

stream for many miles before finding a place that could be climbed by our donkeys. By night we were half way up and some of us despaired of ever reaching the top. At this altitude, the nights were, despite the closeness of the equator (100 M. L.), rather chilly and we had to wrap ourselves in the provided blankets. A little incident occurred that ought to be recorded. About midnight, or later, I happened to wake up and what was my surprise to see someone prowling about and stooping over various bodies of our companions. The gentleman did evidently not suspect my wakefulness and deliberately proceeded to lighten Mr. Dusfrene's pockets, when a shot from my pistol sent him head over heels down the mountain side. Of course everybody jumped up and I started after my new found friend. When on coming in full view I saw him pick himself up, daintily swing his sombrero and speed away faster than I had any intention of going, so I desisted and waited for the others, who speedily joined me. Upon examination it was found that nothing but a revolver was missing, which by the way, was found next morning, my friend not having time to consider it in his hasty departure. All of us being thoroughly awake we decided to continue our march, which was done. By 8 o'clock we found ourselves confronted by a seemingly impassable swamp at an altitude of 6000 feet above the sea level.

Here we had to abandon our mules, which we left under the care of one of the guides, the other was of course necessary to lead us through the jungle. I have a faint recollection of stumbling through roots, over vines, falling into the mud and getting thoroughly soaked

by the time we emerged from the swamp. At last we were permitted once more to breathe freely and inhale the fresh air of the open space intervening, and such fresh air it was, blowing at least twenty miles an hour.

Now the most perilous and last stage of our ascent was to come. A rock wall with perpendicular sides of no less than 1000 feet, with a face of about three yards had to be traversed to reach the crater. With the wind blowing a gale this was no easy feat, but it was safely accomplished and at 10 o'clock we reached the mouth of the volcano. Whether or not we were repaid by our labor is not yet settled in my mind, but we saw a real crater, so that goes a long ways. The thing looked like a huge funnel of about a mile in diameter narrowing down to seemingly not more than a ten foot hole. The steam obstructed our view considerably but now and then we caught a glimpse of a boiling seething mass below in a continuous uproar, which every now and then would run up the side of the funnel, sometimes as high as the rim. Having gone all around it, and after resting a good long while, and looking at the diminutive objects below, which were houses, and having had the pleasure of seeing both the Pacific and the Atlantic at the same time by simply turning around, we commenced our descent. By the way, if anybody should happen down there and want to climb the Trazue let him provide himself with sufficient wrappers, overcoats, blankets and other such articles of furniture as they will come in handy on top, no matter how warm it is below. We found our donkeys in good shape and ready to carry us back. Nothing happened on our downward course except a