

so as to be able to jump the train in case of an accident, which I expected every minute. Because of the anxiety I thus experienced I must be excused for not being able to furnish the reader with a clear description of the country we traversed. In the few lucid intervals my attention was either drawn to the roaring stream some 400 to 500 feet below us inclosed by almost perpendicular banks, or to the mountains, which seemed to have no passageway for us. But what has not human intellect not conquered? By a succession of tunnels and bridges, some of which were 600 feet above the river bed, we arrived at the highest point of our previous journey. This station was called Alba and was our breakfast stop. We repaired to a dingy, dilapidated looking shed for that meal and the scent of the inevitable pulque robbed us of our appetites; we managed nevertheless to swallow some wine and jerked venison and washed the whole down with a glass or two of beer at the saloon, another shed like structure.

By the time we had satisfied the inner man a new engine had replaced our rattletrap and away we sped with renewed vigor to San Jose. It had taken us eight hours from Port Limon to Alba, but the descent toward the Pacific was rapid and reckless, there being no air brakes on the primitive rolling stock of the road. We experienced a very nice toboggan slide for the last two hours; arriving at a station ahead of time and having to wait for freights behind so that we had ample time to observe the various people at the depots. Here was the pulque vendor holding up his steaming beverage for your inspection in

spite of the wry faces we would make of odors invading our nasal organs.

There was a bevy of Spanish ladies at the depot to meet some lady friend, who was due on the train, or idly surveying the various passengers and gesticulating in the most remarkable manner.

All traveling is done donkeyback in the mountains, so that we had the amusing sight of seeing a whole cavalcade of señoritas coming in full gallop up to the depot, riding the patient animals nearly into the cars, which feat was undoubtedly prevented only by the abnormal length of the beast's ears.

At every station a goodly crowd of lounging peons were to be seen, who had the appearance, for all the world as if the water in that region was a scarce article and must not be wasted on faces and hands. It may be as well to state right here that subsequent investigation brought forth the interesting fact, that a peon does not use water but once in his lifetime, i. e., the time of his baptism, when the priest generally administers a healthy scouring to the newly made Christian.

But one station on our further tour need be named, i. e. Carthago, to which I shall take the patient reader later. At last we sighted from afar the spires and domes of San Jose, the capital and seat of government of Costa Rica, at which interesting town we arrived at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

With the direction of the conductor we finally succeeded in finding a hotel, after much aimless wandering through the city. The first thing after reaching the Hotel Francis we undertook was to clean our several selves from the coal and other dust of the day's journey, which proved to be a tedious, slow job, in