

IN CENTRAL BOLIVIA.

The Youthful Cure of Chulumani—Forgotten Wealth in Ancient Sanctuaries.

Special Correspondence.
Chulumani, Bolivia, Aug. 4.—To have visited the capital of Bolivia, a mining region or two, and to have made a tour of observation into one of its interior valleys, is equivalent to having seen every rod of the republic; for through-out its vast extent are few variations, except those caused by altitude, in changes of climate and different industries pursued by the people. So very tries the atmosphere of La Paz, at an elevation of over 13,000 feet, that the traveler finds it difficult to believe himself really within the tropics and to realize that it was not for these mountain ranges topped with eternal snow, the whole country would be like this Yungas valley, filled with sunshine and luxuriant vegetation.

Chulumani, capital of the province of Yungas, is a typical town of interior Bolivia. With a population of only about 2,500, it covers nearly as much space as the city of Philadelphia. Having been built haphazardly up and down the hillside, a birdseye view makes its roofs of different tiles which were long since turned by time from dull red to mossy green and gray, appear to be piled directly on top of one another. As in all Spanish America, the building material is adobe, stone and plaster, very little wood being used, even the floors being generally of tiles, bricks or cement. Except the huts of the Indians, all are enormous structures, sometimes rambling around two or three inner courts; and though many of them contain several shops and shelter a number of families, there is nowhere those comfortable little houses in demand in the north, which can be furnished at small cost and easily kept in order. Here the newly married pair take a cane, large and heavy, for a garb, or live in rooms above some shop, or remain with the old folk, according to their taste and means.

Perhaps that accounts for the fact that most of the great houses are scantily furnished, their long and lofty apartments looking as bare and cheerless as so many empty halls, without a trace of that cozy home-like which American housewives delight to produce. Though the Spanish language is said to be the richest in the world as "home," nor anything nearer to it than hogar (hearth), which really signifies nothing in that direction, since in all South America, among rich and poor, in the highland and the lowlands, there is not a hearth to sit by, nor a stove, grate or other contrivance in which a fire may be built for warmth and cheerfulness.

NO HOTELS OR RESTAURANTS.

Though Chulumani is the capital of an important province, it contains neither hotel nor tambo; therefore all travelers must depend upon private hospitality. Through letters of introduction, our party was received with open arms into the house of a friend, where several rooms were assigned to us and the best food the land affords provided for our entertainment. The worst of it is that one generous hostess would feel grievously insulted if money were offered in return for their hospitality. Gifts are received, however, under the guise of regals or souvenirs of friends and one must be careful about the country a regular Yankee peddler's stock of "notions" to distribute in payment for his board. The arrival of strangers, and especially of Americans, creates an immense sensation in these isolated communities, and in our walks abroad, though escorted by the Jefe Político, whose office corresponds to that of mayor in the United States, besides the local doctor and the cure—the three most influential persons in the district—we were followed by a gaping crowd which increased at every turn. Outside of our own party there was not an English speaking person in the whole department of Yungas.

QUAINT INSTITUTE OF LEARNING.

There is nothing of greater interest to be seen in Chulumani than the quaint old town itself. The only manufactory it so may be called, is an establishment where cocoas leaves are pressed into 25 pound bales, by a primitive machine in the hands of four Indians. There is but one sign-board in the city, and that is where it is least needed, on the "Instituto," or Catholic college; a blue-painted strip, whose golden letters are in the form of books, with an ink stand stuck full of pens for a period, and a third line is an establishment for the boys' upper, and precisely at 7 o'clock on every day of the week but Sunday, school begins, and holds till 5 in the afternoon. The institute, being across the narrow street directly opposite our bed-room window, we are awakened every morning by childish voices piping a Catholic hymn and all day long we have the benefit of the lessons as according to universal custom in these southern countries, the children study aloud, this one shouting out their arithmetic, that one his grammar, and a third his Latin. The scholars are of all classes, from the well-dressed sons of the Jefe to bare-footed Indian children. Some of the boys are designed for the priesthood and all are sedulously trained in the Catholic route to heaven. That the path is somewhat thorny is evidenced by the frequent sound of blows and the wailings of some poor urchin. Then there is the market place, always crowded with Indians and Cholos, where all the merchandise that reaches this secluded spot is exposed for sale in open booths, or on the ground, from Indian embroidery and Peruvian fabrics, to meats, fruits and vegetables.

A YOUTHFUL CURATE.

The cure of Chulumani is a character

not to be passed without mention. Barely 24 years of age, remarkably handsome in a dark, sharp-featured face, educated far beyond the ken of his associates, and with almost unlimited power in his little world, his outlook upon life is certainly not a gloomy one. After mass, his youthful excellency called upon us, in long black gown and silky wide-brimmed hat, tied up at the sides, shovel fashion, with black cord and tassels. Conversation languished somewhat because of our imperfect knowledge of Spanish but the cure managed to make us understand that every Sunday he makes a kind of musical reunion was held at his house in which his friends participated, and invited us to join the company.

Well, we went, though only for half an hour, having been nearly scared out of going by reports that reached us in the interim. The cure's well furnished drawing room contains a fine piano, (how in the world did he ever get it here over those awful Andean trails?) a cabinet organ, guitars, mandolins, violins, and other musical instruments. Our Spanish-American genius rendered some operatic selections, the house-servants were called in to give us a specimen of native music, and our visit was concluded with the most pleasant impressions on all sides. It came out afterwards, however, that we did not see anything of the real entertainment of the evening, for our musical friend, understanding the ways of his countrymen better than we, and that their ways are not our ways, slipped over beforehand and posted the priest as to what are not Sunday customs among the Americans, and then judiciously hurried to bed, before many of the guests arrived and the dancing and wine-drinking began. I mention this not to defame the boy cure, who no doubt lives up to his lights, but to give my readers to remember that in many lands there are other customs than ours regarding the Sabbath and its obligations. Here the people do not reserve their outward piety for that day alone, but go to church every day in the year; and look upon the seventh day as one of recreation and amusement, after morning service has been religiously attended.

This interesting cure has another house in the adjacent village of Chiroa, his proper home, wherein we breakfasted in course of our journey, when the master was absent. Such a quiet abode in the livingroom above, the animal stable below, the walls of the patio painted with life-size soldiers in yellow and blue, rampant lions with yellow manes and emerald eyes, and other striking devices. Under a bench in the room where we breakfasted, I observed a suit of armor, breast-plate, helmet and all, which had probably belonged to some crusading ancestor. There were scraps of wonderful tapestry on the walls, and rare old pictures, though the floors were bare and the furniture of the simplest character. Among a pile of books, Catholic Breviary and ponderous tomes in Greek and Latin, were many specimens of modern literature in nearly every language but English, including M. Zola's latest and nastiest. How out of place the handsome cure must look amid such surroundings, and what an example he affords of the effect of education, of having eaten of the "fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil," or perhaps of the phrase, "a little learning is a dangerous thing!" His mother whom we naturally mistook for a servant in a dirty black cotton dress and mania, with a man's hat on her head, did not speak during our stay, but sat on a rude bench absorbed in smoking cigarette after cigarette.

PICTURESQUE VILLAGE OF CHIROA.

Chiroa is the most picturesque village I have yet seen, perched on an outstretched arm of the Andes, with

lofty heights on every hand. Its beautiful church, inclosed within a wall as high as itself, with a huge wooden gate facing the plaza, is surrounded by a luxuriant garden of roses and orange trees. The main church, which has now mostly fallen into disuse except by Indians who straggle in to say their prayers, has some remarkable images. The one which receives the most attention is a figure of Christ, about four feet high, attired in white cotton "mother Hubbard," with one foot protruding, the great toe of which has actually been worn off by the knees of worshippers. Another image represents Christ about three feet high and about as broad, attired in a magnificent cloth-of-gold gown with long train, and on the head a mass of rent hair (yellow) falling below the knees. The pride of the place is in an upper hall of the church and reached by an outside stairway, in which worship is conducted on all fiesta days. Its altar is completely covered with pure silver, beaten and carved into various rife designs. Before it hangs a splendid curtain of cloth-of-gold and upon it are placed life-size figures most richly dressed and blazing with jewels. The virgin is particularly gorgeous, having jewels wrought all over her white robes and on her head a tall golden crown thickly set with diamonds and emeralds, the whole encircled by an enormous halo, which resembles the half of a cartwheel, the spokes turned outward, all of Bolivian gold.

FANNIE B. WARD.

THE BEST WAY TO TRAVEL.

"How do you travel, Miss Lydia Prim?" "Never by water, I cannot swim." "And if I could, I should die of fright. For the fishes, I hear, know how to bite. The railroad, too, is well in a way. But there are accidents every day; and if we should chance to have a spill, I fear I would be very ill. Nor yet by trolley, for you see how very dangerous it would be. If just a little they will run. Should set the trolley car afire. In the rush and scramble to get out, I should be dreadfully jerked about. To ride alone on a horse or wheel. How very, very queer it would feel. But horses, I hear, have a habit of going away. I'd surely regret it all my days. For if they started to run, you see, I should be very badly injured. I know 'tis a splendid thing to ride. But, oh, dear me! if the least it awakes, 'Twould be most trying to tender nerves. Indeed," said Miss Lydia Prim, "the best When courage gives out, to stay home and rest. And if I should really pine for the air, I'll sit on the porch in a rocking chair." —Georgia Clay.

CROUP.

Usually begins with the symptoms of a common cold, there is chills, sneezing, sore throat, hot skin, quick pulse, hoarseness and impeded respiration. Give frequent small doses of Ballard's Horehound Syrup. (The child will cry for it) and at the first sign of a croupy cough, apply frequently Ballard's Snow Liniment externally to the throat. See at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

SEPTEMBER.

September is the place where meet. The autumn's hush, the summer's heat; Where hill and vale and forest lie And back beneath a turner's sky. Or dream soft dreams through glowing mist And vales of limpid amethyst— The while the year her vernal gown Illuminates in gold and brown. And crowns her locks of amber hue With nimbus of the aster's blue. —Jeanette Campbell, in Sunset Magazine.

SIXTY-EIGHTH DIVIDEND.

Z. C. M. I., Salt Lake City, September 15th, 1903. At a meeting of the Directors held today the regular semi-annual dividend of four per cent and an extra dividend of two per cent was declared upon the capital stock of this institution of record, September 25th, both payable on and after October 15th to stockholders personally upon presentation of their stock certificates, or upon their written order.

T. G. WEBBER, Secy.

WHAT TO EAT.

Valuable Suggestions for the Kitchen and Dining Room.

This matter will be found to be entirely different from and superior to the usual run of food articles in that every item is of the highest quality and eminently practical. Conducted by Katherine Kutz, Marquette Building, Chicago, to whom all inquiries should be addressed. All rights reserved by Banning Co., Chicago.

Menus for Next Three Days.

SUNDAY.

BREAKFAST.
Cereal
Fanned Spring Chicken
Dainty Rolls
Cantaloupes
Cream
Coffee

DINNER.

Chicken and Rice Soup
Roast Chicken, Giblet Gravy
Baked Stuffed Tomatoes
Celery Mayonnaise Salad
Peach Sponge With Whipped Cream
Cheese
Coffee

SUPPER.

Scalloped Oysters
Cream Muffins
Fruit Compote
Layer Cake
Chocolate

MONDAY.

BREAKFAST.
Baked Apples
Cereal
Scrambled Creamed Eggs
Queen Muffins
Cream
Coffee

LUNCHEON.

Chicken Cutlets with Green Peas
Raisin Loaf
Sponge Cake
Tea

DINNER.

Cream of Celery Soup
Boiled Leg of Lamb, Capers Sauce
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Stewed Tomatoes
Lettuce Salad
Peach Short Cake
Cheese
Coffee

TUESDAY.

BREAKFAST.
Toad Gem Melons
Cereal
Plain Omelet
Breakfast Rolls
Cream
German Fried Potatoes
Coffee

BREAKFAST.

Creamed Oysters and Mushrooms
Cucumber and Onion Salad
Peach Sponge
Chocolate

DINNER.

St. Germain Soup
Maryland Chicken
Creamed Lima Beans
String Bean Salad
Grape Sponge
Wafers
Coffee

PEARS.

The pear is one of the best fruits cultivated in the temperate zone and is justly esteemed one of the finest table fruits. In form and coloring place the esthetic sense and its sweetness and flavor gratify the taste. The small amount of acid and large amount of sugar makes it an admirable fruit to serve with any milk combination and with breakfast foods and cream. Summer pears should be picked as soon as they mature, for if they are allowed to ripen on the trees they are worthless. They become mellow and soft

if kept in a dark room or closet covered with a blanket, and many varieties may be preserved for a long time in this way. The food value of the pear, though differing in character from the apple, amounts to about the same. It has less gum and pectine but more sugar.

Pear Pulp for Ice Cream and Ices.
Select fine juicy Bartlett pears, wipe and core, but do not peel them. Crush them in a fruit press and squeeze through a coarse bag made of stout crash, then strain through cheesecloth into a bowl. Juice in a stone jar and place in a cool place over night or the juice may be placed in an agate saucepan and placed over a very low flame and cooked until the juice is reduced more than two-thirds. Is of a thick jelly-like consistency. Do not add sugar as no additions are required.

Pear Pulp for Ice Cream and Ices.
Select fine ripe pears, peel, core and cut in pieces. Place in the preserving kettle and add a very little water and simmer until tender and very soft, rub through a sieve, measure the pulp and return to the kettle. To each pint allow one-quarter of a pound of granulated sugar, boil until very thick, and seal.

Baked Pears.
Remove the blossom and any imperfect spots or knots from hard or imperfect pears. Pack them in good sized stone jars and cover with equal parts of water and molasses. Put them in a very slow oven, if possible over night and cook until very tender and red all through. When they have reached this condition turn them into the preserving kettle, heat to boiling point and can.

Pears a la Conde.
Halve, peel and core large ripe pears and simmer in weak syrup until tender. Wash one cupful of rice and cook in double boiler in just as much sweet milk as it will absorb, until the rice is tender and quite dry. Turn the rice into a slightly buttered mold and shake until well packed down then turn out on a serving dish and set aside to cool. Just before serving taste some of the syrup in which the fruit was cooked over the rice and arrange the fruit around the base, and on the top. Serve the remainder of the syrup in a separate server. A teaspoonful of vanilla is added to the milk in which the rice is cooked.

Branded Pears.
Peel firm but ripe pears, leaving on the stems. Weigh the fruit, allowing one pound of best granulated sugar to each pound of pears. But the sugar in the preserving kettle with enough water to just dissolve it. When the syrup boils put in the pears and simmer until tender enough for a straw to pierce them, then place the pears on platters. Let the syrup boil until thick, having first added a small bag of spices, stick cinnamon and cloves, first removing the soft heads from the cloves. The syrup should boil very rapidly, in the meantime fill glass jars two-thirds full of the pears, then add the brandy to the syrup and remove at once from the fire. Pour boiling hot over the fruit, allowing the syrup to overflow the jars, and seal at once. Allow one pint of the best brandy to every four pounds of fruit.

Pear and Apple Marmalade.
Peel ripe juicy pears, core and cut in small pieces; place in the preserving kettle and allow three-quarters of a pound of the best cane sugar to each pound of the fruit, and half a cup of water for each pound of sugar; place over the fire and when it boils add the remainder of the fruit, then mash fine and allow to boil, stirring carefully at intervals to prevent burning, until the whole is a jelly mass, and thick, take from the fire and fill tumblers or small jars. When cold seal as for jellies.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' FREE BOOK CHANCE!

All boys and girls into whose homes the Saturday News comes, are invited to try their hands at this puzzle. For the first three correct answers received through the mail (none others considered) THE DESERET NEWS BOOK STORE will give a free story book, a standard work, neatly printed and well bound. The names of the three winners, with the solution of the puzzle, will be printed in the following issue of the Saturday News. Cut out the picture, mark plainly the location of the various objects you find, and address it to the

DESERET NEWS BOOK STORE, PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

Last week's winners were: Dale Haver, 322 West Second North; Miss Lily Elkins, 653 West Fourth North; W. L. White, Jr., 1244 East South Temple. SOLUTION OF THE PUZZLE OF THE MOTH EATEN WIZARD.

The missing words of this puzzle are as follows: Throne, Sword, Elephant, Elephants, Sun and Basket.

By using the lower right corner of the picture as base, one of the Prince's attendants is found in this corner. With the right side of the picture as base, a second is found toward the lower right, formed in the foliage. By using the upper part of this picture as base, another can be found about one-half way up toward the left. A fourth can also be found from this point to the right of the Prince's cloak. By using the left side of the picture as base, the last of the attendants is found, formed in the drapery at the top of the king's throne.



THE ONLY REAL THING.

Supply the Missing Words by Objects Illustrating Them in the Picture. Also, Find the Four Snake Charmers Who Impersonated the Four-Headed Giant.

Once upon a time there was a snake charmer with three - - - - and he always had large audiences to witness his wonderful performances. Owing to his numerous - - - - he could charm more snakes at one time than any other charmer in the profession, and consequently wherever he pitched his - - - - there was nothing doing with the other snake charmers in that locality. This state of affairs continued for a long time, and as there was no prospect of matters improving, the rival snake charmers got together to see what could be done to put the wonder with three - - - - out of the business.

After this meeting they all disappeared, and the three-headed snake charmer had everything to himself, till one day there came an immense Giant with four heads, eight arms, eight legs and a single body. He pitched his - - - - opposite to that of the three-headed charmer, and the next day the public was invited to witness his wonderful

feats of snake charming. In a short time the tables were turned and the three-headed charmer was left with no audience at all, so that the poor fellow was soon quite broken-hearted. Now, as he had always treated his performing snakes very kindly, they naturally felt a great deal of compassion for him in his sorrow, and determined to do what they could to help him out of his trouble. So that night while their master slept they all crept out of the - - - - and, crawling away to the - - - - went to the loneliest, dreariest part of it. There they found a large cave filled with all sorts of snakes, to whom they told the object of their visit.

The sympathy of the cave snakes being enlisted, they decided to help the three-headed charmer, who had always treated his snakes so kindly. So they scurried away to the - - - - of the four-headed Giant, whom they found asleep, as it was not yet day. Seizing his performing snakes, they were dragged quickly from their - - - - and in the place of each crawled a huge boa constrictor. After the boas were

snugly fixed in their new quarters, the Giant's snakes were carried off to the cave and made prisoners.

At the usual hour the next day the Giant opened his - - - - to the public. When the time came to start the performance he was amazed at the great size of the snakes, and could not understand what had caused the - - - - to change so in size and appearance in one night, but as the large audience was waiting he was compelled to go on with the performance without giving the matter further thought. So, raising his - - - - he took eight little - - - - and began playing the tunes which in the past had always charmed the snakes and set them performing. To his amazement he found that he no longer had power to charm them, for they never moved till in his rage he brought his - - - - down on the head of one of them. This was the signal for the other snakes to take part, and, springing upon him, he was soon completely in their coils and unable to move hands, feet or head. By this time the noise and commotion had reached the - - - - of the three-headed snake charmer, and he hurried over to see what was the matter. At a glance he saw what was to be done, and, drawing

forth a small - - - - - he played furiously, for he did not want to see the snakes destroy the four-headed Giant, even though he was his rival in business. Soon the snakes began to succumb to the power of the three-headed charmer's charming, and commenced to uncoil themselves from the Giant's body, though each kept a tight hold of some part of his raiment. One uncoiled to the north, one to the south and the others to the east and west, and, freeing themselves from his body, they gave a great bound backward, and as each pulled a different way, they rent his garments asunder, and lo! there rolled out, not the body of a huge four-headed Giant, but the four rival snake charmers who had bound themselves together in such a way that the people mistook them for one person. Now, when the three-headed snake charmer saw what an imposition had been worked on him and the people, he immediately ceased playing, and the snakes, no longer under the power of his charming, seized the imposters and carried them off, and from that time the - - - - of the three-headed snake charmer was hardly large enough to hold his audiences, for the people realized that he was the only real thing.

Unlike other cereals it is not confined to use with cream.

"The most perfect of all foods"

Makes the best toast because it is a network of shreds --each shred being highly porous--thus permitting an even and thorough application of heat. As cream toast or with a poached egg it is never "soggy."

Being a natural food it has perfect affinity with all fruits and vegetables, and served with preserves, jelly, honey or maple syrup, makes a palate-charming dessert. Shredded Wheat is the only naturally porous food made from wheat.

Fresh from our ovens daily. Sold by all grocers.

THE NATURAL FOOD CO., NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.

Your grandfather lived on natural foods—his bones were strong, his muscle good—he was a perfect physical man.