

**H. L. Conter**  
PHONE 92

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the babe left in a cradle at the gate, and it is taken in and no questions asked. It would not do to tell in a letter of conditions, in some things. In some things it is fine. I like it here in many ways, but of course the United States is the paradise of the world. I would not want to live elsewhere. The climate here in the city is fine, although little too cool for me mornings and evenings. Although it is in the torrid zone, it is 7,349 feet above sea level, on a plain surrounded by big mountains. In the suburbs on a clear day the extinct volcanoes of Ixtocchhuatl and Popocatepetl can be seen with their snow crowns. The national palace is an interesting place, its history dating back to Montezuma, and Cortez. The building covers an entire block, is 75 long, three stories high and of stone and has 12 court yards. The building was bought from Cortez's heirs in 1592 for a residence for the Spanish viceroys for \$35,000,000. At the time of Mexican independence it became government property and here are the departments of the federal government, the executive offices, senate chamber, treasury and barracks for several regiments. Over the front hangs Mexico's liberty bell, which was rung for the first time by the patriot priest, Hidalgo in his church Dolores in the state of Guanajuato the 16th of September, 1810. On September 16, 1896 (Mexican Independence Day) the bell was brought to the city with all the pomp of state carried in grand procession, and hung over the palace gate. It is said the triumphal car rolled on golden wheels, whose spokes were trimmed with flowers. The car was drawn by six magnificent horses, mounted by postillions and guarded by an escort of rurales (mounted police). The grand procession was composed of dignitaries of state, civil and military; the army and the people. The walks and sidewalks, windows and house-tops were massed with people throwing flowers and shouting so they drowned the music of the bands. It is said that when the bell was hung a thousand doves with the colors of the republic around their necks rose from the archway, rose up, circled around and flew to the four corners of the earth to bear the glad tidings. Now, every year President Diaz rings this bell on the night of 16th of September to commemorate the Declaration of Independence. I want not take more time with this. I want to say a little about the great cathedral—the St. Peters of Mexico. It is on the main plaza, was founded in 1524, was more than a hundred years in being built and cost over \$3,000,000. It contains 14 chapels. It is 400 feet long, 177 feet wide, and 179 feet from roof to floor. Twenty massive columns of stone separate the nave from the aisles. The chapels are along each aisle seven on a side, dedicated to some particular saint with pictures of

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their lives in the chapel dedicated to them. In one of these chapels is Turbide the 1st, Emperor of Mexico the liberator. The dome of the cathedral is painted in pictures of sacred history. I heard the archbishop say mass here. I also saw the vestments of the church. Perfectly magnificent robes of velvet and satin embroidered in gold, silver and precious stones. It is a very fine church, but I think the cathedral at Puebla is finer and richer. It is said to be the richest in the republic, and this cathedral the second, and I believe it. I think Miss B. and I were the only ones of our party who saw the vestments. In the cathedral are two immense organs that reach nearly to the roof. They are beautifully carved. There are music books on easels, the notes of which are several inches long. I suppose the books are several hundred years old. They are immense in size with leather backs and immense silver clasps and ornaments. One of the altars is copied after a famous altar in Seville, Spain. Under this one (the altar of the kings) are buried the heads of Hidalgo, Allende, Aldama

and Jimenez brought from the state of  
Juarjueto in great state and pomp.  
after independence was secured. There  
are a very great many magnificent  
pictures here. In the chapter room  
we saw the font, in which the first In-  
dian chiefs were baptized. We have  
seen so much I forget part. I have  
no more time to say more about the  
cathedral. I want to speak of one of  
the Panteon's (cemetery). The pan-  
teon de San Fernando, where Juarez,  
Morelos, Guerrero, Gonzales and a  
couple other of Mexico's famous men  
are buried. I will only speak of one  
other church, that of Our Lady of  
Guadalupe, the patron saint of Mexi-  
co. We went but twice. The second  
time we were there in the panteon  
at the time of the unveiling of a sta-  
tue to a great lawyer who had been  
a great benefactor, and we were per-  
mitted to see in. Of the church it-  
self, I have time for only a few lines.  
It cost several millions. The chan-  
cel rail is solid silver on a base of  
white marble. The choir is of carved  
mahogany and ebony. There are beau-  
tiful tables of onyx, alders of carrara  
marble and gold, gold, gold.

walls of the church are richly decorated. Over the sacred Altara is a crown of jewels—diamonds, rubies, sapphires, that cost \$30,000 to manufacture alone. The gold and precious stones were contributed by the women of Mexico. It is said to be the finest crown used in religious ceremonies in existence. I do not know its value. I only heard what the work cost. I could write pages about Guadalupe, but have not time. I want to speak briefly of Chapultepec, where used to stand Montezuma's palace. Afterward the Spanish viceroys, Emperor Maximilian, Huertade, and the presidents of Mexico. It is now the summer home of President Diaz, and a part of the military academy, or West Point of Mexico. It is a magnificent place situated on a high rocky hill overlooking the city and valley of Mexico. Its park is beautiful and the Paseo de la Reforma leads out to it. It is one of the finest boulevards in the world. On Sunday afternoon the boulevard is full of fine carriages. It is a great sight. We were out twice. There is so much to see and do.

a review of the army by the president. The vice president and secretary of state and other prominent men were at Guadalupe at the unveiling of the monument spoken above, and were pointed out to us. Oh, yes, the first time we were at Guadalupe we saw some Indians from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec before one of the church doors. Two men were playing queer old violins with three strings. They wore cotton garments and old zerapes, the women, (four small ones) dressed fantastic, with tin crowns on, and one with aigrettes stuck in the crown, one a bright red, one a bright green, and one a bright purple, dyed of course. They were dancing to the music, a quaint, monotonous step. It looked so odd. I suppose they had made the pilgrimage and were trying to earn a few centavos. Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims come every year to Guadalupe upon a pilgrimage. I have scarcely touched upon Mexico City, but I must stop. My next letter I will speak briefly of some of the places south of here. I am well and enjoying every hour. Love to all the family. Mrs. Morrison.