

OUT OF THE CLOUDS

Into the Sunny Tropics on the Longest Street Car Line in the World.

A MAD RIDE OF 72 MILES

Through One of Nature's Wonders Behind Galloping Mules.

BEAUTIFUL BELLES OF OLD JALAPA

Arches Through Forests That Bend Under the Weight of Orchids.

CURIOS HOUSES OF THE SOUTHLANDS

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

VERA CRUZ, MEXICO, July 15.

On a street car for a ride of 72 miles. A mad, wild race over hills and valleys down the Mexican mountain.

A gallop through great forests and dense jungles. A ride through orange groves and pineapple beds.

A jump from the regions where the coffee grows, through myriads of trees loaded with orchids, out into groves of palms and on into the rank tropical vegetation of the Mexican hot land.

A ride with strange drivers who remind you of Italian brigands! A ride through a strange people who live in strange houses and who look as queer as though they came from the other side of the world.

Such is a mad idea of the trip I took yesterday morning in coming from Jalapa to the city of Vera Cruz.

It was a ride over the longest street car line in the world. It was a ride through some of the most picturesque country of the American continent, and it is a ride which within a month will have passed by the possibilities of travel.

And yet Jalapa, the beautiful.

Away up in the mountains, within sight of the snow-capped volcano, Orizaba, surrounded by the richest of lands, lies one of the wealthiest and most beautiful cities of Mexico.

This is the old, old town of Jalapa. There is no place in Switzerland more beautiful located, and you will find no town on the continent more picturesque. It lies right in the mountains. The clouds nestle among the hills about it, and every street climbs up and down, giving a series of beautiful views and beautiful scenes.

The houses are all of one or two stories. They are of stucco, and they look as though they had all been finished but a year or so ago. They have long, low, overhanging roofs of red tile, and the streets, and the rafters and the inside of the roofs are painted a delicate light blue. Below the blue comes the brown, drab or yellow of the wall of the house, which goes down to a dado of dark red which borders the street.

The houses have great windows covered with iron bars, and out of these look the beautiful girls for which Jalapa is famous. They have blue eyes, dark hair and eyebrows, and their complexions are of the richest of cream. Not a few of them have very chiselled, and I caught many a beautiful picture.

With my camera as I passed through the streets. The ground floors of the houses are level with the sidewalk, and you can look through these windows into the houses and see the red tiled floors, the walls frescoed in gay colors, and the garden of tropical plants which forms the courtyard about which the house is built.

The people did not seem to resent inspection, and the fair señoritas laughed when I pointed the camera at them, and I found them kinder and better looking than the people of any other part of the Mexican Republic. The Mexicans themselves have a proverb concerning them. They say that Jalapa is a part of heaven let down to earth, and the proverb is true. Jalapa is a beautiful city, and it is a beautiful city of this old-fashioned country. Its trade is very great, however, and for 12 years the only connection it had with the rest of the world was by the old-fashioned stagecoach and alluring are the women of Jalapa.

The town is in the center of the richest of the coffee regions of Mexico. It has about 15,000 people, and it is the most fashionable city of this old-fashioned country. Its trade is very great, however, and for 12 years the only connection it had with the rest of the world was by the old-fashioned stagecoach and alluring are the women of Jalapa.

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of England, and it covers the hills on every side for miles. There are many fields of corn and this is in taste, and I see roasting ears bursting forth, such as we have in August.

Here is a man plowing, and a cut in the field shows me that the rich brown loam is from six to eight feet deep, and a Mexican looks out from his big sombrero on the seat in front of me, and tells me that this land is worth as much as suburban lots about Washington. It is curious to note the stages of the same crop in almost the same fields. Here is a field of corn in ear, and next to it you see another with the sprout just shooting from the ground. This ground will produce two crops of corn a year.

Now we pass a coffee plantation. The glossy bushes are shaded by tall, wide-leaved banana plants, whose heads bend over, and upon many of which there are long, brown blossoms or buds as big as ear of corn. The coffee bushes are full of ripe, red berries, and the flowers and the trees are wonderfully beautiful. There is a Buena Noches tree 30 feet high, crowned with great red flowers, and there are trees filled with blossoms which are of the same size and shape as the calla lily, and below them are the long, yellow tendrils of the Mexican love-plants, which have wrapped themselves around the moss-covered fence, and shine like sapphires under the rain and the sun.

The rain of the morning is now closing with a sunshower, and the dark coffee trees are covered with drops of diamonds set into their emerald leaves. A few miles from Jalapa we go into the forest, and here we first see the Mexican orchid. They increase as we go onward, until they cover the forest and hang down in great bunches, making the trees look as though they were studded with porcupines, decorated with the most wonderfully shaped and beautiful flowers.

Orchids of Every Variety. These orchids are of more than a hundred varieties. They are of all shapes and colors and you find them on all sorts of trees. You could have a carload here for the picking, and they are more than 20 years old. They are married. Birds of the brightest plumage fly in and out among them, and the mocking bird whistles at our ear as the mules gallop by.

The vegetation changes as you go by. Near Jalapa you find the forest trees of Ohio and 20 miles further down the mountain you have jumped into the vegetation of Florida and Louisiana. You soon get into the fields of pineapples. They are little low bushes like cabbage and they cover the ground, their red berries shining out below the green leaves. Near them are fields of sugar-cane, and I am told that sugar will grow here from year to year without re-planting. There are also fields of corn, and wheat, and other crops. In some parts of Western Mexico there are said to be plants which have been out year after year for 40 years, and which still thrust out new shoots from the old stumps, which are called "Fairy Bubbles with Sacerdotal Wings."

The cattle of this part of Mexico are fat, and these green hills are dotted with cows, sheep and goats. These are generally watched by half-naked men, and every now and then you pass a thatched village or a great hacienda. We came on the dead gallop up to the station where Santa Anna made his headquarters on one of these haciendas. He was, you know, the great general of the Mexican army and Dictator of the Republic, and General Scott defeated him at the battle of Cerro Gordo, when he made his march up this road to the capital.

Santa Anna owned hundreds of thousands of acres along this road. We rode for 30 miles perhaps through his plantations, which have since been divided up and which are now owned by other parties. His hacienda is a hollow square of long, low buildings with thatched roofs surrounding a wide courtyard. In the center of the courtyard were practically his slaves. It was here that we made our first change of mules, and the car stopped for about five minutes while the mules were being packed in. Then the driver cracked his whip and away we went at the rate of 12 miles an hour.

The Drivers Are Merciless. As we did so a freight car, to which was also harnessed four mules, was side-tracked on a switch to let us pass, and behind us came the second-class gallop as fast as we were. Our driver seemed to rejoice in every fresh team, and he had no mercy on the steeds. He wore the whitest of mules, and when his partner and I clasped his legs after the Mexican style, with as close a fit as those of the ballet girl. He had a whip 20 feet long, and his pulled green coat, and a sun-bleached, yellow, and a gorgeous yellow hat, whose brim was pulled down over his eyes. His whip crack sounded like a pistol, and up hill or down hill he thrashed his mules, keeping them on the dead gallop all the time. He seemed to delight in whipping the mules as we passed the peons on the road, and he was the admiration of the dark-eyed Indian girls, who looked at him with great eyes as we went by.

The Indians of the hot lands are different from those of the Mexican plateau. They wear their hair in a topknot, and they wear nothing at all. I saw many naked babies, and under one palm leaf roof a half dozen men slept with nothing but breech-clouts on them, and the sun warmed their backs through the slits in the roof and painted their skins a varnished mahogany brown.

Houses of Fishing Poles. The Indians of Vera Cruz are said to be lazy, and a greater part of this ride was taken through the State of Vera Cruz. The road is so rich in fruit is so plentiful that they do almost live without working, and they do no more than they can possibly help. Their huts are made of cane of about the size of fishing poles, and I noticed that they were very ingeniously constructed. Nails are dear in Mexico, and these huts were all tied together. The poles are driven into the ground and they extend about five feet upward, making a circular or square wall of poles fastened together by other poles, which run around them and to which they are tied. From the top of these walls a conical or flat ridge roof runs upward. These roofs are made of palm leaves and fishing poles, and the thatch of palm is tied to the poles. The poles of the ground wall are not always very close together, and you can see the whole operations of the family going on within them. Some of them have but one room, and men, women and children, married and single, sleep and dress under the same piece of thatch. Many of the huts have no doors. The people sleep on the ground and the thatch of palm leaves and the smoke finds its way out as best it can. Many of the girls are very pretty and the whole ride was a kaleidoscopic panorama of ever changing humanity.

Over-Harassed by the Horses. We took our dinner at Rinconada and ate with a dozen Mexican farmers, who wore their black sombreros at the table. A pretty Mexican girl with a mantilla around her head sat opposite me and smoked a cigarette after her meal and hungry-eyed Indians looked curiously into the windows of the

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hacienda and watched us eat. As we left the station we saw a boy plowing in the jungle, and his wooden plow was pulled by one who was harnessed to it by the horns.

Everywhere in the fields and in the houses we saw signs of the great superstition of the Mexican peasants. Most of the corn and wheat fields had crosses stuck up in them to keep the devils out of the crops, and many of these thatched huts had crosses stuck in their roofs or in the ground surrounding them. As we neared the foot of the mountains we found the vegetation again changed, and we passed by great trees from the branches of which hung the bean from which the vanilla extract is made, and the cocoon hangs from the palms. The Indians were typical of the tropics where the air and nature invites to repose and where the chief thing in life is the dolce far niente.

The Old National Road. We left Jalapa at about 7 in the morning and we reached the end of our journey about 3 in the afternoon. Allowing two hours for stops, we made the 72 miles in six hours, or an average of 12 miles an hour, by no means a bad record for street cars and mules. During this ride we used 28 mules and we changed about every eight miles.

The ride back from Vera Cruz to Jalapa is said to take twice as long, and the trip is made in three hours by the new railroad. The railroad trip, however, will not compare in historic interest or in natural scenery with this ride on the smooth comfortable carriage, for the track is smooth and the seats are comfortable. The old road over which it goes has been in existence for hundreds of years, and it was over it that the Indian peasants carried their heavy packs of merchandise before this street car line was built, and for hundreds

of years all the mule trains and man trains which carried the imports received at Vera Cruz to Mexico City had to pass over this road. The road is now as safe as any road in the United States, but only a few years ago it was infested by brigands and travelers who were killed and robbed, or rather killed and robbed, upon it. You may still see wooden crosses by the roadside with heaps of stones about them, and you may

know that these are the crosses stands above the bones of a murdered man and that the stones have been cast by the superstitious passers-by upon the grave as monuments.

DESERTED AND DESTITUTE. A Hebrew Woman and Her Four Children Starving to Death on Penn Avenue. Barbara Goldman, a Hebrew woman, residing with four small children, at 1114 Penn Avenue, is a destitute woman, whose case was reported to the Department of Charities yesterday. Her husband, she said, deserted her two weeks ago, and since she has subsisted on \$2 50 a week afforded her from a Hebrew relief society. The room she occupied is very small and cheap, but she was unable to pay rent for it and her landlord refused to let her stay there.

The Alderman refused under the circumstances. Mr. Donovan attempted to press assistance upon the woman, but she refused on the ground that she could not accept aid from a Christian. Mrs. Goldman's youngest child is an infant and is dying for want of the nourishment which she mother, in her own starved condition, is unable to provide. And unless some Hebrew society comes to the relief of this helpless family they must perish slowly of starvation.

PITTSBURGH GETS A FIRE BOAT. Chief Brown Still Refuses to Name the Chief Engineer. Mayor Gourley signed the fire boat ordinance yesterday afternoon. He said he placed his signature to it because he believed the fire boat was a necessity and he did not think anyone could question the value of the water tower. He said he had no idea who would be chosen for Chief Engineer.

Chief Brown was seen during the afternoon and said he had not decided on any person for Chief Engineer, but would probably name the man on Monday.

Do Your Own Picking Monday. \$5 00 is the price that will make business hum at our large clothing house on Monday. We know there are lots of men who need clothes, and we are right on hand with this cheap suit sale to fill their wants. We have marked 20 special lots of men's sack and cutaway suits, made from good cassimer cloth, at \$5 00 each. Now you call Monday and do the picking. Choose the pattern that pleases you. Without doubt it's the best and cheapest line of garments for men ever offered. Dull business don't bother us. We announce our bargain prices to the relief of the public, and always get a ready response.

P. C. C. C., Pittsburg Combination Clothing Company, corner Grant and Diamond streets.

JUST THE DRINK FOR SUMMER—Iron City Beer. All dealers sell it; best bar-keep it on tap.

RDAGES for lodges and societies at McMahon Bros. & Adams, 22 Fourth avenue.

STOP at the Hollenden, in Cleveland, American and European plans.

NEW AUTOMATIC, cheap, half price; last one. WHEELER & WILSON, Mfg. Co., 250 No. 6 Sixth street.

LAW WILL NOT DO IT.

The Millennium Not for Labor Unions Nor Legislatures to Make.

MUST BEGIN WITH INDIVIDUALS,

And They Must Begin With Little Things Rather Than Great.

EARTH CHANGES TO HEAVEN SLOWLY

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

"Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall be condemned; forgive, and ye shall be forgiven; give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto you."

When nobody any longer judges or condemns his neighbor, and when everybody gives and forgives, then we will be living in the beginning of the millennium. It needs no argument, in this world of busy tongues, to show the advantage of such a state as that. All that we want to know is how to bring that state of things about. Christ tells us that it is possible to do this, and that the only way to do it is by unselfishness and forgiveness in the place of it. The millennium is