

A more amusing incident followed. A larger boy asked which made the best medicine, and I begged Senora Caldero to explain that the bees were for study. "How can you explain that to such ignorance," she asked, but I begged her to try, and the boy said that he understood, but a few minutes later he was telling a young girl that the little black bees were for pains in the stomach—the red ones for pains in the legs. When reproached, he excused himself by saying: "The other is much too difficult for a girl to know." The inferiority of woman serves its purpose the world over.

My adventures did not end with the day, for in the middle of the night I was awakened by a great ringing of bells, and the light from a burning house lighted my room. "Get up! Get up!" my hostess called, "there is a terrible fire. Do not try to save anything but come quickly." Fortunately I had lain down with my clothes on, so that I was ready in a minute, carrying with me my precious box of bees. I found my hostess and her children wrapped in blankets, and we all hurried out into the street. The fire was only a few doors from our house, and with a brisk wind blowing it looked as though nothing could save any house in the village. Some way in the crowd I was separated from Senora Caldero and her family, and I found myself in the middle of the road surrounded by people wailing and crying to the saints. It was a weird moment! The men had formed a chain from the fountain and passed water in every sort of jar and pan, but they worked effectively, and I soon saw that the fire would be conquered. I thought I would be safer in the house, for I did not like being in the midst of that excited crowd, so I crept back into the dark house, still holding jealously my little box of bees,

It was not long before my host came up from the office where he slept, and the family was brought home. There was much embracing and much excited talk, and more wine and whiskey offered to everyone in the good Latin-American fashion, and the daylight was almost upon us before the village became quiet again.

The next morning a horse and a moso were ordered for seven o'clock, and came at eight, the usual custom of the country. Until two o'clock I rode along the river collecting here and there, and enjoying the bright-hued birds, and the beautiful plants. Two plants stand out in the memory of that forenoon; *Antigonon guatemalense* Meissn., a vine with great racemes of most exquisite pink flowers; the other (*Adenocalymna macrocarpum* Donn. Smith?)* a bush with great violet-purple bells, like a glorified pentstemon,

*Capt. Donnell Smith wrote that he was not quite sure of the species of *Adenocalymna*. More material is needed. The plant belongs to the *Bignoniaceae*.