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GENERAL BOGRAN,

President of Honduras.

HONDURAS:

THE LAND OF GREAT DEPTHS.

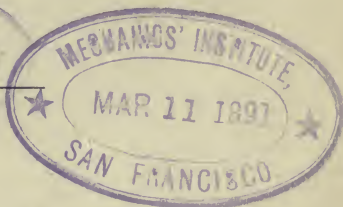
WITH

MAP AND PORTRAITS.

BY

CECIL CHARLES,

AUTHOR OF "SAN JOSÉ DE COSTA RICA," TRANSLATOR OF
BIOLLEY'S "COSTA RICA AND HER FUTURE," ETC.



CHICAGO AND NEW YORK:

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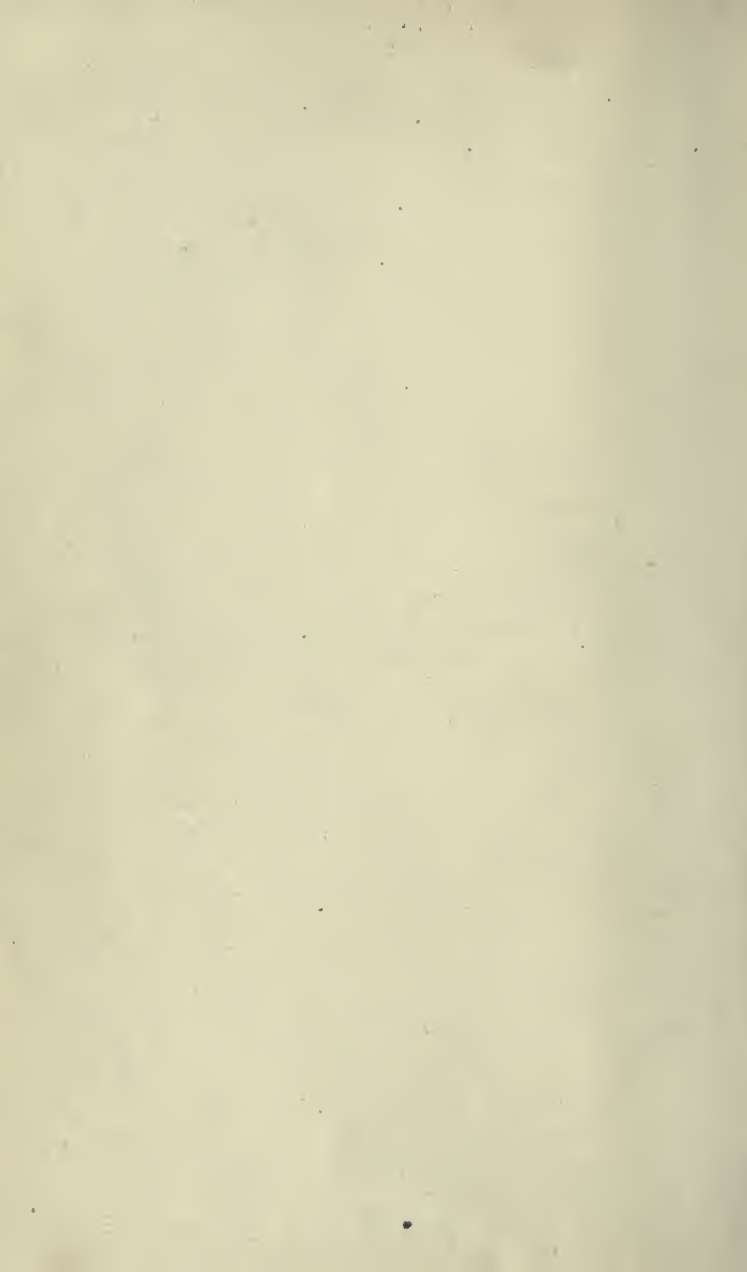
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Honduras.

TO
THE PRESIDENT OF HONDURAS,
SEÑOR GENERAL DON LUIS BOGRAN,
IN TESTIMONY OF
ADMIRATION AND ESTEEM.



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INTRODUCTION.

The preparation of this little work, upon a country in which it was my good fortune to pass many happy days, and among the people of which I trust that even in absence I may count warm friends, has been from first to last a labor of love. Realizing at the outset that this would prove the case, and that under such circumstances the danger of depicting with over-enthusiasm must be guarded against, I determined to write with moderation upon all topics introduced. It is possible that in my desire not to err in the one direction I have gone too far to the other extreme, and allowed some chapters to become more prosy than was necessary.

Nevertheless, the purpose of the book is less to entertain the casual reader than to supply practical information to a vast number of persons who contemplate seeking their fortunes in Honduras, and who desire to become acquainted first with some of its customs, resources, and industries. To such I believe it

will prove of value, as far as the experience of one person may avail another.

I have to acknowledge the very valuable assistance afforded me by the *Honduras Progress* and its able editor, Dr. R. Fritzgartner, to whom I am indebted for information unobtainable elsewhere. I have quoted also from various other writers of interesting articles, to whom I have not failed to credit the quoted extracts, and to whom I am under lasting obligations.

If the book shall prove successful in that for which it is intended, I shall be more than content as

THE AUTHOR.



MECHANICS. J. N. S. J. N. S. J. N. S.



DR. FRITZGÄRTNER.



THE REPUBLIC OF HONDURAS.

PART I.

SADDLE AND HAMMOCK.

I.

GETTING ASHORE AND A START.

It was August when I first arrived in Tegucigalpa. I am sure I shall never forget riding in through Comayguela, where all the people—or it seemed all—came to the door-ways and out into the street to survey the newest “Gringos.” It was late afternoon. I was very tired, very stiff, very sun-burned, very humble in the consciousness of not knowing how to sit a mule with a hard gait or to speak Spanish. The journey up from Amapala had been exhausting. I do not know why people should prefer to go to Honduras via the Isthmus and Amapala. It is so much more direct by New Orleans and Puerto Cortez. Nevertheless, I had left New York by the Pacific Mail steamer of July 1st, had landed on the 10th in Colon, and remained

there over night, although the mosquitoes held the most extraordinary sort of bacchanalian revels inside my mosquito canopy, and sleep was difficult. Next day I had crossed the Isthmus, by rail, and sailed at seven P. M. in a dubious coasting steamer (since discarded) with one of the kindest and cleverest commanders that exist. The coasting steamer touched at Puntarenas, Costa Rica, where I went ashore to stand for the first time on Central American soil—San Juan del Sur, and Corinto of Nicaragua in turn. On the fifth night we should have dropped anchor before twelve in Amapala Bay, but a tremendous storm made imperative our putting out to sea. It was near morning when the anchor was down and a couple of small boats brought out waiting friends to board the steamer. Large vessels do not make the wharf in Amapala.

We did not go ashore until six o'clock. Dawn brought slowly out of the soft obscurity—for after the storm there was the infinite quietude of a moonless tropical night—a sweet and smiling picture, Tigre Island with its splendid verdure, its sunlit shores inviting to a new world. The queer little garrison of barefooted, jean-clad soldiers interested me on

landing. They filed from the cuartel down to the plaza, drilled a little, were inspected, and returned to their quarters. But for the bugle notes and the soft sounds of the seawater, the place was utterly quiet.

The main street still showed signs of the previous night's storm; but the sky above was a glorious azure. As the sun rose gradually higher and higher, the light grew more dazzling upon land and sea. The blaze was intense on one who stood out of the shade; but under an umbrella or in the shadow of a door-way, one only felt the cool, pure sweep of wind from the sea.

I remained in Amapala until about noon, when, having breakfasted very comfortably and passed the custom-house scrutinies, I again embarked for the mainland.

The breakfast, it may be mentioned without irrelevance, consisted of eggs, fried chicken, fried oysters, frijoles, tortillas, cheese, excellent bread, super-excellent coffee with milk, and wine. It was provided by a sort of inn, dignified with the name "hotel."

The voyage to the mainland* was about my

* A small steamer now makes regular trips from Amapala to San Lorenzo and La Brea.

first curious experience in the country. The boat was apparently nothing but a huge hollowed-out tree. It had a captain and half a dozen oarsmen. It was provided with one sail and a canvas covering, which, however, we asked to have removed, preferring to bear the unhindered blaze of the sun rather than shut out the splendid sea-breeze. The luggage filled the bottom of the boat, and we sat upon it. The captain steered at the stern, and the rowers occupied the forward part. They were the first copper-hued sons of Honduras that I made any studies of. They wore two garments—white jacket and trousers—and a hat to begin. When they had become pretty warm from rowing, they stripped off the jackets and stood revealed, without thought of immodesty, in all their pride of muscular biceps and bronze statue-like chests. Their oars were broom-shaped two-piece affairs, which they handled somewhat like brooms, reminding me of the old lady in Stockton's story, who swept herself ashore after the shipwreck.

The voyage to the mainland was long enough to be tedious, save for the diversion of watching the crew. They did not all row at once,

but took turns at it, and by-and-by they hoisted the sail and let the wind carry us along. The captain maintained a dignified but smiling countenance, and steered us slowly toward the green banks of the mainland.

It was six in the evening when we sprang upon terra firma at San Lorenzo.

It was not much of a place. There was one habitation, a bodega or warehouse. But there were two clever young English-speaking gentlemen to interpret and give points, and, in short, behave most sweetly toward a bewildered new arrival.

The pack and saddle mules for our party were in waiting; but we decided to remain in the bodega all night and make an early morning start.

We had comida. I will say frankly it was very plain, gotten up rather extempore, cooked on one of the out-door native stoves. I believe it consisted of eggs, tortillas, queso, and coffee without milk. It was, however, wholesome and satisfying, for we were hungry.

The night in the bodega was not altogether pleasant. We foreigners slept in our hammocks. There were seven human beings, two or more pigs, half a dozen chickens, a rooster

who crowed conscientiously, and not a few insects. I was glad enough when the first streak of daylight crept through the wide cracks about the door. The bodega keeper and his wife arose and went forth about their duties. The rest of us were not slow to quit our hammock suspense, or suspension, and after coffee and pan dulce, we were in the saddle.

I am ready to acknowledge that until that moment I never really knew what riding meant. It was not at all like having a noble saddle-horse in the bridle-path of Central Park, or on the boulevards of some breezy Western city. It was being pounded up and down on the hardest-gaited old villain of a quadruped that ever wagged his long ears or flourished his heels in the air.

The sun grew very hot as we rode. The country was level; the scenery was not especially tropical. There was not the sight of a human habitation, but now and then we met pack-mules and their owners plodding contentedly behind them. Being new to a mule's back, I was not always securely seated; my hat would bob over my eyes, and a cramp crept into my knees. I was uncomfortable and cross before reaching Pespire. Had we

made fairly good time, we should have reached Pespire at ten or eleven o'clock at the latest. It is but twenty miles inland. The road is excellent, being the first twenty miles of the wagon-way constructed by President Bogran from the coast to the capital, at a cost of a hundred thousand dollars. Ox-carts travel over it, but the most of the freight is carried on mule-back—two hundred and fifty pounds equally divided—two one hundred and twenty-five pound packages or boxes constituting a load. Strangers going to Honduras should always remember to carry small stout trunks in pairs, not weighing over one hundred, or one hundred and twenty-five pounds at most, apiece. With luggage in this convenient shape, one can get about easily and without delay. Mules can be obtained at Pespire at from five to ten dollars apiece for freight or passenger transportation to the capital. I have heard some talk of a pony express between Tegucigalpa and San Lorenzo, but the project has never been definitely undertaken. It would pay, I believe, for there is a vast amount of freight brought by steamers to Amapala and lightered over to the mainland, to lie waiting its turn in the bodega for weeks, if not months.

I remember a gentleman who ordered a dress suit to be sent him from New York for the Fourth of July. It was sent promptly and arrived up at the capital at the Christmas holidays.

We did not reach Pespire until after one o'clock, the very hottest part of the day. We found a pretty little white adobe town, with a cathedral in Moorish style of architecture. A wide but shallow river flows through the town. The white stones of its bed blaze dazzlingly in the noon-day sun, and he who touches them with his bare fingers is apt to get a bad burn.

Pespire is one of the principal towns of the department of Choluteca. But it has no hotel accommodations. The best arrangement you can make will give you but a room—empty of furniture, but probably having human occupants—in which to swing your hammock. If you are acquainted with any of the principal mining companies, or bring letters to their managers, you may be accommodated with a canvas cot and a blanket or two at one of their agencies. Fortunately, I was so circumstanced. I had not wished or intended to remain over night in Pespire. It was our plan to proceed to La Venta, twelve

miles further on—a place that is a thousand feet above sea-level. It is well, as a rule, for strangers arriving for the first time in Honduras to make haste up to the interior, and to remain there until acclimated—not that the coast is such a deadly place as some would have one believe, but as a matter of precaution. At the time I am writing of I had more than an ordinary fear of tropical lowlands. The remark of a certain gentleman, who, as the general manager of an important mining company, was in the habit of taking out a number of American employés with him every year from New York to Honduras, had made a deep impression upon me. The remark was to the effect that, having once landed on Honduras soil, he never allowed his party to rest for a moment, day or night, until they had reached La Venta; *because*, he said, *he did not carry coffins with him*. Months afterward I discovered his reason for this ghastly exaggeration in the fact that he desired to prevent the wives of some of the employés he was taking out wishing to accompany them. Women in a mining camp always made trouble, he said.

We had breakfast at Pespire, brought to us at the mining company's agency. It was re-

markably good, or else we were very hungry. None but the natives have the peculiar knack of cooking the frijoles so that you can eat a platter full and sigh for greater capacity. The coffee, too, was so good ! I can not understand why such vile decoctions are served to one on certain steamship lines under the name of this delicious beverage. And in Honduras we had the reality to contrast with the base imitation of the past fortnight.

When we had finished, it was nearly three o'clock. The sky had clouded over. Soon a splendid tropical rain-storm, with occasional thunderous reverberations, had burst upon us. It rained tremendously for an hour or two. The Pespire agent persuaded us that it would be highly unwise to set out again that night. He was hospitable in regard to cots and bed-clothes; and we concluded to remain and make an early start.

II.

ON THE ROAD UP TO THE CAPITAL.

From Pespire to La Venta is an easy ride, and yet an uneasy one. The distance is slight—twelve miles at a guess. But what ups and

downs! What climbings to rise a thousand feet above the ocean! Now the difference between the two worlds, the temperate and the tropical begins to dawn upon the traveler. Now, in the fresh of the early morning, ere the sun is high enough to scorch your shoulders and arms—which, by the way, you will be wise to cover with a large white towel—you gaze on either side of your path and begin to feel a sense of strangeness. There is a curious, broken look of the ground. As a gentleman once said to me, it looks as if Omnipotent hands had caught up huge masses of rock and earth and flung them hither and thither to form an awe-inspiring, inexplicable region of wildness.

Now the traveler begins to realize for the first time the beauty of the prosaic mule. This beauty lies wholly in his sure and wise footedness. He steps cautiously down the stony road where it makes an abrupt descent; he leaps an ugly rut; he springs nimbly up a hill; he keeps on cheerfully and sagely, and does all the necessary thinking for you—except that as to how you shall best sit in your saddle.

La Venta is a small adobe village. There is a posada, which you easily find on inquiry. Your animals should be rested here, and fed if

you like. The old woman of the posada is not especially agile, but she can get you a good breakfast. We had the native dishes—eggs, chicken, tortillas, and beans. The house was but a single-roomed hut, clean, with an earthen floor. A hammock swung in the center, into which I piled rather stiffly, I remember, and from which breakfast was hardly enough to tempt me to rise.

The old lady overcharged us for the meal, but we did not complain. We started out bravely again. This time we had a much longer distance to cover before nightfall, that of ten leguas, about thirty miles, which, with the morning's twelve, would make the day's journey forty-two miles. This would bring us to Sabanagrande.

At this place were several Americans of the San Marcos Mining Company, to whom we had introductions, and we felt assured of kindly courtesies. There was no hotel then, as there is at present. We did not make great speed that afternoon. At first the landscape interested us, and we rode slowly to look around. The pita and the various cacti, of which we knew absolutely nothing—not even a name—became frequent. The road was fairly good, but that

there was a great deal of climbing and a greater deal of jogging down into little declivities, which to a saddle-sore traveler is anything but bliss. The afternoon fled. All of a sudden dusk came on. We were not there. We beat up our weary animals, and kept on for another hour or two. My companion tried to cheer me up, but I was on the brink of a breaking-down when at last we reached the village.

The door of one of the little low houses opened as we rode up. There was the glow of warm lamp-light, kindly American voices, and the smell of freshly steeped tea!

They had expected us, and supper was prepared. I don't know that anything else ever tasted as good to me as that tea. We occupied the newly built house of a gentleman who was absent at a camp several leagues distant, but who, knowing we were coming, had most kindly tendered us his dwelling for the night. It was only a two-room affair, with rough inner walls and a door through which daylight crept in wide bars early the next morning; but it was clean, and there was a comfortable bed and wash-stand and a small looking-glass. It seemed like recovering civilization.

The distance on to Tegucigalpa now was but

thirty miles, mostly a splendid road. Much refreshed by a good rest and sound sleep—the muscular lameness, having disappeared, as it always does after the second day in the saddle—we made excellent time. Now we were on the heights. At one point we could see Tegucigalpa glistening whitely in the distance, twenty miles away. The sun ascended the heavens, and its rays burnt upon us when we rode out from under the shade of magnificent trees; but we did not mind this, for the splendid breeze of the mountains swept to and fro, refreshing and invigorating us. Half-way to the capital we were galloping across Cerro de Hule, a grand wind-swept table-like summit, five or six thousand feet above sea-level. Here it was deliciously cool. There was a fine mist in the air. A solitary house, known to my companions as a posada, from previous investigations, became apparent at noon. We made a brief stop and obtained milk and tortillas.

From Cerro de Hule on to Tegucigalpa we could have driven a four-in-hand. There was no more fording of streams or threading of precipitous winding paths. The wide road was white and smooth, a veritable boulevard. The road-bed looked to be of limestone. There

were capital bridges. We began to see fenced-in property, with stone walls and cactus hedges, and to guess at farms and estates. The indescribable opulence of tropical nature was more strikingly perceptible now, because placed in contrast with the elements of civilization.

We began to see houses, comfortable looking places, mostly of one story, to be sure, but long and of ample breadth, with airy porches, in whose shade hammocks swung invitingly. Built of adobe, like almost all the buildings, and roofed with the heavy red tiles that cost about two cents apiece and are used by the thousand for all dwellings, the interiors could not be other than impervious alike to heat or dampness, and comfortable in proportion.

It was after six when we rode through Comayguela, that supplementary part of Tegucigalpa which lies on the other side of the Rio Grande.

III.

TEGUCIGALPA, CITY OF THE SILVER HILLS.

I could make a book entire about this quaint and quiet town. It is situated about three thousand two hundred feet above sea-level,

upon a plateau enclosed by mountains rising some three thousand feet still higher. To the north and immediately back of the city is "La Leona," of volcanic formation. Up and around the side of this mountain, one sees the white cart-road leading off to San Juancito, twenty miles distant, where are situated the Rosario Mining Company's works. By and by—not yet—we shall set off thither.

There are three or four good hotels at Tegucigalpa. If you stop, as I did, not far from the presidential palace, you are quite in the center of town, convenient to the post-office, the plaza, the cathedral.

Very early in the morning you awaken, against your will. They are beating the reveille in the cuartel. The notes of the bugle come sweetly out of the distance. You open your still heavy eyes and see chinks of light overhead. They grow wider and brighter as you gaze. You study them uncomprehendingly for awhile. The room is dark otherwise. After awhile you crawl out of bed, feel for your shoes, and put them on with vague apprehensions of alacranes. Then you grope your way to the window, which is perhaps window and door combined. After fumbling for a time,

you grasp a monstrous iron bolt and slip it back. The ponderous wooden shutters—there are few glass windows in the country—swing open. All the splendid freshness of the morning pours in and blinds you for the moment. You stand there dazzled by the beauty of the heavens; you draw long, delicious breaths. Oh, this is weather that they might have in Paradise!

Already—perhaps it is six o'clock—people are astir in the streets. They rise early. You dress yourself and hurry out to the dining-room. It is a bare-looking place with imitation stone floor, some little tables and chairs. There are great windows with their heavy shutters wide open, through which the wind sweeps coolly and the pleasant sunlight looks in. If you do not hurry and take your coffee and pan dulce or pan francés, you will be in danger of feeling a most untropical appetite for breakfast, which is not served before ten or eleven o'clock.

After taking coffee you will do well to set out and see the town. But it is so strangely quiet, you say. Even so. There are no noisy mills, or factories, no steam-whistles, no engine-bells, not even the rattling of carriage-wheels in the

narrow streets of Tegucigalpa. There are only the human footfalls and the sound of human voices, or the soft-stepping unshod horses and mules with their packs projecting on either side, or at rare intervals a curious two-wheeled chariot drawn by oxen.

Here at Tegucigalpa—an Indian name signifying city of the silver hills—is the seat of government. That two-story curious building, pleasantly painted in drab and rose-color, is the President's palace. It is an extensive building; its walls are of tremendous thickness, and the interior is well furnished. Here, during certain hours of the day, anyone may obtain audience with a truly American President, General Don Luis Bogran.

Passing on down the street which leads to the fine stone bridge across the Rio Grande to Comayguela—the same bridge, several hundred feet in length, over which you rode into the city on your arrival—you come to the post-office and the central telegraph office. The postal system is very good, and the telegraphic supposed to be excellent, the general superintendent of both being an American, Mr. Bert Cecil. If you keep on down to the river you may see some of the native washerwomen beat-

ing the clothes to spotless whiteness on the great stones below. But possibly you will prefer to return and take a look next at the cathedral. It is of Moorish style, this great white edifice. It has a clock, and a bell that is rung more energetically than melodiously. It is very old. There are no seats; pious people are supposed to kneel and pray when they are in church. There is an altar which, they say, was once of solid gold, but much of the precious metal has disappeared in the course of years.

Do you care to visit the university next? It is near the palace. Do you wish to go presently to a young ladies' seminary? There is one called "El Progreso." There are eighty to one hundred pupils. The principal is Miss Jesusa Medina, a charming and clever young lady—not at all the prim and precise type of lady teacher we know in the United States—who speaks English gracefully, having been educated in Guatemala. In this seminary are taught all the elementary branches, languages, and a good deal of useful and ornamental handiwork as well.

Before starting out to see the city, you will most probably have met a gentleman whom I

do not hesitate to style the good angel of the foreigners in Honduras. This is Dr. Reinhold Fritzgartner, Government Geologist, Inspector-General of Mines, and editor of *Honduras Progress*, a most valuable and necessary little bi-weekly newspaper printed in English. Doctor Fritzgartner is a Prussian by birth, but was for some time in the United States. He is a capital linguist, and his good nature, in interpreting for helpless new arrivals is unfailing. If by any chance you should not yet have met this gentleman, you should make haste to do so.

In front of the cathedral is the park, Morazan Park, with Morazan's statue in the center. Great is the name of this hero, and great his glory in the land of his birth to-day, forty-seven years after his cruel death in another republic. His tomb, they say, is in Salvador. But his statue, an equestrian figure in bronze, is there in the park of Tegucigalpa, and his name is spoken, as is that of Washington in the United States, with love and reverence, nearly half a century after his fall on the market-place of San Jose de Costa Rica. Something of a dreamer was Morazan. He had the face of a poet. The Hondureños have

placed his head upon all denominations of their postage-stamps. When I went home to breakfast after looking at the statue, I wrote down a rhyme that had sung itself into my brain out there in the sunshine of the park. It was echo-like to what I had been listening about the hero of Central American independence, MORAZAN.

There are other statues in the park—four of them, one in each corner. They represent the four seasons! Who in the world ever conceived the idea of placing them there, I do not know. They are beautiful white pictures, but slightly incongruous in the land of eternal June.

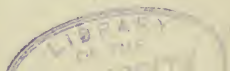
Fronting on the streets that bound the park or square are some of the principal stores and shops. Many of these occupy the front of the lower story of the owners' residences, for there are some two-story dwellings, although one-story is the rule. The houses are built even with the street, and the patios or inner court-yards are very large, and usually contain beautiful gardens with orange and pomegranate trees. When a family gives a ball, the patio is lighted with Japanese lanterns, and serves as a conservatory for lovers to stroll and whisper in.

The social life of Tegucigalpa is charming. Balls and weddings are of frequent occurrence. The weddings are occasions of great rejoicing. They are of twelve hours duration, beginning usually at eight in the evening. At that hour, the invited friends having assembled at the home of the bride's parents, the civil ceremony takes place with every due form. After this the priest appears and performs the first part of the religious ceremony. There is then a sort of intermission. The couple are not yet completely married. Nevertheless, dancing and feasting begin. Champagne unlimited flows; speeches and good-wishes are still more abundant. They keep it up with unflagging zest until the small hours of the morning. At four o'clock the cathedral bell begins to ring, and summons them to that holy spot. The ladies throw their wraps about their heads and shoulders, and bride and groom lead a long procession, still in full ball costume, through the silent streets. The priest meets them just at the church door. He reads a short prayer, then gives the groom thirteen golden coins. The groom pours these into the hand of the bride, saying: "Wife, take these in significance of our marriage." And the bride responds:

“Husband, I accept them.” After this they follow the priest to the altar. A white veil is placed over the couple and a golden chain to encircle them. They remain thus enveloped and linked with golden fetters while mass is said. And so at last they are married. By this time it is broad daylight. On leaving the church they proceed to their own new home, which is ready for them. Here a wedding breakfast is laid for themselves and their most intimate friends. One of the dishes which is never wanting is the nacatamales, so well relished by all Central Americans.

There is very little domestic unhappiness in Honduras. The married couples are fond of each other, contented, and deeply devoted to their children. Love-matches are the rule. The balls at the Christmas holidays, and also the 15th of September ball, which is usually held at the palace, are always exceedingly pleasant affairs. To be really happy in Central America, one must dance. It is the great amusement. There is a good theatre in Tegucigalpa, but in order to fully enjoy a performance, you must understand some Spanish.

I have heard strange stories of buried treasure having been discovered under more than



one old house in Tegucigalpa. When or why it was buried there, has never been made precisely clear to me. It seemed to have been hidden by the possessors in time of war, when they were forced to fly hastily, hoping, doubtless, to return later on. I have heard of people buying old places and coming into sudden fortunes by prudent excavations. I have heard of others who dug so hard that they undermined the houses, and these collapsed, total ruins, without a sign of a coin of any description.

I would like to be able to give a clear idea of the houses of Tegucigalpa. Those of one story are from fifteen to eighteen feet high—that is, from the sidewalk to the eaves of the tile roof, which slopes toward the street and projects out over the *cera* or brick pavement. The sidewalk is rarely wide enough for two to walk abreast. The house is built of adobe, which means blocks of earth mixed with tough grass and dried in the sun. The blocks are generally two feet long by one wide by six inches thick. The outside is finished off smooth, and whitewashed or painted. Inside, the walls are plastered and papered handsomely. The windows rarely have glass. The

shutters open inward, and are tremendous affairs with huge bolts. Outside all the windows are strong iron bars. The width of the house-walls make the windows the nicest little alcoves to sit in. As to furniture, carpets are not much used. There is a great deal of Canton and straw matting, and rugs are liked. The native petates, or mats woven of straw and brightly colored, are pretty and inexpensive. The bent-wood chairs and sofas are imported in great quantities from Europe. Pianos are numerous—strangely enough, when you know how they are brought up from the coast. And Tegucigalpa has many fine musicians. There is one young pianist, Mr. Meany, whose playing would attract attention in New York or London. Candles are mostly used for lights, but there are also handsome lamps. Kerosene is rather costly. The rooms are large and airy. There is an interior porch on all four sides of the patio. Doors from all the rooms open into this porch. There are some ugly, uncared-for patios, and some that are very beautiful with flowers and fruit trees.

Besides the cathedral, in Tegucigalpa there are four or five churches. There is a hospital, and early in January, 1889, President Bogran

himself laid the corner-stone of the new orphans' home. There is a good library in connection with the university, and there are several newspapers. *La Nacion* and *La Republica* are the principal ones. The *Honduras Progress*, the first English paper ever issued in Central America, is full of valuable information for foreigners.

IV.

SUNSHINE AND STORM.

I found it a little difficult at first to understand the seasons. Arriving in a month that in the North means midsummer, I was told that it was now the invierno, or winter, and that the verano, or summer, beginning in November and lasting until May, would be much pleasanter. I felt as if the people who told me this might be making a mistake. Fancy August being a winter month! Traveling, I learned, would be bad for the next three months. The roads were muddy—in some places, mud above the horses' knees. I mean,

tic. This is perhaps true. Yet people who live at Truxillo do not think the climate bad at all. At Puerto Cortez the sea-breeze is constant and refreshing. I did not feel uncomfortable either there or at San Pedro Sula, thirty miles inland. The only time I really suffered from heat in Honduras—the only truly memorable time—was down by the River Ulua, at midday, sitting under a huge lemon tree. Just at that spot, by the house of the ferryman, to whom we shall come in an after chapter, the road curves so that there is no passage of air. There was not a breath astir that day; the sun was hot, suffocatingly hot. I sat motionless, with perspiration oozing from every pore; and the hot, huge lemons fell around me, as if themselves overcome.

A rain-storm never is a great bore in Honduras. If you are out for a ride, you carry a rubber cloak—one that does not gape in front is best. If it rain very hard, take refuge under some friendly thatched roof. In town, if it rain, you need not go out until it stops. The only provoking shower I can call to mind during all the months I spent in Honduras, was one which began promptly at half-past seven o'clock of the evening, on the 15th

of September. It was the night of Independence Day, and there was a grand ball at the President's palace. I was one of a party who were to attend. At eight o'clock the rain was still pouring in torrents. Now, the annoying part was that one of the ladies of our party was to open the ball with the President! We could not, therefore, go late. Imagine six or eight ladies and gentlemen in full dress parading through the street in a drenching storm! No carriages; not even an ox-cart! There was no other way than for the ladies to be carried in chairs. Three were procured—chairs I mean—and six stout *mozos* were quickly engaged. Each lady was carefully seated; her satin and tulle train, her fan, gloves, and flowers carefully placed in her lap, and a rubber cloak thrown over her. She was given an umbrella to hold. Presently the procession started. Two of the ladies, including the one who was to dance with the President, were light-weights; the third was rather solid. The *mozos* who carried this lady groaned and slipped on the wet stones, and groaned again and slipped again, and finally down with a crash came lady, *mozos*, and all, in the middle of the street. No one was hurt, fortunately, and none of us laughed more

at the recollection, for days afterward, than the lady herself.

A great many people have a terrible dread of Honduras as an unhealthful place. For the most part, such a feeling is unwarranted. It is certainly a wise plan to go at once to the interior on first arriving in the country. But the coast lands are by no means such deadly regions, providing one exercise proper care as to living. Wait until you have been two or three weeks in the tropics before you eat fruits to which you are unaccustomed. Be careful not to drink impure water without first boiling it. There is no danger in the water of the crystal clear mountain streams. Avoid getting wet and chilled. If you get caught in the rain, take immediately a little brandy. Do not eat too much animal food; if you do, you are apt to become bilious. Be temperate in the matter of liquors. The aguardiente of Honduras is very powerful, and should be taken sparingly. The guaro is better in the bottle than down the throat.

No one who has been in Honduras can be unaware of the perfection of the climate of the interior in restoring health to those suffering from diseases of the respiratory organs. The

pure and gentle atmosphere of these high altitudes is the best possible cure for consumptive tendencies. Persons, indeed, whose lungs are already seriously affected, may hope for complete recovery here among these upland forests of pine and oak. For such, an altitude of three to four thousand feet is the best region. In this cool and even temperature they should wear light flannel underclothing and sleep with sufficient coverings during the really cold nights. Daily bathing in the mountain streams, and not too much riding, will give them unheard-of appetites and make new creatures of them in a short time.

October is perhaps the prettiest month in Honduras. After the long months of the rainy season, the look of the world is enchanting. The air is clearest then, for the rains have washed out all the dust. Miles and miles across splendid emerald valleys are distant mountains veiled in sapphire and azure. Sometimes, beyond low floating snowy clouds, rise dark-green peaks like islands in an aerial sea. The flowers are all at their best.

The road-sides in places are ablaze with yellow and scarlet. In other, shadier spots there are ferns and orchids. On a mountain-side

where a thousand tiny streams trickle constantly down across your narrow path, there is maiden-hair, delicate and beautiful beyond description—inexhaustible quantities. And mingled with it are begonias that you instantly crave to transport to the North. Further on are giant ferns, amazing trees that make you stare. In another place you will find blackberries growing wild—bushes and bushes, limitless and unheeded. But it is the very same old blackberry—red when it is green—that you have eaten all the summers of your life since you were old enough, in the North. The natives call it the mora. And everywhere you will see the mimosa, the sensitive plant, which in the tropics becomes quickly a tree, and does not quiver and recoil so easily at rude contact. There are two species—one with little pink fuzzy balls, and one whose fuzzy balls are yellow.

O, how truly beautiful is the spring-like October of the Honduras uplands !

V.

HOW TO BE COMFORTABLE.

A great many foreigners go to Honduras leaving their families behind in the United States. A few take their wives and children along with them. There is no good reason why they should not. With a little forethought, life may be as agreeable for a woman as for a man. But, to be sure, there are women who are not easily contented. If you go to Honduras ready to groan and grumble at every trifle, prepared to believe the inhabitants a set of savages, and firmly convinced that the climate is deadly, and, in short, everything "horrid," you are not apt to be comfortable yourself or to render anyone else so. Go there cheerfully, prepared to do without gas-light and street-cars, also matinées (except in Tegucigalpa), fresh oysters (except in Amapala), art exhibitions, green apples, and American butter (except in cans from the United States), and you may be serene, if not absolutely happy.

If you are going to stay any length of time in any one place, you must find a house. Rents vary. In El Valle de los Angeles you can

secure a habitation at from five to thirty dollars per month. In Tegucigalpa houses rent for from ten to one hundred and fifty dollars. Supposing you take a place that is rather roughly finished inside — indeed, outside of Tegucigalpa or Comayagua, the houses are not, as a rule, very artistic. In such case you will want to have a deal of cretonne for curtains and portières and mantles. You will want plenty of muslin or lace window-curtains. Rugs will make your bare floors comfortable. The ladies' and children's dresses should be all of summer materials. Don't let anyone delude you into taking spring costumes. You want June and July attire. Sun and shade hats you will need; parasols and umbrellas in plenty; shoes and boots enough to last a good while; rubber cloaks of the best possible quality—cheap ones will not stand the climate. Sheets and pillow-cases, blankets and bed-spreads you must take also. Hammocks and steamer-chairs are the nicest things in the world for a house in Honduras. Some little knick-knacks and pictures will make bare walls more home-like. If I were a lady going to Honduras with my husband, I should also take two or three pretty evening dresses with me, because people who are agree-

able and come well introduced are treated very amiably in a social way, and there is not always time to get a dress made for a party; besides, how much nicer to have the latest New York cut! And I would take ever so many pairs of kid gloves—undressed kid, which do not spot like dressed kid, in the tropical rainy season.

But about comfortable living: The house fixed, you must have a servant or two. They work for low wages, but you must not be splenetic at the bare shoulders and bare feet of your kitchen maid. See that she is clean from head to foot; that is all. Her *camisa* should be spotless, and her calico skirt should not drag behind and wipe up the dust. Trust to her to cook the frijoles and tortillas. Instruct her on other points kindly and repeatedly, and do not lose patience. Go about the kitchen (I am speaking now for the benefit of the foreigner's *wife*) with your Spanish book in your hand, giving orders as grammatically as possible; and all of a sudden you will be surprised to find how well you speak and understand the language. Be as kind as you can to your native servants. The Hondureños, even of the lower classes, are as proud as Lucifer is said to be. You can

never force them to do anything. On the other hand, they will show the greatest devotion to an employer for whom they have affection.

In order to be comfortable, one must duly respect the inner man. What is one to eat in Honduras? There is good beef to be had, and occasionally veal. There is no mutton yet; there are few sheep in the country. Pork is rather high. Very good sausage is manufactured by the natives. Brains and sweetbreads nicely cooked are tasty dishes. Iguana, the meat of which is white and delicate, is not at all bad, and there is a certain kind of monkey that need not be despised. Mr. E. W. Perry says that "boiled monkey, tender and fat from much feasting on zapotes and other sweet and wholesome fruits, is delicious food. There is another excellent reason why people who might turn with aversion from a diet of even so remote an ancestor should eat the fat, white-bellied mono. His oil is a superior remedy for catarrh and kindred ailments, and excels cod-liver oil in curing consumption."

The same gentleman speaks favorably of the armadillo, baked in its many-banded, scaly armor. The wild turkey is very good, and the tepescuintle is tasty. In regard to vegetables,

a good plan is to have your own kitchen garden, raising your own tomatoes, string-beans, radishes, lettuce, parsley, onions, beets, cabbages, cucumbers, squashes, and so forth. All these things grow as by magic. You have but to water them and watch that the ants do not get at them. If you waken one morning and find a thousand of these busy little insects streaming into your garden-patch and walking off with your precious green stuff, do not faint or shriek. Go quietly and find a mozo. Offer him two or three dollars to discover and remove the ants' nest. He will do so effectually, and then you may pay him. With a little trouble you may have thus all the fresh vegetables you wish, the year round. Flour is expensive. You will do well to buy your bread. They have a secret for making it, with white of eggs, I fancy. Speaking of eggs, keep your own hens if possible, and raise chickens for your table. Rice is plentiful and cheap. Fried bananas and plantains are dishes that you will very soon grow fond of. Ripe mangoes stewed are harmless, and green mango pie is worth tasting. Figs are delicious stewed. Pineapples, anonas, zapotes, aguacates, jocotes, oranges, and lemons are abundant in the market-places, and

cost little. Among familiar fruits to the stranger are the duraznos (peaches), which are plucked green and hard, and must always be stewed. I do not know why the natives do not let them ripen. There are quinces, too, but these cost more. The blackberry grows wild at four thousand feet altitude. Little girls gather them and bring them to your door to sell. For a *real* (twelve and a half cents) you can buy a heaping measure. Water-melons, in their season, can be had for twenty or twenty-five cents apiece. They are small, but of good flavor.

Now for some purely native dishes—the tortilla, the tamale, the frijoles, and the Spanish “boiled dinner.” Maize is certainly the staple breadstuff of the country. A requisite for your kitchen is the metate, or piedra de moler. This is a stone about two by two feet in dimensions and slightly concave in the center. Accompanying it is a stone rolling-pin. Upon this stone the tortillas are prepared, and should you lack a coffee-mill, your coffee may thus be ground. The first thing in tortilla-making is to cook the corn on the cob in lime-water, or water with a little ashes in it. The kernels come off easily then in the shape of what we

call hulled corn. This is placed on the stone and ground to a paste-like mass with the stone roller. When there are no kernels left, the roller is laid aside. The wet meal is taken up in small masses and patted between the hands into thin, round cakes from four to eight inches in diameter. These are baked quickly on a stone or a thin pan over a hot fire; and behold, the tortilla! The tamale is different. It consists of the wet meal made into rolls, placed in large, thick leaves, or else in tough corn-husks, and boiled for a good while. But, as a rule, some fine chopped meat or raisins are added before the boiling. The raisin tamales are little else than boiled Indian puddings. A pleasant native drink is made by stirring pinole into a glass of water and sweetening it. The pinole is parched grains of maize ground to a fine powder. Pinole also makes good hasty pudding, they say.

Uabul is the name of a Mosquito coast drink. It is made from the butuco, a thick, stumpy plantain with an acid flavor. This butuco may be eaten either stewed or fried, in which case it tastes like stewed peaches or like fried apples. The drink from it is made by boiling the fruit soft and making a mush of it, then stirring

in cold water, adding a little lime-juice and sweetening to your taste. The frijoles, or black beans, are always eaten for breakfast. They are boiled first with a small piece of pork. Next, they should be mashed with a wooden masher. After this, place them in a deep earthen dish if possible, add sufficient lard, some slices of onion, and bake awhile. The boiled dinner of tropical lands is as detestable as the boiled dinner of New England. It consists of a piece of meat with some bone and fat, some plantains, some yams, some yuca, some ayotes and chayotes, native squashes, and anything else that the cook may fancy.

During many months of the year honey is brought to your door in bottles. It is wild honey and of excellent flavor. Good coffee and chocolate are easily obtainable. Fine sugar is rather high. The native dulce is usable. If you want good tea, you must take it with you; they do not know tea very well in Honduras. The native cheese and mantequilla are good. Milk you must buy early in the morning. The cows are milked but once a day. In a few localities it is almost impossible to obtain it, but as a rule you can have it brought to you at from ten to fifteen cents per

bottle. Everything in the fluid line is brought in bottles, you will find—wine, whisky, and beer bottles, whose original contents were long since absorbed, and whose astonishing numbers suggest all sorts of thoughts about a remarkable thirst in the land.

PART II.
ROCK AND RIVER.

I.

THE OLDEST MINES.

The great attraction of Honduras for strangers and foreign capital has thus far been the precious metals locked in the bosoms of the mighty Cordilleras or hidden in the sands at the bottom of the rivers flowing northward. Until quite recently, little attention has been paid to the subject of colonization for agricultural purposes, although the lowlands afford magnificent advantages for these. The mines have been the vast and absorbing question, back as far as the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Columbus appeared with his adventurous followers to discover and conquer another world.

The first fifty years of Spanish industry were doubtless devoted to placer-mining in the rivers not far from the north coast. Silver was then discovered, but no movement was made to mine it out until the beginning of the seventeenth century. The first steps toward this were taken amid the mountains

to the east of what is now the capital, and in the districts or *minerales* to-day known as those of Santa Lucia, San Juan de Cantarranos, and San Juancito. The last-named place is now the site of the Rosario works, probably thus far the best developed and most successful in all Honduras. Formerly one had, on leaving the capital, to pass through Santa Lucia and either Cantarranos or El Valle de los Angeles to reach San Juancito; but during the past three or four years a new cart-road has been completed, leading thither direct from Tegucigalpa. This road leads up the "Leona" side, curving now this way and now that along her white limestone walls for some miles, then dips into a pleasant woods; on through the woods, and out again into pleasant pastures and fields of waving corn; up and down into wilder and grander woodland spaces; high for a last climb, and then you come all at once upon the Rosario Mine itself, from which on to San Juancito the road is but a descent of one thousand feet in the course of three miles. For eight or nine years the Rosario Company had little to show for hard work and constant expenditure for labor and improvements. To-day the bullion output is over one hundred

out a sweet and smiling prospect—green fields, with little rivers sparkling through, and splendid trees casting their shade along the level wagon-roads. On every side, but far enough away, a guard of hills, all beautiful with amethyst and pale-green lights. Flowers everywhere, and comfortable-looking houses and well-paved streets.

Here are the mines of Las Animas. Thirty-ton furnaces are used by the Los Angeles Mining and Smelting Company, and both steam and water power employed. Mr. N. A. Foss is the superintendent. The company's buildings are commodious, and the management is prudent.

Proceeding on from the beautiful valley, you come next to Santa Lucia, a picturesque little town of white adobe, nestling amid the green of coffee and banana fields. Its site is upon one of the foot-hills of the Cantarranos Mountains, and its altitude about four thousand five hundred feet above the sea. It is one of the very oldest mining camps of the country. There are a number of old openings abandoned by the Spaniards seen all over the tract, some of them caved in, others just as they were left. The present principal working was begun by

the driving of a tunnel of over seven hundred feet into the mountain. This tunnel passes through strata containing large deposits of high-grade silver ore. True fissure veins are seen on the surface, not differing from the deposits. Ruby silver and sulphurets are found in the ore, the gangue of which is chiefly marl, calcite, and quartz. The Santa Lucia Mining and Milling Company was originally organized in New York, but is now controlled by Pennsylvania capitalists.

In the Santa Lucia district is also La Plomosa, a property owned principally by Mr. Frederick E. Adie, of London, and Doctor Fritzgartner, of Honduras. Some specimens lately taken from this have assayed one and three-tenths ounces of gold to thirty ounces of silver. The vein (ten feet in width) averages forty dollars in silver, with a considerable amount in gold. A company is being organized in London to work the concession. In the same jurisdiction is the Santa Elena Mine, worked by the Victoria Mining and Milling Company, of which Mr. Thomas D. Wayne, of Chicago, is president.

Another old mine is the Guasucaran. This is situated on Guasucaran Mountain, twenty-seven miles south from Tegucigalpa and fifty-

seven miles inland from Port La Brea, on the Gulf of Fonseca. The altitude is about five thousand feet above sea-level, and the old mine has a curious history. It is related that early in the sixteenth century a party of Spaniards were going down from the interior to the coast, and lost their way on the mountain-side. They camped there as night came on. Next morning they built a fire to cook something for breakfast, and afterwards they discovered in the ashes of their fire some small silver slugs. They examined the rock, and found it coated with small drops of silver. They said nothing, but some of their number returned to Spain and obtained a patent to work the mine, and to introduce a large number of slaves for the labor.

In 1821, when independence was declared, the owner was a Señor Rosa. This gentleman fled from the country, and the mine was left in the hands of natives, who worked it leisurely in the most primitive way. From 1850 to 1860 it was worked by Captain Moore, an Englishman, who had bought it for sixty thousand dollars. In 1860, Mr. John Connor came out from London and joined Captain Moore, who died in 1865, and left all his Honduras property

to Mr. Connor. This latter gentleman has worked it ever since in the primitive, native fashion, with an arrastra, a wooden five-stamp mill, and barrels for amalgamation. The present development of the mine consists of fifty-odd drifts and cross-cuts, from two hundred to six hundred feet in length, with thirty headings, all in ore, from which one hundred tons can be mined daily for an indefinite period. The "pockets" assay four hundred to five hundred dollars per ton, and the ore averages forty dollars. A company has been formed recently, known as the Guasucarán-California Mining and Milling Company. Mr. John Connor, Jr., is superintendent. A ten-stamp mill is being built, with boiler, saw-mill, and lixiviation plant. The new company has secured a concession of adjoining land in the department of Tegucigalpa and jurisdiction of Ojojona.

II.

MINES OF IMPORTANCE.

Yuscaran, perhaps, is the place we should visit next. Yuscaran is the principal town of the department of Paraiso. It is east and a little south from Tegucigalpa, at a distance of

about forty miles. Its altitude is about the same as that of the capital, and the climate is therefore good. The town is so hidden by mountains that as you approach you have no idea of its proximity until all at once the sight bursts upon you. During the past six or seven years Yuscaran has become something of a business centre, owing to activity in mining matters. "The market-place," says Mr. Lombard, in an interesting article, "affords a produce exchange for the entire department of Paraiso; all the towns from the great Indian settlement of Texiquot to Danli, the centre of the coffee district, sending every week their several products thither. On the broad plains round about this important town, not only the finest coffee in all Central America is cultivated, but also a superior quality of sugar-cane, in such quantities that the aguardiente, or native rum, distilled therefrom is sufficient to supply the demand of the entire department of Paraiso, and that of the department of Tegucigalpa as well."

It seems that the mines of Yuscaran were discovered in the eighteenth century, by one Juan Calvo. He was riding over a pass in the Plata Mountains, and his mule stumbled and

fell. Calvo slipped off unhurt; the mule rolled on down to the bottom of the incline. Calvo clambered down to recover the animal, and noticed a bit of dislodged rock glistening in the sun. He picked it up and found it to be silver ore. He went away quietly enough with his mule. Some days later he returned with a few rude tools and began work on the vein that he had discovered. In a few weeks he was known to possess large sums of money, which he spent rather prodigally. His actions excited suspicions. His acquaintances began to watch him closely, and thus his secret was discovered. As he had not taken any measures to obtain a patent, others gathered from all sides and began to work the mine, which was called from that time Los Quemazones. Other veins were discovered, the most important being the Guayabillas, Monserrat, Iguanas, Sacramento, Santa Elena, Jesus, Tornagas, San Miguel, California, Suyate, Capiro, Platero, and Veta Grande. Yuscaran came into existence as a town; houses were built and streets paved; a cathedral was not forgotten. The natural surroundings were and are excellently adapted for a mining town. There are three rivers—the Rio Grande, the Rio Aurora,

and the Rio de los Ingenios—close by. There are forests of pine on the mountains and forests of hard-wood in the valleys.

To-day the principal mining companies at work at this spot are the Zurcher & Streber Mining and Milling Company, the Monserrat Mining Company, and the Guayabillas Mining Company. There is also, I think, the Paraiso Reduction Company, which has a twenty-stamp mill near Yuscaran. The Zurcher & Streber Company are working the Iguanas and the Mercedes tunnel, with rich results. The Monserrat, at latest reports, had developed a bonanza at one thousand feet under the mountain, where two converging four-feet veins meet and continue on as one. The ore shows ruby silver, and assays from two hundred dollars upward. The company runs twenty stamps night and day.

The Guayabillas is worked with Cornish pumps. This is the famous old mine from which, in the years 1813–17, the output was over two million dollars.

South from Yuscaran some sixty miles are the mines of the Potosi district, a tract containing nine square miles, and comprising the following mines: El Tajo, El Socorro, Los

Corales, La Loma, La Mina Grande, Guadalupe, San Benito, Santa Rosa, Los Melones, El Chaparro, Jiganta, San Rafael, El Carmin. They have all been worked to depths of from fifty to two hundred feet. The San Benito and the Jiganta were abandoned because the ore was too hard to work by native methods. El Socorro is full of water. The Guadalupe Mining Company, Limited, of Potosi, an English company, has a fifteen-stamp mill and an air plant, and is working the Guadalupe mine. The Potosi Mining and Reduction Company is working the San Benito, with bullion output of thirty bars per month.

About five leagues distant from this tract, and on the same mountain range, at Corpus, are the famous old mines, Clavo Rico and El Corpus. The Clavo Rico has lately been reopened, the old tunnel cleared and re-timbered. Mr. J. B. Daniel is superintending the work. Besides the tunnel, he has started shafts on El Pulpito and El Altar veins, just back of the Corpus church, which was built over the very richest part, in consequence of some superstition about a golden dragon in the mine that had to be suppressed.

Thirty-six miles from Choluteca, and over

the Nicaragua frontier, is the mine belonging to the Segovia Mining Company, El Golfo. The company was organized in New York, with a capital of \$300,000. The directors are Mr. H. M. Braem, Mr. C. Littlefield, and Mr. H. A. Spears, of New York, and Hon. Abelardo Zelaya, of Honduras. The property consists of quartz fissures richly impregnated with gold. A twenty-stamp mill is in operation.

The Dos Hermanos Mining and Milling Company has a valuable property in the jurisdiction of El Corpus, department of Choluteca.

The Cortland Honduras Association and the San Rafael Mining and Milling Company have a concession, embracing three gold and silver mines, near Nacaome, on the Pacific coast. A stamp-mill is being built.

The San Marcos Company has a ten-stamp mill at Sabana Grande, and makes regular bullion shipments to New York. The San Marcos mine, despite interruptions and lack of proper machinery, produced in the fifteen months ending with September, 1889, over \$100,000.

The New Orleans and Curaren has, at Curaren, a mill with two batteries of five stamps each, four pans and two settlers, and other equipments.

The Aramecina United Gold and Silver Mining Company, Limited, was lately organized in London, with \$1,000,000 capital. The directors are: Mr. Henry Wethered, of London, president; Mr. Oliver Wethered, of London; Mr. William Morgans, of London; Mr. F. B. Beach, of New York; Mr. A. E. Morgans, of London, managing director.

The company owns a group of mines at Aramecina, the Santa Lucia lode being the most important. The mill plant is one suitable to treat three hundred tons of ore per day. A rock-drilling plant of engine, boilers, and air-compressor to work eight drills, is in position. Thirty more drills will be added before long. The mining camp of Aramecina is thirty miles from Port Aceituno, on the Gulf of Fonseca, and about three miles east of the village of Aramecina. The altitude is about one thousand two hundred feet, the climate fine, and there is good supply of wood and water.

The Opoteca Mines, at Opoteca, department of Comayagua, and about thirty miles northwest of the old capital, now belong to an English syndicate, to which they were sold, during the past year, by their owner, Capt. Frank M. Imboden, for two hundred and fifty thousand

dollars, cash. The company is preparing to expend a million dollars in equipping the new plant.

The San Bartolo Mine, department of Copan, belongs to Captain Payne, of New Orleans. The ore is a pure chloride of silver, and assays about ninety ounces.

The Santa Cruz Gold Mining and Milling Company (an English syndicate) is building a new one-hundred-stamp mill on the banks of the Chamelecon River, in the department of Santa Barbara.

The Monte del Cielo Mining and Milling Company, of the Minas de Oro district, has a five-stamp mill and three Huntington mills for gold plate amalgamation.

The Esperanza Mine, of the same district, is owned by Mr. Smart.

The Eureka Mine is owned by Mr. Wer-muth, who works it with an arrastra, pulverizing sixteen tons of soft ore in twenty-four hours.

The Tempano Mine has a gold plant.

The Clarita Mine, owned and worked by Americans, has a five-stamp mill.

The ore of the Minas de Oro is mostly a free milling gold ore, with gangue of decomposed

quartz and ferruginous clay. The veins are from eight to twenty feet in width.

The New York and Camalote Mining Company has a water-power stamp-mill at Camalote.

The Rector Mining and Milling Company, which was organized in Fargo, North Dakota, by the Messrs. Miller, Sweaton, Wickersham, Milickan, and Bell, has its works at Quebrada Grande, Olancho. There are some six hundred feet of flume sluicing, with good reservoirs. The bed-rock of the stream is rich in coarse gold; it is covered with two to three feet of gold gravel.

The Poso Grande is a mining company lately organized in Kansas City, which has located some gold placer claims at Macueliso, below the mines Los Tarros and El Oro, belonging to General Kraft.

The Honduras Gold Placer Mining Company was organized in London in October, 1889, by Major E. A. Burke, of New Orleans. This company is to work the concessions obtained by Major Burke in Olancho. The working capital is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. An important undertaking of the company is the turning of the River Jalan, at

Retiro, south of Juticalpa, in order to work its bed. Other companies organized by Major Burke are the Guayape and Jalan.

III.

LIFE IN A MINING CAMP.

To live in Tegucigalpa, or Comayagua, or Yuscaran, or Santa Cruz de Yojoa, or San Pedro Sula, or even the Valley of the Angels, is different from living in that which is purely a mining camp, and where there is absolutely no pleasant native society. In such a camp, for instance, as that of San Juancito, there is no social life outside of the little colony of foreigners. And wherever there is no social life, wherever there is nothing but toil from morning till night, without relaxation, without break, without change of any sort, life becomes at times a most awful monotony; it comes to resemble most painfully the grind of the stamp-mill, that never ceases day or night. Despite the magnificent blue of the sky, the splendor of the tropical sunshine, the brilliance of the myriad stars, the pine-fragrant breeze rushing through the mountain passes, one loses heart,

or, rather, feels his heart growing hard and dull, if he is shut away from humanity. He forgets many of the nice little customs of polite society; he grows awkward and diffident, if not uncouth. It is therefore vastly to the credit of many of the American mining companies that they endeavor as far as possible to provide frequent harmless recreations for their employés. The superintendents often arrange entertainments at their own houses; music, dancing, occasionally some little dramatic representation, followed by refreshments, are the order of the evening. To the wives of one or two of these gentlemen—charming ladies, who seem ever desirous of brightening the prosaic life of the company's toilers—is due much kindly feeling from all who have spent any length of time in the camps.

There are some companies, however, whose employés are worked too hard, I think. Not that the superintendents are not humane men, or men with a proper sense of justice; but the truth is—and particularly if they own stock themselves—they are so interested in making the mine a grand success that they forget, at times, to have any mercy on flesh or blood—even their own. One gentleman in particular

I remember to have told that he not only overworked his employés, but also himself. Their hours were from six in the morning until ten and eleven at night, with but half an hour for meals. They were supposed to work nearly the same time on Sundays! I prophesied to this man that bad would come of such a strain. He laughed at me. "You will pay for it, and dearly," I warned him. And he did; for he died very suddenly, a few months later, from what was supposed to be apoplexy. The "seventh day" rest is just as important in Honduras as anywhere else. If the stamp-mills must keep on running, as is not unreasonable, let the Sunday force be men who rest on Saturday. If men must be worked from six in the morning—and must rise at five in order to dress and get their coffee—do not keep them up until midnight, I should say, unless you permit them an hour or two for a midday siesta. Some attention should be paid to the fact that the climate is not that of the temperate zone. Superintendents from Dakota should not compel their employés—many of them natives, totally unused to such meal-hours—to eat a hearty breakfast at half-past five A. M., a heavy dinner at twelve noon, and an unsubstantial

sort of supper at five or six P. M., in true Dakota fashion. Such a course means large mortality among the employés—a mortality that nine out of ten will not hesitate to blame upon the *deadly climate of Honduras!* Far better, far truer economy to avoid such radical changes. Let the men have their coffee on rising, their breakfast at ten, their dinner at four or five. Do not work them too hard during the hot part of the day, when everyone feels drowsy and more like taking a nap than wielding a tool. The superintendents ought to insist on their employés obeying hygienic laws, instead of forcing them to violate them. The men should be given proper time for their meals, and also for daily bathing. The companies would, I believe, find it a cheaper course, in the long run, than that of employing a doctor, importing a vast stock of drugs to be dealt out gratis, and every few weeks ordering the carpenter to knock together some rough boards in the shape of a coffin for an unfortunate, whose shanty will be vacant on the morrow, and whose name marked forever off the pay-list!

Reflections of this kind should not be deemed irrelevant, since the various boards of directors

in the United States and England make it a point to consider economy in working their properties.

On the other hand, one can always find a great many bright spots to remember in a period of several months spent in a mining camp in Honduras. A little colony of forty to sixty humans, isolated, as it were, in a strange land, thousands of miles away from home and friends, is like a family. The members of it become attached one to another, and regard one another as brothers. If one is ill or injured, the others watch with and nurse him. If one dies, the others follow his coffin, borne on men's shoulders, in silence and sadness to its last resting-place. Some one of them reads the burial service; others in turn throw a shovelful of earth gently upon the coffin. The grave is filled, and they turn away to leave him there. On the Day of the Dead, the decoration day of all Spanish-American countries, his grave is not forgotten; there are flowers laid upon it. If one takes a wife, the others rejoice with him. Sometimes a courageous sweetheart comes out to Honduras to be married to a fiancé too busy to go to New York and fetch her. In such cases the lady is most courteously received by the

entire camp and every attention paid her. Two or three mount their mules and start down to the coast—a trifling distance of a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles—to meet and escort her up to the interior. She is the guest of the superintendent's family, perhaps, until married. If she be a Protestant, the ceremony must of course be the civil marriage, performed by the Governor of the department, unless her fiancé chance to be a Catholic.

Beyond parlor entertainments, there is little amusement for the colony. Horseback riding loses its novelty when it comes to be the only means of traveling. Once in awhile there is a game of ball. Tennis has never taken a hold; I know not why. The mountain streams are too narrow and rocky for swimming. At rare intervals there comes the maromero. This is the Spanish-American acrobat. All of a sudden, one day early in the verano, or dry season, you notice an unusual brightness of countenance of the small, barefooted native urchin who has come to sell you a bottle of milk (for twenty-five cents, if you are in an inaccessible camp). The youngster presently explains his or her cheerfulness by telling you that “To-night is the maroma. They are putting

up the poles down in the open space below the bridge and in front of the bodega.” Later on, you see for yourself the preparations. There are two or three horizontal bars—one very high, the others smaller—with their uprights, and there are ropes dangling limply, as if someone were going to be hanged. The performance takes place from seven o’clock until nine or ten. It is public. The lights—small regard is paid to the moon—consist of fires kindled in four places around the imaginary ring. The maromero has obtained sawdust sufficient to make the ground soft for his tumbling. The wood for the fires is a kind of pine. It blazes beautifully, and the smoke is not offensive. Long before the fires are kindled the people begin to congregate, coming from a considerable distance, some of them. If the night be dark, each one carries a torch of his own, of the same resinous pine, to light him up and down the steep hill-sides; or perhaps he has placed a bit of lighted candle downward in a bottle neck and carries the bottle wrong side up, as a lantern; for bottles are versatile objects in Honduras, as I have remarked before. As they arrive, the good folks form a dense ring around, seating themselves

on the ground or on any lumber or pieces of machinery that may happen to lie near. The women wrap themselves comfortably in their pañolones and light their cigarettes. The men smoke too. It should be understood that I am describing the humbler and poorer country people, not the higher class Hondureños. At length the pine piles are kindled. They blaze up royally, and the ruddy light illumines the radiant, expectant faces of hundreds. The maromero soon makes his appearance—from the bodega, perhaps, where the mining company folks have granted him the privilege of placing his paraphernalia and swinging his hammock for the night. If he does not appear promptly, the crowd begin to whistle and call for him, much like the gallery of a theatre in any Northern city under similar circumstances. They also call for “La Musica!” I should not omit to state that the maromero has obtained the services of the pueblo’s best musicians—a violinist, a flutist, and a man with a guitar, usually. This clever little orchestra arrives and seats itself on boxes provided for the purpose. It tunes up, and is ready for work. The maromero finally comes running lightly through a space kept open for him by a soldier or two be-

longing to the pueblo, and makes his bow to the audience in his best manner, and very much á la ballet-girl. He is dressed in white tights, dark-green velvet trunks, and a little jacket of velvet with gold lace trimming, which he may remove, if he choose, and display a white jersey. He begins with a topical song, and a dance on the soft sawdust between the verses. His songs are humorous, for the most part, but never coarse. The crowd enjoy them, and applaud enthusiastically. After the song he gives some exhibitions on the horizontal bars, which are really very good; then songs again. Then he retreats to the bodega and rests a little, while the music plays. After this he comes out again and continues his performance. Just before the last number on the imaginary programme he goes around with his hat and takes the voluntary contributions—his sole compensation. From five cents to a dollar a head are contributed with the greatest willingness. And he may collect from twenty-five to fifty or seventy-five dollars, depending on the size of his crowd, who disperse in the pleasantest humor after hearing his “Buenas noches” and seeing him retreat from the ring for the last time.

IV.

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

There are people who should never go to Honduras. These are persons lacking in steadfastness of purpose; irresolute, easily discouraged folks. They are the class that soon become disgusted with the life, and set up a tremendous wail to return to civilization, as they call it. They are people who have not the slightest idea of adapting themselves to circumstances and getting at the best side of life. They are utterly incapable of learning Spanish, for one thing; they have no desire to learn it, indeed. They depend on others to interpret for them, and when there is no one at hand to do their talking for them, they are miserably helpless. Such are some of the employés of the mining companies. They spend a year or two in the country, grubbing along at their work, and grumbling at the cruelty of Fate in bringing them to such a spot. They draw their salaries with a vindictive air, as if their only remaining satisfaction was in knowing that the company had to count out so many silver dollars every first of the month on their account. These people finally return to the United States, no wiser, no better off—save for

their paltry earnings—for their experience in the tropics, than so many horses or oxen would be. And these are the people, I believe, who make the ridiculous and depreciating reports of Honduras that we sometimes read in the newspapers. They do not scruple to assert that the country is inhabited by half-nude savages; that life is unsafe, and that outrageous liberties are taken with the property of foreigners. These are the people who would have you believe that your letters are opened in the post-offices, and that espionage of the most annoying sort exists. No stories of the sort should be credited. The post-office authorities are too busy to meddle with anyone's correspondence. They would consider it a great bore to devote unusual attention to any letter or package—unless there were reasons to apprehend smuggled goods or the violation of the postal laws.

Patience and perseverance are requisites to success in mining matters. Anyone who starts for Honduras with the idea that he is going to step at once into the possession of a mountain of gold is doomed to disappointment. He must take time and go slow. He must learn the language; that is absolutely

necessary—at least, sufficiently to read and converse on ordinary subjects. He must adapt himself to the ways of the country and the people. He should know something of its topography and its early history, which may be easily gotten at in Wells' Honduras and in Squier's and H. H. Bancroft's works. Then he should visit the principal mining camps, and learn how they have arrived at their present respective conditions. He will soon have discovered that the mining industry is no child's play, but a hard reality. A good property will avail him little unless properly worked. Only high-grade ores, assaying at least sixty dollars, pay when worked in the primitive native methods; that is an established fact. To equip a mine with the plant required for its successful working, means a large outlay. This is why companies must be formed, and why the natives themselves do not work their property on a large scale. The concessions granted by the Government to foreigners are remarkably liberal. No one can say that President Bogran has not shown a most progressive and truly American spirit in his encouragement and approbation of foreign enterprise, particularly in regard to the mining industry.

The Government Mining Bureau is an excellent institution. At the head of this is the Inspector-General of Mines, Doctor Fritzgartner. At this office may be seen some valuable and interesting specimens from all parts of the republic. Here are nuggets from all the principal gold and silver mines. Here, too, are samples of coal-slate from Choluteca, with strong odor of petroleum, and from the north coast as well. A fortune awaits the man who discovers the coal-seams which are thought to exist. Samples may be seen, at this bureau, of fine gypsum discovered in the red marl formation very near to Tegucigalpa. The occurrence of this gypsum would point to the presence of rock-salt. A good cement may be made by adding small quantities of gypsum to the trachytic tufa found throughout Honduras. Calcined gypsum, or plaster of Paris, is imported and sold in the drug-stores at a high price. It is apt to be spoiled by the moisture of the rainy season.

A vast amount of machinery and mining implements is admitted to the country duty free, with a view to encouraging foreign enterprise.

The *Honduras Progress* during the years

1888-89 printed the mining laws, with all their latest amendments, in English. These, for a person who does not read Spanish easily, are of the greatest assistance and convenience; the numbers of the paper containing them should be obtained from the office. They are very clear and concise, as, for example, the following, from—

TITLE IX.

A MINER'S RIGHTS UPON HIS CLAIM, AND INTERSECTION OF MINES.

ARTICLE 100. The miner is the exclusive owner within the limits of his claim, and in all its depth, not only of the registered vein or deposit, but also of all the other veins, cross-veins, and mineral substances which exist or may be found in it.

ARTICLE 101. But he is forbidden to follow or work them into someone's else claim.

ARTICLE 102. Every trespass subjects him to restitution of the amount taken out, according to the valuation of experts, without prejudice of an action for theft, should bad faith be proven against him.

ARTICLE 103. Fraud will be presumed when the trespass exceeds twenty-five yards.

Something about the comparatively new stamp-mill process may not be out of place before closing this chapter. This is a device arranged generally in what are called batteries, each one comprising five stamps. At the Rosario works there are seven batteries, making thirty-five stamps. Each stamp may weigh seven or eight hundred pounds.

The battery is set in a mortar or cast-iron box, with iron blocks called dies at the bottom, on which the stamps are to fall. The ore passes through a crushing machine, and then is fed into the mortars to be crushed under the stamps. Water also enters with the ore, and the finely crushed mixture passes out through sheet-iron perforated screens of the mortar. The stamps drop a distance of eight or ten inches, making from fifty to ninety strokes per minute. The stamps are about ten feet in length, and consist of four parts, called stem, collar, stamp-head, and shoe. The collar is on the upper part, and projects three or four inches. The cam of the driving-shaft catches under this, and lifts and turns the stamp. The stamp-head is a cylinder of tough cast-iron, and on its bottom there is a steel shoe which can be removed when worn out, and replaced. A thirty-five-stamp mill can reduce from seventy to ninety tons of ore in twenty-four hours. By the old arrastra method this would require weeks. The crushed ore is treated in various ways for the extraction of the gold. Sometimes experiments are necessary, at no little expense, before the best method is hit upon, particularly in the case of refractory ores.

V.

THE OPALS OF HONDURAS.

You will not have been long in the country when one morning you will receive a visit from a couple of traveling salesmen from Gracias. These gentlemen may not at first sight impress you with their appearance. They will be carelessly dressed in jacket and trousers of some light cotton material, a pita hat the worse for wear, or a nondescript felt article of headgear, possibly a handkerchief around the neck, and feet without shoes or stockings. They will wear sandals of hide, perhaps, with strings tied around the ankle and between the great toe and its neighbor. They will have come a long and weary distance, and if it be breakfast-time, will ask you to accommodate them with something to eat, for which, of course, they will pay. Then they will produce their wares, the poorest and lowest priced always to begin with. As a rule, they carry the opals in tiny bottles—always the bottle in Honduras!—filled with oil. I do not know whether the oil spoils the stones, or whether the stones are of poor quality to begin with; but I do know that opals that have been in oil are not worth buying; for once removed from the bottles they

begin to crack. Some of them are very lovely bits of color. But if you are wise you will decline to invest, and insist on being shown some better ones. After considerable argument and protesting on both sides, the Gracias gentlemen will contrive to fumble in their pockets and bring forth some little folded papers containing more expensive specimens. Ah, some of these are gorgeous! If you are wily you can purchase actual beauties for a dollar or two apiece. The little cheap ones sell from dos reals (twenty-five cents) to a dollar.

I have seen very beautiful opals in Honduras, but never any that struck me as being as durable as those of Mexico. One should make it a point to visit the department of Gracias and see the mines; without so doing, you can gain very little idea of them. It is no use to ask people in Tegucigalpa, for few of them—outside of the government geologist, and perhaps a jeweler or two—can give you any information. They will tell you that the principal mines are near the town of Erandique, and are worked by Messrs. Peacock & Burdet. And you will need a map to show you that Gracias is west a good distance from Tegucigalpa, and that it is a long ride thither. And you will be

hardly any wiser than you were before leaving the United States, on this point. But if you can speak any Spanish at all, ask the opal venders such questions as come into your mind. In that way you may learn a good deal.

Just how much one should be swayed by the popular superstition concerning these beautiful stones, I would not attempt to say. Speaking from my own experience—twice during my life have I possessed opals, the first time Mexican, the second from Honduras—they have been for me harbingers of the most cruel and unforeseen events, followed, however, by undreamed-of and more than compensating good fortune. They fascinate me, and yet fill me with terror. They are always associated in my mind with tragedy. I never see an opal now without recalling George Parsons Lathrop's beautiful poem, "A Casket of Opals." One of the sets of verses tells of two dead lovers meeting:

"He asked, 'Am I forgiven?'

'And dost thou forgive?' she said.

Long time in vain for peace they'd striven,
And now their hearts were dead."

"On the Pacific coast," says *Honduras Progress*, "large veins of common opals are

found, of bluish and reddish colors. Blocks of opals weighing from one hundred to three hundred pounds can be easily extracted. In future years, no doubt, this class of mineral deposits will be utilized by the lapidaries for articles of luxury, as well as for the decoration of dwellings and railroad cars, in a similar manner as the 'Mexican onyx,' which is but a calcite, and of no great hardness."

PART III.

IMMIGRATION AND AGRICULTURE.

I.

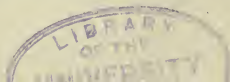
SOME PLANS AND ATTEMPTS TO COLONIZE.

Two great necessities of Honduras—perhaps the two greatest—and recognized as such by President Bogran and many other progressive Honduraneans, are those of immigration and agricultural development. Agriculture, as we hear repeated over and over, is the true basis of national wealth, and bright will be the day for Honduras when her splendid fields are cultivated even to a quarter of the full extent of their resources.

The first steps of actual importance toward colonization and agricultural progress have been taken lately by what is called the American Honduras Company. The president of this company is Mr. E. W. Perry, a man of foresight and pluck. Mr. Frank M. Imboden, the former owner of the valuable Opoteca mines, is the vice-president. The company has offices in the principal cities of the United States, as well as in Tegucigalpa, in Patuca, in

Juticalpa, and Catacamas. Its object is the colonization of the vast yet little known eastern region of the republic, which is called Mosquito. Mr. Perry's work is genuine. What he says and writes of the country—and he has done a great deal in this direction—may be credited, every word, for he is speaking from actual knowledge, not from hearsay. He has personally explored Mosquito, and knows the land. The simple fact that such a man is the president of the company, and that he is seconded by another of such experience and prudence as Mr. Imboden, should guarantee success in all that may be undertaken. The vast tract of Mosquito comprises areas of land heretofore unsalable, because so remote and unreachable. According to the contract of Mr. Perry with the Government, this land is purchased by the American Honduras Company, the payment to be made in extensive public works which will prove of inestimable value to the entire eastern half of the republic. There will be a wagon-road built over three hundred miles in length, leading from the capital to the north coast. The cost of this is estimated at three hundred and twenty-three thousand three hundred and fifty-

three dollars. There is a canal to be made between the Caratasca Lagoon, which is close to the Mosquito coast line, and the Guayape, an important river. This canal will be at least twenty miles long by twelve yards wide, and five feet deep. The cost will be nearly three hundred thousand dollars. The channel between Caratasca and the sea may have to be deepened at a cost of sixty-five thousand dollars. One hundred miles of telegraph line must be strung, and other improvements made, to permit communication between this region and the interior. The cost will be at least seven hundred thousand dollars. These are the works with which the company pays for its Mosquito lands. That it is in earnest, having already begun active measures toward colonization, is very gratifying. A steam saw-mill has been brought to Patuca, which will cut ten thousand feet of lumber per day, and houses are being built at that place and at Caratasca. There is a steamer to carry mail and freight—including fruit—from points along the eastern coast to Trujillo and Puerto Cortez, there to connect with the steamers for the United States. Land has been cleared between the Caratasca Lagoon and the sea, and planted with fruits—



such as bananas, cocoa-nuts, and pine-apples. Along the Patuca, or Guayape, other fruit plantations have been begun. The natives of the region—chiefly Sambos—have been stimulated to improve their fruit crops, perceiving that a way to market their produce will speedily be opened. There is a good mule trail now between Dulce Nombre and the Patuca or Guayape River. This will probably be made into a wagon-road later on.

The company has begun to introduce materials and implements for building houses and making furniture. It has brought wagons and harnesses, and tools for constructing roads. It is now introducing animals of the finest breeds into the region, in order to improve the native stock. Among these are a number of Norman stallions.

The exploration of such a country is by no means a trifling task. To read of anyone having done so, conveys but little idea of the achievement. No one, save he who has tried it for himself, realizes what it means to ride from one hundred to three hundred miles through a region where there is hardly the shadow of a mule trail. There may be no wild beasts, it is true, but there will be other

formidable difficulties. The pioneers who have attempted the Mosquito tract are certainly courageous souls. Some of their experiences, jotted down at the time, are most interesting. Mr. W. W. Packer, of Sabanagrande, was one of the first to explore for a direct route between Tegucigalpa and Patuca. Some extracts from his diary, as published in *Honduras Progress*, seem to me worth preservation.

II.

MR. PACKER'S DIARY.

January 17, 1889.

In the Works, near Dulce Nombre, Honduras, C. A.,—away up in Catacamas.

Mr. Hines and myself are halting here on our return march from Río Patuca, while a courier, one of our Indians, has been sent ahead for our mules, which were left at Dulce Nombre on beginning this exciting journey by foot and canoe.

After several weeks of rough life, we are in a deserted Indian hut, wishing we might see the reflection of our faces in a mirror, cleaning them with the keen edge of a Swedish razor.

But here are the dates and events:

SUNDAY, December 23, 1888.

Met the Governor, who advised change of route, saying he once sent a party of six old mountaineers on the same errand, and that they lost their way and were eleven days in wandering out. He very kindly gave us all means at his disposal, and wished us a safe journey. We were much pleased by his

kindness; but oh! the vanity of earthly things! A little fly destroys the enjoyment of your coffee; a flea cools the ardor of your wooing! Our worthless mozo, Silvestre, has deserted—but we have engaged another just as bad.

CHRISTMAS, December 25, 1888.

Rose at five A. M., not with the lark, but with the humming-bird, and while we cooked our breakfast over a fire of cedar logs, we had the voices of bright-hued songsters overhead. A scorpion, also, was on my blanket, but I have forgiven him. We killed three chickens; I trust they have forgiven us. We took a drink (from the river)—I have no hopes of forgiveness after doing this on the great holiday—and then we cantered away for Catacamas, which we reached at three P. M. The day was very mild, and the mules were not very wild, or they might have been shocked as we entered the town. We recovered the next morning by a shock, when it was announced that our mules—José and María—were missing, and would only be found on the payment of *dos pesos* (two dollars).

December 30, 1888.

We have now been at Río Tinto several days, and though one courier after another has arrived from our region of proposed action, and reported a horrible and infernal wilderness before us, we will, however, try the ghosts to see if they be flesh or spirit. To-night, sixteen Indians occupy the space in front of the casa, lying with the goats and calves on the wet ground.

December 31, 1888.

Ant-eaters, condors, rubber trees, and other novelties, as we drive from Río Tinto to Dulce Nombre, to spend New Year's eve. A feast is in progress, and not only the native population resort thither, but the Indians come to drink and pray. In the midst of a beautiful country, rolling like the grand waves of the sea, we ride till night settles down; the rain descends, and our mules pick the way for the last two leagues in the inky darkness and drenching rain, till the flashing of pine fires shows us our wished-for resting-place—the place where rampant hostility is to confront us, instead of peaceful rest. In one of these mud huts, however, we find

a place to stop, for the President has given us his protection, and it is powerful—a command, in writing, that we shall be aided by all alcaldes—and the power of the law is acknowledged. Amid the imprecations outside and the curses we hear from between set teeth, we go to sleep. We know the Indians only dread the pick and shovel, but they must do their share of the hard work to-morrow.

January 2, 1889.

The new year has begun, and with it our work. As everyone at this time should divest himself of all the superfluities of life, so we have divested ourselves of all the superfluities of weight and clothing that might hinder the pilgrim's progress. Oh, mula grande! I stroke thy large dark ears, and pat thy handsome neck, while I say good-bye! Five stalwart Indians from three tribes are to take thy place and bear thy burdens—for often shall I expect one of them to carry me, and then say: Thy pace, oh mula, is more pleasing! The bundles are strapped on the Indians' backs, seventy-five to one hundred pounds on each swarthy fellow. A guide, a cook, and so our party is now ten. Away we go, "over fern and fen," till the night; then camp, drenched with rain and wading—and sleep on the muddy ground, amid the sighing and weeping forest trees.

Now let a day pass, but not as we passed it, unless, may be, you behold the grandeur of the scene from mountain-peak, or look upward from the quebrada in the beauteous glen; but go to the place, thirty miles from the nearest Indian settlement, where, as all true travelers must, we made a discovery. An apple falling led Newton to the enunciation of a great and important law. A monkey dancing, prancing, amid the lofty trees leads us to a "mine of antiquities." A shot, a rush, of both monkey and Indians—one in flight, the rest in pursuit; Mr. Hines, fleet-footed as a mountaineer, follows, calls me, and, oh heavens! to think of the labor a thousand years ago! A "barranca," a mass of stone, a ruin, tables in one piece of granite, bowls in delicate tracery ornamented, turtles, innumerable things with tiger heads and tails, and adorned by the hand of art. How I longed for a swift steamer to transport

these thousands of articles, wrought by hands long since turned to dust and scattered by the wind, to my own city! but the errand we are on calls us. We can not linger, like district messenger boys, to play. (We will work the claim by and by.)

One more day's journey, and the strength given us by that *monkey meat* has taken us to the bed of Río Lagarto; and after many crossings through water, cold, yet mercifully clean, we come upon a band of Sumo Indians.

We bargained with the hunters for two "pitpans," which, a few hours later, we found on the banks at the junction of the Guampu and Lagarto. The splendid craft, looking so rakish and piratical, was made from a mahogany log—thirty-five feet in length, two feet six inches in breadth, hollowed by fire. On Monday, January 7th, we took our seats in one, to try the beautiful Guampu and the country along its banks; one-half mile, and we took from a breakfast of iguana a party of three Sumos, to navigate our boats. Our party thus augmented numbered thirteen—a fatal number, say the superstitious and so it proved to one who dined that day on the bank amid the roarings of a cataract.

Entering the rapids, in a few minutes we experienced that charming sensation in shooting them, which, mixed with the unknown element of danger, gives a piquancy that is the greatest delight. We were in one of a series of rapids that extend about forty-five miles, and among them we may class about forty as perilous, running with great swiftness, often very tortuous, some with very narrow courses, full of rocks that we often grazed; some so shallow that we had to lighten boats and wade, and in one place unload the canoes and haul them around. I waded at first barefoot in the water, but was very glad, on regaining the boat, to put on shoes, with a firm resolve to escape that torture at the risk of being overturned by the current; so we went all day in the pouring rain. One of the most picturesque objects in the midst of Nature's grandeur was, I am proud to say, myself—shoes, but no socks, trousers rolled high, a rubber coat, and a white helmet. The macaws and parrots along the banks must

have envied my dress (or my lack of it). At six P. M., we were at the mouth of the Pan, at an Indian "pueblo," and entered a wigwam. Each man here has two wives (excepting, of course, our party). All dress in a more primitive way even than myself during the shooting of the rapids. As the wigwams have no sides, we can look around on the domestic arrangements of each happy family. One proud matron has two pairs of garters ornamenting her dusky legs and two pairs of bracelets on her shapely arms, and the beautiful blending of natural complexion with that achieved by the juice of achote, makes her one of the grandest features in this region of scenic delight.

I noticed one feature that shows how the influence of civilization has penetrated these mountains. The chief thrashed his dog for presuming to clean the cooking utensils before the family had eaten their contents. I have sworn by the holy San Marcos to be that good man's friend forever.

Another night has passed, and as the morning breaks, an obstacle to travel presents itself. Don Guadalupe, our "majordomo," has had a bad attack of cholera morbus, which we supposed to have under control yesterday. To-day we have fears that cholera symptoms are prevailing. We must wait here, for he has been a faithful friend. He lies on one side of us in agony, and on the other the Indians are eating breakfast, cutting ten-inch plantains with two-foot "machetes." At four P. M., we have seen that the end is near.

We allow the Indians to handle none of our utensils, scalding each article, and have our clothing hanging in the smoke.

At 9.17 P. M., Señor Don Guadalupe Carrillo, alcalde of Rio Tinto, died at Sumos Pueblo, Honduras, C. A.

We two, Mr. Hines and myself, stood on his right, the Indians on the left. Yesterday he was guiding me through a swift rapid; to-night he crossed the dark river, but his guide was unseen. Dami Samu has placed the body on the ground, a little cedar cross on the breast. The pine knots flicker and light up his haggard face as he lies beneath our swinging beds, the hogs, dogs, and cats being kept away only by constant vigilance.

At dinner on the rocks, yesterday, he was one of the fatal number—thirteen.

Farewell, good and faithful friend! Thou wert true to Don Guillermo, who in thought sees thee on the shore of the river where death is vanquished and life is eternal.

On the morning of the 9th, leaving two of our Indians to bury Don Guadalupe, we continued our journey, entering Río Patuca at 11.51 A. M. Its beautiful banks were like a terraced lawn, a fringe of heavy grass against a background of forest. I began, almost unconsciously, humming from Haydn's Creation, "Most beautiful appear," for the rich, fertile lands and fresh verdure suggested not only beauty, but a grand future of wealth to those who were here in this paradise. Of crocodiles there were many, an enormous fellow lying on the bank in easy range, tempting me to salute him. My salute was forcible as a Colt's 44 revolver could make it, and as the leaden compliment went to him, it glanced from his scaly covering as harmless as flattery tossed to an experienced society belle. Mr. Hines' rifle caused another leviathan to toss his head, and with a loud voice acknowledge that he felt hurt at the presumption. Through the beautiful lands, amid forest and savanna, we went all day, till, at seven P. M., we entered the hospitable house of Mr. Nestor A. Gross, and I spent a good part of the night in talking with him and Mr. Charles Coleman. We shall long remember the sack of flour and the cut loaf sugar—a gift—for, as we lunched on batter-cakes and turtle eggs, we thought of their liberality with every liberal mouthful.

The next day, while eating of the flesh of a very tender iguana, I looked at the face of an enormous cliff, and wondered if, amid this beauty on one side and the fertility on the other, the crocodile should monopolize it, or a teeming population of workers find health, sustenance, and life.

Our return journey is of necessity slow, and as I stand in the water after wading, and wait for our boatmen to reach us, I improve the opportunity by committing to memory from a Spanish book a number of verbs and nouns; also a few phrases. My neighbor smiles at my energy under the circumstances; but it is all the chance I have, and the boatmen wonder why I do it (for have I not someone with me who can speak for

me?) not knowing that one of the joys of existence is to do your own talking; and this is no dreary, poorly ventilated school-room, but in each breath of Honduras air there is an impulse to do and persevere.

One thing we have failed to do—secure any steaks from the enormous tapirs that frequent this region. We have shot three, but they have died in almost inaccessible places, and our time has been of “more value than many *tapirs*.”

We are, on the 14th of January, at camp on a sandbank. A hut covered with twenty-nine plantain leaves is sufficient shelter against the weather; but we must sleep lightly, for on one side is a mountain swarming with jaguars, twenty-seven feet from our hut the crocodile marks of to-day, and with us five beings who have not yet known what Matthew Arnold called “the humanization of man in society”—viz., civilization—and who have not forgotten that we took them, with no very gentle words, from their hunting and fishing, to toil here for money which they do not worship. Our guide and his family have deserted, so we have only five attendants left, and they would rather hunt and swim than continue the journey. Onward we go, however, carefully watching, and at last we reach the hut where I am writing. Close by us is a wild cotton plant, so large I hardly dare speak of its size. Mr. Hines has crawled into it four feet from the ground, and, stretching his hands upward, asks for a stick to touch the top. Nearly three hundred bolls of superfine cotton growing, and so each of us must secure a quantity of seed to send to North America.

I wish I could tell you more of this choice spot on earth, but till our road is made you will prefer to delay coming. In two months we expect to have reduced the time four days, and made stations that one may travel with a surety of comfort which we long for, as at present we are very tired. Not one hour for sixteen days have we had dry clothing, or a dry blanket at night, except the one night when we found a dry bed at the house of Mr. Gross. We are well, however, which is the best evidence that the climate of Honduras is par excellence, and that we are tough.

III.

CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

Something about the political and financial condition of Honduras at the present time may be thought in place by those who may read these pages with a view, soon or late, of trying their fortunes in this—to them—new world.

It may be stated at once that the country has never enjoyed a more peaceful era, or one characterized by greater enlightenment.

The religion is the Roman Catholic, but the constitution guarantees absolute freedom in religious matters. Church and state are separated, but the utmost harmony prevails between the two. The existing tolerance may be understood from the fact that there are Baptist and Methodist churches on the Bay Islands and on the mainland, as, for example, at San Pedro Sula.

Of the Protestant religions represented in the country, there are, I believe, some two thousand Methodists, a few Episcopalians and Presbyterians, two or three Spiritualists, two Buddhists, two Anabaptists, and one or two Lutherans.

The population of Honduras, for the past century, has been estimated as follows :

Year.	Inhabitants.
1791.....	95,500
1826	200,000
1881.....	307,289
1887.....	331,957

The male population is 163,073; the female, 168,884.

Of the foreign element, there are 1,033 English subjects, 592 of these dwelling in the Bay Islands. The others are mostly in the north coast departments of Santa Barbara and Colon. There are about two hundred North Americans in the country.

For every human being at present in Honduras there are eighty acres of land.

From the very first, President Bogran firmly refused to repudiate the great debt imposed upon the country, some twenty years since, in connection with the then proposed inter-oceanic railroad. That enormous burden was contracted, as everyone knows, by the issue of bonds, which, the railroad not being built—save the poorly equipped little branch from Puerto Cortez inland to San Pedro Sula—the republic refused to pay. At last, however, and after strenuous efforts, the government has effected an arrangement with London capitalists, by means of which the old claim

will be canceled and the railroad actually built.

The financial condition of the republic in other respects is sound. The public debt—exclusive of the railroad enormity—has been gradually reduced during President Bogan's administration.

The income of the republic for the fiscal year ending July, 1888, was \$2,818,264.51, and the expenditure for the same period, \$2,826,531.91. This would show an outlay of \$8,267.40 greater than the income; but \$617,341.94 was paid toward extinguishing the public debt showing an actual gain of \$609,074.54 for the year. The government's intention is to pay over half a million of the remaining debt during the year 1889, and thus to leave less than \$200,000 of debt to be carried over into the year 1890. The country has nearly \$600,000 invested in public roads and other permanent improvements; \$216,028 in public buildings; \$121,234.15 in articles from which the government derives an income, and \$2,355,187.58 in telegraph, military, and postal service equipments. The income of the republic from revenues and customs for the month of August, 1889, was as follows:

Port of Amapala	\$ 43,010.92 $\frac{1}{2}$
Port of Puerto Cortez	25,900.66
Port of Las Islas	9,193.25
Department of Colon	15,942.73 $\frac{1}{2}$
Department of Tegucigalpa	23,904.71
Department of Santa Barbara	10,593.76
Department of Comayagua	8,147.20 $\frac{1}{2}$
Department of La Paz	4,513.27 $\frac{1}{2}$
Department of Copan	11,994.97 $\frac{1}{2}$
Department of Gracias	6,095.51 $\frac{1}{2}$
Department of Choluteca	12,876.85 $\frac{1}{2}$
Department of El Paraiso	9,067.73 $\frac{1}{2}$
Department of Yoro	4,680.69 $\frac{1}{2}$
Department of Intibucá	3,756.91
Department of Olancho	12,293.78
Total	\$201,972.98 $\frac{1}{2}$

The import duties are calculated at so much per pound, according to class, upon the merchandise.* Goods belonging to Class I. are duty free. The rate for Class II. is two cents per pound; for Class III., four cents; for Class IV., eight cents; for Class V., twelve cents; for Classes VI., VII., VIII., IX., and X., respectively, eighteen cents, twenty-four cents, thirty cents, and fifty cents. For Class XI., the duty is one dollar and fifty cents per pound. For liquors, the duty is sixteen cents per pound, and for spirits, twenty-eight cents.

It has been hoped by many that the Universal American Congress of 1889 would do

* See importations for year 1887-88, in Appendix.

much to increase the trade between Honduras—and other Central American republics—and the United States. In relation to this subject, the Hon. D. W. Herring, formerly American Consul at Tegucigalpa, gave, not long since, in an article in the *American Exporter*, some excellent advice to merchants and manufacturers of the United States. “They would do well,” he said, “to study the peculiarities of Central American trade. Over good roads, each freight mule may be required to carry two hundred and fifty pounds. When the trails are rough, mountainous, or muddy, the maximum limit of weight for a cargo is two hundred pounds, and this should be divided into two packages as nearly as possible alike, so as to be slung over the native pack-saddle and rest on each side of the mule. No package should weigh over one hundred and twenty-five pounds if going over a good trail, or more than one hundred pounds when there is no certainty that the road will be smooth, level, and dry. The best rule is to limit the weight in all cases to one hundred pounds, including casing or box. Duties in Honduras are charged by the weight of the imports—boxes, barrels, sacks, or other casing included. It is easy to see how the shipper of

goods to this country may increase the amount of duties and freight charges on a consignment, without adding to the profits of the importer or strengthening the inclination of the buyer to increase his orders.

“Boxes should be made of some thin, tough lumber, such as elm would make, and should snugly fit the goods they inclose, or be stuffed full in the vacant places around the article shipped with some light material, or so braced that they will resist the crushing tendency of the lassos or ropes used for lashing the cargo to the saddle.

“Coal oil should be shipped in zinc cans. When shipped in wooden barrels, it is not only too much wasted by evaporation, but barrels are very liable to breakage by rough handling, or to be punctured by nails, rocks, etc. The import duty is two cents per pound, and coal oil sells here at one dollar and twenty-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents per gallon. Besides candles, coal oil lights are the only kind used.”

There are two good banking houses now in Tegucigalpa. The Banco Nacional Hondureño will buy and sell foreign drafts, and issue drafts and bills against the public treasury and cus-

tom-houses of the republic. Its rate of discount is one per cent. per month. It receives deposits at four per cent. per annum for three months, and at six per cent. per annum for six months. The president is the Hon. Don Ponciano Planas; the manager, Don J. Diaz Duran.

The Banco Centro Americano does a general banking business, buying and selling exchange and discounting bills. The president is Don Santos Soto; the directors, Don Ignacio Agurcia and Don Cipriano Velásquez; the manager is Don Julio Lozano.

American gold, paper money, and drafts command a premium of twenty-five to thirty-five per cent.

The Hondureños are a peaceful and friendly people. Exclusive of a few of the Indians in the remoter districts, they are wonderfully kind and hospitable to all strangers. You can travel from Amapala to Puerto Cortez, alone and utterly unarmed, with any amount of money and jewels upon your person, and have no fears whatever.

The people have great reverence and affection for their President. General Bogran could not possibly be more popular than he is with all classes. He was born June 3, 1849, and is

therefore still young. He was educated in Europe, then returned and became a soldier, serving honorably in time of revolutions, and returning home, when peace was brought about, to devote himself to agricultural pursuits. When President Soto resigned, in 1883, an election was called, according to the constitution, and Luis Bogran was enthusiastically chosen by the people to stand at their head. The presidential term of Honduras, like that of the United States, is for four years. In 1887, Bogran was unanimously reëlected for another four-year period. The President is charming personally. He is deeply interested in agriculture, and has a fine country place in Santa Barbara, where he resides with his family during certain months of the year.

The Cabinet is composed of Ministers or Secretaries. The members at present are: Secretary of State, Hon. Don Simeon Martinez; Secretary of Public Works, Hon. Don Francisco Planas; Secretary of War, Hon. Don Francisco Alvarado.

There is a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies, who are elected from the thirteen departments. Each department has a Governor.

Elementary education is compulsory. There

are free schools in all the villages. The rights of property and personal security are taught to be regarded as sacred.

The better classes are well-read and thoughtful. The President has fine literary taste, and lends his approval to all literary and scientific organizations. He is a member of the Honduras Scientific Literary Academy, and is doing much to encourage the Society of Antiquities, lately organized. This society is to construct and maintain a museum at Copan. It will undertake to explore that region for antiquities, and to preserve them and the Copan ruins. It is to enjoy the privilege of exploring all ruins throughout the republic, beginning February 1, 1890. The government has granted the society two caballerias of land at the spot where the museum is to be built. Mr. E. W. Perry is one of the principal organizers of the society.

There are seventeen newspapers printed in Honduras. In Tegucigalpa: *La Nacion*, *La República*, *El Tren*, *Los Debates*, *La Gaceta Oficial*, *La Academia*, *La Revista Judicial*, *El Estudiante*, *El Católico*, *Honduras Progress*; in Comayagua: *El Republicano*; in Santa Rosa: *El Independiente*, *El Ensayo*; in Santa

Bárbara: *El Progreso*; in Trujillo: *El Republicano*, *La Prensa Libre*, *El Demócrata*.

The postal service is well conducted, and letters are promptly received and dispatched, although the couriers are mostly foot-travelers. Some of these men make the most astonishing trips between the coast and the interior, outstripping mounted passengers, and always arriving safe and sound at their destination, with their heavy bags of mail-matter upon their shoulders. They make a great many short cuts across the mountains, letting themselves down perpendicular hill-sides, and creeping up ascents that are almost sheer walls. They usually make some town by nightfall, but if not, they can curl themselves up and sleep comfortably anywhere, provided it be a dry spot. The schedule of the mail arrivals and departures for the month of August, 1889, gives some idea of the service:

MAILS LEAVE TEGUCIGALPA.

August 2d.—For Sabanagrande, Pespire, Nacaome, Republic of Salvador (by San Miguel), La Brea, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, Puntarenas, Panamá, South America, Antillas, North America, Europe, etc.

August 11th.—For Sabanagrande, Pespire, Nacaome, San Miguel, La Brea, Amapala, La Union, La Libertad, Acajutla, San Salvador, San José de Guatemala, and Champerico.

August 13th.—For Sabanagrande, Pespire, Nacaome, Re-

public of Salvador (by San Miguel), La Brea, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, Puntarenas, Panamá, South America, Antillas, North America, Europe, etc.

August 20th.—For Sabanagrande, Pespire, Nacaome, Republic of Salvador (by San Miguel), La Brea, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, Puntarenas, Panamá, South America, Antillas, North America, Europe, etc.

August 21st.—For Sabanagrande, Pespire, Nacaome, Republic of Salvador (by San Miguel), La Brea, Amapala, La Union, La Libertad, Acajutla, San José de Guatemala, and Champerico.

August 26th.—For Sabanagrande, Pespire, Nacaome, Republic of Salvador (by San Miguel), La Brea, and Amapala.

August 30th or 31st.—For Sabanagrande, Pespire, Nacaome, Republic of Salvador (by San Miguel), La Brea, Amapala, La Union, La Libertad, Acajutla, San José de Guatemala, Champerico, Republic of Mexico (by Acapulco), United States, Asia, and Oceanica (by San Francisco, Cal.).

MAILS ARRIVE AT TEGUCIGALPA.

August 3d.—From Amapala, La Brea, Nacaome, Republic of Salvador (by San Miguel), Pespire, and Sabanagrande.

August 9th.—From abroad, by Panamá; from Costa Rica and Nicaragua; from Amapala, La Brea, Nacaome, Republic of Salvador (by San Miguel), Pespire, and Sabanagrande.

August 10th.—From abroad, by Panamá; from Costa Rica and Nicaragua; from Mexico (by Acapulco); from Champerico, Guatemala, and Salvador (by Amapala); from La Brea, Nacaome, San Miguel, Pespire, and Sabanagrande.

August 20th.—From abroad, by Panamá; from Costa Rica and Nicaragua; from Amapala, La Brea, Nacaome, Republic of Salvador (by San Miguel), Pespire, and Sabanagrande.

August 21st.—From San Francisco, California, Mexico (by Acapulco), Guatemala and Salvador (by Amapala); from La Brea, Nacaome, San Miguel, Pespire, and Sabanagrande.

August 29th.—From Guatemala and Salvador (by Amapala), La Brea, Nacaome, San Miguel, Pespire, and Sabanagrande.

August 30th.—From abroad, by Panamá; from Costa Rica

and Nicaragua; from Amapala, La Brea, Nacaome, Republic of Salvador (by San Miguel), Pespire, and Sabanagrande.

The mail steamers proceeding from Panamá arrive at Amapala on the following days of each month: 4th, 6th, 16th, and 26th.

They leave for Panamá and intermediate ports on the following days: 5th, 6th, 17th, and 25th.

The mail which leaves on the 2d of each month will carry correspondence for La Union, La Libertad, Acajutla, San José de Guatemala, Champerico, and Acapulco, Republic of Mexico.

SOME GENERAL POSTAL RULES.

The post-office is opened for the public service on mail days from 8 to 11 A. M., and 2 to 4 P. M. After 4 P. M., no correspondence is admitted.

Postage to the interior of the republic, to Guatemala, Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica is as follows: Letters, from 15 to 50 grammes, 5 cents; printed matter, for each 50 grammes, 1 cent; commercial circulars, 5 cents for the first 230 grammes, and 1 cent for each additional 50 grammes; samples, 2 cents for the first 100 grammes, and 1 cent for each additional 50 grammes; packages, 3, 5, 15, 25 cents for each 450 grammes in the respective distances of 5, 10, 20, 35 leagues; over 35 leagues, 40 cents.

The postage for foreign countries is double that for Central America. Packages are admitted only for Central America.

The sender of a letter, addressed to whatever country in the postal union, can partially frank it, or not at all, but the receiver has to pay double the amount of the deficiency.

The previous frank of letters is necessary with letters for countries which do not belong to the postal union, and inland letters; this is also a rule with all and any class of correspondence. Paper mail and other printed matter for Central America are free.

Correspondence addressed to the bishop and postmasters are free of postage.

Letters containing enclosures, such as gold, silver, jewelry, etc., are not admitted.

Packages containing inflammables, explosives, or matters easily decomposed, are not admitted, nor those exceeding the size and weight as stated in the postal tariff.

The mail closes at 4 P. M.

The Postmaster-General is an American, Mr. Bert Cecil, who received the appointment in December, 1889. Mr. Cecil is also Director-General of the Telegraph.

IV.

SOME FOLKS YOU MAY OR MAY NOT MEET.

You might go to Honduras, arriving from the Pacific side, and live year in and year out, at Tegucigalpa or other interior city, without so much as catching a glimpse of a Carib. And yet you will nearly always find them mentioned, if not discoursed upon, in the writings of travelers who have visited Honduras. For my own part, I find these creatures—they are hardly human beings—in no way attractive. They have certain negative virtues; they are clean in their habits, and they are not given to murder. Their life is polygamous; the lazy males are supported by their wives, who are much the more muscular and stalwart of the two. They are coast-dwellers, and may also be found in the Bay Islands. I have seen it

alleged that they are fine linguists, speaking Spanish, English, Indian, and Mosquito, besides their own tongue; but I have never heard anything but gibberish from them, myself.

There is an old Indian legend that tells of the experiments of the gods in creating man. They made a man of clay, but he was no good; the rain soon dissolved him. They tried again with cork. These cork men did not become perfect. They had heathenish proclivities, and were destroyed by a cataclysm, only a few remaining—a degenerate kind, supposed to be the apes. The third trial was successful, the material employed being corn. I think the Caribs must have sprung from the degenerate survivors of the second experiment. Isabel Cantini, a clever writer in Puerto Cortez, says:

Outwardly, the men differ imperceptibly from some of the African tribes. It is in their mental characteristics that they show a marked difference. The common African is anxious to forget his native land and its customs, and adopt what he considers civilization—that is, dress and manners of the white people. Not so the Caribs; on the contrary, they cling tenaciously to their traditions, and neither care to inform an outsider about their private lives, nor do they welcome any innovations or improvements, and, if possible, would hinder any attempt towards the progress of a country.

Their language—if the articulation of sounds jerked out spasmodically may be termed by such a name—attracts invariably the stranger's attention. Whenever two or three Caribs

are talking together, they create such a hullabaloo that the unwary listener expects every moment that what he takes to be a quarrel will turn into a fight, until a sudden burst of laughter convinces him that this gibberish, harsh and quarrelsome as it may sound, means no ill. And yet their language must be based on certain grammatical rules, for some twenty years ago a Belgian priest had succeeded in translating a part of the New Testament into the Carib dialect. The missionary priests who labored here, in years long gone by, at the conversion of these people, can hardly boast of any great success, for the conversion was only superficial, and with the departure or expulsion of the priests the Caribs have returned to their dual religion—their Good and Bad Genius. The good one troubles them but very little, for under all circumstances he can not be otherwise than wise and generous; it is the evil genius that needs continually to be propitiated, being revengeful and cruel. Their feasts of Mafia, as the god of evil is called, are still celebrated at certain seasons of the year, though they are no longer accompanied by the orgies and holocausts of former days.

The common belief is that they came to the Bay Islands from St. Vincent, whence they had been driven by the Spaniards. Certain it is that the women of the race are all of it that is worth consideration, and they, simply because they are such tremendous toilers. (Each lazy lout of a male has usually three wives, each having her own hut, with whom he condescends to live in turn. Once in awhile, but not often, he may deign to work for some wood-cutter. His chief occupation is the putting on of fresh linen, which his Amazonian wives toil constantly, knee-deep in the shining

rivers, under the tropical sun, to whiten for their abominable example of a lord and master. When the women are not washing, they are working their plantations of bananas, yams, plantains, and yuca. They dig the root of the last named and grate it on their curious graters, which are made by driving pieces of flint into the surface of a mahogany board. The skin is removed from the root, which is very white. When the root is grated, it is placed in the casava snake. The snake is of palm, plaited in such a way that its diameter can be enlarged by pushing the ends toward each other. The snake, empty, is about four inches in diameter and ten feet long. With the ends shoved together, its length is reduced to five feet and the diameter enlarged to six inches. The yuca is put in and one end fastened. Then the other end is pulled on, and the snake contracts, forcing the juice of the plant through the meshes. The fluid makes a very good quality of starch. The yuca when removed from the snake is called casava. The casava is made into large, thin cakes, and cooked on an iron plate over a fire.

“The houses of the Caribs,” says Mr. Charles Hansel, “are made of a frame of poles; the walls

are formed by thatching twigs loosely and filling the interstices with the red clay of the country. The roof is steeply pitched, and covered with the long leaves of the cabbage palm, which is laid eight or ten inches thick, and lasts seven or eight years. These huts cost about forty dollars (sols) of Honduras money.

“All furniture is of mahogany; and a chest, two or three stools, a table, and sometimes a bedstead, with a calabash or two, a tray, a mortar for pounding maize or corn in, with the ever-present casava grater and snake, and hammock, completes the household furnishing.”

At Puerto Cortez, and at the ports at which the steamers for New Orleans touch after leaving Cortez, in order to load on more bananas, there are plenty of Caribs. You will see them in their canoes or dories when they bring out fruit—chiefly bananas—to the vessel. The women do a great deal of this, while the men seem to enjoy riding around merely for pleasure in their small boats. They manage these with wonderful skill. It is really a sight worth seeing—a dusky dame with a single oar steering a canoe heavily laden with the huge bunches of green fruit, and coming alongside the steamer just in the right place. There is a

terrific clamor, a good deal of hard language, of course, for a great many of them reach the vessel at the same moment, and dispute their turn. They know when the steamer is due, and are on the lookout. The moment her whistle is heard, into the canoes go the bananas, dragged hastily through the surf to them, and out they put, paddling and steering desperately to get there first. The women are usually ahead. They are certainly repulsive enough in appearance, with but a calico garment or two, the head adorned with the inevitable handkerchief, and countenances like huge apes. Their tongues run like windmills; the purser of the steamer must be a sharp one to battle with them. As they deliver their fruit aboard they receive a paper receipt for the number of bunches, which they present to the purser in order to get their money. The atmosphere surrounding the steamers while loading at Puerto Cortez, Sarstoon, Livingston, and so on up to Belize, is one of noisy profanity. When they have disposed of their produce, these curious creatures dance around recklessly in their empty boats, until you wonder why they do not fall into the sea and get gobbled up by the sharks which abound off that coast. I stood

on the deck of a New Orleans steamer, watching one of them, who was ugly enough to satisfy the most critical curiosity-seeker, and marveling how anything so repulsive could really be a woman, when the second mate came up and joined me. "Look at that face," he said, in a mild sort of despair. "Regular beefsteak over a clothes-line, isn't it?" He had been battling with the lady of the countenance referred to for some twenty minutes, she having evinced a disposition to thrust her canoe in ahead of a man who had preceded her. The second mate sighed, and seemed to find a sort of consolation in his reflection, which he presently repeated without waiting for my opinion. "Yes, sir, that's it," he said; "beefsteak over a clothes-line—nothing else in the world!"

V.

SOME HINTS FOR AGRICULTURISTS.

There are a great many people in the North who have not large capital and yet who might do well in Honduras, and prove a valuable accession to the country. These people know hardly anything about Central

America, yet have vague ideas that they would like to go there and try their fortunes. They are the people for whom this book is mainly intended. What can one profitably engage in, if he go to Honduras? That is the question that they would probably like answered, first of all; and, in this chapter and the next, an endeavor will be made to answer it. What can one engage in, without large capital, and hope to succeed? I might answer, in a general way, a hundred things. But let us consider, in a manner as concise and practical as possible, the principal chances. In the first place, no one should set out for Honduras without having pretty thoroughly informed himself as to the existing conditions. I should strongly advise him to open correspondence with some responsible person at Tegucigalpa—as, for instance, the representative of the American Honduras Company. Both Mr. Perry and Mr. Imboden are men of long experience in the country, who will say neither a word too much nor a word too little for it. They will not romance in its favor, nor will they exaggerate to depreciate it.

But let us look at some chances in agriculture—first, the tropical staples, whose cultivation on a moderate scale is easy, and requires

small outlay. These are bananas, cocoa-nuts, pine-apples, oranges, coffee, sugar-cane, lemons, mangoes, figs, pomegranates, etc.

The banana production of Honduras now amounts to millions of bunches per year. Each steamer leaving the north coast carries from ten to twenty thousand bunches, bought, as brought out in canoes to the vessel, at from twenty-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents per bunch. The exporting began about ten years ago, with one little schooner. There are now twenty vessels which come regularly to the coast to load with bananas and other fruits as well. Between Puerto Cortez and La Masca, near the Guatemala frontier, a distance of about twenty miles, there are produced about eighty thousand bunches per month. Honduras at present furnishes the greater part of all bananas exported from Central America. So great an importance, indeed, has her banana production attained, that the people of Belize (British Honduras) have begun to feel the competition as something serious. A late issue of the *Belize Advertiser* contained an article in reference to the subject, in which the admission is made that "in Puerto Cortez, Omoa, Cieneguita, Chetche, Walla, Muchelena,

Mascot, and other places in Honduras, the fruit is infinitely superior to any grown in, or at least shipped from," that colony (Belize). A letter addressed by Captain Leitch, who had a contract with the British Honduras government, to the Colonial Secretary, in September, 1889, asking for the revision of the price of bananas, says:

A superior class of fruit is purchased at Port Limon, Boca del Toro, and the coast of Honduras for thirty-seven and one-half cents a bunch, and in consequence it is impossible for us to compete with the other companies; and I have to ask that the standard bunch of eight hands be reduced from fifty to thirty-seven and one-half cents.

And yet the fruit trade of Honduras may be said to be still in its infancy.

How should one set out to start a banana farm? Let us see. First, we must select some good land, not too far away from a river, where the earth is deep and rich; for this is a plant that taxes the soil severely. The woods or the bush must be cleared by the laborers, called peones, who do this with but two tools, the axe and the machete. The machete is something like a cutlass; it is the long, heavy knife with which every man of the lower classes is provided, and is carried in a leather case suspended from his belt. It is, in short,

the universal sword. With this machete, besides the axe, a single man can clear a manzana, which is equal to nearly two acres, of heavily wooded land in from twenty to thirty days. Two men can, of course, do the same work in from ten to fifteen days. The roughly cleared spot must be left to dry for about a month; then it is set fire to, and the fire completes the clearing process. Now we must buy our suckers, or "matas," to plant. These we can get for about a dollar per hundred. For one manzana we shall want about four hundred plants, which we must place about five yards distant one from another. One man can dig about two hundred holes—he must have a spade for this—a day. Two men can put in the four hundred of a manzana in the same time. When the "matas" are in the ground they need little care. In about eight months the first bunch should be looked for. When this is ready to be taken for the market, the entire plant is cut near the ground; this leaves a stump. New sprouts or suckers appear quickly on each side of this. Not more than three should be allowed to grow, in order to have fine quality fruit, which should be ready in about six months, when the suckers are again cut down, and new

ones again spring up. This is the process, which may be repeated for six or seven years, after which it is wise to turn the plantation into something else and give the soil a rest.

The outlay should be something as follows, for one manzana:

Clearing	\$10
Four hundred matas.....	4
Planting the matas	4
Bringing them	2
Cleaning plantation first two years.....	10
Total.....	<hr/> \$30

The returns to be expected for the first two years are: 350 bunches at least from the first 400 plants; the second year, having three new suckers to each 400, should give at least 1,000 bunches, making in all 1,350 bunches. These at, say, 30 cents per bunch, would give \$405. The profit is \$375, or over 1,000 per cent.

Besides exporting bananas in their ordinary state, attention might be turned to drying and to canning the fruit. Mr. De Leon, of the firm of De Leon & Alger, at Puerto Cortez, reports that he has made some very successful experiments in canning bananas to send to European markets.

Next, let us look at the cocoa-nut groves. The fifth or sixth year after the planting, the

cocoa-nut palm bears fruit; thence on, they say, for a hundred years. The cocoa-nut plantations are mostly near the coast, and, to a stranger, present a beautiful—indeed, I may say a marvelous—picture. The leaves are like tremendous feathers waving in the breeze, some of them being fifteen to twenty feet in length. The trees grow to a height of from forty to fifty feet. The average annual yield of a tree is one hundred nuts, although some produce from two to three hundred. These nuts bring in New Orleans twenty-five dollars per thousand. They may be marketed to the steamers for a dollar and a quarter per hundred. A plantation of five or ten thousand trees will give the owner an income of five or ten thousand dollars per year, beyond expenses.

The leaves of the trees may be used for thatching houses, for making sails, baskets, and mats. From the nuts, when half ripe, is obtained a pleasant drink called pipa. The nut-meat is used in many ways as food; the hull and the bark will make string and nets, and the oil of the nut can be used for half a dozen different purposes.

The cultivation of pine-apples and oranges may be advantageously combined with banana

and cocoa-nut plantations. These, as well as lemons and limes, appear to be indigenous.

Coffee is grown in the uplands of the interior with great success. The question of transportation thence to the coast but needs to be solved, in order that coffee plantations, similar to those of Costa Rica and Guatemala, may be begun upon the many mountain-sides. The coffee grows best at an elevation of one to four thousand feet. The best kind of land is a slope, affording easy drainage and some shelter. On level ground the coffee trees must be planted in alternation with bananas, which will provide shade for them. The young trees are usually set out when they have attained a growth of eighteen inches. The holes should be dug a few days before the plants are placed in them. The plantation needs the most watchful care. Weeds must be constantly removed, and insects looked out for. The coffee blooms in March. The blossom is a delicate, white flower, with the faintest imaginable fragrance. It lasts but a few days. Fields of coffee in bloom are very beautiful. During the rainy season the fruit is growing and ripening. In November, with the beginning of the summer season, or verano, the har-

vest is ready to be gathered. There are as yet no great coffee-benefiting establishments in Honduras; these are to come by and by.

Sugar-cane fields may be seen as one rides down through the splendid valley of Comayagua, stretching off greenly into the distance. Farther on toward the coast, in the department of Santa Barbara, and near Lake Tojoa, there are vast quantities of cane. In Olancho it is extensively grown, and, indeed, all over the country there is more or less of it. Everyone owning cattle has a patch to feed to his stock. The cattle are very fond of it. The cane, with proper machinery, might be made to produce a sugar equal or superior to that which is imported and sold at twenty-five cents per pound. More of the native dulce, or common yellow product, might be had, and at lower prices. The aguardiente which is made from it is a government monopoly, and the right to manufacture this has to be obtained from the government. There is probably considerable illicit business carried on in a small way. Aguardiente brings seventy-five cents and one dollar per bottle.

Lemons grow abundantly on the coast lands, and limes in the interior. Mangoes grow

almost everywhere. From the mangoes delicious preserves might be made, or the fruit could be canned for exportation. Figs in a similar shape could, I think, be profitably sent to North America and Europe. Pomegranates and granadillas are plentiful, and are not so perishable.

On all the north coast lands there are found a great variety of other tropical fruits, whose cultivation might well be included in a plantation. Some of these are guavas, anonas, melons, aguacates, plums, sapotes, olives, and negritos.

From fruits we may turn to other vegetable products which may be cultivated. Of these, cotton, tobacco, indigo, vanilla, cocoa, pimento, ginger, pepper, and capsicum might well be considered. A general farm in any mountain locality might include potatoes, rice, wheat, corn, yams, plantains, beans, and all the temperate zone vegetables, such as tomatoes, string-beans, peas, cabbages, beets, turnips, cauliflower, lettuce, cucumbers, squashes, musk-melons, celery, radishes, etc.

The Honduras tobacco is of excellent quality. Cotton was grown twenty-five years ago in the country, by an American from Georgia, who

undertook its culture somewhat as an experiment. He chose the neighborhood of San Pedro Sula, the present inland terminus of the railroad line starting from Puerto Cortez, and there planted several acres with seed he had brought from his home in the States. It was that called the Sea Island variety. He succeeded in producing cotton trees having stalks seven and eight feet high, and measuring fourteen in circumference. He was able to gather three or four times a year, the pickings producing five hundred pounds to an acre. This plantation yielded well for ten years or so, at the end of which time the trees seemed to run to wood. There is a native cotton which nearly always has a pale-reddish fibre. The chief obstacle would seem to be the scarcity of labor, rendering it impossible to get the cotton picked properly. With sufficient capital, and perhaps a certain amount of imported labor, one could look for large profits. Negroes from the United States, who understood how to do the work, would naturally be the best hands to have. One should set up his own gins and presses, and go into the industry with zeal and determination.

The wonderful wealth of Honduras in her

forests alone can hardly be realized without visiting the country. Mahogany, cedar, and rose-wood are the principal cabinet-woods exported. The mahogany and rose-wood are most plentiful on the north coast; the cedar is quite common in all the departments. It is found in great abundance, as also is the *lignum-vitæ*, in Comayagua. Near the Sulaco River there are some remarkable qualities. There are noble forests of oak, pine, ronron, walnut, live-oak, higueron, guayacan, ceiba, masica, granadilla, greenthorn, tuberoze, alazar, guano, tamarind, and mulberry for silk-worms. Olancho and Colon have magnificent natural resources in this direction. From the coast to Juticalpa, along the Guayape or Patuca and the Guyambre, are forests of balsams, mahogany, and cedar, and vast tracts of pine. The dye-woods are abundant—logwood, fustic, Brazil-wood, and others. The medicinal trees and plants include the sarsaparilla, ipecacuanha, castor-oil plant, Peruvian bark, etc. The trees yielding resinous products comprise the copal, guapinal, and balsam. The hule, or rubber tree, abounds on the coast.

According to information supplied by Mr. Mahler, of Puerto Cortez, an old pioneer tim-

ber merchant, the principal woods shipped at present to England and the United States are mahogany, cedar, rose-wood, zebra, and fustic. He says:

The price of mahogany in London ranges from one hundred and ten to one hundred and seventy-five dollars per one thousand superficial feet, and cedar from ninety to one hundred and thirty dollars in gold. These are cut in as long lengths as can be shipped conveniently, while rose-wood, zebra, and fustic are cut into short lengths, and are shipped as stowage or ballast, making the freight on these cost less than it would for long lengths. These latter are sold by the ton—rose-wood bringing from twenty-five to forty dollars, and fustic thirty to forty-five dollars. The logs are all squared before shipment, so as to avoid paying freight on the slabs and refuse, as well as also to take up less space in the vessels.

The present average cost of the squared timbers on the bars, ready for shipment, is from thirty to forty dollars per one thousand feet for mahogany and cedar, and eight to ten dollars per ton for rose-wood, fustic, and zebra. Freights to London for mahogany and cedar are from forty to fifty dollars per one thousand feet; and as rose-wood, zebra, and fustic are used as stowage, they are shipped at a less expense, the cost being from five to six dollars per ton, thus leaving a handsome profit to the shipper of these woods.

The same gentleman informs us that the first wood-cutters in the territory of Honduras came from the British colony Belize, about one hundred and fifty years ago, bringing with them their slaves and cattle. Their old camps are yet partly visible among the new and thickly rising forests between the rivers Ulua, Chamelecon, Patuca, and Wanks, on the Atlan-

tic coast of this republic, the hunters after timber frequently coming across sites occupied by their forerunners nearly two centuries ago.

Logging is a business peculiar to itself, and requires a hardy set of men, as there is not only a great deal of hard work, but a great deal of exposure to the wet and hot climate of the coast lands.

There are usually thirty or forty men to a logging camp, with a foreman. The men are divided into companies, each one having a captain. There is also the "hunter," who examines trees to be cut, and reports to the foreman. The men work by the task, each one being provided with axe and machete. No tree is felled that is less than eight feet in circumference, two trees making a day's task for a man. There are some trees found having a circumference of twenty-five feet. Such will occupy four of the most expert men for a day. The masica, or bread-nut tree, is never cut, the leaves of this constituting the food of the cattle used to haul the logs. The cutting of the timber can be done at any time of year, but usually the logs are on the river-banks at the beginning of the wet season. There they are stamped with the own-

er's initials and rafted down the stream to the sea, to be loaded aboard the steamer

The foreman's wages are from sixty to one hundred dollars per month; the captains receive fourteen to twenty dollars per month and rations; the choppers, ten to fourteen dollars per month and rations.

The timber on government lands may be cut by anyone who has gone before the Administrator of Customs and satisfied him that he has means to transport what he cuts to market. This is made obligatory, because formerly a great deal was cut and left to decay on the ground.

Statistics of 1888 show that during that year there were exported to the United States 611,538 superficial feet of mahogany and cedar, representing in Honduras a value of \$37,952.

The export duties on mahogany and cedar are eight dollars per thousand superficial feet.

The hule, or rubber, is mostly taken from the forests by native huleros, or rubber-men, who dispose of it to the coast-traders and those in the neighborhood of the Guayape. The process is a simple one. The hulero sets out in the morning, provided with a shotgun, a machete, a rope fifteen or sixteen feet long,

and a pair of climbers like those used by telegraph line-men. He penetrates the forest depths and looks out for the slender rubber trees with their smooth trunks. He selects one, and at its base he digs a hole in the ground to catch the sap. Sometimes he cuts a joint of bamboo for this purpose. He passes the rope around the tree several times and fastens the end. Then he cuts the bark in such a way as to make a circle which slopes downward at the point where he wants the sap to run to, something like a V. He arranges a piece of leaf here to form a spout from which the sap may fall into the hole in the ground or the bamboo joint. He then slowly mounts the tree by means of the rope and the climbers, cutting notches that encircle the trunk at every eighteen inches, each one, like the first, forming a sort of V on the side next him. These begin to bleed very soon, and the thick, cream-colored fluid runs down into the hole in the ground. The liquid hule is coagulated with the juice of a wild vine which grows in the forest, and after a few hours it has become solid rubber. A good tree at its first cutting should produce forty or fifty pounds of rubber.

VI.

LIVE STOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

The natural advantages of Honduras as a country for live stock are undeniable. The splendid valleys of Comayagua, Santa Barbara, Gracias, Yoro, Olancho, and Colon are already ranged in places by herds of cattle; but there is room for a vast increase of the industry, not only in the departments mentioned, but in others as well. On the Pacific slope, in Choluteca, La Paz, and Tegucigalpa, where there is much less rain-fall, the pasturage is not as good as on the Atlantic side, where the moisture-laden winds of the Caribbean are constantly forcing themselves upward and bringing with them showers to freshen the land. Nevertheless, at certain seasons, when rain comes from the Pacific, there is luxuriant vegetation on the slopes of the departments of this region. During long periods of drought the cattle must be fed with sugar-cane, green corn, plantains, and various fruits of which they are fond.

It may be stated, then, that the best regions for grazing purposes are those of Santa Barbara, Gracias, Comayagua, Yoro, and Olancho.

These vast savanas are covered with glorious emerald grasses the year round, and are watered at frequent intervals by beautiful little streams.

In all Honduras there are probably six hundred thousand head of cattle. The present methods of breeding show some laudable attempts at improving the stock. These are being made mostly by foreigners. The natives have yet much to improve. In some parts of the country the cows are permitted to suckle their calves far too long a time. In an interesting article upon the cattle of Honduras, the Hon. D. W. Herring, formerly United States Consul, says: "Frequently a cow may be seen standing quietly, while a young calf tugging at a teat on one side is aided in emptying the udder by a yearling sucking away at a teat on the other side. The spectacle has been seen of a cow suckling a calf, while a heifer stood sucking the opposite teat, and at the same time gave suck to her own newly born scarcely dried by the sun." The same writer says: "The custom of selecting for slaughter the strongest, smoothest, and best bulls in the herd, has doubtless done much to check the natural tendency to the improvement of the breed."

The cattle of the country do not reach ma-

turity early. The heifers do not bear their first calves until three years old. No animals are slaughtered under six or seven years.

The dangers that must be guarded against are those of an occasional wild beast, such as the mountain lion or the tiger, which will kill young calves or even yearlings. There is also an insect, known as the cattle spider, which sometimes fastens itself upon the animal just above the hoof. Unless treated in time with ammonia or tobacco juice, this may result in the loss of the hoof.

The public lands are free as pasture-ground to all cattle-owners; should one wish to enclose space, he must obtain the right from the government. Fencing is not absolutely needful; the stock will not stray from any place to which it is accustomed, when there are shade, shelter, water, and no severe storms to drive it hither and thither. Mr. Herring says that "fifty cents per head will pay all necessary expenses of keeping a herd of cattle in Honduras. The native or Indian is, by instinct, training, and inclination, a 'vaquero,' or herdsman. He can readily drive herds through the forest paths among the hills, and as readily find any animals that stray from the herd. He

is a keen hunter, and therefore useful in protecting the herd from attacks by wild animals. Such men can be hired for from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars per year. They are docile, faithful, and even affectionate to those who deal justly with them. They are easily fed, for plantains, bananas, yams, and other food upon which they usually live, grow in every part of the country."

There is a government tax of two dollars per head on the sale of cattle, and a municipal tax of fifty cents for every animal slaughtered. Slaughtering cows that are capable of breeding is forbidden by law.

The exportation of cattle is mostly to British Honduras, although some animals are sent to the neighboring Central American republics. There is an export duty of two dollars per head on bulls and steers, and of sixteen dollars on cows. This is a very wise regulation, which virtually forbids the sending out of the country of that which is needed in it.

The latest statistics show that about the same number of head is exported from Puerto Cortez as from Truxillo; from Amapala about one-fifth as many as from either of those ports, and from the frontiers about six times

as many as from either Puerto Cortez or Truxillo.

The cattle in Honduras are branded as in the United States. The brands are recorded in the districts where the various herds are kept, and when an animal is sold, its brand is indicated in the bill of sale.

Some time since, the *Honduras Progress*, in an article referring to the improvement of forage in certain parts of the republic, took the occasion to refer to the plant known as esper-cet, which has become the principal fodder-grass of Germany. It says :

As a forage-plant it richly merits consideration, and, from the almost entire lack of necessity for cultivation after its first planting (being a perennial), might almost be regarded as a weed.

Its growth is very rapid, even upon the poorest and most porous soil, and the great length to which its tap-root penetrates the ground precludes all necessity for other irrigation than that caused by the natural moisture of the land, leaving it almost entirely unaffected in the midst of the most severe drouth.

It will grow to a height of from eighteen inches to two feet upon a hard, red soil that will fairly resist the pick, but necessarily flourishes best under more favorable conditions; while a few summer showers will make it grow both high and rank, frequently rising to the height of a man's chin, growing so dense as to be very troublesome in mowing—seven to eight tons an acre being no unusual yield.

For the first year it produces no seed; but after that the seed forms in large pods, and in great quantities.

It succeeds best upon a dry soil which contains lime.

It should not be forgotten that hides are exported in large quantities from Honduras, as well as from other Central American countries. They are also employed for a great many purposes by the natives. The poorer classes use them in many ways, often making their beds upon them.

There are very few sheep in the country. A single flock of perhaps thirty, in the department of Comayagua, was all that I saw in over a year in the country. An attempt to raise sheep would involve the providing of shelter against the hard rains.

Goats I saw frequently in the mountain districts.

Hogs are kept by almost every family outside of the larger cities. Without any particular attention being paid them, they thrive, and in due time are turned into excellent pork-chops, sausage, and manteca, or lard. The lard, it must be confessed, is extremely expensive. It is used for cooking purposes of every sort, for it must be remembered there is no butter to be had, except that which is imported in cans and costs a great deal. There

is no reason, I may remark, why butter, such as that which is made in Costa Rica, should not be produced in Honduras, when the cattle and the dairy products shall have been improved in certain ways.

I do not see why raising hogs should not prove immensely profitable. Corn, that which needs but to be planted, or yams, would be the finest feed imaginable.

Poultry-raising on a somewhat larger scale than is yet known in the country would also pay. Chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese sell at good prices; eggs sometimes are depressingly scarce and high. I should recommend the importing of good incubators and the building of fine henneries.

VII.

THE PITA.

The best kind of fibre plants, we are assured on good authority, are the *Musa textilis*, *Bæhmeria nivea* and *B. tenacissima*, *Agave sisalana*, *Fourcroya gigantea*, *Sansevieria zeylanica*, *Karatas plumieri*, *Ananassa nativa*, and *Bromelia pinguin*—in plainer language, the Manila hemp, China ramie, sisal hemp, bow-

string hemp, pita hemp, silk grass, and pinguin fibre. The pita is commonly known as the *Agave Americana*, or American aloe. It belongs, according to best authorities, to the *ananas* family. It may be raised from seed; the ordinary practice, however, is to plant suckers, which are obtained by dividing the root-stock and by taking viviparous buds.

The pita has never been cultivated in Honduras, but it grows wild on both lowlands and on mountain slopes to an altitude of four thousand feet. When it once has taken possession of a region, this plant begins rapidly to monopolize the soil, to the exclusion of all other vegetation except trees. Each plant has thirty to forty huge leaves which measure six to ten feet in length and are two or three inches thick. The fibre extends in filaments the entire length of the leaf. The outer covering is extremely hard to remove. The Indians usually pound the leaf on a stone, drying it afterward in the sun and pounding it a second time, after which they comb it to obtain a clean fibre. The Caribs, on the other hand, soak the leaves in water until the covering is sufficiently decomposed to be easily removed.

A great deal has been thought and said on

the subject of machinery to properly perform this work of extracting the fibre. Until quite recently, no one had succeeded in inventing a wholly successful method. I believe, however, that during the year 1888 accounts were published of a machine that could do what was required, and that was soon to be placed on a Nicaragua plantation. Until such machines can be introduced in Honduras, the pita will remain a wasted wealth. It is true that the hand-prepared fibre is already much used for shoemaker's thread, nets, cordage, hammocks, and so forth. It can be bought of the Indians, out in the country, in packages, at thirty cents per pound. In the towns it is sold to shoemakers and others at eighty cents per pound. The native method of hand preparation is, of course, too costly, and the quantities are too small to admit of exportation. On the other hand, suitable machinery could prepare annually thousands of tons of fibre, which might prove of immense benefit to the commerce of the country.

The best plan for propagation is to set the young plants in regular rows, and to keep the intervening spaces clear for the first six months; at the end of that time the plants

can take care of themselves. They should attain full growth in about six years time. A single pita plant in bloom, with its long, slender blossom-stem twenty or thirty feet high, is a beautiful sight. Fields containing thousands of such would be well worth gazing at. About one thousand plants may be grown to an acre, the yield from which should be at least six thousand pounds. The plantation ought to last for ten or twelve years.

Mr. Thomas R. Lombard says of the pita that it seems to yield a finer fibre than the corresponding plant in Mexico, the maguey. This latter is the plant from which the great native drink, the Mexican pulque, is obtained. The natives have their peculiar method of extracting the juice, by sucking it up into a hollow stalk which they have inserted in a cut made in the stem of the plant, and letting it run out of the stalk again into a gourd. They let the juice stand one week to make pulque; if it stands two weeks, it becomes mescal, which is much stronger. The pulque is prescribed by many physicians as a daily health-drink, to be taken at noon only.

In Yucatan the *Agave sisalana*, or henequin, has been grown and exported for some time

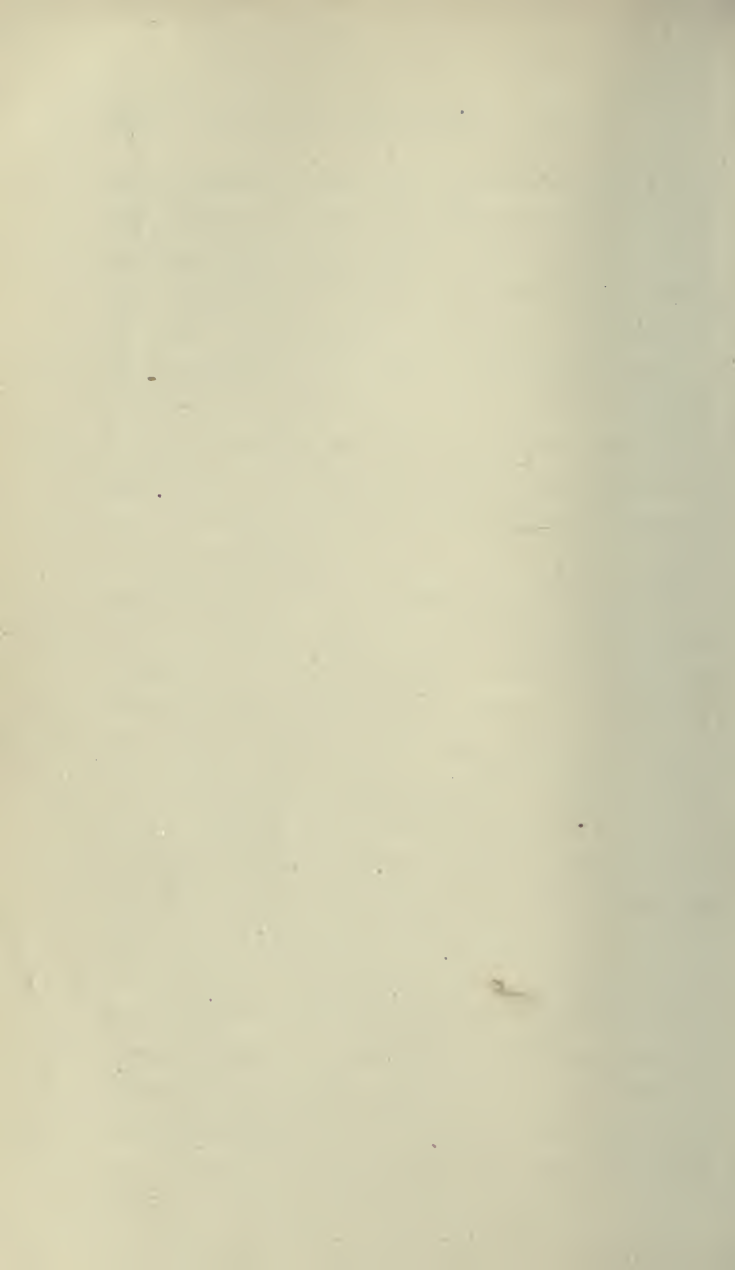
with remarkable success; indeed, we hear of vast fortunes being made by men engaged in this industry. The finer parts of the sisal hemp can be advantageously woven with jute, linen, or even cotton. It bleaches and takes dye perfectly, and without loss of strength. The natives of Yucatan use the hemp chiefly to make nets, mats, and hammocks. In 1888 the number of henequin hammocks exported from Yucatan to the United States was about forty thousand.

Mr. Lombard says further of the pita:

The crude fibre is equal in value to manila hemp, when applied to light uses; but in fineness, strength, and durability it is far superior. The ultimate fibre is even finer than that of the threads of silk spun by the silk-worm. The writer was shown the two under a powerful microscope at Lyons, France, and heard many exclamations of surprise on the part of manufacturers at this unexpected result, and at the fact that the pita fibre did not lose its strength when reduced to the fine floss state. Experiments have been made of weaving this fibre when flossed with cotton, wool, or silk; and it has been found that this can be done advantageously. . . . As the pita fibre possesses a silky gloss of its own, it has been thought by manufacturers that it would be found valuable to mix with silk, especially in the manufacture of heavy curtain fabrics, where weight, strength, durability, and finish are required.

Samples of the pita fibre have been sent to Europe, and there converted into ribbons, handkerchiefs, wigs, and false hair. All persons who have made any thorough examina-

tion of the subject, declare that a tremendous factor of commercial prosperity is as yet lying idle in Honduras, which, if properly handled with sufficient capital and the required machinery, might yield vast returns to those undertaking the enterprise, and to the nation itself as well.



PART IV.

HAMMOCK AND SADDLE.

I.

THE FIRST DAY OUT.

It was on a Sunday morning in October that I set out to ride alone—except for a mozo—from Tegucigalpa down to San Pedro Sula, there to take the train for Puerto Cortez, and thence the steamer for New Orleans. The day previous I had engaged one Trinidad Cisnéros, an interesting type, originally from Salvador, to guide me safely to the coast. This gentleman was going down with a couple of pack-mules to meet some incoming freight, and he was glad to “kill two birds with a single throw.” On Saturday he had assured me positively that he would be on hand at five in the morning, so that we might have an early start. I knew so much about the slowness of the average mozo that I was not surprised at having to wait until nearly eight o’clock for him to appear. When at last he arrived, I saw, to my amazement, that he had brought but one mule and a burro of under-size.

“Pray, Mr. Cisnéros,” I observed, “do you intend me to ride the burro? Or are my trunks to be left behind?” He at once explained that the burro could carry the trunks as far as Comayagua, where he would be replaced by a proper cargo-mule, fresh from the potrero. I was naturally annoyed at such a beginning of the trip. My luggage was purposely light, so that it might keep up with me—an easy matter, if it were loaded on a good animal. But as things now stood, I should have to ride slowly in order to wait for the burro. Another thing, the dignity of my departure from the capital was marred, if not ruined. I had counted upon a very early start, unaccompanied by friends to see me off, as is usual in Honduras; and instead, I must parade through town with a ridiculous burro wagging his ears between my steamer trunks, just at the time when the streets would be full of people going to mass.

In the midst of my annoyance, up rode Don Joaquin Escobar, the Postmaster-General, mounted on his splendid white horse, Napoleon. “I am going out on the road with you,” he said, “as far as I can go and get back in time for some business that must be attended

to." It was "foreign mail day," and therefore I thought it remarkably good of the gentleman.

We started off in gay spirits, leaving Trinidad to follow with burro and luggage. Don Joaquin knew the way, of course, and we were not long crossing the long bridge, passing down through Comayguela, and making headway at full gallop out along the yellow road leading off toward Comayagua.

When Don Joaquin had gone as far as he possibly could, and return in time, we stopped and waited for guide and luggage to come up. My friend gave the mozo some sound advice as to the rubber coats, keeping the equipage dry, and taking good care of me in general and particular.

We patted each other on the shoulder, Honduran fashion, and said "Adios." Don Joaquin's splendid horse disappeared at a gallop in the distance, and I continued on my hundred-league journey.

From Tegucigalpa to Comayagua is reckoned twenty leagues, or sixty miles. I hoped to make this distance by noon of the following day. In the meantime, the burro might prove a serious obstacle. As the sun rose—the tre-

mendous tropical sun, overpowering in those circular hollows where the wind can not rush, as it rushes elsewhere through the long passes, like some demon lately unchained—we progressed at moderate speed. I rode ahead, for the path was still a cart-road; it had not yet dwindled to a trail, as it should farther on. The burro ran on gaily just behind; the trunks he bore creaked slightly in their cording. The mozo plodded airily after—afoot. As a rule, the Honduras mozos prefer to travel afoot. This one wore the usual comfortable costume of white trousers and white jacket, white pita hat, and sandals of hide fastened with cords over the feet, between the toes and around the ankles. He carried a good pistol, a machete, and a gourd to drink from. His name was “Trinity;” he was obliging, honest, and given to grandiloquent speeches.

Having formed this estimate of the individual who was to be my sole human companion during some six or seven days communion with Nature, I dismissed him from my thoughts. The memory of Tegucigalpa, quaint and quiet city, was fresh in my mind. Fourteen months experience in the tropics absorbed me. The roar of a thirty-stamp mill

in a mining town whence I had lately come rang in my ears. Voices of people from whom I had lately parted returned as in a dream; faces rose up before me that perhaps I might not see again. I had, for an instant, the helpless feeling of being out adrift on some strange sea; then the sensation of one who has barely learned to swim, when someone pushes him into the water. The cheerful voice of Trinidad recalled me:

“There is a house not far away, where we can get some breakfast.”

“Breakfast!” I had forgotten about that important meal. “How far off is it?”

“About two leagues.”

“Hombre! Two leagues are six miles. That is not near.”

“Pues, hombre. They are little leagues.”

And I am quite sure we rode ten miles before the place was reached. The Honduras *mozos* have no idea of distance. The “long leagues” and the “short leagues” are matters of conjecture.

To travel with comfort in Honduras you must be suitably dressed, have a good animal, and know how to ride. For the first of the three conditions, corduroy makes a good cos-

tume; it is not too heavy except in the middle of the day, when one should not ride, but rest. A broad-brimmed hat is indispensable. Foreigners usually prefer the helmet, two-peaked. The natives often ride carrying open umbrellas, which, though incongruous, is not always ill-advised. As to securing a good beast, that is not usually so easy. A mule with reasonable speed is safer than a horse, and endures more. And in the matter of horsemanship, some people are born riders, while others never acquire the first principles of equestrianism. Practice, of course, is important.

There is a certain little insect—which also grows to be a larger insect—against which the traveler must guard. Certain bushes and plants are covered with thousands of these pests, one of which, if he get upon you, will make you most uncomfortable. The name of the insect is garrapata—it is of the tick species. The smaller sized is more to be dreaded than the larger, as it is almost imperceptible. It has the habit of burying its head in the flesh and leaving a part of it there, making a very painful and lasting sore place. In riding along the narrow trails where plants and bushes rise on either side, one should be careful not to get

covered with garrapatas. The fleas of the tropics torment many persons from the North extremely at first. Cleanliness and attention will keep one's house free from this annoyance, unless it happen to be built upon peculiarly sandy soil. On the coasts, where the earth is black and moist, there are no fleas, I believe. On the other hand, no one ever thinks of mosquito-netting, in the mountains, for there are no mosquitoes, while at Truxillo there are plenty, and at Puerto Cortez a few. At San Pedro Sula there are sand-flies which revel from noon to dusk.

My intention, previous to the advent of the burro, had been to reach the place called Protection, which is something like half-way between Tegucigalpa and Comayagua, that afternoon, and to stay there all night. But now, what with the late start and poor animals, I foresaw this to be impossible. It was provoking at first, but on reflection, and knowing I had abundant time to catch the steamer if I took ten or twelve days in going down, it seemed to me I might as well proceed leisurely, and learn the country all the better.

The house that Trinidad had in mind suddenly came in sight. We rode up—I did, at

least—and Trinidad steered the burro into the shade of the projecting thatched roof. When I say “steered,” I speak with premeditation, for he often had hold of the donkey’s tail. I dismounted, although the woman of the house was at first quite certain she had nothing to sell us. This is nearly always the way at the places where one tries to get food in such countries. All the travelers who have been over the ground are accustomed to it, and they will all relate the identical experience of “no hay.” As a rule, they conclude thus: “Well, I was determined to have something. I saw a chicken running about. I knocked it over with a stone, wrung its neck, and took it to the woman. ‘Now,’ says I, ‘cook me this, and I’ll pay you whatever it’s worth!’” I never met a Honduras-traveled individual yet who had not this tale to tell. Somehow it has always seemed strange to me that the unfortunate chicken has never been missed by the stone! I, for my part, saw chickens, it is true; but I aimed no stones at them. Had I tried to do so, I should most likely have hit the woman herself in the eye, for I throw very poorly at times. But I talked, and Trinidad talked; and between us we softened the old

lady, who was fat and bare-shouldered, with a gorgeous necklace of gilt beads, into providing us with a tripe-stew—which she lamentingly protested had been prepared for her mother-in-law—and some tortillas and milkless coffee. I had put some French bread and a can of potted ham in the saddle-bags, along with a flask of brandy, before leaving Tegucigalpa. I now found, on investigation, that the ham, which I had opened in order to make sure of its condition, had been associating rather intimately with my note-book, somewhat to the latter's detriment.

After correcting this unforeseen condition as far as was possible, I remounted, having first paid the moderate sum of one real (twelve and one-half cents) for our entertainment, and signified my desire to be off. Trinidad lingered, conversing amicably with the hostess. Finally I got him away. When we were in the road once more, I asked where he thought we might stop that night.

"Tamará," he smilingly assured me; and on we went toward Tamará. It was a lovely, though uninhabited, stretch of country that I never shall forget. I rode very slowly. Trinidad walked alongside, and the burro jolted

on in advance. I saw that there could be no haste until we reached Comayagua, and Trinidad was very entertaining with his grandiloquent speeches and flowery metaphor. He had a passion for making diminutives of his nouns, ending them all in *itos* or *itas*. He also took a bland delight in picturing to me the gracious reception accorded him by the Señor Presidente, upon whom he had called in Tegucigalpa. I judged that he was not lying, for President Bogran receives the humblest callers with the greatest kindness.

II.

NIGHT IN A HAMMOCK.

Afternoon, a little past four, it was when we reached Tamará. A few little houses were scattered over splendid fields. We paused to look for a posada. They told us to go on about a league and a half. I took a drink of water and proceeded. The league and a half resolved itself into about three leagues. It was nearly dark, and I was woefully hungry and tired, when we saw a house somewhat up a hill-side. There were women and children visible, some

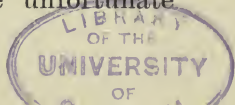
animals grazing calmly, and a clothes-line hung with sausage casings.

“Aqui hay posada?” inquired Trinidad, cheerfully.

“Como no!” said one of the women. And mighty glad I was to hear it.

The animals were speedily unloaded; my hammock came out of the maleta and was swung in-doors.

Heavens, what a place! There were three beds and another hammock besides my own. In one of the beds there was a young man ill with fever. When I saw, however, that his mother was feeding him with corn baked on the cob, I concluded the illness to be less serious than I had at first imagined. I stayed outside as much as possible. Trinidad requested that coffee and tortillas be prepared. How good these tasted, we being so hungry! There were also some savory chunks of pork, which seemed to have been roasted on the ashes. Having eaten and drunk, I walked up and down outside until it was quite dark and a slight rain fell. Then I went inside and crawled into my hammock. Trinidad reposed on a small blanket, which he had carried strapped with my luggage upon the unfortunate



burro, spread upon the earth floor. He smoked cigarettes, for which I was thankful, and fought what he called the pulguitas, audibly and without cessation.

“They bring them in the clothes from Tegucigalpa,” remarked the sick man, consolingly, from his bed.

Trinidad went on smoking. He turned uneasily now and then, and groaned at times, for the ground was not soft. But for the rain, we might better have stretched ourselves on the grass outside.

“Trinidad,” I said, when the others were all asleep, as could be told from their breathing, “we go on at four o’clock.”

“Pues, hombre,” he returned, “it will not be daylight.”

“No matter,” I insisted, “we go on all the same.”

I dozed a little then, and I suppose he did the same. The next thing I knew, daylight was shining through the cracks of the door. The mozo was up and making his preparations to go. We paid a real and a medio (eighteen cents) for the supper, and were off again. The animals had been fed, but I do not remember what that cost. My arrangement was to pay

the mozo a certain sum and provide his food going down. The animals grazed at night, and whatever else he fed them he paid for. We did not wait for coffee, but took this a league further on, at a newly built, clean, but lonesome house, where they gave us also tortillas and eggs, all for another real.

The road now led us up and down winding courses, through rivers sometimes shallow, sometimes of serious depth, always crystal clear, and alluring one to pause under the splendid shade of the surrounding trees. Once Trinidad, after dipping me up a gourdful of the shining liquid, calmly assured me that he was going to stop and bathe—would I kindly look after the burro? I rode ahead, and kept an eye on the patient little beast struggling along under its heavy load, and found a shady spot, where we rested until the mozo caught up with us, clean and cool from plunging in the river.

By noon we were at Proteccion, and there found a capital place to get breakfast. It was three reals (thirty-eight cents) for myself and the mozo, and there were several courses, which we ate from a single plate, mostly with our fingers, aided by the tortillas and a spoon out

of my saddle-bags. We ate sitting on a couple of boards resting on kegs—goodness knows where these came from originally; and there were others breakfasting in the same fashion—natives who seemed to be traveling also, for their horses waited outside.

But for the fact of the burro again, we might easily have made Comayagua by night-fall. As it was, we could only hope to reach Las Flores.

It was warm riding, but the views were splendid all that afternoon. Now glorious valleys, now towering hills; multitudes of tiny streams to cross, numberless rocky ascents to climb; stillness and heat about one; sun blazing overhead; the myriad birds quiet, hidden in the depths of the mountain forests. Five leagues—about fifteen miles—from Proteccion to Las Flores! Night came on, and we were still far from sign of human habitation. “It is not long,” said Trinidad, composedly, as we began to see the new moon glittering faintly in the sky. We were not so far off, I agreed, for the ground was level, and seemed a neighborhood likely to have a settlement. The path that the mozo chose, however, led us astray. The first I knew we were riding aimlessly through fields of something that grew

very tall and rattled about one. The burro began to wander hither and thither. Finally Trinidad came to a stop, and spoke, rather plaintively:

“Pues, hombre, I think we are lost. I don't know this way.”

“Pues, hombre,” I remarked, “you are a fine guide, to get us lost at this hour of the night!”

We paused there, adrift, as it were, on a strange sea. The moon was covered with floating masses of cloud. Stars, too, were visible in the sky above. In the distance we heard the barking of dogs. I told the mozo we must steer for that barking; and we did so. But it was no easy task, for the tired burro with his tremendous luggage was not especially manageable, though Trinidad exhorted him piously and without pause.

“*Burro! Anda!*” and various other interjections, not precisely profane, but verging on it. Back and forth, here and there, to and fro we wandered for what seemed hours. About nine o'clock we felt ourselves saved by the faintly glimmering light that shone in the distance.

“Now I know,” said Trinidad, joyously. “I can tell the way.”

“So could any fool,” I muttered, savagely.

The old lady of this dwelling was a certain Niña Paula. There were three rooms in the house. The posada part was a large, bare apartment, with a couple of hammocks and a long table of rough boards; absolutely no other furniture.

“Coffee and tortillas for two,” I observed, dramatically; and they were at once forthcoming. I slept with comfort in one of the hammocks, and Trinidad occupied the other. It was cold, but clean. We made another late start in the morning, and passed through San Antonio al Norte about nine o’clock, reaching Comayagua at noon, and proceeding at once to the Hotel Americano.

Sixty miles of the three hundred had been achieved without anything remarkable having occurred—no wild beasts, no narrow escapes from robbers, absolutely nothing to make a fuss about.

III.

COMAYAGUA.

The old capital is a sleepy town. There is never a sound but the church-bells all day long; quieter than Tegucigalpa, which is quiet

enough for anyone. It was with an inexpressible sense of relief that I got down from my mule in the patio of the American Hotel; for I knew that the burro would now be returned to his native potrero, and a couple of fresh beasts replace him and the jaded animal I had ridden thus far. The smiling native proprietor—a woman—of the house welcomed us pleasantly. The luggage was carried into a large corner room, where there was a hammock and a bedstead. There were a couple of great shutter-windows in the sides of the room, which, with three large doors, two of which opened upon the street, precluded the idea of privacy. I let the mozo take care of himself, and ordered breakfast. It was prepared leisurely, and set forth on a table in the patio corridor or porch. There were eggs, rice, boiled meat, chicken, tortillas, bread, frijoles, all well cooked and appetizing. There were also cheese, citron preserves, and coffee, with plenty of milk. After this satisfactory meal, I asked that the bed be arranged for me, and inquired as to bathing facilities. The good lady directed me to the nearest river, which was not far, and even offered to send a servant to show the way. I did not wish to go at once, however. I took a rest

in the hammock while the bed was made up by the easy process of spreading a single blanket over the smooth board bottom and laying a small pillow at the head. I watched these preparations lazily from the hammock, and wondered if she thought I was going to sleep *on* the blanket or *under* it; there would not be much choice for softness. About two o'clock I asked the servant to show me the way to the river. Gracious powers! or the Spanish equivalent, was I going to bathe at that hour! I would certainly have fever. "Nonsense!" I returned, and started out, followed by various entreaties from the entire household to reconsider. The sun was blazing hot, but the stream was deliciously clear and just of the nicest depth. I came back wonderfully refreshed, and found an American gentleman then residing in the city waiting to see me.

He kindly volunteered to show me about.

"Why don't you stay over another day," he asked, "and get rested?"

"Do you really think," I asked, "that one is apt to get very rested on a bed like *that*?"

He prodded it with his finger, and laughed.

"Hello!" he said; "it isn't even a canvas bottom."

“Well, what is there to see in the town?” I asked.

“Not much beside the cathedral. Stay over, and I will show you all there is to-morrow.”

I thanked him and decided to do so, and to send the mozo ahead with the luggage-mule as far as the next stop, which would be Cuevas.

Trinidad accordingly started off early next morning, having brought the two fresh animals up for my inspection late in the afternoon. They looked pretty well; but one never can tell from the look of a mule, of course.

“O, well,” I said, “after a year in Honduras, one *ought to* be able to ride a zebra. Leave me the best saddle-beast, and get you gone at daylight.”

I meant to have a delightful time all to myself as far as Cuevas.

The next day the American gentleman came around and took me to the cathedral, where we were shown first all the right royal vestments of the bishop. These were of the richest white silk, some of them wrought with pure gold and silver threads; others were embroidered with flowers. All were very heavy and precious, and kept most carefully in massive chests and wardrobes of cedar. When we had taken an extended

and artistic delight in these beautiful robes, we examined the old paintings upon the walls of the cathedral, and the images—mostly old and mummy suggesting—of various saints—chiefly Saint Peter—and lastly, a figure said to be actually the mummy of a bishop of years ago. There were also magnificent staffs of silver and gold, censers, and altar-pieces of quaint old designs, which the obliging sexton disclosed to us by opening various other closets.

We spent an hour or two in the sacred edifice, emerging in time to return to the hotel for breakfast, after which we took a look at the business part of the old town. “Oh, what a waking-up you will get one of these days,” I said, apostrophizing the sleepy site, “when railway trains go whistling through the land!” Of the two places, Tegucigalpa is, to my mind, much more attractive in every way.

When the American gentleman heard that I was purposing to go on alone to Cuevas next morning, he lifted his voice in horror.

“Where is your mozo?” he asked.

“Gone ahead with the trunks.”

“But you can’t go alone; you’ll get off the track. There’s a turn that will take you off to Espino, on the Trujillo road.”

“Can’t I take the left-hand road when I reach the fork?”

“You could if you knew it.”

And he worked upon my mind so that I finally sent out and engaged a fine-looking, tall, and sinewy stripling, whom the professor recommended as strictly honest. I was carrying a bag of jingling silver for road supplies, and was unarmed. Half the quantity of “pisto,” as they call it, would have sufficed, had I known how little the posada expense was to be. At five o’clock next morning (Thursday), the mozo, Jesús Galeano (Jesús pronounced Haysoose, and being a very common name), came rapping on my street door.

“Bueno,” I said, stretching myself sleepily in the hammock, between which and the inflexible, board-bottom bed I had alternated all night long. But he kept on rapping until I rose and opened the heavy shutters at one of the windows, to prove myself really awake. He went and saddled my horse then, while I dressed quickly and got my coffee.

I tried the new mule at a brisk canter for a few miles out of town, leaving Jesús to come on after me, knowing I could not go wrong, as there was but one path. The mule was awful!

He could go pretty fast, but his gait was the hardest I had ever encountered. When the road had narrowed, as it soon does after leaving Comayagua, to a mere trail, I paused and waited for my new guide. Jesús came up very promptly; he was one of the swiftest walkers I had ever seen—a natty specimen of the peon class, in his white jacket and trousers, little round felt hat, luncheon tied in a clean handkerchief, and machete hanging from his belt; barefooted, of course, with the hide sandals usually worn. By noon we were at Sabana Larga, where I bought some coffee and pan dulce, and Jesús ate the contents of his handkerchief. We had safely passed the Espino road, and I had half a notion to dismiss the boy and let him return at once to Comayagua. Nevertheless, as I had engaged him for doce reales (one dollar and fifty cents), and he would probably grumble at less, I concluded he would better go on.

IV.

ON TO YOJOA.

It rained a little during the afternoon. I put on a rubber cloak, and rode under the trees as much as possible. The sky was cloudy, but

the landscape was freshly green and glorious from the rain. At five we were at Cuevas. Trinidad came out of almost the first little house we arrived at, and stood smiling.

“Pues, hombre,” he observed, pleasantly; “that’s a good mule, isn’t it?”

I asked him, as sternly as I could, how he came to give me the wrong animal.

“The other *must* be better,” I insisted. “I’ll try it to-morrow, anyway.”

The little house proved to belong to some friends of Trinidad. He graciously informed me that there would be nothing to pay, such being the case, which, of course, made me feel uncomfortable, until I saw some youngsters playing about, to whom I made a little present of a couple of reales—and afterward felt still more uncomfortable at their disposition to swallow them.

It was a very clean, new place. I had an excellent sleep, after a very good supper. Jesús received his doce reales with many thanks, and made polite arrangements for something to eat and a place to lay himself in the porch. Next morning he was off on his way back to Comayagua before Trinidad had gotten our mules saddled.

I do not care very much to remember that day's journey and that night's pause. It rained, and we got wet; there were several deep rivers to ford, all easier for myself than for Trinidad, who grumbled at rolling up or, indeed, taking off his nice white trousers, and for the luggage-mule, who had ideas of his own about drinking and sailing down-stream at inconvenient moments. Trinidad, trouserless, made me think of one of Rider Haggard's Englishmen in Africa. About noon we came to Miambur, and rode under a sort of thatched shed which appeared provided purposely for travelers. Across the road was a house where the mozo knew we would get a good breakfast. He took the trunks off the pack-mule to give him a rest, and unloosened the saddle-girth of my animal. He thought he would feed them as well.

This was Miambur. I sat down on one of my trunks and looked around me. A level space, dotted with a few dreary habitations, mostly thatched; splendid hills rising on all sides, and a river of some width and force close at hand—one of many streams flowing down ultimately to mingle in the waters of the Ulua. A half-dozen soldiers came and studied

me, then took up lounging positions under the spacious shed, and began to banter good-humored remarks with Trinidad, who was plaintively reciting a serious grievance, as follows: The last time he had passed through that place he had loaned an acquaintance some rawhide lassos, expecting to receive them back on his next trip down to the coast. The borrower now boldly denied any such loan. Trinidad thereupon addressed him a severe discourse upon his morals, to which the other mildly replied: "Amigo mio, don't stain my reputation with unjust aspersions;" and thus they harangued for an hour or more. But Trinidad did not get back his lassos of rawhide, or any compensation for them. When we left the place, he was still reciting his grief at such treatment from people who were nothing less than ladrones.

That night! ugh, that night! We did not reach Youre, much less Santa Cruz. There was more rain, and Trinidad hesitated at crossing a certain river, which at night was high, and by morning ran dry, or nearly so; in consequence of which he piloted me to a spot where a small thatched hut with walls, supplemented by a smaller thatched hut without

walls, sheltered a family of half a dozen. The family all slept in the hut with walls. The smaller place was about three yards square, and contained a native stove, a rude table, and a tortilla board, which almost filled it. By swinging my hammock over the stove and table we managed to squeeze under shelter for the night. My clothing was damp, but I could not remove any of it. It was stickily uncomfortable, but I caught no cold, and had no fever.

The blessed morning came at last. Coffee, tortillas, one real; mules, and—off again for Youre, and, later, Santa Cruz. Discomforts and rain aside, one sees between Cuevas and Santa Cruz the most grandly diversified country, I suppose, to be found anywhere. Near Miambur there are mountains to cross where the road has been cut in steps which appear hewn out of marble. Up and down this beautiful path leads through splendid forests and over wind-swept slopes, where the silence is broken only by distant water-falls or the wonderful music of the birds. At Youre a solitary thatched house sat on the high brow of a hill. A woman and a little girl were the only human beings when we arrived. But as we sat enjoy-

ing our breakfast in the coolness of that airy height, other voices were heard, and up came, along the same road that we had traversed, two couriers from Tegucigalpa, with the leather mail-bags on their backs. They had started afoot two days later than we. They dropped down on the earthen floor under the pleasant shelter, and chatted as if they were not so very tired. They, too, ordered some breakfast, which having made quick work of, they were off ahead of us, making short cuts impossible for our beasts, and letting themselves down steep hill-sides with wonderful swiftness and surety.

And now, as we plodded on, the mountains grew gradually less formidable. A wonderful world of gently rolling slopes spread out before us. The grass was of a rich and brilliant emerald. The broken earth, as that of the road, showed red as blood in places. To the left, in the distance, were vast and splendid fields of cane. A pond-like marsh, densely surrounded with beautiful bamboos, made one think that Lake Yojoa was not far away.

And by night-fall we were once more out of the wilds, having reached the pretty little town of Santa Cruz de Yojoa. Here, in a spacious room of a comfortable house, once more my

hammock was swung, and after supper I crept into it for the last night but two.

V.

THE FINISH.

From Santa Cruz—a very habitable spot, some of the best people, General Leiva for one, having country places there, and there being both postal and telegraph facilities—we should have made the remaining distance of about forty miles to San Pedro in a day or a day and a half, that is, had the mozo been mounted, and no luggage included. As it was, we left early on Sunday morning, and reached San Pedro only on Tuesday afternoon. There were now no more mountains to climb, but a fine level road, along which the happy rider of a good saddle animal might canter with delight. Sosoá, then Rio Blanco, and presently Potrerillos—“little pastures.” At Rio Blanco, refreshments. At Potrerillos, a river to cross in a canoe—a ferry-man to be hallooed for on the opposite side; mules to be unloaded; trunks to be put in the canoe; traveler to sit upon trunks; mules to be whacked with the ferry-man’s oar to make them go into the water and swim across, Trini-

dad holding their bridles. Thank heaven! the Ulua is crossed! On the opposite side we sit sweltering under a lemon tree. It is one o'clock, the hottest hour of day. I gather some of the fallen lemons; then I take the gourd from the saddle lying on the ground, creep down to the river side and fill it with water. I come back and squeeze the lemon juice into it and put in some dulce which I bought at the last stopping-place. The drink is capital.

The settlements for the rest of the way were close to each other—Caracol, Pinto, Chamelecon, then San Pedro. But Trinidad and the mules were not as fresh as at the beginning of the long trip. We spent that night at a house a little before Caracol. It was a marshy region, and the mosquitoes were unbearable—actually the first I had seen in the country. The hut was one of two surrounded by the luxuriant vegetation which thence on was continuous to the coast. Under my hammock, on the earth floor, I kindled some sticks of resinous wood that smoked the insects out, and made me feel like the saint that was broiled on a gridiron. I was glad to be off again at dawn. The country was now a perfect tropical garden. We fol-

lowed along the side of the unused railroad track, which is laid as far inland as the Ulua River, but almost completely overgrown with bushes and grass. One more night—a comfortable one—at Pinto. One more early start; more riding through the indescribable beauty of groves of cocoa palms, a perfect covering overhead of the sweeping, immense leaves; coolness, moist black earth below. The blaze of the sun completely shut out. An absurd idea occurring to one: “What lovely bowers these are for a summer garden! Just to have little tables here and there, and waiters to bring beer and ginger ale, and a good band to play constantly! Wouldn’t it be comfortable!” Miles and miles through these groves; then breakfast at Chamelecon, and another ferry to be crossed in canoe. At Chamelecon, as at all these coast settlements, plenty of milk to drink, rich and delicious. The old woman forgets to give one his change, but no matter. Only a few more miles to San Pedro. And mid-afternoon we were winding our way along the well-kept roads leading into that pretty place. Trinidad was stopped presently by an inspector, and had to pay real of entrance toll. By this we felt that we were in the town. San Pedro some-

how reminded me of Coney Island; I suppose it was the summery style of the houses; It is situated on the plain of Sula, back from which rise, circle shape, the everlasting hills from which we had come down. There is a fine Catholic church and a Protestant meeting-house. The Catholic church stands in a plaza planted with orange trees. There are many good stores and a court-house. Picturesquely considered, the town could not be sweeter. There are two or three streams flowing by and through it, the Rio de las Piedras being the principal one. There are three main streets running the entire length of the town, and the trees that grow along all the roads are covered with vines that blossom riotously the year round. We made our way in the direction of the International Hotel, a long, rambling wooden building. I slipped out of the saddle and left the mules in charge of the mozo, while I entered the office. The hundred-league ride was over!

I had a bath, and discovered that the dinner hour was not far off. Trinidad brought in my luggage. I settled accounts and said "good-bye" to him. He shook hands with me and wished me good luck. Exit the mozo. When I dined, an hour later, I realized for the first

time that I had been on short allowance as to rations for the past ten days. My appetite was simply terrifying. Everything tasted delicious. I slept soundly on a bed with a mattress, and spent the next day rambling about the town. The day after, the train went down to the Port giving us thirty-eight miles of railway travel of the most singular description. An engine, a tender, a baggage and freight car combined, and a passenger coach, the last not much longer than a New York street-car, and having the seats similarly arranged—that is, running lengthwise. There were, of course, a good many passengers; among the number, Mr. Jones, a Welsh missionary, interested me with his sincerity and evident goodness of heart, although, as a lady remarked to me, “the poor, dear man has a formidable task in prospect if he thinks to convert any of the Catholics of Honduras to Protestantism.” I noticed, however, the invariable respect with which he was treated by one and all, who accepted his Spanish and English tracts and put them carefully in their pockets.

The train made a stop every three or four miles to load with mahogany and other timber and fruit. At Choloma, reached at noon, we

took a breakfast of actual luxuries. On we went again, making slow progress all afternoon long. It was not that the train did not make good time while in motion, but that the incessant stopping to load kept us back. It was extremely hot in the cars. Not a breath of air blew through. We sat there, moist and helpless, until the end. The day drew toward its close. We began to pass little lagoons. At last a pause. We were at Puerto Cortez. But we did not get out. The train would go down another mile. It went down. It came to a final stop. We got out. There, close at hand, was the Hotel Biraud, a comfortable-looking place. And yonder, that which I had not seen for over a year, softly swaying, far-stretching, the measureless meadows of blue—of the sea!

VI.

A RESUMÉ.

A good rider, well mounted and unhindered with luggage, which it is always well to send on a day or two, or even three, in advance, can make the trip from Tegucigalpa to San Pedro easily as follows :

Tegucigalpa to Proteccion.....	first day.
Proteccion to Comayagua.....	second day.
Comayagua to Cuevas.....	third day.
Cuevas to Miambur.....	fourth day.
Miambur to Santa Cruz.....	fifth day.
Santa Cruz to Pinto.....	sixth day.
Pinto to San Pedro	seventh day.

As the crow flies, the distance from capital to coast is not, of course, anything like the distance to be covered in riding up and down and around the tremendous mountains and wonderful valleys which lie between the interior and the sea.

I, myself, hampered by luggage and servant afoot, spent nine nights en route—one of which, at Comayagua, being unnecessary.

My journey was divided as follows :

Tegucigalpa to roadside house before reaching Tamará.....	first day.
Roadside house to Las Flores.....	second day.
Las Flores to Comayagua.....	third day.
In Comayagua.....	fourth day.
Comayagua to Cuevas.....	fifth day.
Cuevas to near Miambur.....	sixth day.
From near Miambur to Santa Cruz de Yojoa.....	seventh day.
Santa Cruz de Yojoa to near Caracol....	eighth day.
Near Caracol to Pinto.....	ninth day.
Pinto to San Pedro.....	tenth day.

The places through which we passed were: Tamará, Proteccion, Las Flores, San Antonio al Norte, Comayagua, Sabana Larga, Cuevas, Miambur, Youre, Santa Cruz de Yojoa, Sosoá, Río Blanco, Potrerillos, Caracol, Pinto, Chamalecon, San Pedro Sula.

It would be absurd in anyone to pretend that making a trip of little less than three hundred miles in the saddle, with only the rudest shelter at night and small chance of obtaining proper food, is a trifling undertaking. It looks easy enough on paper, perhaps, but put into execution, the plan is somewhat more formidable. One should endeavor, of course, to get good animals; not so much spirited and handsome beasts as those with easy gaits, sure-footed, and likely to hold out well to the end. One should travel as light as possible. Do not load yourself down with potted meats that will mix themselves up with other articles most unaccountably, once the tins are opened; loaves of bread to get stale at once, and the like—I mean, if you wish to go through in quick time. If you are in no hurry, and have an idea of camping out, it is different.

Carry a nice cloth hammock, that will not take up too much room and that will not need

a blanket to make it absolutely comfortable. If you want a blanket over you, carry one not too large. Take a flask of brandy along, but do not drink it unless you get wet and chilled. Take a gourd to drink out of, and carry some small change, averaging two reales for every place you expect to stop at. Do not lose courage when the posada people tell you "No hay." Be persistent, and use a great deal of politeness.

Do not try to kill chickens with stones; their owners will get angry and refuse to cook them for love or money.

American drafts and American money, gold and bills, bring a premium of about twenty-five per cent. You can sell your drafts higher at the port than at the interior.

There are two good banks in Tegucigalpa.

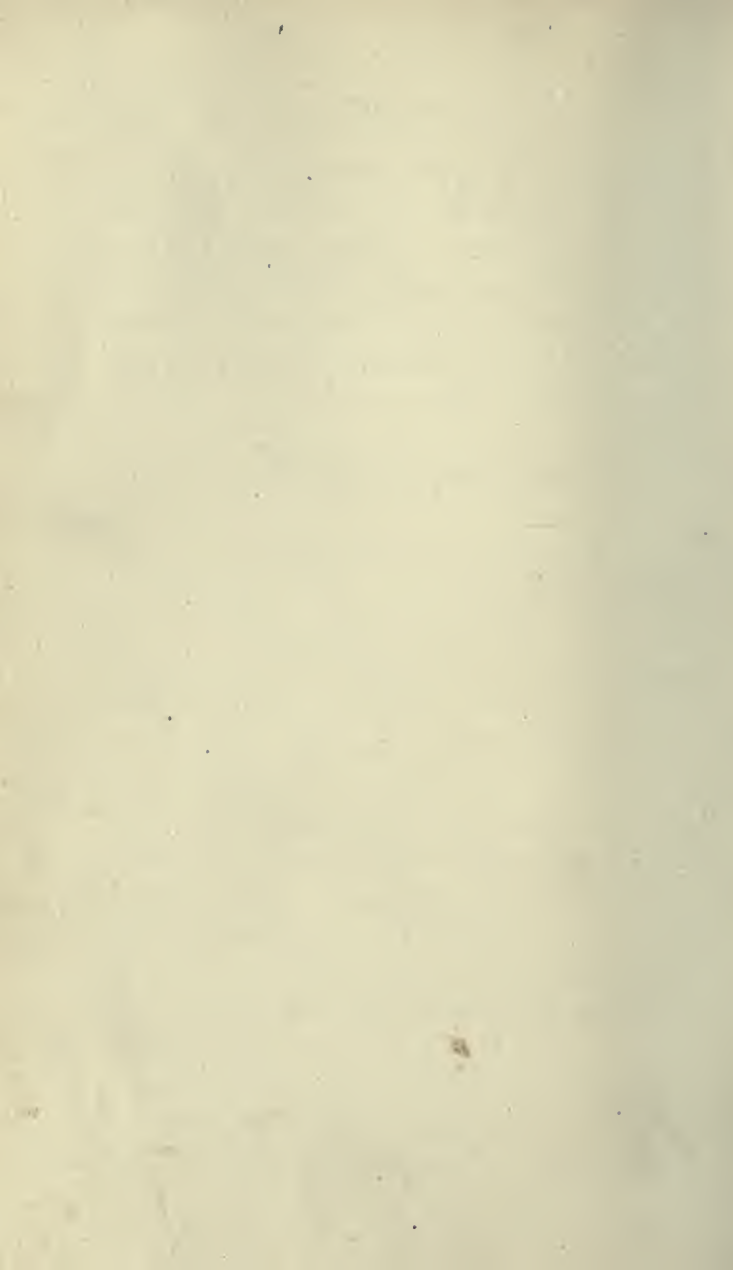
It is not a bad idea to take your own saddle with you. For a lady, indeed, it is necessary to do so; otherwise she will probably be obliged to ride one of the left-sided saddles of the country, which are very awkward and uncomfortable.

Summer garments and broad-brimmed summer hats should be remembered.

There are very good old-school physicians in

Honduras, but people who believe in homœopathy should take along their little medicine-cases freshly filled. A timely remedy of this sort may prove of inestimable value in case of sudden illness. But with proper care of oneself one may enjoy, uninterruptedly, the best of health in Honduras.





APPENDIX.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Honduras is the second in size and fourth in population of the five Central American Republics.

Name.—Honduras, signifying great depths or profundities.

Area.—Forty-seven thousand and ninety-two square miles.

Geographical Position.—In the northern part of Central America, between $13^{\circ} 10'$ and 16° north latitude, and stretching from 83° to $89^{\circ} 45'$ west longitude.

Boundaries.—North, Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Honduras; east, Caribbean Sea and Republic of Nicaragua; south, Republic of Nicaragua, Gulf of Fonseca, and Republic of Salvador; west, Republics of Salvador and Guatemala.

Topography.—Grandly mountainous; country traversed by the Cordilleras, connecting the Sierra Madre with the Andes. Toward the coasts the mountains die away into gently rolling hills. The principal valleys are in the

departments of Comayagua, Gracias, Santa Barbara, Yoro, and Olancho.

Principal Rivers.—The Guayape or Patuca, Guayambre, Ulua, Chamelecon, Sulaco, Choluteca, Aguan, and Agalta.

Lakes.—Yojoa, in the department of Santa Barbara.

Islands.—Tigre Island, in the Gulf of Fonseca, and the Bay Islands, off the north coast.

Ports.—Pacific side: Amapala, on Tigre Island, San Lorenzo, and La Brea. Atlantic coast: Omoa, Puerto Cortez, Trujillo, and Ceiba.

Departments.—Tegucigalpa, Comayagua, Paraíso, La Paz, Intibuca, Choluteca, Santa Barbara, Copan, Gracias, Yoro, Olancho, and Colon.

Principal Cities and Towns.—Tegucigalpa, the capital; Comayagua, the old capital; Yuscaran, Santa Barbara, Trujillo, San Pedro Sula, and Amapala.

Climate.—Hot on the coast lands; mild and even at the interior.

Language.—Spanish.

Means of Traveling.—On horse or mule-back, or in ox-cart. From Puerto Cortez inland thirty-seven miles to San Pedro Sula

is a railroad, which is to be continued up to the capital, later on.

Population.—Honduras entire, about 400,000; Tegucigalpa, 15,000; Comayagua, 10,000.

Principal Hotels. — Tegucigalpa: Hotel Americano, Berlioz & Co., proprietors; Hotel Aleman-Americano, Pablo Nehring, proprietor; Hotel Vicne, Hotel Centro-Americano. Comayagua: Hotel Americano. Sabana-grande: Hotel Sabanagrande, José M. Mejía, proprietor. San Pedro Sula: Hotel Centro-Americano, L. Seiffert, manager; International Hotel, A. Wernle, proprietor. Puerto Cortez: Hotel Biraud.

Transportation and Mining Agents.—Pespire: Messrs. Jirón & Medina.

Steamship Lines.—Pacific Mail, touching bi-weekly at Amapala; Macheca Bros. Line, between New Orleans and Puerto Cortez, three steamers per month, Macheca Bros., New Orleans; De Leon & Alger, agents at Puerto Cortez. Honduras & Central American Steamship Company, Williams & Rankin, New York; J. D. Mirrieles, agent, Puerto Cortez. Steamers Aguan and Hondo, touching at Puerto Cortez and Trujillo, from New York, Boston, and European ports.

Seasons. — Verano, or dry season, lasting from November to May; invierno, or wet season, lasting from May to November.

TABLES SHOWING TEMPERATURE OF DRY SEASON AND WET SEASON.

Locality, Tegucigalpa, west longitude 87° 10', north latitude 14° 15'. Altitude, 3,200 feet above sea-level.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

Date.	Minimum.	Maximum.	Notes.
7	66° F.	81° F.	} Weather fair and pleasant.
8	65° F.	80° F.	
9	62° F.	80° F.	
10	66° F.	83° F.	} Nights cool.
11	69° F.	83° F.	
12	67° F.	82° F.	} Full moon.
13	64° F.	79° F.	

OCTOBER, 1889.

Date.	Minimum.	Maximum.	Notes.
11	66° F.	76° F.	Rain during the evening. Rain during the evening.
12	64° F.	76° F.	
13	68° F.	79° F.	
14	67° F.	78° F.	
15	65° F.	78° F.	
16	64° F.	77° F.	Rain during the evening.
17	65° F.	77° F.	
18	64° F.	77° F.	

Advice to Strangers. — Wear summer clothing; bring light overcoats and wraps for the interior; travel as lightly as possible, with small steamer trunks, in pairs, each weighing the same; eat no fruit for a fortnight after arriving; avoid getting wet and chilled; provide yourself

with a good rubber cloak that will not open in front with the wind.

SOME SPANISH WORDS

Used in this book, and some which the traveler will hear and should understand, and their definitions:

Gringo (Honduras word).....	Foreigner.
Frijoles (freeholays).....	Black beans.
Tortillas.....	Thin cakes made of corn.
Queso (kayso).....	Cheese.
Pan.....	Bread.
Mantequilla (mantaykèya).....	Butter.
Quiero (keeayro).....	I wish.
Cuanto.....	How much?
Cuanto vale (cwanto vahlie).....	How much does it cost?
Camino (cameeno).....	Road.
Lejos (layhos).....	Far.
Cerca (sairca).....	Near.
Aqui no mas.....	Right here.
Como no!.....	Of course.
Huevos (wavos).....	Eggs.
Pollo (poyo).....	Chicken.
Carne.....	Meat.
Café (cahfay).....	Coffee.
Leche (laychay).....	Milk.
Equipaje (ekkypahy).....	Luggage.
Baules (bah-ooles).....	Trunks.
Paraguas.....	Umbrella.
Posada... ..	Lodging.
Hamaca (ahmaka).....	Hammock.

Comida	Dinner.
Almuerzo (almooairzo)	Breakfast.
Bodega.....	Warehouse.
Pan dulce.....	Coffee-cake.
Macho	Male mule.
Ponga	Put.
Traiga (triga).....	Bring.
Quita.....	Take away.
Calentura.....	Fever.
Catarro	Cold in the head.
Frio	Cold.
Calor	Heat.
Cama	Bed.
Algo.....	Something.
Lluvia (yuveea).....	Rain.
Va á llover (va á yovair).....	It is going to rain.
Cansado (cansahdo).....	Tired.
Tengo hambre (tengo ahmbray).....	I am hungry.
Tengo sed.....	I am thirsty.
Un vaso de agua.....	A glass of water.
Hay? (pronounced I).....	Is there?
Si, hay.....	Yes, there is.
No hay.....	There isn't any.
Alacran.....	Scorpion.
Aguardiente.....	Brandy.
Muy caro.....	Very dear.
Machete.....	Big knife.
Soy Americano.....	I am an American.
Estoy cansado.....	I am tired.
Dinero (deenairo)	Money.
Pago	I pay.
Luego (looaigo)	Immediately.

Ahora (ah-ora).....	Now.
Mozo	Guide or servant.
Bestias.....	Animals.
Quiero ir.....	I wish to go.
Mas tarde.....	Later.
Tegucigalpa (Tay-goo-ci-gal'pa).....	
Pues, hombre.....	Well, sir.
Hombre !.....	Man alive!

NOMENCLATURE.

The following interesting remarks upon the names of Mosquito, have been published by Dr. Antonio R. Vallejo in the latest census of Honduras:

The namê of the important town of Iriona, where is the easternmost custom-house in this republic, is from *iri*, thorn, and *ona*, one, or "one thorn."

Mafia is the name of the devil worshiped by the Waiknas.

Cropunto is a Waikna village on the bank of the Guayape. It was founded by the Payas many years ago. The name is said to be a corruption of the English word *crawfish* joined to the Spanish *punto*, a point. The name signifies "crawfish point," and describes properly the point, or clay-bank, near which is the village landing. It is more than likely, however, that the name is from *crau*, crayfish, and *unta*, hole, from the Waikna language.

Many years ago, a chief of the Payas, named Butuco, was established near the mouth of the River Guayape, called by English-speaking people the "Patook." It is easy to see that the latter is a corruption of the name of the old Paya. Señor Vallejo says: "Jocomacho, or Tocomacho, is said by some to have come from the English phrase 'took match.' Others believe, and this is more probable, that this name is taken from a Señor Camacho, whose family still exists there." It is said that Señor Camacho was jestingly called by the Eng-

lish "the Duke of Camacho," and that this title gradually became "Dukomacho," and finally "Jocomacho."

"Cusuna" is the Carib name of the fish called *dormilón* in Spanish. The village of Cusuna has two hundred and twenty-five inhabitants.

Carata-ca is a Waikna name for Cartago Lagoon, and signifies "big alligator." It is from *cara*, alligator, and *tara*, big, and should be written "Caratara."

Sangre-laya comes from the Waikna words *sangre*, a moth, and *laya*, coast, and means "the coast of the moth."

Guayape is said to be from *guayapin*, a robe worn by Indian women, and is the proper name for the great river which, rising in the mountain ranges surrounding Concordia, flows across the Valley of Lepaguare, past the city of Juticalpa, capital of the large department of Olancho, through the great Valley of Catacamas and the vast Plain of Mosquito, to empty into the Caribbean Sea. Not far from the sea, the Guayape divides, the main channel flowing on in a northeasterly direction, and the smaller one going northwest to Brus Lagoon. This minor channel is called *Toma*, seed of the annato, and *mirra*, toward the bottom.

Ualpa-tanta is an isolated mountain against which the Guayape washes. At its base is a large settlement where the rubber gatherers meet to buy goods and get drunk, once or twice a year. The name is from the Sumo words *ualpa*, rock, and *tanta*, flat.

Ualpa-ulbun, or "rock written on," or carved, is itself about two days paddling above Ualpa-tanta, and is an interesting archæological study.

Uaxma, the name of a settlement on the Guayape, signifies "the cry of hawk."

Uampu, the name of one of the more important tributaries of the Guayape, means "the upper part, the head." It is also the name of the Guava.

There is a river which flows into the Guayape from the south, and is called Amac-uas—the river of honey-bees. Another tributary is called Aca-uas—water of tobacco; a third is the Uas-presni—swift-running water. Farther up-stream the Cuyumel comes in. The Sumos name it the Inska-ualpa-ula,

or the fish-rock place. The River Súji (pronounced soohe) flows into the River Segovia; it gets its name from the Toaca word *suji*, a grindstone or sandstone.

Up the Plantain River is the Paya town of Sixatara. *Sixa*, banana, and *tara* is "big."

The Sambo hamlet of Urang has the same name as is given to the alligator, "cacao."

Tilbalacca Lagoon gets its name from the fact that a party of Waiknas once killed a *tilba*, tapir, in its waters, and building a fire beneath a large *lacca*, locust tree, hung the flesh of their prey on the branches to cure in the smoke.

The rather pretty Waikna name for the pleasantly flavored little maiden plantain is *miel-silpa*, literally little sweet, or honey-little; that is, little honey.

IMPORTATIONS OF MERCHANDISE.

The following is a list of merchandise imported into Honduras during the economic year 1887-88:

FIRST CLASS.

FREE OF DUTY.

	Pounds.
Rice.....	242,258
Garlic.....	2,821
Fence-wire.....	38,316
Oats.....	1,356
Empty barrels.....	1,316
Pumps.....	1,310
Onions.....	30,247
Carts and coaches.....	10,263
Piping.....	4,003
Lime.....	53,224
Coal.....	2,005
Terrestrial spheres.....	61

	Pounds.
Beans	49,794
Empty demijohns.....	4,618
Flour	2,396,149
Printing machines	410
Printed books	9,869
Yeast powder.....	107
Samples.....	2,239
Machinery.....	64,170
Corn.....	103,764
Apples.....	4,317
Marble.....	439
Potatoes	66,895
Pears	208
Stone tanks	830
Empty sacks	19,671
Common salt	435,505
Seeds	17
Zinc tiles.....	70,233
Stone jars.....	140
Fresh grapes	554
Vegetables.....	742
Total	3,618,211

SECOND CLASS.

DUTY, TWO CENTS PER POUND.

	Pounds.
Linseed-oil	6,618
Turpentine	4,833
Glassware	222
Castor-oil	19,021
Tar.....	6,789

IMPORTATIONS OF MERCHANDISE. 197

	Pounds.
Sugar	228,968
Olive-oil	26,873
Mineral water	4,571
Starch	1,077
Sulphuric acid.....	3,306
Codliver-oil	4,855
Resinous oil.....	1,061
Steel.....	7,938
Almond-oil.....	4,137
Cotton (raw)	105
Hemp-seed.....	306
Rosin.....	514
Codfish.....	19,002
Brooches.....	36
Borax.....	60
Advertising pictures.....	1,017
Iron nails.....	80,394
Chromos.....	24
Beer.....	427,936
Chalk in powder.....	23
Sieves.....	123
Glassware.....	36,576
Salt beef.....	33,345
Coffee.....	22,987
Iron boilers.....	10,083
Barley.....	1,234
Rattles.....	3,060
Penholders.....	24
Cacao.....	6,308
Black wax.....	21
Bedsteads.....	5,106
Copper sheet.....	3,055

	Pounds.
Raw tallow.....	233
Heavy paper (cartoon).....	160
Glue.....	172
Carbonate of soda.....	60
Dynamite.....	6,190
Brooms.....	2,463
Sheets of zinc.....	81
Inferior fibre	712
Scott's Emulsion.....	2,611
Glass bottles.....	16,066
Stone figures	252
Crackers.....	75,593
Ginger.....	15,571
Peas.....	425
Sheets of tin.....	5,074
Manufactured iron.....	68,099
Lasts.....	860
Axes.....	16,692
Common soap.....	235,227
Books in blank.....	3,365
Ordinary porcelain-ware.....	171,160
Sealing-wax.....	162
Linseed.....	596
Hops.....	430
Furniture.....	13
Seed-planters.....	74,259
Ropes of all kinds	237
Common machetes (brush hooks).....	11,542
Maizena.....	21,277
Mackerel.....	13,146
Axe-handles.....	3,755
Grinding-stones.....	1,292

IMPORTATIONS OF MERCHANDISE. 199

	Pounds.
Electric machines.....	1,923
Manila.....	73
Sewing-machines.....	1,121
Smoothing-irons.....	35,065
Shovels.....	12,730
Kerosene oil.....	13,740
Plow points.....	297,130
Copying-presses.....	318
Paint.....	514
Hog's meat.....	18,631
Hats.....	81,392
Salt fish.....	1,465
Potash.....	2,063
Steel pens.....	149
Lead.....	207
Mats.....	10,381
Earthen jugs.....	357
Scales.....	55
Oars.....	1,653
Resin.....	1,272
Epsom salts.....	775
Envelopes.....	11,777
Sago.....	7,269
India-rubber stamps.....	529
Leather.....	76
Bacon.....	515
Writing-ink.....	17,521
Iron tacks.....	7,369
Iron screws.....	1,298
Writing utensils.....	1,382
Wines.....	619,953
Vinegar.....	9,434

	Pounds.
Chemicals for preserving hides.....	906
Glasses and glassware.....	23,143
Total.....	2,903,138

THIRD CLASS.

DUTY, FOUR CENTS PER POUND.

	Pounds.
Fish-hooks.....	325
Olives.....	9,920
Iron rings.....	15
Alucema.....	245
Zinc wire.....	34
Indigo.....	26
Almonds.....	435
Copper wire.....	32
Pails.....	2,970
Baths.....	432
Empty trunks.....	19,807
Varnish.....	841
Baskets.....	962
Glass candlesticks.....	660
Iron locks.....	411
Confectionery.....	31,435
Padlocks.....	1,137
Tin spoons.....	390
Saddle cloth.....	211
Copper nails.....	1,618
Copper candlesticks.....	53
Capsules for bottles.....	29
Mattresses.....	2,711
Thimbles.....	331
Pickles.....	25,969

IMPORTATIONS OF MERCHANDISE.

201

	Pounds.
Porcelain figures.....	240
Macaroni.....	12,254
Iron-ware.....	39,967
Crystallized fruit.....	273
Tin plates.....	5,082
Jams.....	7,767
Junco.....	5
Lamps.....	11,508
Raw wool.....	154
Files.....	126
Shuttles.....	18
Vegetables.....	1,550
Fine crockery.....	275
Butter.....	26,553
Lard.....	54,788
Mustard.....	1,105
Ammunition.....	2,789
Levels.....	106
Nuts.....	389
Paint.....	2,103
Wrapping-paper.....	13,152
Writing-paper.....	49,588
Cigarette-paper.....	20,765
Lead.....	2,768
Spelter.....	166
Bronze.....	55
Shovels.....	18
Pianos.....	7,844
Perfumes.....	113
Cheese.....	10,915
Sauce.....	1,322
Sardines.....	28,509

	Pounds.
Quinine	178
Chalk	34
Utensils for lamps.....	378
Copper utensils	112
Candles	39,427
Bolts and hinges	567
Total.....	476,356

FOURTH CLASS.

DUTY, EIGHT CENTS PER POUND.

	Pounds.
Acids	627
Bitters	1,903
Scented waters.....	28,167
Alum	146
Anise	690
Sulphur	908
Crystallized candies.....	4
Analines	15
Blacking	2,358
Sacking.....	1,973
Billiards.....	3,135
Beeswax.....	2,116
Cloves.....	265
Carts.....	108
Cumin-seed	5,720
Pasteboard boxes	2,130
Cinnamon	2,974
Preserved provisions.....	33,523
Common knives.....	1,897
Cherry cordial.....	20
Powdered cubebs	6
Champagne.....	4,728

IMPORTATIONS OF MERCHANDISE.

203

	Pounds.
Chocolate.....	2,434
Glass fruit dishes.....	30
Mirrors.....	9,018
Oil-cloth	1,649
Images and plates.....	5
Blank labels.....	63
Refined sulphur.....	268
Matches.....	37,992
Manufactured rubber.....	40
Syrups.....	3,105
Canvas and duck.....	60,875
Condensed milk.....	8,343
Canned sausage.....	137
Printed music.....	99
Sweet nitre.....	10
Paper	66
Pepper....	4,225
Pipes	2,920
Raisins.....	17,384
Sand-paper	207
Blue-stone	12
Portraits.....	376
Soda.....	1,484
Sulphate of iron.....	70
Sausages.....	215
Sulphate of copper.....	31
Bottle corks.....	1,029
Wire cloth.....	120
Corkscrews.....	7
Rugs.....	71
Vermouth	14,994
Total.....	<hr/> 260,692

FIFTH CLASS.

DUTY, TWELVE CENTS PER POUND.

	Pounds.
Accordeons	3,904
Cotton-seed oil.....	572
Pins and hooks.....	1,199
Rose-oil.....	960
Needles.....	715
Razor-strops.....	9
Electric pins.....	3
Calf leather.....	1,047
Brushes.....	397
Hemp canvas.....	288
Cotton thread.....	415
Dumb-waiters.....	35
Bed-ticking.....	5,085
Chinese fireworks.....	2,299
Cotton ribbons.....	710
Quilts.....	5,244
Fishing-nets.....	100
Glass beads.....	10
Patent leather.....	44
Cotton drills.....	87,929
Mouth harmonicas..	1,183
Long cloth.....	27,670
Elastics.....	645
Gypsum figures.....	43
Cotton blankets.....	3,594
Gelatine.....	51
Gum arabic.....	571
Cotton cloth	46,603
Cotton thread	33,194

IMPORTATIONS OF MERCHANDISE. 205

	Pounds.
Musical instruments.....	3,707
Surgical instruments.....	19
Toys.....	7,766
Perfumed soap.....	2,107
Bird-cages.....	169
Liquor-stands.....	76
White cotton.....	457,197
Madapolam.....	45,774
Lamp-wicks.....	118
Table-cloth and napkins.....	92
Mana.....	20
Playing-cards.....	829
Cotton cloth (olán).....	10,603
Hooks.....	233
Perfumery.....	36,654
Tanned leather.....	6,352
Cotton umbrellas.....	7,653
Wall-paper.....	1,475
Dusters (feather).....	10
Cotton satin.....	3,516
Cotton parasols.....	959
Siphons.....	496
Satin.....	5,686
Towels.....	5,694
Tea.....	1,905
Theodolites.....	84
Total.....	823,614

SIXTH CLASS.

DUTY, EIGHTEEN CENTS PER POUND.

	Pounds.
Glass beads.....	3,293
Photographic apparatus.....	168

	Pounds.
Buttons	2,124
Bandana.....	778
Brillantina.....	1,251
Walking-canes.....	165
Cotton undershirts	8,617
Penknives	1,267
Linen cloth	677
Cotton material.....	212
Cotton drawers	472
Glass beads (cuentas de vidrio).....	22
Drills	6,217
Dies.....	11
Cotton socks and stockings.....	10,214
Spatulas.....	29
Riding-whips	187
Fireworks	642
Electric bands	2
Syringes	351
Cotton gloves.	1
French prints....	1,671
Lotteries	115
Machetes and knives.....	2,732
Fine glass pearls	45
Razors	1,006
Nutmegs	152
Lamp-shades	240
Overalls.....	40
Painting brushes	1
Rosaries.....	122
Sandal cloth.....	1,937
Scissors	1,093
Forks	669

IMPORTATIONS OF MERCHANDISE. 207

	Pounds.
Tela real	1,037
Wax candles.....	437
Cotton prints.....	110,820
Total.....	158,817

SEVENTH CLASS.

DUTY, TWENTY-FOUR CENTS PER POUND.

	Pounds.
Articles of luxury.....	83
Carbolic acid.....	267
Adornments and cotton fringes.....	99
Whalebones	38
Cotton shirts.....	12,782
Celluloid collars and cuffs.....	12
Bishop lawn.....	8,085
Drill shirts.....	3,362
Oil-cloth.....	1,752
India-rubber overshoes.....	168
Ladies' sewing-cases.....	7
Leaden crosses.....	18
Velvet ribbons.....	168
Plated spoons.....	4
India-rubber neckties.....	2
Cotton cords.....	25
Cotton laces.....	8,963
Essence Coronada.....	542
Yarn.....	563
Small combs.....	1
Meat extracts.....	125
Woolen blankets.....	19,521
Velvet bonnets.....	125
Glazed muslin.....	11,367

	Pounds.
Colored threads.....	170
Cheap jewelry.....	2,432
Muslin	1,486
Stencil-plates	130
Metal lamps	10
Medicines	37,377
Thread in skeins.....	439
Punks.....	1,687
Necessaries.....	94
Silk umbrellas.....	941
Combs	2,233
Cotton handkerchiefs.....	14,626
Velvet.....	13,886
Artificial flower paper	569
Percale (white muslin).....	2,908
Papelillo.....	108
Ready-made clothing.....	2,068
Mantel clocks.....	984
Gentlemen's hats.....	10,517
Ladies' hats.....	328
Thermometers.....	10
Cotton braids.....	635
Sarsaparilla (bottled).....	189
Total.....	161,906

EIGHTH CLASS.

DUTY, THIRTY CENTS PER POUND.

	Pounds.
Albums.....	118
Carpets.....	183
Saffron.....	8
Braid.....	370

IMPORTATIONS OF MERCHANDISE. 209

	Pounds.
Pearl buttons.....	416
Woolen sashes.....	4
Linen shirts.....	892
Boots and shoes.....	23,082
Linen cuffs and collars.....	317
Woolen braids.....	78
Cotton table-covers.....	90
Woolen drawers.....	32
Cigarette-cases.....	40
Woolen laces.....	20
Patent cigar-lighters... ..	13
Labels for bottles.....	230
Woolen fringes.....	17
Woolen caps.....	41
Carpet-cloth.....	263
Saddle-cloth.....	387
Woolen thread.....	462
Bunting.....	577
Saddle undercloth.....	491
Muslin.....	2,211
Cotton shawls.....	10,759
Purses.....	705
Cotton embroidery.....	758
Gentlemen's ready-made clothing.....	3,542
Labels.....	37
Woolen edgings.....	704
Fancy cards.....	218
Total.....	47,065

NINTH CLASS.

DUTY, FIFTY CENTS PER POUND.

	Pounds.
Alpaca.....	539
Fans.....	76
Military trappings.....	31
Corsets and belts.....	905
Cashmere.....	7,781
Casinet.....	187
Guitar-strings.....	254
Cartridges and caps.....	1,335
Halters and bridles.....	267
Leather straps.....	430
Woolen shirts.....	361
Damask.....	159
Spectacles.....	153
Sponges.....	20
Guns.....	1,715
Flannel.....	890
Spangles.....	517
Garters.....	318
Blue-mass.....	28
Merino.....	1,896
Cloth.....	1,306
Revolvers.....	1,324
Saddles.....	963
Suspenders.....	144
Tobacco.....	465
Clothing for ladies.....	232
Clothing for boys.....	52
Scabbards.....	76
Sheep-skins.....	282
Total.....	22,712

TENTH CLASS.

DUTY, EIGHTY CENTS PER POUND.

	Pounds.
Woolen comforters.....	159
Cotton cravats.....	295
Woolen undershirts.....	473
Woolen table-cloth.....	20
Cigarettes.....	55
Artificial flowers.....	330
Curtains.....	75
Riding-gloves.....	5
Ornaments.....	112
Woolen shawls.....	2,905
Linen handkerchiefs.....	180
Imitation wool handkerchiefs.....	19
Silk satin.....	132
High hats.....	8
Total.....	4,768

ELEVENTH CLASS.

DUTY, ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER POUND.

	Pounds.
Billiard-balls.....	21
Silk cravats.....	36
Silk ribbon.....	450
Silk undershirts.....	53
Muslin caps.....	298
Kid gloves.....	92
Fine jewelry.....	59
Lute-strings.....	278
"Olán".....	62
Silk shawls.....	5,682
Silk handkerchiefs.....	348

	Pounds.
Silk material.....	2,024
Panama hats.....	183
Velvet.....	54
Total.....	9,640

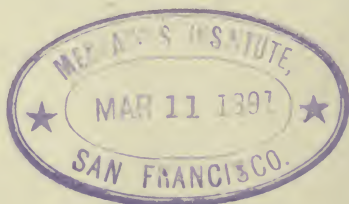
LIQUORS.

DUTY, SIXTEEN CENTS PER POUND.

	Pounds.
Absinthe.....	2,783
Brandy.....	52,071
Cordials.....	182
Rum	184
Total.....	55,220

DUTY, TWENTY-EIGHT CENTS PER POUND.

	Pounds.
Alcohol.....	1,038
Aguardiente	3,815
Anise-seed	8,227
Cognac.....	1,728
Gin	4,477
Maraschino.....	47
Whisky.....	8,381
Total.....	27,713



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