

ENTERTAINED BY
HOSPITABLE INDIANS.Travels of Brigham Young Academy Exploring Expedition
in Wilds of Central America.

Beautiful Natural Scenery—Among the Boruca and Terrabas Indians—Crude Manner of Living, While, by Industry, They Might Become Wealthy—Fidelity of a Devoted Padre.

FROM Coronado, near the sea shore and close to Punta Mala, our trail led up the Rio Grande de Terraba, and through one of the most beautiful valleys we have seen. For two days we traveled over a level country, and at times along the bank of the river. The natives say that from the river to the mountain is only a day's travel, so the valley is two days' travel long and one day's wide. It is as large, also, on the other side of the river as on this. As a rule the land is level, but at times slightly rolling, and always rich and productive. The present growth of timber is immense, and much of it is good saw timber. The forest abounds in game, especially wild hogs, chachaco, as they are called, and wild turkey, parrot.

On the second day we reached a little ranch called Palmarosa, where we found some fellow travelers, but they were ascending the river in canoes. They had plantains, some of which we purchased, as our supply was getting low. Passing Palmarosa, we went on five miles to shorten the next day, which at best would be a hard one, and pitched our tent on the bank of the river, where a sandy ridge supplied excellent feed for our animals. We had no more than got our tent in order when one of those tropical showers broke over us and until long after dark the rain poured down in torrents. Our fire would have been put out but we hurriedly made a shed for it, and thus secured our supply.

To relieve we had to undress outside, and incidentally we took a shower bath; but a dry towel, and a dry change of linen soon made us comfortable, and we rested well in spite of the heavy rain.

The next morning the clouds had cleared away, but the river had risen about four feet, and part of the point on which our mules were feeding was under water. This morning we received a scare that we shall long remember. I noticed three of our mules in the water eating the cane, but took little thought of them until they began to work out to what I thought was a dangerous point. The Indian went after them, but instead of being able to turn them, the mules struck out and soon were swimming for the other shore. The river was a thousand yards wide, and full of alligators, and we feared for their lives. The Indian declared, however, that he saw them land on the other shore, and so far they were safe. But how to get them back was the question. And if we should lose them on which our mules were feeding was we would have a tramp of at least two hundred miles before we could get others, and even then we might not get any, for mules are very scarce in this country.

I went back to Palmarosa, when after waiting several hours, I obtained a native and a canoe, and we made our way up the river, though slowly, as the current was very swift. It was getting late when we reached the point where the mules crossed, and I began to fear we would not be able to find them, when to our delight we saw them safely on this side of the river in a large cane patch. They had recrossed the stream during the day. With a sigh of relief, I landed, cut a path for them to the general pathway and drove them to camp.

During the most of next day our trail was up a mountain, or rather a series of mountains. We climbed three thousand feet from the river, and at times the climbing was so steep that the animals could take but a few steps at a time. We were ascending the coast range again.

BEAUTIFUL NATURAL SCENERY.

On top we saw most beautiful drapings of vines. From tree to tree, bending, looping, twisting around each other, hanging in festoons, the vines were a profusion to please the most aesthetic. To add to their beauty, they were covered with a beautiful moss, and the scene was also moss-covered. At this point, almost every day the year, a mist covers the forest, and this accounts for the luxuriant growth of moss. At 4 o'clock, we reached the little town of Boruca, and as the Indians seemed interested, we decided to stay with them a day or so and make their acquaintance.

AMONG THE BORUCA INDIANS.

We found them a very pleasant people, docile, kind and gentle. They have great respect for foreigners, especially for Americans, and seemed to take to us from the first. As there was much sickness among the children, we were soon besieged by the mothers for remedies, and as we had some quinine, sweet oil and a little salubrious, we had the satisfaction of giving them some aid. To our gratification several of the children were reported as much better when we left. The alcalde bused himself in getting food for us and corn for our animals, no small chore for the natives, as they have no more on hand than they needed for their own use, or, I better say, they had as little as possible to get along with. This official managed in some way to get us what we needed, and we fared well.

The Borucas number about seven hundred. They still speak their own language, though the Spanish school in their midst now is fast making the Spanish language popular. All the leading men, however, speak the Spanish. In stature they are below the medium, but are stoutly built. Their hair is not coarse and is often wavy. Their features are somewhat coarse, though we saw many very good looking ones among them. They have but one village, but some are living along the sea shore, others in Coronado, and a few along the river. All of these speak of Boruca as their home. Their houses are built of thatched roofs and sticks stood up on end for walls. Sometimes there is an attempt at plastering. Their beds consist of cane laid on a frame, or sometimes merely a large log squashed down. In one place a man slept on

a bench which was about a foot too short for him. Providing for personal comfort seems to concern them much. Their food consists of corn, beans, and plantains, the last article forming in the scarcity of corn the principal diet. They do not grind their corn, as do the people further north, but mash it by rolling a semi-circular rock weighing about twenty pounds, back and forth over it.

The men dress in overalls and shirt. The women wear a little jacket, and a cotton blanket of their own manufacture. This is tucked tightly around the waist and is used to hold it up. They grow the cotton, clean it, card it, spin it, and weave the cloth. It takes a woman one month to make a skirt, and when made the skirt sells for nine dollars. It is very durable, but coarse. Often there are decorations of the peculiar Indian fashion woven into the cloth, and the Indian women take much pride in their new skirts as ours do in the silks and satins.

They also manufacture a hat, quite a superior article, out of a rush similar to that out of which the Panamas are made. A good hat costs three dollars. Their stock and herds are not numerous, but they have stock and some horses. The oxen are made beasts of burden and not infrequently we saw them with a pack on their back, and once we rode with a woman on top of the pack. Chickens are plentiful; pigs and dogs, both as thin and poor as beasts can be and live, are abundant.

The location of the town is beautiful. In a high rolling valley, the vast range over which we had crossed on one side, and the back bone of the continent on the other, it has a picturesque appearance that immediately interests the stranger. The hills, where not covered with timber, are waving with grass, or are dotted with corn and plantain fields. The soil is rich and with a little ambition and industry these people could soon become wealthy, for the river furnishes an easy high-way to market—Punta Arenas. But they are content as they are, they are as happy as can be, for in almost every house you can hear singing and even music of an evening, and each as they pass on the streets has a pleasant salute. So why bother with riches and wealth, and all that, when they have happiness without them?

The alcalde reported on Friday that he could not find a guide, and incidentally asked how much we were willing to pay one. We wanted a guide to take us to Poso Real, we told him we would pay a dollar. After thinking a few moments he said he guessed he would go with us. Afterwards two or three applied for the position. I think the great trouble was not in getting a guide, but in wondering how much we would pay.

A DEVOTED PADRE.

On Saturday, therefore, early in the morning, we were on the road. After a mile or so we were overtaken by the padre, a German, about 25 years old, and of good education. He had a companion, also a German, who acted as his assistant. This young man had lived eight years in Ecuador, but had recently been banished, and was now placed over the Terrabas and Boruca Indians. He speaks English a little, having lived in the United States about a year. Here is devotion to religion that no one can help but admire. A young man, talented, educated, that might do well among these degraded Indians. Unless called away, he says he will live and die here, spending his days in instructing and watching over his several flocks, for he has three towns in his care.

We parted in an hour, he taking the trail to Terraba, and we turning to the right towards the river.

Poso Real is the name of the ford on the Rio Grande, the river up which we have been coming since leaving Coronado. There are a half dozen houses scattered around, and a few head of stock on the immense fields of grass that spread out in all directions. In ancient times this valley was thickly populated, as ample evidence indicates, and doubtless there was a large city. The mounds are numerous, and on a point not far from the houses where we are stopping is a cemetery containing many graves. The natives tell us that in these mounds, and often in the graves as well, gold ornaments are found, sometimes made in the form of animals, such as monkeys, alligators, birds, etc. They find no silver. The gold-hunter has been here for many of the graves and mounds have been opened.

We arrived about noon, having come early in the hope of crossing the river before night, but nothing is done in a hurry, and the canoe will not be ready for us until Monday. We must be content, therefore, and await the pleasure of our Indian friends.

THE TERRABAS INDIANS.

These Indians are the Terrabas, very similar to the Borucas, but even more so, though they have lived, perhaps, for generations within four hours' walk of each other, yet their languages are so different they cannot understand each other except as they use Spanish. They never intermarry, never associate with each other. There are no quarrels, no feuds, and no one can remember when there was ever any strife between the tribes. In reality, they live in the same valley, though there is a low range of hills separating them, and they live on the same river. The Terrabas, however, while the Borucas go down the river to the sea coast. It is not unlikely that anciently the Borucas occupied the lower valley, but as they decreased, came gradually to live in the higher valley, and that the Terrabas occupied the mountainous east of San Jose.

We had only got unpacked and settled when we noticed in a dark corner of the room a little girl not more than five years old, on a bed of cane, rolling and tossing and groaning in the agony of fever. Occasionally the lady would scold her, or tell her to keep still, but further than that she received no attention. On Friday we learned that she was an orphan, and a grandchild to the old people. She immediately attracted our sympathy, and I asked that I might give her some medicine. The request was instantly granted. In fact, the woman felt pleased that I had medicine to give. I gave the child

a small dose of sweet oil and some quinine, she was relieved from pain and in half an hour the little one was asleep, perhaps the first sleep she had had for some time.

WENJ. CLUFF, JR.
Poso Real, Costa Rica, July 28, 1901.

TAKEN FOR AN ANARCHIST.
Vanderbilt Arrested by Detectives While Waiting to See Queen.

William K. Vanderbilt's desire to see the young queen of Holland launched him into an ocean of trouble.

He and a party, consisting of Mr. Hoyt and Mr. and Mrs. Harriman, left Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht Valiant at Rotterdam the other day and went to Amsterdam, intending to spend a week in traveling leisurely on slow canal boats among the quiet villages of Friesland and Groningen provinces. But when Mr. Vanderbilt saw the accommodations (or lack of them) the party would have to put up with aboard the mule-towed barge selected he turned up his nose, saying that such a primitive life had no charm for him. So he abandoned his companions to their search for picturesque scenes and went by himself, first to Delft, where he secured a superb collection of old porcelain and Scheveningen, a suburb of this city, and a fashionable seashore resort.

The day after his arrival at Scheveningen, as he was wandering near the royal residence, he noticed a small group of strange men here and there along the road, and asked a peasant what it meant. Being told that Queen Wilhelmina was just convalescent and was expected to drive past, Mr. Vanderbilt took a position where he could get a good view. But after awaiting a long time, impatiently waiting up and down, he several times asked men, who proved to be police detectives in disguise, if they were sure the queen was coming, what was delaying and why she always protected this way. His nervous manner and interminable, jerky questioning broke language, finally aroused suspicion, and, despite his protests, the millionaire was invited to go to the Hague and explain himself to the burgomaster.

He had to walk the whole distance, two or three miles, and when half way he aggravated his case in offering money to obtain his release.

The officials at The Hague spoke English, and were easily convinced that Mr. Vanderbilt was no malefactor. When the overzealous detectives had been reprimanded they were asked the reason for making so stupid an arrest. They offered no other excuse than that Mr. Vanderbilt looked and behaved like an anarchist.—Special Dispatch to the Enquirer.

MAMMOTH CAVE IN ILLINOIS THAT SURPASSES KENTUCKY'S.

Illinois has a mammoth cave more wonderful than the famous grotto of Kentucky. It has lofty halls, jeweled with stalactites that sparkle in the light of torches, says the Chicago Record-Herald. Its caverns are musical with the tinkling of waterfalls. Its great rocks are carved into a thousand fantastic forms by the waters that worked for ages at the task. Its broad floor is dotted with mighty stalagmites, rising like marble columns forty feet high to the ceiling above, overwhelming testimony to the marvelous magic of water falling, drop by drop, for ages. Through the dark and mysterious recesses of the cave steals a silent river, sometimes spreading over the floor and again lost in unexplorable recesses. The sunlight is never reflected from its rippling surface, no green plants grow upon its border and no tiny inhabitants are without the gift of eyes, for they would be of no use.

This cave is within an hour's ride of St. Louis, and yet it has been practically unknown until recently. It is located near Burkville, eleven miles from Red Bud, twenty-one years ago J. W. Helber, William Helber and J. J. Helber explored the cave seven miles in one direction and five miles in another. After that few men ventured inside its gloomy caverns for years, and its existence was almost forgotten, the memory of its wonders being little more than a legend. Julia Helber of Red Bud planned a trip of exploration recently, during which the cave was penetrated a distance of six miles and all the wonders of tradition confirmed. Some chambers had stalagmites as big as around as barrels at the base and tapering to pin points above. Others were notable for beautiful stalactites hanging in clusters from the ceiling.

Within ten yards of the entrance the passage widened to a room of great dimensions. The roof was thirty feet above the floor. The rocks failed to show the walls. This room is without ornament. The explorers walked for 20 feet along a narrow way, when an ante-room was reached containing the "Indian Head." From one side of a smooth wall jutted a black stone image that portrayed an Indian warrior's head with surprising distinctness. The strong nose, the high cheek bones and the deep eyes were all clear. The sculptor's knife might equal but not excel this likeness. A trickling stream was probably started before Columbus sailed. Atom by atom the black in-

crease crystallized until the picture was complete.

From the "Indian Head" the passage again narrows. At the end is a chamber of white stalactites extending from either side of the room. A short distance from this chamber an avenue leads off to the "Grave Yard." This avenue for a distance of 100 yards is bordered by the "Grave Yard" is reached. The floor of this chamber is composed of innumerable stalactites from thirty to sixty feet long, and from these extend thousands of smaller stalactites. "Heaven" is the name given to the roof, as the innumerable white points resemble stars when lights are reflected on them. The avenue has been named "Dead Man's Gulch."

Tracing through the "Dripping Springs" one can hear the steady drip of unseen springs. Here is the "Alligator Rock," so named from the shape of its twenty feet long spanning the creek.

The passage onward from "Dripping Springs" ends in a magnificent hall with a wonderful pile of stalactites projecting nearly to the roof. "Columbian Dome" is the name given to this mass of crystal rock. A thousand stalactites were bled together before the mass was complete. The roof is a wonderful pile of stalactites of ice in and around the crystal mass indicate the manner in which it was shaped.

A pathway leads to the "Queen's Drawing Room." The roof is hidden in darkness and torches fall to penetrate. Here can be heard the roar of falling water. As the explorer passes on the noise grows louder and of a deeper tone. The sound indicates a subterranean Niagara. One reaches a granite room. The sound of falling water seems to come from all sides. This is "Cascade Hall." Flashes in the wall show that instead of one great waterfall a hundred small cascades combine their melody into one grand harmony. Each waterfall is hidden in a fissure almost too narrow to admit passage. The hidden music is echoed from side to side till the walls vibrate in unison.

The "Grand Pipe Organ" and the "King's Arsenal," two beautiful groups of stalactites, are near "Cascade Hall." Springs from a rock fifty-nine feet

high, a hundred stalactites, thin and fragile as macaroni stems, extend downward until they touch a ledge of limestone shaped like the keyboard of a gigantic organ. The solemn hush of the great hall and the jeweled stalactites at the far end complete the illusion. One may fancy he stands in a lofty cathedral. The torch becomes a swinging censur. The stalactites in the "King's Arsenal" join stalactites until the resemblance to a great hall stacked with muskets is revealed to the eyes.

After leaving the "King's Arsenal" one comes to the "Giant's Mushroom." The likeness of the mushroom could not be improved upon, as it stands there fully ten feet tall. The top resembles the finest of imported lace studded with diamonds when the lights are reflected upon it.

A long distance from the entrance to this hall is the "Diadem," a crown of dazzling white stone that hangs over the hall in solitary grandeur. A long, wide hall leads to the "Auditorium," an immense room so named because a thousand people could be accommodated with ease.

"Crystal Springs" are five miles from the entrance. It is here that tourists and visitors are required to retrace their steps unless their boots are taken. The guide, a Mr. Bruce, made an exploration six miles farther from this point, but failed to find the end. Among the recent visitors was a civil engineer, who said the cavern extended into the Missouri hills under the bed of the Mississippi river.

The cave is not without its romantic legends, and one of these is related by the guide when an exploring party reaches the "Columbian Dome." About forty years ago an unfortunate Frenchman and a friend entered the cave to make an exploration. In the evening the oil in their lanterns gave out. They were compelled to grope about in the dark, and eventually they lost their way. After searching for eighteen hours for an outlet they became nearly exhausted. One of them said: "I am too weak to go any farther, and as you still have strength left leave me here and perhaps you may yet find your way out." This advice was heeded, and the unfortunate Frenchman was carefully laid upon one of the many ledges near "Dead Man's Gulch." His friend placed a red handkerchief upon one of the many boulders in the stream near by and continued his search for light.

After two hours of suffering, his hands and body being cut and bruised by coming in contact with needle-pointed stalactites, he saw a light. It proved to be the mouth of the cave, out of which he made his escape. He

had not gone very far when he fell from exhaustion and went to sleep. Toward evening he awoke, and immediately entered the cave prepared for a fifteen hours' search. Half after hall was searched, but no trace of the man or handkerchief could be found. The search was repeated for several days, but was finally given up. The people upon the entity continued to comment upon the strange disappearance of the Frenchman, when a hunter from the Kawaskia settlement made his appearance. The story was told to him. The hunter said that he had heard of Kawaskia to visit it and came up from the cave he noticed a handkerchief lying upon one of the rocks. Supposing some one had lost it, he picked it up and started on his tour of inspection, but becoming alarmed at the great number of halls and avenues he made a hasty retreat. Assuming the man that he could take them to the exit spot, they accompanied him. After going about a mile he stopped and said: "Here is where I found the handkerchief." Then the Frenchman pointed to one of the ledges and said: "There is where I placed my friend." An examination of the ledge proved this. The missing man was found, dead.

NOT DEXTEROUS AT FORTY.

Long after a man's hands have ceased to do the bidding of the mind that directs them his mind retains its full measure of vigor. Invalids are numerous of men who have reached the allotted age of life continuing in the activities of the world as long as those activities are of the brain and not of the hand. But the mechanic's highest skill is shown when he is between the ages of 30 and 40. After the latter age his hand loses its cunning, but if his brain has been taught to work he can continue to labor and may even surpass the earning power of his hand. After 40 the muscles do not respond so readily as certainly and readily to the orders and the willingness of the brain.

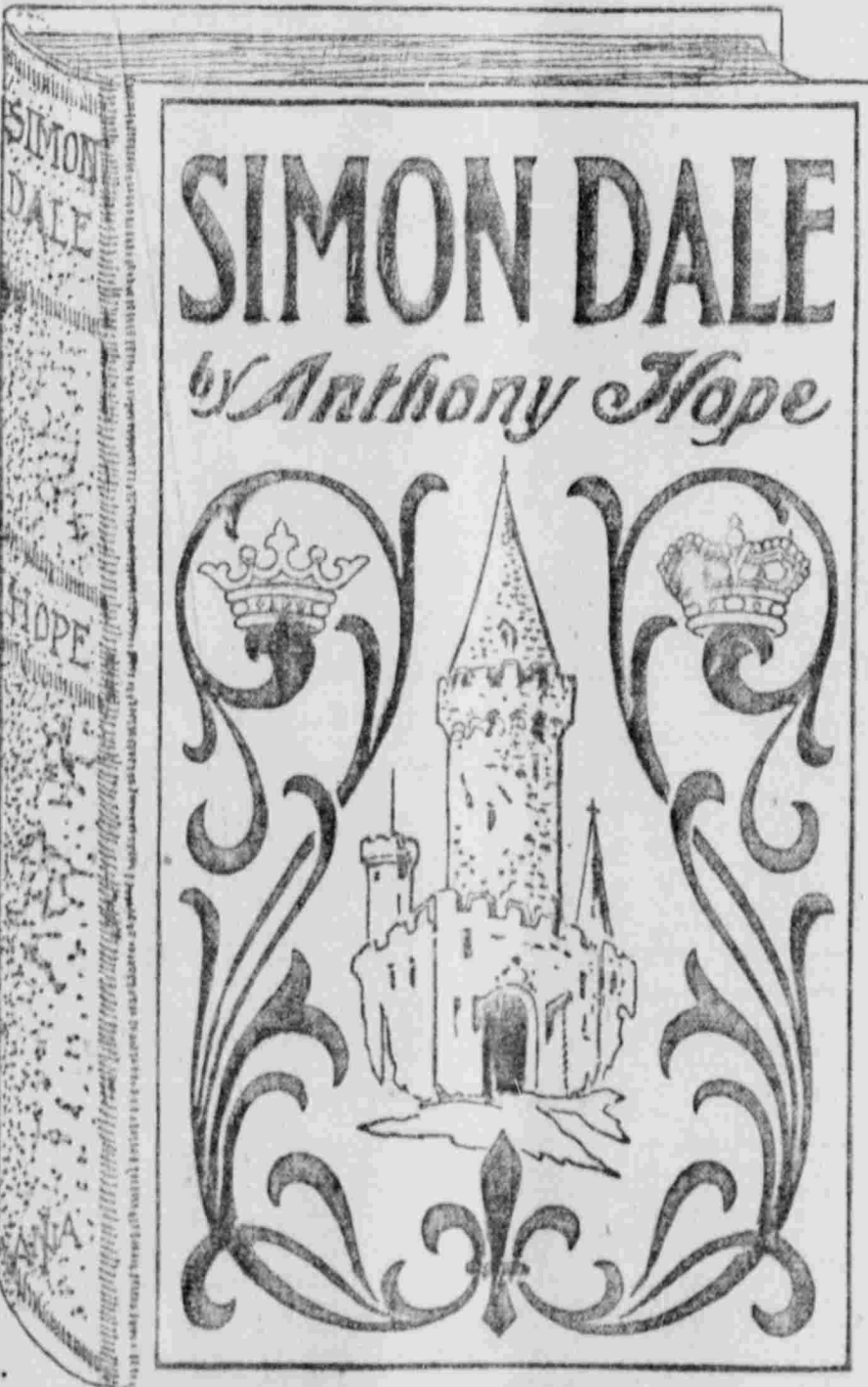
A good instance of the early death of manual activity is seen in the button maker. A skillful button maker in his prime, between 30 and 40 years of age, can make \$1 or \$1.25 a week, being in ivory an output each day on his lathe of 6,420 buttons. When he gets to be 45 years old he can make \$1 or \$1.25 a week if he is lucky, while twenty years later, even if he still enjoys sound health and faculties, all he can make is \$5 a week—Denver Post.

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