

ing the first mentioned place, we came across a man and four boys well armed with bows and arrows. They were cleaning a curassow they had just shot.

Encinal Amarillo is a cluster of falling huts, all very poor looking and dirty, and, as far as we could see, only inhabited by old shriveled-up, half naked women and totally naked children.

Just as it was getting dark we came in sight of Tatahuicápa. Crossing the river we scattered a crowd of lightly clad women who were chatting around the public washing and gossiping place—the local newspaper. We rode up to the “Oficina” and were heartily welcomed by our friends, the chief and the armed guard.

Hungry? Indeed we were, after a day's ride without a bit of food, but first we attended to our tired animals. Then our diplomatic agent, Mr. Demijon, showed himself, much to the joy of our Indian friends. Everybody had a drink, and we at last sat down to a hearty meal.

In Latin America, like everywhere else, it is important to know the right people. In some places these are senators, bankers, and other big men; but in Southern Mexico the best people are sometimes men with loose guns and knives, or bad Indian chiefs. If one from the beginning gets hold of the right man, everything is easy. So with our trip—from the start we got hold of one man who was friends with all the leading elements around, and, thanks to his direction, we went through without any trouble.

To climb the San Martín Pajapan volcano was our next objective. Guides were procured in Tatahuicápa, and we left the village on horseback. But after an hour's ride we were forced to tie our horses near a small Indian coffee plantation, and then proceed on foot. The Indians grow a little coffee which they carry over the mountains and trade in Catemaco.

We now left the trail and entered the forest, climbing at an easy grade until we reached a small stream at an altitude of 506 meters. Here, our guide told us, was the last place where we could get a drink of water before we started the real ascent. In this part of the forest every rock and stick was covered with some sort of white larvae the size of one's little finger. There were hundreds of thousands of these, and we wondered what kind of plague they represented.

The underbrush was dense with small palms with thorny trunks, but as we reached higher altitudes they disappeared. The trail was very steep. The path followed a narrow ridge, and we saw very little outcropping rock. The ground was covered with fine, rich,