

really the heirs of all the ages. There may be hidden codicils which, if ever discovered, will prove to us that we have not yet inherited all the wisdom of the centuries.

We ate our supper in the little dining-room looking out into the darkening court. The maidens of the household came, with their gracefully poised water jars, to the fountain, and a troop of horses plunged through the arched entrance and curveted across the court to get their evening drink. One by one the swinging lamps blazed out along the garlanded porch; the children's evening hymn floated up from the little shrine at the end of the corridor, and from the servants' quarters across the court arose the sweet strains of the Ave Maria. We sat among the blossoms until the moon rode high in the heavens and the stars stooped almost to the touch of our fingers. Then we went into the thick-walled, barred-windowed cells which served as sleeping rooms, and throwing ourselves upon the hard pallets, slept until morning. I was awakened by a gentle neigh, and opening my eyes I saw an inquiring pony and a velvet-nosed donkey gazing timidly and curiously through the grating upon my slumbers. I arose, caressed my gentle visitors, and went blithely out into an ungrateful world, which has blotted out the memory and trodden down the handiwork of the ancient builders.

CHAPTER XXI.

The impressions of a traveler are not always reliable, but for those journeying as we journeyed, often the only English-speaking people on the train, staying at Mexican hotels, riding on Mexican street cars, and in all ways affiliating with the native population, there are opportunities for hearing both sides of vexed questions that escape the hasty tourist or one who journeys in his private car. Then, too, as I was generally the only woman in sight, I personally received a great deal of courteous and kindly information from members of the superior sex, who, whatever their nationality, were always willing to enlighten my ignorance according to the most improved kindergarten methods. We also talked much with railroad men—conductors, ticket agents and engineers—who, in the dearth of responsible native workmen and officials, are sent from the United States to Mexico. These men are generally wan-eyed and baldheaded, having lost their hair in the fever, and most of them are homesick