

IN WILDERNESS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

Trying Experiences of the Brigham Young Academy Exploring Expedition.

Illness of one of the Members Necessitates Division of the Party—Hospitality of New Friends—Wilderness Entered—Wretched Roadway.

BEFORE leaving San Jose, July 6th, I called on Minister Merry, both for the purpose of bidding him good-bye and to obtain a letter of introduction for Brother Fairbanks, who was to take steamer for the Magdalena river the following Monday. The boys with the packs were awaiting me at the postoffice, where a large crowd of people had gathered drawn there by curiosity. Many expressed doubts that we could reach Panama, as the roads or trails were known to be so bad, and when we started off on the hard pavement of the street, I did not wonder at their doubts for our mules were so tender-footed after their rest in a soft pasture that they would hardly go. We had not gone a mile before we decided they must be shod, and finding a good pasture near the little village of Desamparados we went into camp. On the following Monday at 9 o'clock a. m. all were ready again for the journey. The first few miles were up a gentle slope to the foot of the mountains bounding the San Jose valley on the southeast. We climbed these mountains and all of Tuesday, traveled in them. Here we witnessed some of the most beautiful of nature's scenes. The mountains themselves were beautiful, but at this time of the year, especially in the afternoons, there is added the ever-changing beauty of the shifting clouds. At one moment the whole is shut in by a deep fog, then the wind shifts and parts of the fog drift away in clouds while other parts cling to the wood as friends cling together when the moment for parting has come. Usually the mountains are covered with a thick forest, but in places the industry of man has cleared this and corn patches, banana plantations, pastures for cattle, and other cultivated areas. The soil is everywhere so rich, so fertile, so need of plows; no need of cultivation. Once the seed is in the ground the plant grows.

PARTY DIVIDED BY ILLNESS. On the evening of the second day we reached San Marcos, the frontier town, the town bordering the forest through which it will take us twelve days to pack. And here befell another of those accidents that have marred our party, however well arranged, or however strong the men that compose it. One of our men, on the night of Monday, while we were camped at Los Faroles, took sick. He had eaten something the night before that upset his stomach, and in the night he took to vomiting. During the day of Tuesday he continued ill, though was able to travel. We laid over at San Marcos Wednesday and Thursday, and while he had recovered, yet he had lost so much strength and the attack had left him so weak, that it was thought best not to take him over this, the hardest and most trying of all the country we will have to pass. Neither could I consent to leave him alone although Dr. Innocente Moreira, a graduate of one of the medical colleges in the United States, and his family, very intelligent and educated people, all assured us that our comrade could be left with them, and would receive all the care and attention possible. Others of the leading citizens assured their services, and gave their assurances. The jefe had a room fixed up in his house, and his daughters, two bright young ladies of 18 and 20 years, modestly assured me that they would give him the same attention we still I thought of the danger of the illness trip would increase by the reduction of the number making it. We would have staid at San Marcos a week or more, but every day being better, the son of the year when travel is almost

impossible. During the months of September and October the rains are heaviest, and often for a week at a time, or even longer, pour down in torrents. We must reach Panama by the last of August. ENTER THE WILDERNESS. On Friday, July 12, after making all necessary arrangements for Brothers Tolton and Magley, and with the understanding that they take steamer at Limon and meet us at Panama the latter part of August, Brother Asa Klenke and I made good-bye to our comrades and to the many new-found friends of the village, and with an Indian guide who was returning to Bovaca started on our trip. We have three pack mules and a riding mule apiece, all in good condition. We are armed as well each with a rifle, a pistol and a machete, none of which we trust we will be under the necessity of using on our fellow men. The packing was hard on both sides, for the trails and hardships as well as for the joys and pleasures of our journey had found us together closer than brothers. For two miles from San Marcos we followed a cart road, but here it abruptly ended and we entered the forest by a trail. We noticed that the match of the timber was good saw timber, the trees being large, straight, and free from knots. The Maria, a beautiful hard wood, predominated. WRETCHED ROADWAY. In two hours we had reached the last ranch house, and at the same time the top of the mountain. The view was beautiful beyond description. Far ahead of us was the ocean, between it and us was an ocean of mountains covered with forests, and jungles through which we must pass. The descent began immediately and so did the bad roads. Seldom are horses taken to the animals, but in places no foot can follow most any kind of a trail. No work has ever been done except with the machete in cutting away the brush or in cutting a tree. We had, therefore, the greatest difficulty in making any way at all. Often a large tree had fallen across the path, and we were under the necessity of cutting around it. When this happened on the side of a steep mountain, the difficulty was greatly increased. In places the path is worn and washed by the rain until it is ten or even twenty feet deep, and so narrow that several times our packs wedged in, necessitating the unpacking of the animals. In one place a tunnel was formed. The path has a width of at least twenty feet, and the falling of trees across it has made a complete cover. At times the descent was so steep that the animals would slide down and there were in fear of the going heels over head. One pack mule fell over a bank twenty feet, but was rescued with no more injury than a bruised head and a cut lip. Another, in jumping across a bad place on the side of a hill struck her upper jaw against a tree and was literally thrown down the mountain a distance of seventy-five feet, rolling over several times, and finally landing against a tree. We were broken, but when we unpacked her, to our great relief, she stood on her feet, badly bruised and scratched but with good limbs. The whole afternoon we followed the path with water wetting us from head to toe. Of course riding was out of the question; it was with difficulty that we walked. At dusk we came to a little opening on a ridge and here camped for the night. The rain continued half the night. An hour was spent in a fruitless attempt to make a fire, after which, without supper, we rolled into wet blankets and went to bed. The next day our road was keepler but with the absence of narrow delias that lodged our packs. We continued down the mountain side. In the afternoon the rain poured again. There was nothing to do but to take it, our

A Fable Concerning An Artist.

Once upon a time there were two young men and each one dreamed a dream. And when they told their dreams each to the other, lo! they were the same, for each one had dreamed that he was a great artist in music. And they said one to the other: "Go to now, let us go to the school of the wise men of music, and peradventure our dreams may be fulfilled. So they gathered their substance together and journeyed to the great city. And it came to pass that they were hailed with joy at the school of the wise men of music, for each youth had a talent and desired in his heart to work—something which verily is a necessary qualification if a man thinketh to become an artist. Now because the substance of one of these young men was greater than the substance of the other, it came to pass that one of the scholars, at an inn and faced sumptuously. But the other abode in the house of a discreet woman who gave him lodging for a consideration, and she furnished him with just food convenient and naught that was superfluous, which was well for overmuch eating and drinking helpeth not an artist. And as time passed by it was noted by the wise men of music that the two youths who, beginning, had seemed much alike, were now becoming widely different each from the other, both in manner and aspect. For lo! he of the inn had caused the fashioning of his raiment to be altered, so that it flapped about him as he walked. And his neckcloth was of flaming red, and of great size, and fearfully and wonderfully made. And he wore a priceless ring of dazzling radiance upon his fifth finger, and a gold chain cunningly wrought. But the crowning glory was in his locks, which he suffered to become long like Samson's. And as the strength of his locks was becoming an impediment to this youth was in his flowing locks and there was but little left; neither for his fingers nor yet for his brains. And he knew it not, but it was so. And when he passed along the highway, men looked back at him and women also. And one said: "Lo! a musician." And another said: "Nay, but he is a player at football." And the strife be-

ponchos were useless in the thick underbrush. We encountered also mud holes that almost held our animals fast. Often, too, roots of trees crossed and reached forth to entangle our feet, making it almost impossible to pass. It was a miracle that our mules made the trip without a broken limb. I learned in San Jose that a surveying party passing over these roads a few days before had three mules with broken legs or broken necks. At 2 o'clock we reached a river, the Paquia, which we easily forded, and a little further on came to the camp of a native surveying party. There were five men in the party, of whom we were down with fever. We parted with some of our beans as they were out of food, and they gave us some cocoyams. From here we crossed a level wooded plain for two hours, a most beautiful country, and then reach the Rio Naranjo, a vicious stream, about the size of Bear river at flood time. This we had to cross. Our Indian tested the depth. This was too deep for the mule built raft. But luckily across the river the Indian found one recently made by the surveying party. It was not easy for him to bring it across to us; but when loaded it was harder to manage. Three times he tried to take it over, and three times he came within an ace of losing our things, raft and all in the rapids below. We were forced to rush in to his assistance. Seeing the impossibility of his getting us over, and as night was coming on rapidly, I stripped and, taking the raft up along the bank to a projecting point of rock, gave it a push and plunged in behind. While the Indian paddled with all his strength, I swam and pushed with all of mine, and in this way we reached the opposite shore, but not until we had gone far down. We had several raft loads necessitating my swimming the river five times, but by dark all was over and in safety. Again we were confronted with the necessity of sleeping in wet blankets or of making a fire to dry them. As there was no dry kindling wood around, we were forced to the extremity of using our pine tent poles, poles brought from Utah, for kindlings. In a short time they were in splinters and soon after a fire was burning over which we not only cooked our supper but dried a change of linen and a blanket, to sleep in. Little did we think as we packed our tents and poles in Froyo that on the Naranjo river in Costa Rica these poles would cook our supper. Yesterday our roads were better, being a change of a level plain along the banks of the Savegre river, a larger stream than the Naranjo, but one on which a boat or canoe aids the travelers, as there is a ranch here. We passed over during the day many small hills or cañons, and the natives call them, forming a veritable washboard. The deep forest continued, broken only by the river and streams until we reached the ford where there is clearing and some houses, and here, as the food is good we decided to take a day's rest, much needed both by ourselves and our animals. VAMPIRE BATS. The Savegre river is larger than the Naranjo, but runs more quietly, and though deeper is less dangerous. Both streams are easily forded in the dry season. Late in the wet season they are almost impassable. The ranch, also called the Savegre, has stock, bananas, and sugar cane, and manufactures a very good syrup. The natives here have a few houses and a stock business, so the owner told us, does not pay, as there is a bat, probably a species of the vampire, which kills the calves by sucking their blood. These bats, greatly injure the older cows. So destructive has this animal become that the stock business is only of secondary importance. But we have met this bat from the northern borders of Mexico down and often our animals bleed freely, and a long stain of blood down their back. A first we thought they had snagged themselves while rolling or while rubbing or scratching against a tree. But later we learned that an animal had bitten them. The bat makes its power of destruction by the nerves, for often the bite is where the switch of the tail, or a brush of the head would knock it off. Sugar cane grows well here, and two crops can be harvested each year. Cacao and rubber also grow well and produce a fine quality. As there are thousands of acres of good land now unoccupied, no doubt in the near future the attention of capitalists will be called to this country, and the power of destruction which we have passed will give way to the ax or machete. It will be noticed that we have crossed the coast range of mountains in a southerly direction, bearing a line to the east from San Jose, and we are now nearer the ocean. In fact we are within a half hour's walk of the shore. The roar of the breakers can be plainly heard from our camp. We now go to a great bay, the power of destruction that has hit us from the sea, at a point called, Punta Mala. BENI CLUFF, Jr., Rio Savegre, Costa Rica, July 15, 1901.

THE PACIFIC EXPRESS

No. 121 South East Temple St. Salt Lake City, August 31st, 1901.

To whom it may concern: The following goods, remaining on hand, unclaimed or otherwise, addressed as hereinafter, will be sold by public auction to the highest bidder, at the office of the company in this city, on Friday, October 4th, 1901, if not called for and charges and costs paid before said date. Sale to commence at 9:30 a. m. and continue from 9:30 a. m. until sold. J. A. SANBORN, Agent.

Table listing consignees, descriptions of goods, charges, and names and addresses of consignors. Includes entries for Brigham Utah, Cornish Utah, Mercur Utah, Oas Utah, Ogden Utah, Park City Utah, Provo Utah, Salt Lake City Utah, Spanish Fork Utah, and others.

Table listing consignees, descriptions of goods, charges, and names and addresses of consignors. Includes entries for St. Anthony, Idaho, The Dalles, Oregon, The Siding, Wyoming, Union, Oregon, Walla Walla, Wash., Wamsutter, Wyo., Weiser, Idaho, Albion, Neb., Auburn, Neb., Blue Springs, Neb., Barneston, Neb., Beatrice, Neb., Big Springs, Neb., Boulder, Colo., Brighton, Colo., Cheyenne, Wyo., Colorado Springs, Colo., Council Bluffs, Iowa, Denver, Colo., Duluth, Minn., Elkhart, Ind., Evans, W. Va., Fort Collins, Colo., Grand Rapids, Mich., Hartsville, S. C., Houston, Tex., Indianapolis, Ind., Jacksonville, Fla., Kansas City, Mo., Little Rock, Ark., Louisville, Ky., Memphis, Tenn., Miami, Fla., Milwaukee, Wis., Minneapolis, Minn., Mobile, Ala., New Orleans, La., New York, N. Y., Philadelphia, Pa., Portland, Ore., St. Louis, Mo., St. Paul, Minn., Toledo, Ohio, Washington, D. C., Wichita, Kan., and others.

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