

P. M. liner at high twelve of a bright sunlit summer day, saw a dusky youth scramble down the side, into a coffee laden lugger, run aboard below, and proceed to array his nether limbs, preparatory to donning his ducks, in lace embellished articles of lady's *lingerie*, which he evidently purposed bearing, duty free, to as many longing females waiting anxiously ashore. But these are of the lowly puebla, and if they wish to emulate the daughters of the aristocratico, who live in soft and opulent languor in their elegant homes in town and country, wherein do they differ from women in more favored communities, who think it incumbent upon them to follow the fashions, without question whether the fashion fits their station or their purse?

During many months and especially when he is on his annual journey to and from that vague point in space known as his highest declination, the sun looks with serene though blistering and unblinking eye upon the land of Manana, dwelling on it usually with such solicitude that his constant and searching supervision oftentimes becomes irksome to and scarcely to be borne by the strong blood of the north, yet it is with light and unheeded, if not altogether acceptable, hand that he touches the wayward children who have "been to the manor born." Children they are figuratively, children of nature where she is tropical and voluptuous. But they are scarcely the children with whom one would care to play where emulation or a spirit of contrariety might engender argument and dispute, for they are mettled high, eager to follow the aggressive word with the offensive act, sudden and terrible in quarrel and the word *embustero* is not bandied among them, but at the cost of blood or life. Still are they courteously deferential to strangers, whatever they may be to those near to them. But with the aristocrats, for even here, in this out-of-the-way land is

that imaginary superiority of wealth and position which draws the line at the people, usually styled common people, there lives that hauteur and reserve which is supposed to sit appropriately upon those who could, did they wish to trouble themselves to establish what should be incontinently conceded, trace their lineage back to the hidalgos of Old Spain, or to the caballeros andante who left the impress of their valor, and in many cases their bones, in this fair land in the days that have long gone, though they live in story and in song. But with them Manana is more strongly accentuated than it is when coming from plebeian lips and admits of no argument, so that it is fitting to assume that when that angel who at the last day will stand with one foot on water and one upon dry land, calling all sorts and conditions of men to judgment, from these people will go up a general and unanimous cry "*Manana, Senor, Manana.*"

Where is the land of Manana? Take the map of Central America and you will find south of Mexico a number of small, differently colored spaces. These will be found to designate the republics of Guatemala, San Salvador, Costa Rica, Honduras, Nicaragua and the states of Colombo. This last in Dampier's time was known as New Granada, and the hoary old wanderer in his "voyages," writ in quaint old English, for he kept a journal, tells how he and other briny and bibulous old buccaneers made this the scene of many a foray and sack when the law was not so embarrassing to "gentlemen of fortune" as it is now. There was no Manana with these worthy gentlemen. They never left until to-morrow what could be done to-day. If there was a city to sack or a throat to cut they cleaned the job up at once, divided the booty, and finished with a fandango in the evening. But that's a different theme. He in his simple but strong sentences describes the wonderful productiveness of this