

riches of this great continent. There are no pretty bits of scenery such as you see in other mountains. Here all is on the grandest and most terrible scale. In our ride along the sides of these walls. Now we pierce them by a tunnel high up in the air, and higher still see another tunnel which we shall reach later on. We cross gorges in going from one tunnel into another over an iron network of a bridge which looks awfully frail as the Favorita passes over it. We pierce a wall of rock, where a river has been turned aside that it may not interfere with the road, and by a winding tunnel dash out into what it called "The Infernillo" or hell. It is a slender iron bridge two miles above the sea, high up between walls of rock. Far down below you see waters rushing, and out of the wall we have left a great torrent of foaming water plunges. Before us, at the other end of the bridge, there is another wall of rock, in which there is a black hole pierced by the track, and as we look upward between these walls we see as through a narrow slit the blue sky of heaven above this Andean hell.

There are a number of these hanging bridges on the route. We stopped at the Veruguas bridge, which spans a chasm 580 feet long hanging to tunnels 300 feet above the Veruguas river. This bridge was swept away some time ago and for months both passengers and freight were carried across on a cable, the little car hanging to the rope stretched from wall to wall across this frightful chasm. At times we saw tunnels above and below us. The track goes up its steepest places in a zigzag route, so that at one time we counted five tracks running almost parallel below us. Almost the whole line was blasted out of the mountain rocks. On many places along the line the hills are so steep that men had to be lowered in ropes over the edges of the precipices to drill holes for the powder which blasted away the ledges for the track. Falling rocks killed some, landslides swallowed up others and many died of fever.

You can imagine something of a sensation of going down such a road on a hand car. The reality is wilder and more exciting than anything you can conceive. The hand car on which I rode was of the rudest order. It was merely a platform five feet long and a little wider than the track, upon four ordinary car wheels. On the front part of the platform a strin of wood two inches thick and about that wide was nailed, and at the back was a seat much like that on a farm wagon. The seat had a railing two inches high and it was just wide enough for three. The conductor, a brown-faced Indian, sat in the middle, with his hand on a brake extending down through the center of the platform. Mr. Sherman and I sat on the right and left, our feet braced against the strip on the bed of the car and our hands on the side and back of the seat, holding on for dear life as we rushed down the mountains. Our only means of stopping the car was by the brake, and the danger as we rushed through the tunnels was not only that of the car jumping the track in going around the curves, but also the possibility of meeting a donkey or an Indian coming through. The rocks in many places are loose, and the danger of a landslide is such at this time of the year that a hand car is always sent five minutes ahead of the regular passenger train to see that the road is free. At one time we chased a cow for about a mile and at another two llamas blocked the track for a few moments. At times the road seemed to us to go down at an angle of forty-five degrees, and many of the severest grades were along the edges of the precipices or where we seemed to be clinging to the walls of rock. I cannot say that I was not afraid nor

that my heart was not often in my throat, but I will say that the experience was such that, knowing what I now do, I would take the journey again to feel the same exhilarating sense of pleasure and danger combined.

The sensation of standing on the top of the Andes was worth having. As we climbed up and up above Casapalca the air grew colder and rarer. We rode out of a heavy rain into a dense snowstorm. Soon we were in banks of snow. Now the mist and clouds surrounded us so that we could not see twenty feet beyond the car. We rode through the storm and saw the clouds sweep down the Andes below us. As the mist disappeared we caught a glimpse of the country through which we had been passing and shuddered at the precipices over which we had gone. Mount Meiggs was also straight above us, and we stopped the engine a moment in front of the black mouth of the Galera tunnel on the very roof of the South American continent. Behind us all the waters were flowing into the Pacific ocean. On the opposite side of the tunnel all of the waters find their way through the Amazon into the Atlantic. The dividing of the waters is, in fact, within the tunnel itself, and you could readily stand at a certain point in the Galera tunnel and spit on both oceans without taking a step to one side or the other. I did not do this, for the interior was as dark as pitch, and I was too anxious to see the other side of the Andes. We went through the tunnel and stopped the Favorita at the other side among some of the grandest scenery of the trip. The mountains all about us were capped with snow. Over us towered Mount Meiggs, 7,575 feet high, its top a half a mile above where we stood. Our altitude was more than three miles above the sea. We were on the highest railroad point in the world. Think of it! We were far above the height of Fujiyama, the snow-capped mountain of Japan, far nearer the heavens than the top of Mount Blanc or any point in Europe, a thousand feet higher than Pike's Peak or any mountain in Colorado, above Mt. Whitney, and, in fact, higher than any other mountain in the United States outside of Alaska. As I looked at the grandeur about me, I felt like the expressive, but not the irreverent, cowboy, who awoke one morning in the midst of the Alps. His method of showing his approbation had always been by a hurrah, and when he looked up at snow-capped peaks rising one above another as far as his eye could reach he could contain himself no longer, and he threw his hat into the air, and "Hurrah for God!"

This was how I felt. I acted far differently. My voice was so weak from the rarity of the air that I could not have whistled a dog. At about ten thousand feet above the sea conversation began to lag in our party. It was almost impossible to talk to one another on the outside platform of the Favorita, and I found myself again and again weighing my thoughts to decide whether they were worth the breath it would take to utter them. All sorts of exertions took triple strength to perform them. I found my boots grow suddenly heavy, and I changed my step to that of an old man. At the eastern end of the Galera tunnel we stopped amid banks of snow, and Mr. Sherman and myself had a snow-balling fight away up there in the clouds. It was not an exciting contest, however. Every throw sent our hearts into our throats, and we had to stop and pant for breath. When we walked at all after this we had to go very slowly and in climbing up the hills we crawled. As the day went on the uncomfortable feeling from the extraordinary height and our quick jump from the sea to the tops of the mountains increased. We

descended about 1,000 feet and stopped for the night at Casapalca, where there is a big silver and copper smelter owned by Backus, Johnson and company, an enterprising firm which I shall describe in another letter treating of the mines of Peru. We were received here by the vice president of the company, Captain H. Guyer, an Idaho mining engineer, who made us at home and put us up for the night. Before we got to the house the Frenchman and Mr. Pierson were attacked with soroche, or the mountain sickness, a disease common to strangers in high altitudes, and later on the whole of the party were more or less affected. My attack did not come until midnight. I awoke feeling as though the top of my head was rising into the air. I had a terrible pain in the temples, cramps in my legs and at the same time a strong inclination to vomit. I lay on my back all night to give my lungs as full play as possible and hardly slept a wink. I managed to get up at daybreak, and although there was a coat on my tongue as thick as the fur of an Alaska seal, I drank some coffee and by keeping out of doors was sufficiently recovered to take my hand-car ride down the mountains. Mr. Sherman fared even better than I, but Secretary Neal said that between the smell of the sulphur from the smelting furnaces and the soroche he thought he was in hell, and dreamed all night that a hundred devils were dancing on his chest, while Mr. Pierson looked as though he had lost all his friends and said he longed for home. Captain Guyer told us that almost every one that comes up the mountains is similarly affected, and that some fared much worse. A week or so ago Mr. Stuart, the former United States minister to Paraguay, came up to Casapalca with his wife. The madame fainted before she could get from the train to the house and was terribly sick all night. The minister got along very well till near dinner time, when he was attacked with vomiting, diarrhoea and a fainting spell and he was also sick for the night. The soroche is common throughout the Andes, and I fear I shall have more of it before my trip is over. It usually begins at the altitude of 12,000 feet. With some it does not last more than a day or so and then passes off. With others it is very serious. The first symptoms are pains in the head and nausea. Then comes vertigo, dimness of sight and hearing, fainting fits follow and blood flows from the eyes, nose and lips. Those who have weak lungs are liable to hemorrhages, and those whose hearts are weak sometimes drop dead. It is especially hard on full-blooded and stout people and those addicted to liquor and high living. Healthy, thin people of temperate habits soon get over it, and as I am of that class, weighing all told, not more than 100 pounds, I expect to survive.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

MARY F. F. YOUNG.

The life of the deceased, so full of happiness and incident at first, had a most painful and pathetic close. For years she had been a patient sufferer, hoping against hope that she would once more be restored to her accustomed health and vigor. But this was apparently not to be and with heroic fortitude she resigned herself to the inevitable and patiently awaited the end, which, as already stated in the "News," occurred at her home in this city on Wednesday, May 11th, in the presence of those who were nearest and dearest to her. Sorrowful as was her demise, it came as a great relief, not only to her, but also to her family and friends, who knew how great her suffering had been.