

The Mexicans who placed flowers upon the graves of those American soldiers had only words of kindness and praise for their sleeping foes.

At the village of Popotla, a short distance from the American cemetery, I saw on that Decoration Day another remarkable illustration of the gentle, forgiving spirit of the Mexicans. Popotla is famous for its grand old cypress tree under which Cortez wept on a night in July, 1520, when retreating from the City of Mexico. The furious Aztecs or native Mexicans have driven the Spanish conqueror and his forces from the capital. As he and his broken army fled before their maddened and savage foes he called a short halt at Popotla, and pausing to rest under the spreading branches of this cypress tree he wept as he beheld his vanquished followers and meditated upon what then seemed the complete and ignominious failure of all his grand schemes of conquest.

The cypress is a very large one, of great height and girth. It is surrounded by an iron railing, and strange as it may seem that the Mexicans, whom he subjugated to a foreign power which held them in slavish subjection for 300 years, should have any feeling of regard for the memory of Cortez, yet it is a fact that I saw hanging upon that railing many wreaths and other floral tributes which had been placed there by pious folk who no doubt had offered up at the same time devout prayers for the soul of the Spanish adventurer.

On the road to the French cemetery of La Piedad there are some beautiful meadows by the side of a running stream, a short distance beyond the old wall which still surrounds the Mexican capital. There I was much amused on the afternoon of last Decoration Day in watching the gambols of the populace who had assembled in large numbers and converted the place into a temporary picnic ground. Among the meadows swings had been put between large trees for the enjoyment of the ladies by some gallant muchachos (young gentlemen), who amused themselves by sending the persons of their mistresses as near the clouds as such humble terrestrials could hope to go. A cravat taken from the neck of one of the bystanders and fastened immediately above the knees secured the skirts of the suspended beauty from the action of the wind and presented an effectual barrier to the indiscreet wanderings of any roving eye. She certainly could not complain of any lack of vigor or good will on the part of her admirers. Some, awaiting her descent toward the ground, seized her by her well turned legs and sent her back toward heaven again with great velocity. Others, less privileged or less daring, watched the favorable moment and by a passing application of their hands behind gave her an increased impetus in the opposite direction, while screams of laughter from the muchach and her beaux added fresh zest to the pastime.

The members of another group are about to enjoy a dance. One young fellow, wearing a high, conical paper cap of different colors, and flourishing a long staff, acted as master of ceremonies. A tall sergeant, with his foraging cap on his ear, who had evidently looked too frequently upon the pulque (the Mexican national beverage) reminded me of Storno's story, in his "Sentimental Journey," of the tall man and the dwarf at the theatre. Neither the mandates of

the master of ceremonies nor the grumblings of some of the bystanders could induce him to quit the side of a buxom nina (young girl) whom he had evidently marked for his own. The young women were engaged in tying up each other's hair and making other preparations for the dance, introducing no small amount of coquetry therein. After many earnest supplications from the men, most of them accepted partners, the prettiest holding out to the last and some of them even threatening to decline the dance altogether. When the music sounded, the oscillations of the sergeant's arms secured for himself and partner much more than their rightful space, the other male dancers evidently wishing to avoid so formidable a comrade. The setting sun at length gave warning to the dancers. The crowd again poured cityward, the gigantic sergeant towering far above his fellows and bearing off on one arm his buxom partner, while thrust through the other was the scrawney hand of her Tia Juana (Aunt Joan), tightly clutching a handkerchief of oranges, an offering from the sergeant, designed to propitiate so important a member of her family.

GEOFFREY WILLISTON CHRISTINE.

MILLIONS IN LUMBER.

TACOMA, WASH., May 18, 1893.—I saw a cedar stump the other day on which a crowd of seventy-two people stood and sat while a photograph was taken of them. It was so large that a cottage could have been built upon it, and the height of the tree before it was cut, I am told, was 300 feet. The greatest industry of this Puget Sound region is its timber. The trees here turn out logs from 100 to 200 feet in length, and Washington has now at the Chicago exhibition a lough four feet square which is 120 feet long. From a tree cut here the other day, six big saw logs were taken each thirty feet long, and the tree was five feet in diameter at the base, and its first branch started out 170 feet above the ground.

A farmer not far from Tacoma lived in a hollow cedar tree while clearing his homestead. The cavity was twenty-two feet in diameter, or as big as a large parlor. His ceiling was forty feet above the ground and a knot hole just below this formed his chimney. He put in a floor eight feet above the earth and on this he built a stone fireplace with a stick and clay chimney. Under the floor he kept his horse and cow, and he lived on the second story of the tree hole.

The best ship timber of the world comes from Washington, and masts and spars are sent from here to Australia, China and other parts of Europe, Asia and Africa. The timber resources are practically unlimited, and I am told that there are over three hundred billion feet of standing timber in this state. At the present time a little more than one billion feet is being cut every year, and at this rate there is enough left for three centuries to come. Some of the largest sawmills in the world are located near Seattle and Tacoma, and more than two million feet of timber are now cut every day.

ROOFS OF THE WORLD.

During my stay in Minneapolis I was told that the red cedar shingles of Washington were fast driving the pine shingles out of the market. And I learn

here that shingles are being shipped in vast quantities all over the United States. I was shown in the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* office a cedar shingle which had been on a roof forty years and which was still in good condition, and I saw yesterday a photograph of a fir tree, the marks upon which show it to be more than 200 years old, and in the roots of this tree was fastened a cedar log, which must have been lying on the ground when the first sapling grew over it. The 200-year-old cedar log was examined and found to be perfectly sound, although it has reached this vast age.

I talked last night with Mr. Shelby, the general manager of the Great Northern railroad on the Pacific coast, about the shingle trade of this section. He tells me that it is growing rapidly and that he expects to be able to put cedar shingles down in New York, Ohio and Indiana at about the same rate as pine shingles. He predicts that within a few years the pine shingle will practically go out of the market. He tells me that two billion shingles will be turned out from this region this year. Said he:

"There is no comparison between the two products. A roof of pine shingles has to be replaced every five or six years, while one of cedar is good for forty or fifty years. At the present price and rates of transportation we can ship shingles from here to Buffalo so that for thirty dollars a man can obtain enough Puget sound shingles to cover a ten-room house, and the result is that the lumber dealers of the east are giving up pine and taking to cedar. It would surprise you to know how much traffic there is in this form of lumber. It will take 16,000 cars to carry the shingles which Washington will send to the east this year, and when you remember that the first car load of these shingles that was ever shipped to Chicago went east in 1887 you will see how great the growth has been. I expect to see this trade rapidly increase, and within two years three-quarters of the entire production of shingles in the United States will go out from the state of Washington. We now use about 10,000,000,000 of shingles in this country every year, and the day will soon come when the whole of the Union will be roofed with Washington cedar."

"Can you give me some idea of the extent of the lumber regions of Puget sound?" I asked.

"We have," replied Gen. Shelby, "nearly as much as all the rest of the United States put together. It is a low estimate to put it at 300,000,000,000 feet. Or, to give a more practical idea of it, it would take a train of cars long enough to go nine times around the world to carry this lumber. Already there are 20,000 men employed in the wood working industries of this state, and we spend more than \$10,000,000 in wages for lumber workers every year. Lumber is sent from here to Duluth and comes right into competition there in the midst of the pine regions of Minnesota and Wisconsin. We get out a class of logs here that you cannot find anywhere else, and the long timbers, from forty feet and upward, which we send out cannot be found in the eastern states."

GOV. M'GRAW.

I met the young governor of this state last night at the Ranier club in Seattle, and had a chat with him about Washing-