

hot and stifling wind began to blow towards us; the thunder rolled above, and, except when the lightning flashed, it was so dark that we could not see the road beneath our feet. Now heavy drops of rain began to fall, and wrapping our ponchos closely round us, we made up our minds for a good soaking. For twenty minutes hail and rain poured down upon us unmercifully, the vivid lightning and clashing thunder right overhead proving that we were in the thick of the storm; but our clever animals, undaunted by the fury of a tempest which they never experience in this form in Chili, plodded patiently on, finding their way with the reins lying loosely on their necks. Then the rain ceased, and we saw the stars shining once more, but, during the rest of our journey, we could trace the course of the retreating storm in the distance. The road seemed interminable, and our legs were so benumbed by the wet, though the rest of our bodies had been perfectly protected by our ponchos, that we frequently dismounted and walked to restore the circulation. Finally we reached a long avenue of poplar trees; several small houses appeared; we heard the barking of dogs or the croaking of frogs, and now and then a lumbering wagon, or a troop of asses on their way across the pampas, would come upon us in the dark like ghosts. Fireflies flitted along the trees, but their flickering light only worried our eyes, already sensitive from the wind, dust and vivid lightning. My legs were so stiff that I had to be assisted to dismount when I wished to do so, for I could not throw my leg over the saddle, and I heartily wished myself at the journey's end. Sometimes I fell asleep as I rode, and would awake with a start, nearly losing my balance, so that, when our guides told us we could pass the rest of the night at a roadside inn, and enter the city next morning, I was only too glad to dispense with the luxury of a hotel, and lie down on my wraps, with my saddle for a pillow, in a yard strewn with sleeping men, women, horses, mules, and dogs. There I slept profoundly until the sun was high in heaven and every one astir. We sent for a cab, and drove into town—and a sorry set we looked, with our dusty clothes, sunburnt faces, and dishevelled hair! A bath was a delight, and the contents of our portmanteaus soon set us to rights. Our toils were at an end. The trip from Los Andes had taken me from the Sunday at 4 p. m. until the following Wednesday at midnight. It is seldom done quicker, even when the roads are in a better state, and, considering that the distance is two hundred and thirty-five miles over mountains and rough country, it was quite a creditable performance. Most to be admired are the endurance and skillfulness of the mules, which make this trip, backwards and forwards, almost constantly, during four or five months of the year.

Though combined with many difficulties, and very fatiguing for persons not used to riding and

camping out, the trip is well worth making, for the magnificent scenery is a sufficient recompense for the toil, apart from the fact that it shortens the route between Europe and Chili by about a week, for the best line of steamers often take more than thirteen days between Monte Video and Valparaiso. The expense of the land route is half the steamer fare.

I remained two days in Mendoza, and found it a large place with broad streets bordered with trees and posse-slug many squares. Some of the houses are really handsome, but all are only one story high, because of earthquakes, which are not frequent here but violent. In 1863 the whole of the old town was destroyed, and twenty thousand persons perished. I visited the ruins, and found among them a few arches and pieces of masonry, which were the remains of two large churches of solid brickwork. All around lay the debris of the fallen houses; the site of the wrecked city had been deserted, the new town having sprung up beside it. It is surrounded by fertile country, with vineyards and corn fields, beyond which lies the dry pampa, flat as a billiard table, and only clothed with tufts of thin grasses. Mendoza has telegraphs, telephones, trainways, and railways running in several directions. The population has lately increased immensely, and one meets with English, Italian and German workmen at every step. The shops seem to drive a roaring trade, and everywhere new houses are being built. We were glad when, on the appointed evening, we deposited ourselves in the Pullman car. For a wonder the train started punctually at 9 p. m., but while we were congratulating ourselves on this circumstance, we suddenly pulled up about two hundred yards out of the station, and stopped there for a considerable time. Next day we crawled slowly along at the rate of about twelve miles an hour, stopping at all the small stations to take in water, as it is owing to the scarcity and bad quality of that liquid, and to the use of wood fuel, that the train cannot go faster. The whole route is unvaried; nothing to be seen but loose earth and low shrubs. We were lucky in having had the rain previously, for generally the dust is fearful. It seems a perfectly desert country, except where a few huts stood near the little stations. Sometimes, when the train toiled up a steep incline, we got out and walked alongside, picking wild flowers and pretty pebbles. We passed the small towns of San Luis and Villa Mercedes, similar in aspect to Mendoza. A restaurant car was booked on to our train at Villa Mercedes, but though this sounds luxurious out in the pampas, it has little charm for the traveler, the fare being bad and ill-served. At night it rained again, and we got wet in our berths. In the morning we were nearing Buenos Ayres; the pampa became more cultivated, the grass-fields were full of cattle, horses and sheep. At about 11 a. m. we reached the outskirts of the city,

passed the enormous cemetery, the parks and elegant suburbs, and finally ran into the grand central station, still about three hours behind time. My experience of the tour was sufficiently favorable to decide me to return some four weeks later by the same route, and meanwhile I felt considerable pleasure in being so much nearer to old England.—*Max Wolfsohn in Gentleman's Magazine.*

MARICOPA STAKE CONFERENCE.

The Maricopa Stake quarterly conference was held at Mesa, June 22d and 23rd. The Stake and wards were well represented by leading Elders but no visitors were present. Aside from the usual business transacted at such gatherings, spirited discourses were delivered by the following brethren: Presidents C. I. Robson, H. C. Rogers and C. F. Hakes, Patriarch B. F. Johnson and Elders J. L. Paterson, H. B. Morris, Jr., G. W. Lewis, T. E. Pomeroy, C. H. Allen, G. W. Ingram and Brother Cashy. They dwelt upon the trials of life and their uses, obedience, self-sacrifice, charity, ancient order of the kingdom with apostasy therefrom, and restoration, education, and the bondage of debt. No better conference was ever held in the Maricopa Stake.

GEO PASSEY,
Clerk.

CHANGING THEIR BEAT.

People often wonder why policemen are suddenly transferred from one section of the city, where they may have walked a beat for years, and know every dark alley and hiding place, as well as every crook in that particular locality, to a part of the city where they have never been save as a citizen. At first glance it does look like an injudicious thing to do, but it is not. Take a patrolman from the West End or South End and put him down in the heart of the city, and he's pretty certain to make a few good captures. West End or South End crooks feel secure when they get away from the locality where they are well known, and the first thing you know they will run right into your arms with all the evidences of guilt upon them. There is another advantage in these changes, which I believe should be more frequent, and that is, that the policemen become familiar with all sections of the city and thus are rendered more valuable in any emergency.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The funny pictures of the census man and the maiden lady who is asked her age are well enough; but it isn't the maiden lady alone who keeps the year of her age a secret. Married women and widows no more reveal the date of their birth than do women who are single. Of all the inaccurate information for which Uncle Samuel is paying, none will be so faulty as that which relates to feminine ages. But if Uncle Samuel is so foolish as to pry into the private affairs of the ladies, he deserves no better treatment.