

deed without an accompanying baptism of good red blood. "Loose the lachet on thy shoe, stranger, for the ground whereon thy standest is holy."

So much for bridges in general, but the bridge in particular that concerns us is the bridge across the Rio Bravo del Norte, between Brownsville, Texas, and Matamoras, Mexico.

This bridge is being built primarily to connect a great railroad system in one great nation with a great railroad system of another great nation. It is therefore another connecting link in the unbreakable chain of friendship that binds these two nations together. These two nations as the year roll by are becoming closer and closer allied, in the bonds of Sympathy, Traditions, Customs and Thought. Their forms of government are practically one and the same. The constitutions of both nations are founded upon the selfsame foundations, and both breathe freely of the air of liberty. The only marked difference between the two nations is the small difference in tongues. But the knowledge of Spanish in the United States and the knowledge of English in the Republic of Mexico is growing among all classes each day.

The completion of the Brownsville and Matamoras bridge will assist in no small way in diffusing a knowledge of the two languages. Little need be said as to what extent the business and commerce of the two nations will be increased by the building of this bridge. This is apparent to all.

With rare consideration for the localities contiguous to the bridge the officers of the Frisco and the National lines of Mexico have made provision for the use of the bridge by carriages, pedestrians, and automobiles, and if in the future the business between the two respective cities warrants, the passing of street cars.

Very little of note is ever accomplished without some feeling of regret and sadness. The completion of the Brownsville and Matamoras bridge is no exception to this rule. The regret that will be occasioned in this instance lies in the possible passing away of the picturesque ferry, one mile below the bridge site, with its cunning boats, and its artful "Botaroes." To the mind of the writer the most interesting thing that he has seen, in either of the cities, is the ferry. The negro barracks, where the negroes shot up Fort Brown, or the bull fights in Matamoras possess scant interest for him as compared with the ferry. Who could wish to see a more inspiring scene than to see the ferry in operation on Sunday. The little boats gaily decorated with the colors of the two Sister Republics carrying their precious cargo of human freight back and forth, guided and propelled