

bridge was not so very wonderful to see. We stood on it and saw the clear beautiful water each side of it that ran under it, but the *Lacypadium*, the *Begonias* and *Tradescantia*, just like we have in green houses, were growing wild, seemingly in their native home.

There are three things to be seen in every town—the cathedral, the plaza and the market. At Gaudaloupe we saw in the cathedral an altar rail of pure silver, worth several hundred thousand dollars. In another cathedral were most beautiful steps to the altar of onyx, "the communion rail was of nickel, the altar itself in parts is of solid silver and gold." Here were the rich and the poor, rags and wealth, side by side, kneeling in devotion to the figure of Jesus, or of some patron saint. Some well dressed men would spread their kerchief, and upon one knee knelt, crossed themselves, after a short prayer, retire. Some placed their sombrero upon the floor, and knelt on the broad brim. The fat priests were busy at the altars; the organ and singing seemed to reverberate again and again through the vast structures.

First-day in Mexico City seemed just like any other day in the week, so far as we could see. Business was going on in the streets; men, women and children were sitting on the sidewalks and streets with their goods around them, or cooking and eating and selling to those passing by. The poor class do not seem to have any stated time for meals; we often saw them with a piece of sugar cane in their hands eating it as they walked. Business is suspended daily from 12 to 3, when all take a rest, after which stores are opened and work begins.

The people are very fond of music, music stands are in all their plazas, so far as we noticed, and are in frequent use.

Mahogany, ebony and musquite wood were used to feed our locomotives with.

The wood was very crooked and of an inferior quality; coal is very high. Iron is often used for ties and telegraph poles. We did not see a school-house in Mexico; some schools are kept in small rooms in buildings used for other purposes. Schools are much needed. We did not see a flouring mill. We saw the women washing clothes on the banks of streams of water, cold water.

Much more could be told of the four weeks spent on this, Gates' grand tour, during which we slept only one night off the cars, but I forbear, least I weary your readers, and they wish I had staid in Mexico.

P. J. NOXON.

A TALE OF A BONNET.

Part I.—The Bonnet.

A bit of foundation as big as your hand,
Bows of ribbon and lace;
Wire sufficient to make them stand,
A handful of roses, a velvet band—
It lacks but one crowning grace.

Part II.—The Bird.

A chirp, a twitter, a flash of wings.
Four wide-open mouths in a nest;
From morning till night she brings and brings—
For growing birds, they are hungry things—
Aye! Hungry things at best.

The crack of a rifle, a shot well sped;
A crimson stain on the grass;
Four hungry birds in a nest unfed—
Ah! Well, we will leave the rest unsaid,
Some things it were better to pass.

Part III.—The Wearer.

The lady has surely a beautiful face,
She has surely a queenly air;
The bonnet and flowers and ribbons and lace.
But the bird has added the crowning grace—
It is really a charming affair.

Is the love of a bonnet supreme over all?
Is a lady so faultlessly fair?
The Father takes heed when the sparrows fall,
He hears when the striving nestlings call—
Can a tender woman not care?

—Susan E. Gammon.