet in the valley. The 'tzin had faith in moral effects, and he studied them and was successful. The army soon came to have, like himself, but one prayer—"Set us before the strangers; let us fight!"

The night of the 23rd of June was pleasant as night can be in that region of pleasant nights. The sky was clear and starry. The breeze abroad brought coolness to outsiders on the housetops, without threatening the lake to the disturbance of its ruyogars.

Up in the northeastern part of the little sea lay a chinampa at anchor. Over its landing, at the very edge of the water, branched a flame-bean of resinous pine. Two canoes, richly decorated, swung at the mooring. The path from the landing to the pavilion was carpeted, and lighted by lamps pendent in the adjoining shrubbery. In the canoes the slaves lay at rest, talking idly, and in low voices crooning Indian songs. Close by the landing, on a bench over which swayed the leaves of an immense banana-tree, rested a couple of warriors, silent and nodding, as it were, to the nodding leaves. From the rising to the sitting of the day's sun many a weary league, from the city to the vale of Anahuac, had they travelled—Huapala and Io. One familiar with the streets

War, good reader, never touches anything and leaves it as it was. And the daughter of the lake, fair Tenochtitlan, was no exception to the law. The young master, having replaced the question of strategy—to the formula—a street or a plain, chose the street, and thereby dedicated the city to all of ruin or horror the destroyer could bring. Not long, therefore, until its presence could have been detected by the illdest glance, the streets were given up to the warriors; the palaces were deserted by families; houses conveniently situated for the use were turned into forts; the shrubbery garishing roofs that dominated the main streets concealed heaps of stones made ready for the hand; the bridges were taken up, or put in condition to be raised; the canoes and the ladders were multiplied and converted to the public service; the great markets were suspended; even the sacred temples were changed into vast arsenals. When the 'tzin, going hither and thither, never idly, observed the change he would sign, but say to himself:

"This well. If we win, we can restore; if we lose—then, to the strangers, waste, to the waters, welcome!"

And up and down, from city to bivouac and back again, passed the minstrels, singing of war, and the psalm, proclaiming the oracles and divine promises; and the services in the temples were uninterrupted; those in the teocallis were especially grand; the smoke from its turrets overhung the city, and at night the fire at Huiztil, a new star reddening in the sky, was seen from the remotest hamlet in the valley. The 'tzin had faith in moral effects, and he studied them and was successful. The army soon came to have, like himself, but one prayer—"Set us before the strangers; let us fight!"

The night of the 23rd of June was pleasant as night can be in that region of pleasant nights. The sky was clear and starry. The breeze abroad brought coolness to outsiders on the housetops, without threatening the lake to the disturbance of its ruyogars.

Up in the northeastern part of the little sea lay a chinampa at anchor. Over its landing, at the very edge of the water, branched a flame-bean of resinous pine. Two canoes, richly decorated, swung at the mooring. The path from the landing to the pavilion was carpeted, and lighted by lamps pendent in the adjoining shrubbery. In the canoes the slaves lay at rest, talking idly, and in low voices crooning Indian songs. Close by the landing, on a bench over which swayed the leaves of an immense banana-tree, rested a couple of warriors, silent and nodding, as it were, to the nodding leaves. From the rising to the sitting of the day's sun many a weary league, from the city to the vale of Anahuac, had they travelled—Huapala and Io. One familiar with the streets

War, good reader, never touches anything and leaves it as it was. And the daughter of the lake, fair Tenochtitlan, was no exception to the law. The young master, having replaced the question of strategy—to the formula—a street or a plain, chose the street, and thereby dedicated the city to all of ruin or horror the destroyer could bring. Not long, therefore, until its presence could have been detected by the illdest glance, the streets were given up to the warriors; the palaces were deserted by families; houses conveniently situated for the use were turned into forts; the shrubbery garishing roofs that dominated the main streets concealed heaps of stones made ready for the hand; the bridges were taken up, or put in condition to be raised; the canoes and the ladders were multiplied and converted to the public service; the great markets were suspended; even the sacred temples were changed into vast arsenals. When the 'tzin, going hither and thither, never idly, observed the change he would sign, but say to himself:

"This well. If we win, we can restore; if we lose—then, to the strangers, waste, to the waters, welcome!"

And up and down, from city to bivouac and back again, passed the minstrels, singing of war, and the psalm, proclaiming the oracles and divine promises; and the services in the temples were uninterrupted; those in the teocallis were especially grand; the smoke from its turrets overhung the city, and at night the fire at Huiztil, a new star reddening in the sky, was seen from the remotest hamlet in the valley. The 'tzin had faith in moral effects, and he studied them and was successful. The army soon came to have, like himself, but one prayer—"Set us before the strangers; let us fight!"

The night of the 23rd of June was pleasant as night can be in that region of pleasant nights. The sky was clear and starry. The breeze abroad brought coolness to outsiders on the housetops, without threatening the lake to the disturbance of its ruyogars.

Up in the northeastern part of the little sea lay a chinampa at anchor. Over its landing, at the very edge of the water, branched a flame-bean of resinous pine. Two canoes, richly decorated, swung at the mooring. The path from the landing to the pavilion was carpeted, and lighted by lamps pendent in the adjoining shrubbery. In the canoes the slaves lay at rest, talking idly, and in low voices crooning Indian songs. Close by the landing, on a bench over which swayed the leaves of an immense banana-tree, rested a couple of warriors, silent and nodding, as it were, to the nodding leaves. From the rising to the sitting of the day's sun many a weary league, from the city to the vale of Anahuac, had they travelled—Huapala and Io. One familiar with the streets

War, good reader, never touches anything and leaves it as it was. And the daughter of the lake, fair Tenochtitlan, was no exception to the law. The young