

made about the first of 5th month, and it yields three or four cuttings in one season. One acre has been known to yield ten tons of hay in one season, but of course that is an exception. It is, however, the surest and best crop raised. Fruit pays well, but is not so certain. Last winter was colder than usual. A little frost is good for us, I think, and the climate here is certainly delightful. The peach and plum trees are in full bloom, and the petals falling, and the pear trees are now white. They are a lovely sight. The apple trees bloom later. There is still danger of frost, so the fruit crop is not yet assured. Strawberries are a great success, and begin to ripen by the first of 5th month. They continue to bloom and ripen for some time, and have been gathered as late as 9th month. I saw a few plants in bloom a week or more ago. Irrigation has done wonders for this country. The Mexicans do that work mostly. They have always been used to it, and seem to enjoy wading about in the muddy water, their feet bare and their blue overall rolled above their knees.

Wheat is grown here in small patches. It is harvested with a sickle or reap hook. A short distance from us is a smooth, bare piece of ground, with a tall pole planted in the centre. The grain is placed around this, and Mexicans are stationed in a circle at the edge, a small herd of ponies are then turned in and kept running about by the cries of the men, who prevent their escape, and thus the grain is threshed, and on windy days the chaff is blown out. Oats is stacked and fed with the straw.

The natives all raise a little corn for their own use. It is of the flint variety, and is mostly cob. They say the nights are too cold for the yellow kinds, but my impression is that the resources of this valley are not half known, and it will take northern enterprise to bring it out. I believe I told you how the Mexican women soak the corn in lime water, to hull it, mash it

with smooth stones and pat it into cakes, called *tortillas*, and bake them over the coals.

We had the pleasure one evening of eating *hot tomolllies*. They are really quite good if one likes *cheellie*, which is the Mexican name for red pepper. For the benefit of my lady friends, who are fond of trying new dishes, I shall send the receipt: Prepare the corn as for *tortillas*. Spread a small piece of boiled beef or pork with *cheellie* sauce, and enclose it in a piece of the corn dough, then wrap it in a clean, fine corn-shuck, and drop it into boiling water. Let them boil half hour. To be eaten in this wise: take one in the left hand and turn back the shuck with the right. You will find them excellent eating when you get used to them, and then they save dish washing. The natives know how to save themselves work. They often sit around the fire place with a *tortilla* (pronounced *tor-tea*) in one hand, on which they pile *tomolllies* or brown beans, and when they are through the meal they eat their plates. They drink a quantity of strong coffee without sugar or milk. They seem quite clean about their houses. I am describing the better class of Mexicans.

The men generally look well in their suits, which consist of light blue overalls, light or white shirt, and tall pointed hat. They frequently wear a bright red belt or sash, and in winter some wear blankets of bright colors, some gray ones, and I have seen one with the colors of the rainbow in stripes. They seem fond of gay colors, and the men are much more vain than the women. They have small feet, and love to dress them in tight, fancy boots and shoes, sometimes trimmed with stitching and beads. But the men's hats are the greatest novelty. I examined one a short time ago. It was drab-colored beaver, with long, silky nap on both sides. The wide rim was trimmed with gilt braid in several rows, and the crown, which was about a foot high and pointed, had a wide band of