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A MULE BACK TRIP IN BOLIVIA.

Through the Lonely Heart of the Andes-Government Highway to the Yungas Valley.

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Special Correspondence.

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Chulimani, Bolivia, Aug. 2.-The tropical valley of Youngas beyond the last Andean wall and down near the headwaters of the Amazon, forms one of the most important departments of Bolivia, because therein are raised most of Bolivia's articles of export and of home consumption. The round trip between the city of La Paz and Chullmani-the latter being the capital of the department aforesald-is a distance of about 282 Yankee miles, reckoned by reducing 282 Yankee miles, reckoned by reducing the Bolivian league which is 6,100 Eng-lish yards. Though all of Bolvia's co-con and coffee, fruit, whese and sugar, are raised in Yungas, and though the government annually expends a large sum of money on the alleged road thereto, the only highway of centuries to mostly a parage trail out round and is mostly a parrow trail, cut round and round the edges of sky-piercing moun-tains-sometimes zigzag to and fro oss their perpendicular faces like tacking of a ship, in places where cross' their the tacking of a singly in places which refther man nor mule, could climb straight up like a fly on the wall. But few places along the trail are wider than barely to allow two mules to walk abreast, and many miles of it compel single file processions. Horses are never used on this journey, for they cannot survive the rapid change between the regions of eternal snow and perpetual summer. While a horse might possibly reach the lowlands, if sufficiently sure-footed, on the return he would surely die of sirroche, which in reality is heart failure brought on by lack of oxygen in the air

Mules are employed instead of the sturdy little donkeys of the Indians, hundreds of them being constantly on the road, laden with every conceivable commodity. Llamas, those strange animals that are found only in the An-des, are also used as beasts of burden in the mountains, but as they cannot live below a certain elevation they are never seen near sea level. At least so the Bolivian Indians believe. A degen-erate species of the same animal is sometimes seen in "zoos," even in the United States,

STUPENDOUS HEIGHTS.

The wonder is that any road could ever have been made in these stupendous heights. If tourists make the trip they heights. If tourists make the trip they must attach themselves to some native farty, or secure the services of an ex-perienced Aorriero (muleteer), who will supply mules for the travelers and sev-eral extra ones for carrying beds, pro-visions, and other luggage; besides mozos or men-servants to do the cook-ing and act as guard. On the first day out from La Paz-ouly about 18 miles mozos or men-servants to do the cook-ing and act as guard. On the first day out from La Paz-only about 18 miles from it but 4,000 feet above it—the high-est point in the journey is attained. It is called Alto dei Cruz and is fully 2,400 feet higher than the very top of Pikes' Peak or something over 17,000 feet near-er the stars than you are at home. The Alto extends almost on a dead level for several miles before the descent be-gins. At any time of year the traveler away up here is likely to encounter a snow storm, the big round flakes that look like hall, melting as they fall, wet-ting his garments through and through, while a stinging wind chills him to the marrow. In addition to the usual pro-gram, a thunder storm was thrown in for our entertainment, lightning playing in the clouds below our feet and hollow echoes reverberating from peak to peak. Of course our animals suffered severe-ly, bloed oozing from their nostrils, and were obliged to halt every few minutes, panting painfully, while we, between the wet and biting cold had not a breath to spare with which to urgo them onward. To add to the genet breath to spare with which to urge them onward. To add to the gener-melancholy of this most desolate spot we passed the body of a dead man ly-ing prone across the road, with glassy eyes staring up to the cheerless sky. Whether he had been murdered or had died from natural causes, we dared not pause to investigate, for if the former, the finders of the corpse might be held for months in La Pazz to give testimony in the slow process of the Bolivian courts. A number of Indians, coming up. the trail from the opposite direction, had just discov-ered the unfortunate, and to their care we left him. we left him.

shows for three hundred miles, a suc-cession of sharp, snow-capped peaks, each presenting to the westward a sheer cliff, many thousands of feet high, which looks like a gigantic sugar-heaf split in the middle, the failen half piele below in a chaos of slate-like de-bels. Seen from a distance their bars price below in a chas of state-five de-bris. Seen from a distance, their bare and totally inaccessible sides look black as ink, in contrast with the intermin-able snow-fields above, which the foot of man or beast has never trodden. of man or beast has hever trouden. Occasionally a condor is seen-the po-et's "proud bird of the Andes"-slowly circling to his home above the clouds. For most of the way the road winds round and round the mountain side at an enormus height, up and down, and sharehy curving sometimes being a

an enormus height, up and down, and sharply curving, sometimes being a regular series of stairs cut into the solid rock. One of these stair-like passages is several miles iong, with abrupt turns and zigzags, up and down which our beasts picked their way with atmost care. In this sort of traveling the great point is to gain perfect confidence in your animal, and be sure that the saddle girts are kept as tight as he can bear; then to fix your eyes on the heavenly views, regardless of sublinary things. Not an easy thing at all times. things. Not an easy thing at all times, to keep your head in the clouds while things. Not an easy thing at all times, to keep your head in the clouds while maintaining a firm seat on the back of a mule which insists on walking on the every edge of the trail, its every step dislodging earth and stones that roll down i ch an immeasurable distance the thud of striking bottom is not heard. Perhaps the greatest danger on this road is that of meeting a party coming from the opposite direction. Every few miles a wider place has been hollowed out, and all travelers are expected to pause here and blow horns to signal their presence to those who may be coming. Worst of all, cattle are sometimes drive, over-wild buils for the plazas de torcos, and the fore-most bull is likely to dispute the pas-sage with any comer.

most bull is likely to dispute the pas-sage with any comer. Such waterfalls and enseades as come tumbling down from unknown heights, to the valley, far, far below, some of them rivaling in magnificence our own Niagara, or anything the Yosemite can show; while the river which fills the center of the narrow, winding valley, so far below our aerial track that if so far below our aerial track that it in reality a raging cataract, dashing over giant boulders with a noise like thunder, for more than 50 miles out-doing the rapids above Niagara.

There are mountains on every hand, mountains everywhere stretching away to the horizon: while the nearest range

to the horizon; while the neurest range on the opposite side of the valley. Dar-allel to this we are slowly traversing, appears almost near enough to toss a stone from one to the other. When the lowlands are reached, comes the new experience of fording the many small rivers that flow into the larger one; but we found it prefer-able to most of the bridges along the route-frail structures swung from tree route-frail structures swung from tree to tree, and swaying like credies be-meath us. At one point the road lies for a number of miles directly through the bed of a river, whose clear wat-ers, not deep, but rapid, foam noisily out of through waters over slippery rocks.

BEAUTY INDESCRIBABLE.

When once in the valley, no words can tell the beauty and luxurfance of the tropical vegetation in solitudes where "Near to Nature's heart" is not an empty idea. There are groves of wild basana trees, whose broad leaves of brightest green are each large enough for a tent; towering palms of many species, wonderful orchids, shining foliage, beautiful flowers, and en-ormous ferns whose perfect fronds wave high over head. And then the of brilliant birds. plumage macaws, paroquets, cardina's:the mon-keys chattering among the trees, gorg-cous buiterflies as large as the palm of your hand, beetles dressed in green and blue and gold, humming birds like living jewels and other wonders en-countered at every step' A portion of the road to Yungas' cap-ital is a mere footpath running between orange and lime trees crowded so closely together as to rake off our hats with their branches and render immimacaws, paroquets, cardina's: the monclosely together as to rake off our hats with their branches and render immi-nent the fate of Absolom. The lower hillsides are mostly laid out in ter-raced slopes for the cultivation of co-coa, the great industry of the valley. Except in two or three villages, there are few habitations in all this long dis-tance, but those of Indians-these lat-ter being generally of ariest structure, merely poles stuck into the ground, patched with grass and walled, if wal-led at all with glant fern leaves inter-woven. "Where every prospect pleas-es, and only man is vile" might well es, and only man is vile" might well be sung of Yungas,

WHERE LIFE IS CHEAP.

WHERE LIFE IS CHEAP. From time immemorial these lonely mountains have been infested with bands of highwaymen, who murder even the poor Indian on his return to Yungas from the sale of his little crop of cocoa, for the sake of the few dol-hars his half-year's work has gained. The Indian highwaymen, though less numerous than those of lighter color, are more cowardly and much more to be dreaded, for they do not fight open-ly, but skuik like snakes behind the rocks and throw a stone at your head from a sling, with unerring accuracy of aim.

Their own battles with one another Their own battles with one another are always fought with stenes and slings, a la David and Goliath. and very seldom does an Indian fall to bring down his man. Sometimes, af-ter unisual atrocities have been per-petrated, troops are sent out to hunt down the assassins, and then for a time comparative safety is insured. A gen-eral robber-hunt had been made short-ly before our journey, in which a large number was captured, and as soldiers were still continuing the search, we had no occasion for fear. In the prison at Chilumani we saw nine of the newly-captured banditti, three of whom were women, and a more villianous-looking women, and a more villiano group would be hard to find. us-looking

REST AND FOOD.

At intervals all along the uninhabited part of this strange highway the gov-ernment has had places of shelter erect. performant has had places of shelter erect-ed for man and beast. These are called tambos (fac-similes of the mi-sons of Mexico), and each in charge of a family, who is well paid for it, will supply food for the mules, and gen-erally something edible for the human guests. But in every instance the mules get the best of it. Of course tha traveler has brought his own mattress and blankets and store of provisions and blankets and mateur cooking con-trivance by which he can at least make a cup of tea. But you can easily imag-ine that after a long day's ride in the mattress down anywhere, roll himself up in a blanket and make mutual cal-culation of his blatters and bruises, while the tambo keepers proceed to on the first day's ride from La Paz, though one is unused to the saddle, the straordinary altitude, and the terri-ble rolas-thirty-three miles must be made to reach a sleeping place, the only alternative being a night in the open air.

ANDES' GRANDEUR.

The greatest artist that ever lived The greatest artist that ever lived fould not convey with brush and col-spliting grandeur of the Andes; and cer-tainly no pen-picture can do then beld similar sights on cloud-wrapped sinal, when the glory of heaven was bind, when the glory of heaven was been to the source of the source of the Bollvian head waters of the Ama-ton, we crossed the last interior spur-ted these innermost recesses of the work women. This seventh range

