

On the Rocks

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

Copyright, 1924, by H. S. Scott

In answer to their summons Mother Senneville came hastily enough to the back door of the Hotel de la Plage, a small inn of no great promise. Mother Senneville was a great woman, six feet high, with eyes of some ruminating animal, the soft, deep voice and perhaps the soft heart of a giant.

"Already?" she said simply as she held the door back for them to pass in. "I thought there would likely be some this morning without the money in their pockets."

"This one will not call too loud for his coffee," replied Belfort, with a cynicism specially assumed for the benefit of the cure.

"And now," he added as they laid their burden on the wine stained table "if he has papers that will tell us the name of the ship, I will go to the camp, to Lloyd's agents there, with the news. It will be a five franc piece in my pocket."

They hastily searched the dripping clothing and found a crumpled envelope, which, however, told them all they desired to know. It was addressed to Mr. Albert Robinson, steamship Oceanic, Southampton.

"That will suffice," said Belfort. "I take this and leave the rest to you and Mother Senneville."

"Send the doctor from Fecamp," said the woman, "the new one in the Rue de Bac. It is the young one that work best for nothing, and here is no pay ment for any of us."

"Not now," cried the priest.

"Ah!" said Belfort. "You expect so much in the hereafter, Monsieur le Cure?"

"And you—you expect so much in the present, you one armed malcontent?" replied the priest, with his comfortable little laugh. "Come, Mme. Senneville. Let me get this man to bed."

"It is an Englishman, of course," said Mother Senneville, examining the placid white face. "They throw their dead about the world like cigar ends."

By midday the news was in the London streets, and the talk was all of storms and wrecks and gallant rescues. And a few whose concern it was noted the fact that the Oceanic of London, on a voyage from Antwerp and Southampton to the river Plate, had supposedly been wrecked off the north coast of France, solo survivor Albert Robinson, apparently a fireman or a steward, who lay at the Hotel de la Plage at Yport, unconscious and suffering from a severe concussion of the brain.

By midday also the cure was established as sick nurse in the back bedroom of the little hotel, with an English conversation book, borrowed from the schoolmaster, protruding from the pocket of his soutane, awaiting the return of Albert Robinson's inner consciousness.

"Are you feeling better?" the cure had all ready to fire off at him as soon as he awoke, to which the conversation book made reply. "Yes, but I have caught a severe chill on the mountain," which also the cure had made ready to understand, with modifications.

But the day passed without any use having been found for the conversation book, and sundry persons whose business it was came and looked at Albert Robinson and talked to the priest and to Jean Belfort, who, to tell the truth, made much capital and a number of free glasses of red wine out of the incident—and went away again.

The cure passed that night on the second bed of the back bedroom of the Hotel de la Plage and awoke only at daylight full of self reproach to find his charge still unconscious, still placid, like a statue, with cheeks a little hollow and lips a little whiter. The young doctor came and shook his head and discoursed of other cases of a similar nature which he had read up since the previous day and pretended now to have remembered among his experiences. He also went away again, and Yport seemed to drop out of the world once more into that oblivion to which a village with such a poor and front and no railway station or lodging houses or hotels where there are waiters must expect to be consigned.

The cure had just finished his dejeuner of fish and an omelet, the day being Friday, when a carriage rattled down the village street, leaving behind it doorways suddenly opening by the female population of Yport wiping its hands upon its apron.

"It is Francis Morin's carriage from Fecamp," said Mother Senneville, "with a Parisienne, who has a parasol, if you please."

"No," corrected the cure, "that is an Englishwoman. I saw several last year in Rouen."

And he hurried out, hatless, conversation book in hand. He was rather taciturn, never having spoken to a person so well dressed as this English girl, who nodded quickly in answer to his salutation.

"Is this the hotel? Is he here? Is he conscious yet?" she asked in tolerable French.

"Yes, madame. He is here, but he is not conscious yet. The doctor?"

"I am not madame. I am mademoiselle. I am his sister," said the girl, quickly descending from the carriage and frankly accepting the assistance of the cure's rather timid hand.

He followed her meekly, wondering at her complete self possession, at a certain bluff frankness which was new to Yport. She nodded to Mme. Senneville. "Where is he?" she asked.

"Monsieur le Cure will show you. It is he who has saved his life."

The young lady turned and looked into the priest's pink face, which grew pinker. This was not the material of which gallant rescuers are usually made.

"Thank you, Monsieur le Cure," she said, with a sudden gentleness. "Thank you. It is so difficult, it is not, to thank any one."

"There is not the necessity," murmured

the little cure rather confusedly, and he led the way upstairs.

Once in the sickroom he found his tongue again and explained matters fully enough. Besides, she made it easy. She was so marvelously natural, so free from a certain constraint which in some French circles is mistaken for good manners. She asked every detail and made particular inquiry as to who had seen the patient.

"No one must be allowed to see him," she said in her decisive way. "He must be kept quite quiet. No one must approach this room, only you and I, Monsieur le Cure."

"Yes, mademoiselle," he said slowly. "You have been so good. You have done such wonders that I rely upon you to help me."

A sudden sharp look of anxiety swept across her face.

"We shall be good friends," she said, turning to look at him as he stood near the door.

"It will be easy, I think, mademoiselle."

Then he turned to Mme. Senneville, who was carrying the baggage upstairs.

"It is his sister, Mme. Senneville," he said. "She will of course stay in the hotel."

"Yes, and I have no room ready," replied the large woman pessimistically. "One never knows what a summer storm may bring to one."

"No, Mother Senneville, no; one never knows," he said rather absently and went out into the street. He was thinking of the strange young person upstairs who was unlike any woman he had met or imagined. Those in her station in life whom he had seen during his short thirty years were mostly dressed up dolls to whom one made banal remarks without meaning. The rest were also men, doing men's work, leading a man's life.

That same evening the injured man recovered consciousness, and it was the

beginning of a long and interesting story.

It was not lately, but many years ago, that the Oceanic was wrecked in a summer storm, and any who penetrate to Yport today will probably see in the sunlight on the sea wall a cheery little cure who exchanges jokes with idlers there. Yport has slowly crept into the ken of the traveler, and every summer sees tourists pass that way. They are not popular with the rough natives, but the little cure is quick and kind with information or assistance to all who seek it. When the English tongue is spoken he draws near and listens. When the travelers speak in French his eyes try to get into a sea with a queer look, as if the accent aroused some memory.

And in an obscure English watering place there lives a queer little old maid, churchy and prim, who does charitable work, gives her opinion very freely concerning the administration of matters parochial, thinks the vicar very self indulgent and idle, and in her own heart has the abiding conviction that there is none on earth like the Roman clergy.

WISDOM OF NOVELISTS.

If you want to impress fools you must respect their prejudices.—Anthony Hope.

Success in life rests upon one small gift—the secret of the entry into another man's mind to discover what is passing there.—Seton Merriman.

To smoke a fine cigar, after a real dinner, with a good friend, is about as near heaven on earth as the average man will ever find south of the stars.—John Bain.

There is nothing more fatal to a political career than brilliant impromptu and spirited orations. A statesman's words, like butchers' meat, should be well weighed.—John Oliver Hobbes.

A young man thinks that he alone of mortals is impervious to love, and so the discovery that he is in it suddenly alters his views of his own meanness. It is thus not unlike a rap on the funny bone.—J. M. Barrie.

PITH AND POINT.

Laugh when a friend tells a joke. It is one of the taxes you must pay.

People who visit the cemetery a good deal gossip about the monuments.

About the only thing a man will allow his wife to have a monopoly of is patience.

It is natural for a man who was once in the harness to imagine he is still a fire horse.

A man may not be able to manage his own affairs, but he will give you advice about yours.

Those riding in carriages are not as happy and comfortable as those on foot think they are.

These things that are cooked in a chafing dish late at night taste terribly like crape on the door.—Athenian Globe.

Joint Amittion.

When the Halliday twins were babies their mother always referred to them collectively. This was natural enough, for they shared everything, from their baby carriage to chicken pox.

As they grew a little older, however, there were slight differences between Elmore and Eudora, but Mrs. Halliday took no account of them. When they had reached the age of seven, she still referred to them in a way which struck casual listeners as unusual.

"Where is a gendarme in the street," she said in more than a whisper, her eyes glittering. She was breathless. "What of it, mademoiselle? It is my old friend, the Sergeant Grall. It is I who christen his children."

"Why is he here?"

"It is his duty, mademoiselle. The village is peaceful enough now that the men are away at the fisheries. You have nothing to fear."

She glanced across the room with a hunted look in her eyes.

"Oh," she said, "I cannot keep it up any longer. You must have guessed, you are so quick, that my brother is a great criminal. He has ruined thousands of people. He was escaping with the money he had stolen when the steamer was wrecked."

The cure did not say whether this news surprised him or not, but walked to the window and looked thoughtfully out to sea. The windows were dull and spray ridden.

"Ah!" the girl cried. "You must not judge hastily. You cannot know his temptation."

"I will not judge at all, mademoiselle. No man may judge of another's temptation. But—he can restore the money."

"No. It was all lost in the steamer."

She had approached the other window and stood beside the little priest looking out over the gray sea.

"It was surely my duty to come here and help him, whatever he had done."

"Assuredly, mademoiselle."

"But he says you can give him up if you like."

She glanced at him and caught her breath. The priest shook his head.

"Why not? Because you are too charitable?" she whispered, and again he shook his head.

"Then why not?" she persisted, with a strange pertinacity.

"Because he is your brother, mademoiselle."

And they stood for some moments looking out over the sea through the rime covered windows in a breathless silence. The cure spoke at length.

"You must get him removed to Havre," he said in his cheery way, "as soon as possible. There he can take a steamer to America. I will impress upon the doctor the necessity of an early departure."

It was not lately, but many years ago, that the Oceanic was wrecked in a summer storm, and any who penetrate to Yport today will probably see in the sunlight on the sea wall a cheery little cure who exchanges jokes with idlers there. Yport has slowly crept into the ken of the traveler, and every summer sees tourists pass that way. They are not popular with the rough natives, but the little cure is quick and kind with information or assistance to all who seek it. When the English tongue is spoken he draws near and listens. When the travelers speak in French his eyes try to get into a sea with a queer look, as if the accent aroused some memory.

And in an obscure English watering place there lives a queer little old maid, churchy and prim, who does charitable work, gives her opinion very freely concerning the administration of matters parochial, thinks the vicar very self indulgent and idle, and in her own heart has the abiding conviction that there is none on earth like the Roman clergy.

WISDOM OF NOVELISTS.

If you want to impress fools you must respect their prejudices.—Anthony Hope.

Success in life rests upon one small gift—the secret of the entry into another man's mind to discover what is passing there.—Seton Merriman.

To smoke a fine cigar, after a real dinner, with a good friend, is about as near heaven on earth as the average man will ever find south of the stars.—John Bain.

There is nothing more fatal to a political career than brilliant impromptu and spirited orations. A statesman's words, like butchers' meat, should be well weighed.—John Oliver Hobbes.

A young man thinks that he alone of mortals is impervious to love, and so the discovery that he is in it suddenly alters his views of his own meanness. It is thus not unlike a rap on the funny bone.—J. M. Barrie.

PITH AND POINT.

Laugh when a friend tells a joke. It is one of the taxes you must pay.

People who visit the cemetery a good deal gossip about the monuments.

About the only thing a man will allow his wife to have a monopoly of is patience.

It is natural for a man who was once in the harness to imagine he is still a fire horse.

They were two women who were changed from enemies to friends.

"It is curious how a fire will make people forget the conventionalities," said an M street woman. "For two years I've lived where I live now, and I've never made the acquaintance of my next door neighbor. Indeed, what with the birds she keeps and my pet cat, we've gone beyond being mere strangers and have become almost open enemies."

"The night of the fire at the church near us I flew to the window at the first sound of the engines. I couldn't persuade my husband to put on his coat and go with me. So as fires have a perfectly irresistible fascination for me I dashed out alone. Almost the first person I saw was an intoxicated negro, and I simply reached out and took hold of a strange woman's arm. She was alone in the crowd, and as I was and we clung together for support for a half hour or so. We talked as if we'd known each other always, and it wasn't until I was going home that I really looked at the woman's face. It was my next door neighbor, and we both laughed when each recognized the other."

"We went off home like old cronies and had a cup of hot coffee together before we parted. I like her immensely, and I hope she likes me. We've been marketing together twice and once to the matinee. We're going to be chums, and if there hadn't been a fire in the neighborhood I suppose we'd have gone on forever detesting each other."—Washington Post.

ABILITY TO DRINK MILK.

It is a Test of Perfect Digestion In Nearly All Cases.

Milk is known to be one of the few complete foods. It contains the bone, muscle and fat producing elements and sustains the heat of the body. The milk of different classes of animals (mammals) varies in composition to suit the different requirements, thus mare's milk is richer in sugar, but lacking in protein compared with cow's milk.

Another fact of interest connected with milk is found in the difficulty with which some persons digest plain milk. It is safe to say that should any organ, secretion or digestive juice fail to perform its free duty the milk consumed will not be properly digested. The reason for this is simple. Milk contains such a variety of compounds that all portions of the digestive system are called into activity for the digestion of these varied elements. The gastric juice attacks the cheesy matter; the pancreatic and intestinal juices digest the sugars and fats. This takes the milk through the stomach, the small intestines into the large intestine. The lower intestine digests wood fiber also. This alone of all the forms of food nutrients is not found in milk. Because of the facts above stated the ability to drink milk is a test of perfect digestion in nearly all cases.

An Eccentric Bishop.

Bishop Wilson of Calcutta had as housekeeper a venerable lady who remembered the duel between Sir Philip Francis and Warren Hastings on Aug. 17, 1780. On entering the cathedral on a Sunday morning, fully robed, lawn sleeves and all, and passing the pew where the old lady sat, he would kneel and give her the "kiss of peace" before all the congregation, and this although he had met her at breakfast.

His sermons, too, were racy. Preaching against dishonesty, especially in horseflesh, as one of the great English failings in India, he went on, "Nor are we, servants of the altar, free from yielding to this temptation." Pointing to the occupant of the reading desk below him: "There is my dear and venerable brother, the archdeacon, down there. He is an instance of it. He once sold me a horse. It was unsound. I was a stranger, and he took me in."

Proving the Convexity of the Earth.

An experiment was made a hundred years ago or so on the Bridgewater canal, in England, to prove the convexity of the earth. At intervals of five miles in a straight stretch of the canal three posts were driven until their tops were precisely six feet above the surface of the water. Then careful measurements and observations were made from either end, with the result that the top of the center post was found to be some distance above a line drawn from top to top of the first and last posts.

The experiments were repeated a number of times, always with the same result. This proves for ordinary persons that the earth is convex, but scientists reached the same conclusions by more scientific ways.

A Sure Thing.

A witty individual one morning wagered that he would ask the same question of fifty different persons and receive the same answer from each. The wit went to first one and then to another until he had reached the number of fifty. And this is how he won the bet. He whispered, half audibly, to each: "I say, have you heard that Smith has fallen?"

"What Smith?" queried the whole fifty, one after another, and it was decided that the bet had been fairly won.—London Tit-Bits.

Starved the Englishmen.

A London paper relates that an enterprising Yankee came over to England and decided to open a shop in Birmingham. He obtained premises next door to a man who also kept a shop of the same description, but was not very pushing in his business methods. The methods of the Yankee, however, caused the older trader to wake up, and with the spirit of originality strong upon him he affixed a notice over his shop with the words, "Established fifty years," painted in large letters. Next day the Yankee replied to this with a notice over his store to this effect: "Established yesterday. No old stock."

The Polite Fornicator.

A little four-year-old Margie was a model of politeness.

"How is your baby brother this morning, Margie?" asked the doctor when she opened the door in answer to his ping.

"Oh, he's dead, thank you!" she replied.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

EFFECT OF A FIRE.

The Art Was Practiced by Ancient Greeks and Romans.

The use of paint brushes is of great antiquity. But it was not until the fifteenth century it was customary to apply varnish by smearing it on with the fingers or with a bit of sponge, as the varnishes then used were too viscid to flow well with a brush and could be put on more thinly and evenly with the fingers. This practice was used in the earliest times of which there is any record. The Egyptian mummy cases bear evidence of having been varnished in this manner.

The use of fresco, or water color paints, though the oldest, was not the only method known to the ancients. The Greeks and Romans especially practiced encaustic painting. Encaustic paints were made of clarified beeswax, with which, when melted, pigments were mixed. These paints were applied hot with brushes or spatulae, and when cold they were given gloss and surface by holding a torch or a hot iron near them. The hot iron was called the "cauterium."

Another method is said to have been used to melt the wax with resin, and after the pigment was added the compound was allowed to cool to a hard and brittle mass, which would be pulverized. The colored powders made in this way were mixed with water, so that they could be applied with a brush like fresco paint, after which they were melted by the cauterium. If resins were thus used with the wax, a sort of varnish was the result. If the wax was used alone, the finished painting was sometimes varnished. These colored waxes were also used for writing. The red especially was used for royal signatures, whence the use of red sealing wax for a seal. And this "encausticum," as it was called in the middle ages, is the origin of our word ink.—Cassier's Magazine.

THE ALBATROSS.

Curious and Elaborate Dances In Which It Participates.

It is well known that many of the cranes and other long legged wading birds indulge in curious antics that partake closely of the nature of the human dance, but it is not known to many persons that the albatross has the most elaborate and ceremonious dance of them all.

Only very few have ever seen the albatross on land; probably nine persons out of ten who have seen the wonderful birds at all have observed them only on the ocean.

One of the nesting places of this great winged creature is the island of Laysan, in the Pacific ocean, and there at times the ground is absolutely covered with their nests. It is on Laysan that the albatross dance was first seen by a lucky scientist.

The ceremony begins when a lot of the birds are grouped in a circle. Two will advance toward each other, bending and nodding their heads in exact imitation of the human bow. Then they spin with their bills, crossing them gently and still making funny little bows. Then one bird will lower its head and stand quite still in that pose, while the other throws its head back till the bill points straight into the air. It puffs out its breast and advances with a queer, fantastic strut, uttering a curious grunt. The other bird begins to snap its bill till it produces the sound of castanets.

So the two will alternate, advancing and retreating and bowing to each other by turns. Sometimes one will pick up a bit of grass or a feather and offer it to the other. Then a second couple will join the dance, and at last as many as forty of the huge birds may be engaged in the queer pastime.

Weights Started on the Farm.

By an English law enacted in 1296 it was provided that a silver penny, called a sterling, should equal in weight thirty-two wheat grains, well dried and taken from the center of the ear. From this it seems evident that the grain of wheat was the prototype of the standard grain. The weight now known as the grain is of course copied from governmental standards.

In 1826 certain weights and measures were legalized in England, and in 1827 copies of these were furnished our government, among them being the Troy pound, equivalent to 5,760 grains.

The origin of the signs commonly used for the scruple, dram and ounce does not seem to be known. It is not unlikely that they are entirely arbitrary.—St. Louis Republic.

Reading the Lines at the Wrist.

The fasciculi, or small branched, is, according to authorities on palmistry, to be found at the base of the hand and forms the line or lines which mark the junction of hand and wrist. One such line, if unbroken, deep and strongly marked, is supposed to foretell a happy life and to indicate calmness of disposition. If the line is chained—that is, crossed and recrossed by numerous small lines—the indication is of a life of labor. Two such lines indicate happiness and long life, while three form the magic bracelet, adding great riches to the other blessings. The addition of the third line to the other two is rare.

Why the Apple Is Healthful.

The acids of the apple are of signal use for men of sedentary habits whose lives are sluggish in action. These acids serve to eliminate from the body noxious matters which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions and other allied troubles. Some such experience must have led to our custom of taking apple sauce with roast pork, rich goose and like dishes.

Not Pretty Then.

"Hateful thing, she is!" exclaimed Miss Pretty angrily. "I'm glad I'm not as mean as she is. I'm as much above her as!"

"Tut, tut!" interrupted her fiancé. "Remember that rosy mouth of yours ceases to be a rosebud when it begins to blow."—Philadelphia Press.

Paper of One Kind.

Glanders is said that paper can be used effectively in keeping a person warm. Gasley—That is very true. I remember a thing: day promissory note of mine once kept me in a perspiration for a month.

WOMAN AND FASHION.

An Exquisite Blouse.

Exquisite blouse of crepe de chine with embroidery in self tones. The yoke is cut in scallops, beneath which



CREPE DE CHINE WITH EMBROIDERY.

the blouse is laid in plaits. Tops of sleeves are plaited to correspond. Undersleeves are muslin, having wrist-bands formed of folds of the muslin.

Dainty Features.

The daintiest feature of dresses made in diaphanous materials for afternoon and evening wear are their girdles, sashes and other waist trappings. These have never been so varied and delightfully chic as this season. Dresden and Watteau ribbons are mostly used. Stout figures look well in the corset bands that support the figure while curving into lines that often lend grace and comeliness where there is none. Sybillic forms requiring perfect freedom with a certain air of abandon for their greatest effect are held in slightly with soft belts. It is no longer the smart thing to tie a belt in a bow at the back, neither are long streamers worn. The Ascot sash is the newest creation and very pretty. It consists of a band of Dresden or Watteau ribbon brought around the waist and tied in a four-in-hand knot at the back. Instead of hanging straight and stiff the ends of the ribbon are pinched up and finished with silk tassels or looped through embroidered silk rings.

Eton's Agate Modish.

There is no use attempting to dodge the issue, as some of us who have invested in three-quarter coats would like to, the Eton is firmer in favor than ever, says a fashion writer in the Philadelphia Ledger.

All the new spring suits almost have the familiar short jacket, and not a few have vests set in. Fashion has duped us most cruelly in this matter, for were we not led to believe last fall that coats even of hip length could be no longer tolerated?

Girl's Frock.

In the dress shown here the full blouse waist is fitted to a lining which is trimmed to form the guimpe. The upper edge of the waist is ornamented

by a pointed bertha, the same idea being carried out in the sleeve cap. The skirt is circular and shaped by darts on the hips. A pretty combination is of plain or figured material, using contrasting color or white for trimming.

A PRETTY COMBINATION.

For a Little Girl.

Yellow silk mull over yellow taffeta makes a becoming frock for the black eyed little beauty. The blouse is laid in pin tucks back and front, having a round neck, from which rises the circular collar of finely tucked mouseline. Fine valenciennes lace is inserted in the collar and edges it. The two skirt flounces are also trimmed with the insertion. A soft yellow sash ties at one side in a rosette bow.

Outwork on Wash Gowns.

It is likely that on wash gowns outwork will take the place of lace to a large extent the coming summer.

Licorice.

Licorice was once highly esteemed medicinally, and its cultivation in England began early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was thought a sovereign remedy for coughs and at one time was a very profitable crop. Its name comes from two Greek words signifying "sweet root." The root was first imported from Spain. The extract of licorice is still used in candy and lozenges and, it is said, must be made from the dried roots, otherwise it is not so bright and clear in color.

SAILORS AND DRINK.

Odd Devices For Obtaining Intoxicants on Board Ship.

Sailors have more originality, more resourcefulness and more ingenuity in securing things to get drunk with than any other class of human beings. They are never at a loss to find some substitute for whisky and brandy when such conventional intoxicants are not to be had. The shells carried upon men-of-war for varnishing purposes is such a common beverage among thirsty jack tars that it has to be kept under lock and key and used under guard. Jalap is put in the alcohol of liquid compasses to keep the thirsty from draining them. Cologne is quite a treat in a pinch, and the story is told of a surgeon on one of our old warships who, being a good deal of a naturalist, was at a loss to account for the decay of some snakes, lizards and other specimens he had preserved in jars of alcohol until investigation showed that water had been substituted for the liquid in the jars and the alcohol consumed by some stealthy sailors. I recall the case of a vessel where the ship's cook reported the steady depletion of his stock of yeast, and the master-at-arms as steadily reported cases of mysterious intoxication in the crew, the ship being far from land at the time. Again investigation was resorted to, resulting in the discovery that the jacks had been pilfering the yeast, which they subjected to a treatment yielding them a satisfactory intoxicating liquor.—San Francisco Town Talk.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

The Diogenes Myth Concerning the Creation of the Earth.

The Diogenes (mission Indian) has no surmise concerning the creation of the world. To him it is a primal fact. Earth and sky existed in the beginning of things, but not as now, illumined by sun, moon and stars, informed with purpose and active with life. In the beginning all was spiritless, dark, inert, a chaos full of untried powers. The sky power, brooding mystery, rested upon the receptive earth. Out of chaos came a voice, a song, ending in a long wailing sigh, signifying accomplishment, rest at the end of achievement; again, voice, song and sigh, and with each act of the first cause, an effect. The earth mother, Sin-yo-hanch, the mysterious name, brought forth to the sky power a god, Tu-chai-pa, the best, the firstborn, and then Yo-ko-mat-is, the lesser, the brother. He did not Tu-chai-pa, with the assistance of his brother, create man to inhabit the earth, and the sun, moon and stars to give light, first of all appearing from its primal prostrate state the