

and handed out the \$20 which was the cost of the ticket. This was several days before the time for leaving. All baggage must be on hand by noon of the day previous to starting. It took three Indians to carry my baggage to the station, and La Paz opened its men trotted through the streets with their loads. At the stage office a pounds are allowed to go with each passenger. If he has more it can follow him on the next stage, with the chance of its being forgotten for weeks. My trunks tipped the beam of the American scales on which they were weighed at just 370 pounds, and it took much persuasion, and that of several kinds, before I could get the officials to consent that it should go with me. At last, however, I was told that it would be all right, and was handed a bill for \$21.70 extra baggage. Only twenty-five pounds of baggage are allowed free with each ticket, so that my baggage cost me more than my fare.

I am not more than ordinarily conceited, but I must confess that I felt rather proud that not only myself but my baggage as well were to be carried over the country with the Bolivian mails. It seemed to me when I thought of it rather strange that the postal officials should consent to take my heavy trunks, but through my newspaper connections I have sometimes been favored officially, and accepted it as a fact. I fear visions of a glorious red Concord vehicle, with postmen in Bolivian livery, may have come before my innocent soul's eye, and I know it was with conscious pride that I told my friends at La Paz that I was going to travel with the mails. I noticed that some of them rather smiled at the idea, and that others seemed to pity rather than admire. This at the time I attributed to jealousy, envy or ignorance. I know what the Bolivian mail coach is. I had my first sight of it at 6 o'clock of the morning of my starting. It was the baggage wagon of the stage, and the only set on it was the one with the driver. It was, in fact, a skeleton wagon on springs. The bed was so far up in the air that you could almost walk under it without stooping. The wagon box was not over six inches high, and how it was supposed that a ton and a half of mail and trunks could be put into it I could not see. I had my baggage hurried out, and it went in at the bottom. The other pieces were piled on top until there was a mountain of stuff on the wagon. It now looked more like a hay wagon coming to the barn in harvest time than the royal mail. A rawhide rope was bound round and round the baggage, being run through hooks in the sides of the wagon-bed, and the baggage was covered with canvas to shield it from the rain. By this time the mules were in their places, and I was told to climb to my seat beside the driver. It was at least seven or eight feet above the ground, and the soft side of the board was the only cushion, until I improvised another of some blankets. The coach rode, however, very comfortably, and the springs were as good as any I have ever tried. A great discomfort was the lack of cover when it rained and snowed, as it did several times during the journey. At such times I could only put on my waterproof and my Bolivian cap. This last is a knitted affair, covering the head and face, with holes for the eyes, nose and mouth. It makes one look actually devilish, but it is such a comfort that it should be adopted for winter traveling and sleigh-riding in our country.

My coachmen in livery were in fact Bolivian Cholos. They were half breeds, a cross of the Spaniards and the Aymara Indian, and as cruel a mixture as you will find among the races. They had no sympathy whatever for the mules and their treatment of them was so cruel that I several times protested against it. In the first place the harness was twisted out of all shape. There was not a tug that was straight and not a collar that fit. As a result the necks of the animals were raw and sore, and this became worse as we went on the gallop over the road. I remember one little yellow mule who had lost two patches of skin, each as big as the palm of your hand, from the front of his shoulders before he was put into the harness. I objected to taking him, as there were other and better mules in the corral, but he was hitched up all the same and was given one of the hardest places in the team. This was just below me, next to the wagon and right under the driver. We started off on the gallop, but the little fellow soon began to lag behind. Then the torture began. The driver cut at him with a whip, which brought the blood to the hide at almost every place it touched, and the helper, who ran along with the coach and whipped up the lazy mules, picked out the little yellow fellow as his special work. We had not gone five miles before the back of the mule's legs were bleeding in a half dozen different places, and I could see that his collar was red with blood from the sores on his neck. From time to time I noticed that the driver when he found his whipping and whistling failed to stir up the mules took up a heavy tug with an iron chain and ring at the end of it and rattled it. This never failed to frighten the mules into increased speed. As the little yellow fellow again fell behind I found the secret of the inspiring sound of the tug and chain. The driver swung the tug about his head and brought it down with a terrible thud upon the little mule's back. It is a wonder it did not break the bones, for the heavy iron chain hit him on the spine, and the pain must have been intense. The blow in this case did not break the skin, though I saw subsequent ones given to other mules which made bloody gashes in their backs. We changed mules every fifteen or twenty miles and rarely had a team that was not more or less scarred and bloody when we got through.

During the trip I had some chance to get a taste of the country hotels of Bolivia. The stations where we stopped to eat and sleep were more like cow stables than hotels. As a rule the mules were housed in the courts on which the one-story huts forming the hotel faced. None of the rooms had windows and the floors were of mud or stone. In some cases the beds were ledges of sun-dried bricks upon which a mattress had been laid. The only light I had was the candle I brought with me and my candlestick was a spot of melted grease which I dropped on the table or a chair before setting the candle down. There were always several beds in a room and I had room mates in the shape of native Bolivians every night. Before going to bed the woman who kept the hotel always came in and collected a dollar for the use of the bed and a dollar for dinner. We started at 5 every morning, and at 4:30 I was usually up and ready for the cup of tea which was made for me before leaving. This with a couple of biscuits constitutes the breakfast of all the hotels of Bolivia. Our regular breakfast, which we had at 11 or 12 o'clock, was more like a dinner than a breakfast. It began with a vegetable soup and followed with two or three stewed dishes, all of which fairly swam in grease. The dinner was of the same

order. Before leaving La Paz I had taken the precaution to have a lunch put up for my use on the road. This cost me ten Bolivian dollars, but it seemed cheap enough when I found it was about all I had that I could eat on the road. Such were the accommodations on one of the most traveled roads of this country. The fare on the mule trails is far worse. As to prospectors and those who get away from the beaten tracks, there is often no chance to get anything. The only places where you can sleep are in the huts of the Indians, and they will not allow you to come in if they can possibly prevent it. They do not like strangers, and money seems to be no inducement to them. The only way to get a night's shelter in such cases is to tell your muleteer to unsaddle and to go in and take possession of the best part of the hut. If there is anything at hand which is eatable, take it and give the Indian some money for it. If you ask to buy it he will refuse, and even if he has plenty will say he has nothing. The chances are that when you leave in the morning, having paid him for your night's lodging, he will be pleased, but he will offer you nothing and will give as little as he can. As a rule they are cowards, and they will submit to a great deal of abuse without fighting.

I have never seen a country where the people have to work so hard for a bare living as on this Bolivian plateau. It is bad enough in China and India, where the poorer classes live in mud huts and till to the utmost their little patches of land. But in those countries the land will produce three crops a year and the laborers get something for their work. Here it is so high that only potatoes, barley and a grain called quinoa which is much like bird seed, and which makes a very fair mush, will grow. The barley does not ripen, and it is raised chiefly for fodder for the mules, donkeys or cattle. The potatoes are very small and few in a hill, and the soil is such that it is only here and there that you find a patch that can be farmed. The effort to get land that can be cultivated at all is so evident as to be almost painful. The stones have been picked from a great part of the plateau. We passed long stretches of country where there were vast piles of stones scattered over the fields, and in several places I saw Indian women going along bent double picking up stones in the gathered up skirts of their dresses, and thus carrying them to the piles. Much of the plateau is covered with a scanty growth of grass. Upon such places there are herds of sheep and llamas feeding. Each herd is watched by an Indian shepherdess, who has a spinning spool in her hand and keeps on spinning while she tends her flock. She uses a sling to keep the animals from straying, and with unerring aim sends a stone straight at the llama or sheep that steps onto the fields of her neighbors. There are no fences in this part of Bolivia. The cattle in the fields are, as a rule, staked or hobbled by tying a rope about their front legs just above the ankles. You often see a drove of donkeys so fastened, and horses and mules are tied in this way all over Peru and Bolivia.

Such farming as is done is after the crudest methods. I saw no signs of manure being anywhere used, though there were great piles of it lying at every stable, where we got a new relay of mules. I have been told that the natives know nothing of the uses of fertilizers, and that they only bring up the land by letting it lie fallow and by a rotation of crops. The tools are in all cases of native make. The only American tools I have seen are Hartford axes. Potatoes are dug by the women, who use little strips of iron shaped something like an arrow with