

summit of the highest and grandest of them all, and then left us until the morrow in the charge of the milder rulers of the night. What would tomorrow bring forth? Expectantly every one looked for the government revenue cutter and its official permission to go into dock. We did not have to wait long for our gun speedily brought the cutter into view. It contained, besides the officials, the landlord of the only first-class hotel Port Limon boasted, who invited us cordially to stop at his place at \$3.00 per day. The captain told us we could disembark whenever we saw fit, so we availed ourselves of the offer of the portly old custom officer to take us ashore in his boat, and in the course of about a half an hour our feet our feet once more touched land.

But lo, and behold, we had become so used to the "ups and downs" of the steamer that our progress to the hotel resembled more the navigation of a lot of the boys who had made a night of it than the firm step of the soldier that we used to be. The reader need not infer that we were really "loaded," such course of behavior having been entirely abandoned by us as unfit for gentlemen traveling for their health. After a refreshing repast, spiked with genuine French Burgundy, we sallied forth to enjoy the cool and fragrant evening and to catch a glimpse of the town by moonshine. Now I ought to introduce one or two of my traveling companions, who took part to some extent in our rambles afterwards. One was a German youth of about twenty summers who had come all the way from the Fatherland to keep books for his uncle, a rich coffee planter of Costa Rica; his name is Ullman, and a very nice acquaintance he proved.

He introduced us to his uncle and to the railroad officials—the railroad being then in the hands of an English syndicate, Mr. Wigman, president and general manager. Another of our fellow passengers was a Mr. Bright, an old engineer of the "Mexican Central" who was out for a vacation to see some of the world; he was about 55 years old and amused us much with his stories of his exploits on an engine during the war. To return to my narrative. After a pleasant walk through the four or five streets of the city and a game of billiards in one of the numerous restaurants we returned to the Costa Rica hotel to catch up with our sleep and be up with the sun for exploring purposes.

The next morning bright and early we arose to take a bath, but on going along the shore we were not able to find a single place whence we could have entered the bay. The shore in fact consisted of a long coral reef which was so ragged and had such sharp edges that a man making a habit of taking morning walks on it would have to own a shoe store to pay expenses incurred in that line.

We abandoned the idea of a bath, though no doubt we needed it sadly, and cast about for means of leaving the port. After obtaining a pass which would land us safely in San Jose from Mr. Wichman, afore mentioned, we found ourselves with a whole day's time before us in which to explore the region around Port Limon. We plunged into the wilds of forest and undergrowth to dine near the mountains of considerable height, from whose summit we promised ourselves a glorious view. But oh, the tediousness of that ascent in the broiling sun in an atmosphere laden