

roll and a tumble once in a while for a change and two days later we found ourselves in the Hotel Francis discussing an appetizing dinner.

The next day we received an invitation to a little gathering at the consul's, it being then the 22nd of February. We arrived rather late and found nearly all the guests assembled, and was duly introduced to them all. The consul had managed to get a few of the señoritas from under the parental vigilance and they tried themselves enjoying the unlooked for liberty. A pair of black eyes soon destroyed all the conversational powers I ever possessed and was only able to gaze as one in a trance on the loveliness of a Spanish beauty. She was my partner for the dinner and I tried my best to make myself agreeable, although I think I sadly failed. Now, Puss was right in his element and he most assuredly made hay while the sun, or rather the electric light shone. After the tedious dinner, at which foremost Washington, then the Costa Rican government, the consul and finally the ladies were toasted in champagne, a dance was improvised and here the grace of the dark beauties came into full play. Such adepts in dancing you never see in a northern clime. And the maidens enjoyed themselves the more since such treats are not often given them. I managed to go through with some of the mysteries of the dances successfully with my beautiful partner but mostly entertained myself by sitting mute in a corner watching my goddess. I thought her perfection and found opportunity to tell her of my infatuation and had the satisfaction of being laughed at for my pains. Such is life. Puss was luckier naturally; he obtained the promise of a

rendezvous with his señorita, which he afterwards filled, but I never knew the outcome of it.

About 3 o'clock the next morning I found myself safely housed in the hotel. In the morning I awoke with a terrible headache and a general feeling of loneliness as if life was not much worth one's while to struggle on. Our time for departure from this land of laziness and enjoyment was drawing near, so after a few good-bye visits we once more embarked on the train for Carthago. Here we decided to make a detour to Agua Calienta, a summer resort, and accordingly went. We spent a few days bathing there in the hot waters and rambling about. We made the acquaintance of a pack of monkeys, several coveys of parrots and a drove of peccary, a sort of razor-back hog about the size of a six month old pig. They are very dangerous when attacked and we accordingly gave them a wide berth. The monkeys were harmless, mostly to be found in some cocoanut tree cracking fruit, and whenever we disturbed them they undertook to pelt us with coconuts, in which they were experts as a sore shin or a bump on the head would speedily teach us.

The country was beautiful, our spirits were gone and we hastened back to the Port, where we were lucky to find a steamer ready to sail for New Orleans in two days with a cargo of bananas. We took passage with several of the boys, who were returning to the Union.

On our home trip we experienced a heavy gale, which blew us a day's journey off our course, but we finally came in sight of the light tower at the mouth of the Mississippi, which we greeted joyously like an old comrade, whom we