

with intoxicating perfumes! The perspiration soon commenced rolling off us in little streamlets, despite the denudation process we subjected ourselves to before going far. But we were determined and after about two hours of hard labor we were rewarded for our pains. In front of us the wide expanse of the softly rippling ocean, dotted here and there with sails of fishing junks, along the horizon a streak of smoke, indicating the course of a steamer which had lifted anchor that morning. Immediately below us the picturesque port, with its busy wharf hands loading the Gracia and now and again other figures clad in the lightest garments of the season, darting across the extremely hot streets or lounging in the cooling shades of a broad fruit tree, smoking and gesticulating as if debating some important question in congress. Behind us there towered mountain after mountain sending their peaks up among the clouds; for a background, the majestic Trazue, with its smoking crater, the terror of Costa Rica.

After a comfortable rest in the pure air of this altitude, about 3000 feet above sea level, we commenced our descent. We had in our haste forgotten all about the breakfast we were to have had at 9 o'clock, having partaken of nothing in the morning except a roll and a cup of coffee, because there was nothing otherwise given us. Now we commenced to feel rather light and empty, for the sun had passed the meridian and we must hurry to be in time for dinner at 3 o'clock. We were on time but did not relish the jerked beef and half cooked rice and had to fall back on baked bananas and wine. The reader must not think that we were very extravagant

in thus drinking wine at all times, for wine is as cheap in Central America as it is in France and Germany, there being no import duty on it, and ice being a rather scarce article it is not wasted by putting it in the water, but is made better use of by cooling the more-deserving wine. The rest of that day we spent in our room enjoying a well earned nap. The next morning before day we found ourselves cornered up in a car steaming out of Port Limon towards the interior at a tolerably good speed, which gradually decreased to a dog trot as we entered the mountains, thus giving us ample opportunity to watch the passing scenery. For forty miles there was a monotony of banana fields, now and then relieved by a glimpse of the ocean. Then the real scenery commenced. The grades became uncomfortably steep and the engine labored up a mountain gorge to dizzy heights above. The track seemed to consist of a continuous curve, now deflecting to the right, now to the left, sometimes facilitating an easy conversation with the engineer and occasionally admitting a handshake with that worthy from the hindmost platform of the train, consisting of three cars, one baggage and two passenger cars, of which latter one was filled to choking with barefooted peons, the other not less filled with animals of a higher class, Puss and I among the number. Another such wine drinking, lunch-eating, jabbering crowd it has never been my lot to meet before or after. We felt lost among the Spaniards. We were forced to listen, being able to converse with the conductor and a few other white men only.

I spent the most of that ride sitting on the steps of the hindmost platform