with fine private residences on the American plan, while others again can count only of the usual house of the Mexican.

The Mexican town of Juarez lies at the foot of the mesa on the opposite side of the river from El Paso and about a mile distant. Two street car lines connect the two towns. I had never yet had an foreign and and was a little anxious to see how it seemed to breathe the air under the tri-colored standard of Mexico, so I took a car labelled "Ciudad de Juarez," and rode over to enjoy the acquaintance of our neighbors of the rattle-snake and eagle. The street car line is now owned by American money, then you have to pay the bridge company five cents more for the privilege of going over the bridge.

As you enter the town you see a number of houses on the Mexican plan with heavy iron gratings over the windows and doors. At first you wonder if they are the city prisons, but as you wonder about the town you see that almost all of the residences of the better class are protected in that manner. I could account for it only that the new order and revolutions were of periodic occurrence and it was advisable for every man to make his house his castle. On your right as you enter the town you see a large brick building standing within a wall and surrounded by a moat. It is the custom house. If you have a value along it is advisable to call at the office. If not you can pass on to the main street a little way beyond. And now your interest increases. The sight about you is a strange one. The people around you are not your countrymen. The language you hear you cannot understand. The signs over the shop doors you cannot read. Over the meat market you read "Jose Martinez, Carnes." In the window I read "El Banco de Mexicano" and something about American money being unnecessarily. Then there was the old familiar sign of the lock box, but the words were beyond my ability to translate.

As I wandered about the town I came to a very ancient-looking church that stood on a little hill near the west end of the town. In front of it was a little plaza with its trees, grass, and seats for the loungers. In Mexico the church and the plaza are one and inseparable. The plaza would not be complete without a church, and the church would be lonesome without a plaza. As I strolled up the hill I noticed that the open space about the church was covered with slabs of marble and granite, on which were engraved something in the Spanish language which I made out to be an epitaph, recording the birth, death, and deeds of some good drunk who had died and went back to his maker. But lettering on many of the slabs had become entirely obliterated by the trampling of the many feet upon them and by the action of the elements. Others were fairly worn, but dating going back more than two hundred years, could be traced upon them. On the post of the church there was a placard in English requesting that the reverence be shown the place as a house of worship, and that visitors remember that it contains the dead. This church is much older than the one that I visited at Tucson, but its interior decorations are very inferior. The images are very crude affairs, some of them were hard enough looking to stir the sympathy of the toughest sinner. The church was named after the patron saint Guadalupe, and is very old—older perhaps than any building in the United States, having been built before the church at Santa Fe, which is considered the oldest in the country. The adobe walls are worn and travel by time and the elements. Here and there are great cracks in them as though at some time in the long ago they had been treated to a dose of earthquake. The wood posts that support the roof and the ceiling joists were all carved by hand, and when we consider the time and the tools then used, the work must have been an exceedingly difficult one. In the plaza there is a well which I was told was as old as the church, and to which fact I can testify, for I tasted the water.

After leaving the plaza I wished to go to the Mexican Central depot and enquired of the first man I met the direction. I said to him, "Donde es el depot de Mexicano Central ferro-carril?" He looked at me a moment as though I was a little crazy, but he answered me in good Spanish, and I was enabled to find the depot. I said to the ticket seller