

and in the end we were only too glad to sit down on a cold stone bench and play the modest part of humble and chilly spectators.

It is an amusing experience to take the street cars in the plaza of the fountain, and slide down by gravity six miles to the town of Guadalupe, where there is a fine old church with a curiously carved front. The church contains a modern chapel overloaded with gilt, said to be the most costly in Mexico. The convent, which was formerly a part of the church, has been confiscated by the government and is used for an industrial school, where boys are seriously and practically taught the different trades. We went into some of the departments and saw the carpenter shop, the serape factory, the hat-braiding and the shoemaking establishments, and the bakery. In this well-ordered institution more than one hundred boys are each year prepared for a life of honest toil.

As I waited in Guadalupe for the coming of the half-dozen panting mules who were to drag us up the steep hills, I seated myself in a drug store and observed Mexican methods of dispensing medicines. The counters of this particular shop were like the rails of a grand altar, and the drugs were stored in carved choir-stalls with glass doors. On the high altar were piled bottles of patent medicines, prominent among them the familiar "bitters" and "tonics"

of our own land. The druggist seemed to be a sort of high priest, who prescribed penitential doses and then sold them. Everything was thick with dirt, even to the face and hands of the high priest.