

IN BOOK OF MORMON LANDS.

In Southern Valleys — Old Writings on the Rocks, Etc. — Colombian Character Traits.

Special Correspondence.

Melgar, Colombia, May 11.—I stayed at Fusagasuga three days. I wanted two men to accompany me to the upper Magdalena, but found the natives averse to going down into the "hot lands" or tierra caliente. After considerable effort I found two men willing to accompany me for \$400 paper each per month and board. They came to the hotel and examined my baggage and tried for half an hour to get me to agree to pay \$200 more per month to be spent for chicha, but I persistently refused. I wearied finally of their talk and told them I positively would not furnish them money for chicha or aguardiente and they could suit themselves whether they went with me on these terms or not. They hastened to say they would go and would be on hand promptly at 6 o'clock next morning. They took their departure, but had not got out of the patio before they returned and asked me if I would not go with them into the street. I followed them out, when one of them asked me to advance them \$100, on account I told him I could not do that but would pay them at the end of each week. They did not like this arrangement and insisted on the advance, but I was firm. They then asked for \$10, and when I again refused they appeared very angry and strode away. When I called after them and asked if they would be on hand next morning they made no reply. An hour later I hired another man to take me to Purification. In the evening while I was enjoying the brief twilight seated on the Cathedral steps, I noticed my friends loitering about. When I returned to the hotel they followed me and as I was entering hailed me to say that they would be on hand next morning. I replied that they need not bother as I had another man engaged. They were very angry but I paid no further attention to them.

PECULIAR IDEAS OF JUSTICE.

When at Guaduas, I had not been in the hotel an hour before the landlady asked me for a loan of \$200 and the next day begged \$400 more. The latter she promised to return next day but never mentioned it again, fortunately I obtained a service from her husband that squared the account. On the steamer on the Magdalena a fellow passenger asked me for a loan of \$10. He did not understand Spanish very well and referred the request to a Bogota merchant who replied "Don't do it. Never loan any money to the people in this country, they never pay." A longer residence in the country has convinced me he was right. They have peculiar ideas of right and justice here. Horton tells of an instance: "Diego Gomez, an old resident of Fusagasuga, was suspected of complicity with an attempt to assassinate one of the government officials. He was arrested and tried but the evidence did not sustain the charge. The judge, however, pronounced the following sentence: 'Forasmuch as nothing appears against Diego Gomez, he is condemned to three years' surveillance at Turbaco.'"

"I am splitting my brains," says Don Diego to the officer who was carrying him to Turbaco, "to find out the logic of that sentence."

"Never you trouble your brains," replied the official, "the nation will never be ruined for want of logic."

NUMEROUS HIEROGLYPHICS.

In a former letter I mentioned the irregularity of the hills east of the town, a closer inspection of that region confirms me in the opinion that the excavations were made by man. It is not unlikely that they were the results of ancient placer mining. The excavations are very similar to the ones I saw at the old salt mines at Copacabana. In addition to the hieroglyphics on the piedra Grande there is another large stone northeast of the town that is covered with old characters in a faded state of preservation, and, as at the Pande bridge at the southern extremity of the valley there are other old writings on the rocks; as these writings are usually found along old routes of travel I am of opinion that the road from the Guaduas and the northern valleys to the upper Magdalena and Quito passed through this valley in the olden times. If you will take a map of South America and draw a line from the Gulf of Maracaibo to the mouth of the Amazon, you will find the distance along the valleys lying on the western slopes of the eastern Cordilleras, along this line ran the road traveled by the old people in the distant past. It was one of the great highways of their country. All along this route the ancient travelers have left their records written on every favorable rock until today there are hundreds of them seen by the traveler. Would that a key could be found to these old characters. We would then know something of the history of that tide of humanity that flowed through these valleys from the south to the north. As it is all hidden in mystery. The Indians whom the Spaniards found here were divided into small tribes. They were not travelers. There was a traffic in salt, fruits and gold, carried on between them, but there is no information obtainable that they knew anything of the civilizations of Mexico and Peru. Their traditions were silent concerning the hieroglyphic writings on the rocks. They told the Spaniards that the Magdalena valley had been full of people but they had disappeared, their god and he had destroyed all of them. All evidence goes to show that one and the same people

made the picture writings on the rocks. Those up in the Pasto and the Magdalena are identical with those of the Subana and the valleys about Medellin. Who were those people?

VALLEY OF FUSAGASUGA.

The valley of Fusagasuga is mostly a V shaped plain with its point to the southwest. On its western side and right at the base of the mountain ridge that divides this valley from the Mesa flows the Fusagasuga in a deep narrow gorge. On the southern side of another deep gorge flows the Pande or Sumapaz as it is sometimes called, after the showy mountains where it has its head. These rivers unite at the point of the plain and cutting their way through the mountain ridge mentioned flow south-west until they unite with the Magdalena above Glirido. The road from Fusagasuga to Milgar crosses the plain through the center until it reaches the point just above the junction of the two rivers. The Pande road skirts along the mountain slopes along the southeastern side of the valley, going up and down over the same ridge until it reaches the village and crosses the deep gorge of the Pande over the famous natural bridge and crosses over a high mountain to the Magdalena. I had grown tired of mountain climbing and decided to take the valley route. All through the forenoon we jogged along across the grassy plains. Here and there were great boulders brought down from the great mountains by glaciers in the days when the earth was young. I was in hopes I would get a view of the snow summits, but a mist hung over the valley and hid the mountain peaks. I think this valley possesses an almost perfect climate. At midday the heat is not oppressive and the nights are delightful. There is not the dampness here that I noticed at Guaduas, nor the chilly nights of Bogota. Peaches and pears grow on the slopes above the town along with wheat and corn. About the town fruits of a semi-tropical climate abound and down in the river gorge not six miles from the town, oranges, pineapples, and bananas thrive. If properly cultivated the valley would easily sustain a quarter of a million people. There are not 10,000 in it now and 90 per cent of them live in almost squalid poverty. There are very few Indians here, a few negroes and a great many mestizos. The worst things I saw in the valley were the fleas and the niggers. The latter animal is a constant terror to foreigners. A little fly deposits an egg under your toe nail. In a day or two it becomes a colony. They are enterprising settlers. I have seen men with toes amputated, others with feet or all of a foot gone and some minus a leg, the work of the niggers. I don't see how fleas or niggers could thrive when soap and water abound and do not think any serious results ordinary care will exercise. I did not come in personal contact with them, although I was alone alparagosa whenever I had much walking to do.

There are few houses on the plain, probably because there is little surface water there and the art of well digging is unknown in this country. Everywhere were rich pastures with grass up to one's waist, and not a cow or a horse or a sheep to feed upon them. Quails are very numerous in the valley. Groves of these were flitting about us all the way across the plain. I understand that wild turkeys and deer are numerous in the mountains but I have not encountered any so far.

MAJESTIC SCENERY.

After five hours' travel we drew near to the edge of the plain, the mountains on both sides were near to us and ahead we could see the canyon through which the Fusagasuga leaves the valley. So far we had not seen anything of either river, though we knew they were in the gorges on either side of us, notwithstanding I was not prepared for the sight that burst upon me when I reached the point of the most beautiful I ever saw. On my right in a gorge 1,000 feet deep flowed the Fusagasuga. The steepest slopes are covered with grass so rank that I believe a person could slide down the river on it without injury. I would not like to make the experiment. It almost made me dizzy to look down. On my left in a similar gorge flowed the Sumapaz, roaring and tumbling along its rocky bed, and although the atmosphere is perfectly calm and not a sound breaks the stillness of the scene only a faint echo of the roaring river comes up to me from out of the depths. Way up the gorge we could see the village of Pande and the narrow crevice where is located the natural bridge; the distance is about three and a half miles. Back of the town the mountains rise abruptly to a height of several thousand feet and beyond them are snowy peaks 15,000 feet high and still farther on is the chain of the Orinoco, which rise only a few hundred feet above the sea so that there must be a tremendous jump off on that side of the range. A short distance below the point of the plain the two rivers unite and a mile further on enter the canyon. The mountains are formed by a tilting up of strata of rock and are so steep that all of the soil for considerable distances has slid down, leaving exposed the bare smooth surface of the strata with its jagged edges outlined against the sky. I have seen some beautiful scenery in my time, but nothing to surpass this. I found myself wishing for an artist to make a sketch of the scene, but in lieu of one I fell back on my kodak and took a number of snap shots, which will serve to remind me of a sight no camera can properly represent.

ALONG THE SUMAPAZ.

The descent to the river is very steep and I think dangerous in wet weather. The trail is exceedingly narrow, and in places seems a mere line along the almost perpendicular slopes. As I did not like to ride down such places. As it was I often found myself leaning in towards the hill and hanging on to the grass. It took us nearly an hour to reach the river. The Sumapaz at this point is a wicked looking river. Something like the Provo river is when it is high. At this point it is full of great boulders and tumbles along over them in a manner not the most reassuring to a traveler who must cross it upon a balsa raft pulled over by a cord in the hands of a 10 year old girl. However it had to be done, so we shouted to the ferryman and he pulled himself over by a cord fastened to a rock on our side, feeding out a line at the same time by which the raft was to be pulled back. I did not like to trust my baggage and the camera to the muchacho, so I took them with me and crossed first on the raft. When all was ready we signalled the ferryman's little daughter and she pulled away at the slender line. When I swung out into the rapid current and saw the rapids below me I confess to a feeling of timidity, but the little girl hung on to the rope and tugged away until I was safely landed. The men then pulled the raft back and the girl and I drew it back with the ferryman and the horse, the horse swimming. Then my man was brought over. The charge was \$2 in paper money. We were now down in Tierra Caliente. The 1,000 feet descent had changed the character of the vegetation. Our road now skirted the mountain side, following the bank of the river. We are now entering upon

a road like those that you read about. It is not much travelled and therefore not in need of repair. In fact it is not a road at all, but just a footpath, a foot or foot and a half wide. For 10 miles or more it winds along the steep mountain sides with overhanging rocks above and frowning cliffs beneath, below which you hear the roar of the river. I can not get out of scaling dizzy heights, it somehow effects the equilibrium of my head and I don't think I could have ever gotten over this trail but for the brush and trailers that grow along the path and hide the abysses below. The scenery in this canyon is most beautiful, and an artist who loves to paint rugged rocks and cascades half hidden by trailing vines and tropic foliage, would find here ample field for his talent. It was late in the afternoon when we emerged from the canyon and entered the gloomy forest along a river bottom. Sometimes for half a mile at a time the tropic foliage was so dense as to hide the sky above and our eyes could not penetrate two feet into the jungle at the sides of the trail. Ivorynut plants grow abundantly hereabouts. Their slender stems reach a height of 25 feet or more. The natives here use the leaves for thatching the roofs of their houses and most of the sun was going down we reached a little village. I was tired and wanted to stay the night there, but could not find a house where we could lodge. It was dark and rainy and I found that there was no other alternative but to push on. Darkness comes on almost immediately after sundown and I always like to be in by that time. The night dew was very heavy in the low lands and we were told that it was to be expected to them until fever in a very short time. As the darkness came on we left the bottom lands along the river and came out on higher grounds covered with a rank growth of grass. It had rained during the day and the trail was muddy and in the darkness travel was not very pleasant. It was nearly 9 o'clock when we entered the lane between two rows of bamboo, thatched roofed houses that bears the name of Milgar. We found a fairly good posada and fewer fleas than I had seen for a month. Milgar is located in a valley that lies between two ridges of mountains that come down from the western rim of the Sabana and running southwest 25 or 30 miles turn south and uniting form the eastern barrier to the upper Magdalena valley. The valley of Melgar is a long, narrow strip, broken up by small hills, grass covered, that make it valuable for grazing, but it is not desirable as a farming region. The mountains on the east are high and steep, but those on the west are low and will range from 600 to 1,000 feet above the valley. The Fusagasuga river crosses the valley, diagonally and breaking through the western hills joins its waters with the Magdalena. Melgar claims 4,000 people, mostly negroes. There is a number of shops, a large church, but no school. The streets are all paved with volcanic stones. The climate is about the same as Guaduas and seems to me to be too damp to be really healthy, still the people claim they have no yellow fever and but very little malaria. I notice here a large number of people with great swellings on their necks. They call it coto here. We call it goitre. Residents here claim it is caused by the water. I don't know as to that, but it is very common all over the Magdalena valley from Nieve to Cartagena. I did not notice any cases of it in the Sabana.

JOEL RICKS.

Night Was Near Terror.

"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but, when all other medicines failed, three \$1.00 bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 58 pounds." It's absolutely guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, La Grippe, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Z. C. M. I. Drug Store.

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

Menus for Next Three Days.

SUNDAY.
BREAKFAST.
Molded Cereal, Fruit, Pricassied Eggs, Tomatoes, Rolls, Coffee.
DINNER.
Young Duck, Spinach Soup, Currant Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Pineapple Salad, Strawberry Parfait, Coffee.
SUPPER.
Creamed Cheese on Toast, Tomato and Sweetbread Salad, Cake, Iced Cherry Juice.
MONDAY.
BREAKFAST.
Fruit, Cereal, Bacon and Grilled Tomatoes, Toast, Coffee.
LUNCHEON.
Fruit Salad, Cottage Cheese, Almond Buns, Tea.
DINNER.
Brazilian Steak, Cold Slaw, Baked Potatoes, Blackberry Pudding, Coffee.
TUESDAY.
BREAKFAST.
Cereal, Stewed Fruit, Boiled Salt Fish, Stewed Potatoes, Sally Lunn, Coffee.
LUNCHEON.
Cheese Pudding, Baked Tomatoes, Fruit, Coffee Cake, Iced Currant Syrup.
DINNER.
Chicken Tomato Soup, Rice, Panned Chicken, String Beans, Lettuce, Raspberry Shortcake, Coffee.

Raspberry Flummery.
Soak half a pint of pearl tapioca in two cups of cold water for several hours and then turn into a double-boiler, cover and set where it will cook rather slowly until clear. Add half a cup of sugar or sweeten to taste, when cold turn in a quart of

fresh raspberries. If they require ashing do this in time for them to drain thoroughly before using them. Turn the mixture into a mould and set in a very cold place. Serve with sugar and cream.

Cherry Flummery.
This is just tart enough to tone up the appetite for more substantial food on a hot morning. To two quarts of juice strained from mashed ripe cherries add two cups of granulated sugar and stir until dissolved. Pour a pint of this juice over a pint of ground rice and blend until perfectly smooth. Heat the remainder of the juice in a double-boiler and then stir in carefully the thickened juice. Cook until thick and then pour into moulds large or small and set on the ice to harden.

Cherry Flummery.
Use tart red cherries. Stone them and place in a double-boiler with cold water for an hour. Strain the juice and add sugar to taste. Boil the juice and sugar gradually until the juices are well drawn out. For a quart of cherries moisten two tablespoonsful of cornstarch in half a cup of cold water. Add a pint of boiling water and a cup of sugar; then stir in the cornstarch and stir rapidly until it cooks and is thick. Turn into a mould or moulds and set in a very cold place to firm. Serve with cream.

Blackberry Flummery.
Put a pint of blackberries in a double-boiler with a quart of water and let them cook slowly. When the juice is well drawn out, thicken to a stiff jelly with cornstarch moistened with cold water. This can be served warm or turned into moulds and chilled.

Apricot Flummery.
Pare enough ripe apricots to make a pint when sliced. Put in a double-boiler with a cup of water, a cup of orange juice and a cup of sugar and cook slowly until tender. Mix three tablespoonsful of cornstarch with cold water, moisten and cook five minutes, then turn out into moulds, large or small, and set away to cool. Eat with whipped cream.

Inquiries Answered.

Mrs. A. P. G. writes: "Will you give a recipe for green apple pie with raisins. Pare the fresh green apples and slice very thin. Fill a crisp under crust two-thirds full with the apples and over this place a layer of raisins. Dot with butter and spread a cup of sugar over the top; cover with thin top crust and bake in a moderate oven half an hour."

Blanching Rice.
Mrs. H. writes: "What is meant by blanching rice and fresh vegetables? After boiling rice for five minutes, it is washed and drained on a sieve. Fresh vegetables are blanched sometimes to improve their appearance, this is done by par-boiling them in plenty of water for five, ten or more minutes; they are then drained and cold water poured over to rinse them, after this the cooking proper

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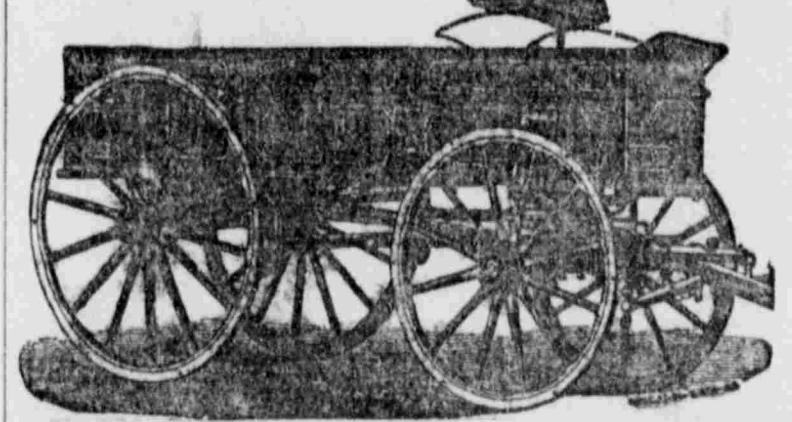
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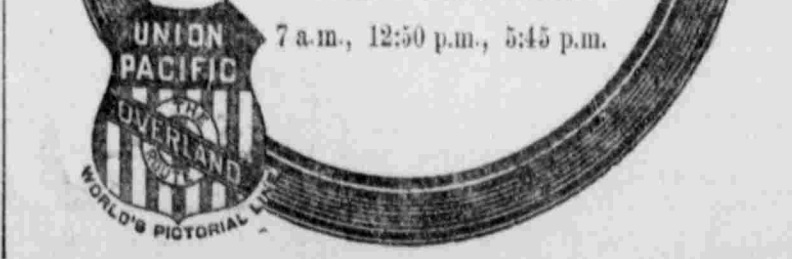
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