

State—a keen-eyed, war-visaged, one-armed soldier. Water is abundant in Cuernavaca, and the tinkle of the falling streams is heard along the streets bordered by high walls which conceal the dense growth of tropical orchards.

The evenings at Cuernavaca are magical. As the twilight gathers, the Mexicans, like the Jews, seek the housetop. There, on the flat roof, under the shadow of the grim Cathedral bearing in its tower the old clock presented by Charles V. to Cortés, and looking down upon the narrow streets where the great Captain and his cavaliers had so often ridden on their ruthless way, we saw the sun go down. We saw the light die on the breast of the "sleeping woman," Ixtaccihuatl, and the red flush fade slowly from the cheek of her watching lover, Popocatepetl. Then the western sky broke up into drifting fleeces of crimson and gold, the fires of the charcoal burners blinked from the hill-sides, the deep bell boomed from the Cathedral tower, the voices of the street, the bleat of the goats and the tinkle of the cow bells came faintly through the soft air, and all at once we were up, up, up, at the foot of the stars. From these enchanted heights the white-jacketed mozo recalled us, and in a languid dream we descended the long flights of stairs, crossed the dim, flower-scented court, and

ate our frugal supper by the light of a smoky kerosene lamp.

There are beautiful rides around Cuernavaca and the services of a confidential and congenial little donkey can be procured for a small sum. There are also, for those who do not mind rough roads, picturesque drives of a few miles to waterfalls, caves, lakes and ruined temples. The delights of the landscape are inexhaustible. Add to this an almost perfect winter climate, an altitude not too high for active exercise, and comfortable hotels— the Alarcon is an American house—and you have all the things essential to the comfort and happiness of a traveler.