

BEAUTIES OF TRAVELING IN THE UNITED STATES OF COLOMBIA

What May be Experienced on the Road to Santa Fe de Bogota.

Special Correspondence.

Bogota, Colombia, Jan. 24.—As before mentioned, the distance from Honda, at the head of Magdalena river navigation, to Colombia's capital, is between 70 and 80 miles, as the crow flies; but the journey lays over the main cordillera of the Andes and is really much farther, up and down the steep trails. A narrow-gauge railway goes part of the way, and an old fashioned springless coach the whole distance. Our party decided, (whether wisely or not remains to be seen), to make the entire journey in the saddle, for the sake of being comparatively independent, as well as to better enjoy the magnificent mountain scenery. Our ladies have learned from long experience in these wild latitudes to go always provided with riding habits of dust colored alpaca, buckskin gloves reaching nearly to the elbow, bicycle boots, lacing half way to the knee, and wide-brimmed hats of Panama grass, tied tightly under the chin, a la "poke," with thin but strong gauze veils, crossed at the back and made "becoming" by a big bow in front. Right here let me whisper a secret "to ladies only." When making saddle journeys in these out-of-the-way mountain regions, it is well to be guided in the matter of dress by the customs of the natives, who, traveling always in this fashion, may be relied upon to have learned the best way. A South American equestrienne never burdens herself with too much riding skirt, but makes it of a lightweight material, scant as possible and only about four inches longer than an ordinary walking dress. Underneath the skirt is a pair of very wide, full Turkish trousers, of the same material as the habit, gathered close around the shoe tops. Then, however winds may blow when horse and rider are in full sail over breezy heights, trousers and all pass for riding skirts and none can tell where one begins and the other ends; and no catastrophe, even to the turning of the rider upside down reveals an inch of hose or a glimpse of those undergarments unmentionable to ears polite.

EARLY MORNING JAUNT.

Chattering out of still sleeping Honda about 3 o'clock one balmy morning we took the old Camino Real, (king's highway), which winds for miles under a complete arch of papyrus, mannaes and figtrees. The interlacing branches obscuring the sky and rendering darker that silent hour between night and dawn—that mystic hour in which all the forces of life and nature are in their lowest ebb, in which it is said more souls go out of the body into the great unknown than at any other time. Not even a dog was stirring to bark us out of town and our horses huddled close together with an instinctive need of companionship. In the uncertain light we could not discern one another's faces and our figures looked ghostly and unreal, as might a procession of disembodied spirits on some uncanny expedition. But presently the stars were lost in the sea of crimson and gold that presages the rising of the tropical sun and Dame Nature shook off her comatose condition; the flowers lifted their dewy heads, birds began to twitter, smoke to curl from mannaes and the hum of human activity was heard. Suddenly the road became alive with Indians, trudging to market under heavy loads; barefooted women, in wide straw hats and short calico skirts, generally carrying on their heads a couple of donkeys, and black and white bullocks, heavily laden with piles of chincona bark, bundles of dye wood, sacks of gold or silver ore from the mines, or merchandise of various sorts. The principal towns of Colombia, not the least the fertile valleys lying between the spurs of the Andes, are from 60 to 100 miles distant from the Magdalena river, and to them all goods must be forwarded over the rugged mountain trails. Merchandise is distributed in boxes of 125 pounds each, allowing two boxes, or 250 pounds, to a donkey load. Parcels exceeding this weight must be opened and repacked, or they will not be carried at all. The majority of carriages, or carriages, are women, and their charge for each load, whether a distance of 10 miles or a hundred, is from 24 to 30 reales—a Colombian real being about ten cents American money. Their expense of transport applies only to articles of comparatively light weight, making it utterly impossible to forward across-country, to those places where they are most needed, such heavy objects as mining machinery, agricultural implements, fire engines, automobiles, or anything else weighing over half a ton. Yet we are told that in Bogota every well-to-do family has its piano, which was brought piece-meal over the Sierras, at the cost of a thousand dollars per piano for transportation alone! They have streetcars, too, in Colombia's capital, which were also toiled in sections over the mountains, as were the rails and ties, all on the backs of mules or human beasts of burden.

OVER RUGGED WAYS. After a time we left the "royal road"—of course escorted by a guide—and took to the shorter Indian trail, rough, steep and stony, winding over hills which in some places ascend almost perpendicularly, and offer so narrow a pathway that ponies, ambling one behind the other, can hardly find a footing. About 1 p. m. we reached the village of Condesa, the English name of Marlborough named for it's grand stopped at its straw-thatched posada for breakfast. I have seen many a better meal in the course of a somewhat varied life, but never one that was more acceptable, as we had eaten nothing since the hasty desayuno of bread and coffee, before daylight, in Honda. Two hours' siesta and a good rubbing down with alcohol and hot water (the best remedy, by the way, for the lameness of joint and soreness that afflicts the amateur equestrienne), and by 3 o'clock everybody cheerfully responded to the call of "boots and saddles," not wishing to remain over night in desolate Condesa. However, there is not much choice in posadas on the road to Bogota, one being about as bad as another.

As we ascended, ever higher and higher, the air grew cooler and at 4,000 feet above Honda the temperature was delightful. Winding around the steep sides of the Sierras, we had glimpses of a most wonderful panorama in the Magdalena valley, which, far below, looked like a gigantic chess-board, squared off by hedge-rows enclosing cultivated fields; pale yellowish green of sugar-cane patches interspersed with the dark, glossy foliage of coffee groves; palm-thatched huts for pawns, royal-palms for knights and kings, all environed by distant heights whose tops are lost in the clouds.

GLORIOUS VIEW PRESENTED.

Long before we reached Guaduas, the town where the trail crosses the river to Florencia must spend the night—the moon was up. The miles are not many between these wayside halting places, but while the day was still young the dustiest horse in the cavalcade had discovered that we were not Mazapas and

therefore he need not hurry himself. Down into a green valley, over an antique bridge, built three centuries ago and now crumbling to its fall, past pretty white cottages in the midst of coffee groves, and at last the posada was reached and thence welcome dinner. Guaduas is said to be the most comfortable stopping place on the road, but its high priced posada bears no comparison to the poorest hotel in the United States. My room was large, airy and tolerably clean, its floor paved with damp bricks, walls covered with old newspapers, windows entirely without glass but guarded with heavy wooden bars, and door "locked" by a pole to be set up against it. Thanks to another thorough rubbing with hot alcohol, we started next morning before daybreak, fresh as the larks that were not yet stirring. Long after the sun arose, mist mercifully obscured from view the heights we were yet to climb, or I am afraid our spirits would not have been buoyant. Always upward and upward, like that foolish youth who bore a banner with the strange device

"Excelsior!" and came to grief, as he richly deserved—by midday we found ourselves 3,000 feet above Guaduas. The highest point called "Alto del Ralzal," is marked by a little white house set against a gigantic heap of red-tray sandstone. The view from this point was even more glorious than those of the day before, the prospect being wider, including a circle of mountain summits, whose rocky peaks, one behind the other, peered out from an ocean of cloud. Descending thence to Las Tibayas was the most difficult task we have yet encountered, over a road strewn with loose boulders, so steep and slippery that we momentarily expected to be pitched over the precipices. At the apology for an inn at Las Tibayas we partook of a poorer apology for luncheon, only redeemed from utter failure by some ripe sweet figs which, in the desperation born of hunger, we went out and stole before the eyes of the proprietor.

The rest of the way was a rapid down hill, a regular toboggan slide, 4,000 feet long, into the green and lovely valley of Villota. To this day I am not able to decide which is most to be dreaded—going up the face of a hill, fly fashion, in momentary peril of slipping over the horse's tail, or going downward, at an angle of 50 degrees, every muscle braced to prevent sliding over his ears. Since no beast could possibly go astray on a trail so narrow that we bumped the wall of rock on one side, while stones loosened by his feet on the brink of the other dropped without a sound into an abyss so deep that tall trees growing at the bottom looked like mere twigs—our valiant correspondent abandoned all responsibility, closed her

eyes to the fearful trail and clung for dear life to the pommel.

At Villota, where the second night was passed, we were fain to lay our weary bones to rest in the first hour of gloaming; but not to slumber, for rats, cockroaches, beetles, fleas and good-natured what other vermin, galloped over the prison-like place in a way that murdered sleep more effectively than Macbeth's conscience. Though feeling painfully the effect of daily shaking up and already constrained to say our prayers in a standing attitude, we were not adverse to leaving Villota before sunrise, having partaken of the inevitable sour bread and muddy coffee by the glimmer of a tallow dip. Beta had fallen sick during the night, leaving everything clean, cool and dripping, but alas, it had also washed away—for the third time this season, we were told—the only bridge that crosses the Rio Negro, leaving us no alternative but to ford that brawling stream. Luckily the river was not high, though running rapidly, and but for a slight wetting, all crossed in safety. From the river's brink the ground rises steadily, always higher and higher; at one place named El Salitre, up steep steps, like a flight of stairs, cut into the face of the mountain, which our horses unwillingly climbed.

ALTO DEL ROBLE REACHED.

At last, thank Heavens! Alto del Roble was reached—one of the highest accessible points in the Andean chain, some 12,000 feet above sea level, which our guide assured us was "the end of up hill." A cart road from Bogota comes out nearly to the Alto; and

though horribly bad, with deep gutters washed out by floods that pour down the mountain sides, we were rejoiced to exchange the wild paths of "the land of the sky" for an unpicturesque, barley-bordered highway. The third night we halted at a hacienda named Mazapas, "The Apples." Here the orange and banana give place to the pine and alce, and notwithstanding good beds and warm rugs and latitude near the equator, we suffered much from cold, the change being very great from the heated lowlands of the Magdalena. And here, it may as well be confessed, we surrendered, ingloriously and unconditionally. Having learned that, by telegraphing to Bogota, a coach would come out from that city and convey us thence, we were glad to pay for the 35 miles or more which our guide and his horses were not to go, and lie in bed nursing our bruises during the next 24 hours. It was by no means a brilliant party that was finally packed into the clumsy vehicle to depart for the 35 miles or more which our guide and his horses were not to go, and lie in bed nursing our bruises during the next 24 hours. It was by no means a brilliant party that was finally packed into the clumsy vehicle to depart for the 35 miles or more which our guide and his horses were not to go, and lie in bed nursing our bruises during the next 24 hours. It was by no means a brilliant party that was finally packed into the clumsy vehicle to depart for the 35 miles or more which our guide and his horses were not to go, and lie in bed nursing our bruises during the next 24 hours.

Ayer's

Hair Vigor

Probably you know how it always restores color to gray hair, stops falling, and makes the hair grow. Then tell your friends.

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

trees of Colombia's capital came into view. Vesper bells were ringing as we clattered into town; but the two overshadowing hills, whose summits are crowned by churches—each a kind of Calvary, up which penitents go on their knees during holy week—looked black and forbidding, as if bearing a frown, instead of a welcome, for the weary wanderers.

FANNIE B. WARD.

"CORNERING" the FLOUR MARKET.

We're going to corner the Flour Market. Not the way the speculators corner the wheat or corn market, but by asking you to try it. We want to get the attention of all the housekeepers and talk with all of the housekeepers who are familiar with RIVERDALE FLOUR through seeing it advertised, but have not yet tried it. There is satisfaction in every sack. If you don't find it so, take your money back.

A LARGE MAJORITY OF HEADACHES

Are caused by eyestrain and can be permanently relieved by proper glasses, properly fitted. If you are a sufferer and wish to be sure that glasses are the key to the situation, have your eyes examined—without charge by

KNICKERBOCKER, 259 MAIN STREET.

THE NEW 1903 COTTON FABRICS

January Sale of Muslin Underwear

The muslin underwear sale enters on its second week, with newly added, special values that will benefit all purchasers. None of those trashy, quickly thrown together garments offered here, but all strictly sanitary garments made under clean and healthful conditions and in the most careful manner, well finished throughout and generously cut.

Ladies' corset cover, made of fine material, long waisted, and good fitting, for 19c

A fine full front cover, with lace insertion and tucks, across the front and edged with lace, for 25c

Your choice of several different styles in covers, some with an all over embroidery front and others lace trimmed, for 50c

Ladies' fine muslin drawers, finished with hem and cluster of 19c

Ladies' drawers in regular sizes, edged with fine Hamburg embroidery, for 25c

A ladies' drawer with a fine cambric top deep flounce of fine lawn, finished with fine tucks, for 35c

Ladies' chemise, made of muslin, trimmed with hemstitched 25c

A fine chemise, edged with torchon lace around neck and arm 25c

Ladies' chemise with a yoke of tucks and embroidery, edged with lace 39c

Ladies' long skirt with a fine cambric flounce with lace insertion set in, also edged with fine lace 98c

Ladies' full length skirt with a deep flounce, choice of two styles, one lace trimmed and the other embroidered 75c

Are Here, And a Magnificent Collection It Is, Too

Monday inaugurates an extensive showing of the new spring wash goods. The lines include all the leading foreign and domestic productions at the same low range of prices that has always characterized this department in the past and which we are confident can not be equalled elsewhere. Many of the prettiest weaves and patterns come first and go first.

There are two chief reasons why discerning women are interested in this first showing of cotton goods. One is the opportunity, never so good later, to pick out choice designs, while the collection is in its first fresh fullness, as many of the most desirable creations now being shown can not be duplicated later in the season. The other reason is because of this week's SPECIAL UNDERPRICED OFFERINGS.

FRENCH BAUCLEUR STRIPES.

In a large variety of new designs in attractive figured and floral patterns, conventional figures and rosebuds, all desirable and wanted shades, per yard 12½c

PRINTED FRENCH MUSLINS.

All light, dark and medium colors, in a variety of polka dot and floral effect combinations, sheer and pretty, per yard 17½c

THE NEW TULA STRIPE.

A beautiful new wash goods creation, dainty and summery in appearance, rich floral patterns with lace and satin striped effect throughout, per yard 20c

WOVEN BRILLIANT.

This is a new highly mercerized fabric, in beautiful striped and figured effects, an exquisite washable waist and dress fabric, per yard 25c

COTTON ETAMINES.

In melange mixtures, just like the wool dress goods, in grays, tans, blues, and pink mixtures, at per yard 35c

EMBROIDERED FIGURED MUSLINS.

This fabric comes in all the rich high colors, with rich embroidered stripe and delicately tinted rose effects, sheer, dainty, and stylish for summer gowns, at per yard 35c

SWISS PLUMETIS.

New embroidered effects on sheer Swiss muslin, in all colors, at per yard 30c

PONGEE SILK ZEPHYRS.

Newest striped designs with attractive small polka dots and squares, large variety of colorings on white and colored grounds, per yard 37½c

SILK NOVELTY WAISTINGS.

A dainty silk and cotton fabric, that sparkles like snow crystals, with large and medium sized rings and polka dots of self colors scattered over its surface, per yard 50c

DONEGAL IRISH SUITINGS.

This all pure Irish linen suiting in all colored mixtures is one of the newest heavy weight summer fabrics imported, and is especially adapted for knock-about skirts, etc., per yard 35c

SHEER LINEN SUITINGS.

In plain solid colors or striped effects, very light in weight and all pure Irish linen, every thread, price, per yard 50c

SCOTCH MADRAS SHIRTINGS.

Direct importation from Glasgow, Scotland, containing all the newest shirting patterns, either striped or plain Madras. These goods have all been thoroughly scoured with soap and water before leaving the mill, per yard 50c

5,000 YARDS OF COTTON UNDERPRICED!

12½c Seersuckers at 7½c per yard

12½ Full Yard Wide Percales at 8½c

15c Madras Gingham, at 10c

Narrow and wide stripes and checks, come in blues, browns and reds.

32 inches wide, stripes, all colors and big variety of patterns.

Good, Perfect, Dainty Seersuckers, Madras Cloths and Percales of unusual excellence in quality and design.

CORDED WASH SILKS.

THE NEW 1903 CORDED WASH SILKS IN A MORE BEAUTIFUL RANGE OF COLORS AND GREATER SELECTION OF CORDED EFFECTS THAN EVER BEFORE IS NOW READY FOR YOUR EARLY SELECTION. THESE DELIGHTFULLY COOL SUMMER FABRICS CANNOT BE PURCHASED TOO EARLY TO SECURE THE CREAM OF THIS IMMENSE ASSORTMENT. THESE ARE THE REGULAR 65c VALUES. OPENING SALE PRICE, PER YARD

45c

Cohn's
DRY GOODS STORE
222-224 MAIN ST

Clearance of All Heavy Suitings, PER YARD 97c Values up to \$3.00.

WOOL REMNANTS.

ALL THE LEFT-OVER WOOL REMNANTS, SHORT LENGTHS CARRIED OVER FROM OUR RECENT GREAT CLEARANCE SALE, NOW MARKED AT ONE-

HALF ORIGINAL REMNANT PRICE

GENERAL CLEANING UP in the CLOAK and SUIT DEPARTMENT.

THE RAREST BARGAINS IN MANY A DAY.

Such price reductions as these are indeed rare. It will certainly pay you to take advantage of this sale as the garments are most desirable in every way, and the prices are once more cut down from already great reductions. They will be shown on bargain tables at prices that will effect a quick clearance.

One Lot of Ladies' Jackets \$4.98



Made in almost every box, Norfolk, Monte Carlo and light and loose fitting styles. Black, castor, tan, and navy, all sizes, some of these were our regular \$14.50 coats, none sold less than \$9.00.

ONE LOT OF WAISTS 25c.

Striped flannelette, all colors, all sizes, regular price 75c.

ONE LOT OF WAISTS 50c.

Bedford cord, striped, all colors, all sizes, regular price \$1.25.

ONE LOT OF WAISTS 75c.

Fine French flannel, mostly light colors, some sold as high as \$3.00.

ONE LOT OF CHILDREN'S JACKETS 90c.

Kersey cloth, all colors, braid trimmed, they were our regular \$2.35 coats.

One Lot of Children's Long Cloaks \$1.95.

Variety of styles and made of kersey cloth and broadcloth, all colors, some sold as high as \$5.00.

ATTRACTIVE HOSIERY VALUES.

Children's and misses' hose, 1x1 ribbed, double knees, heels and toes, special price 19c

Women's worsted hose, double soles, elastic 19c

Men's black fleeced half hose, high spliced heel and double sole, Hermsdorf dye, only, per pair 19c

Men's wool hose, Camel's hair color, only, per pair 11c

Misses' fine wool hose, 1x1 ribbed, full fashioned double sole, heel and toe, 66c quality, reduced to 39c

One Lot of Lined Petticoats 98c



Flannelette lined black mercerized sateen petticoats, corded and pleated ruffles, some sold as high as \$2.00.

One Lot of Ladies' WALKING SKIRTS for \$1.98

One of the most remarkable offers ever given is a lot of Women's Walking Skirts in a variety of materials and styles. Every one of which is well made, regular prices are from \$1.25 to \$4.00.

ONE LOT OF SILK PETTICOATS FOR \$4.40

Black and all colors, come in accordion pleated and ruffled styles. Some sold for \$9.00.

ONE LOT OF SATEEN WAISTS, 89c

Black mercerized sateen, tucked and hemstitched styles, sold as high as \$2.00.

ONE LOT OF WRAPPERS, 69c

Flannelette and fancy swansdown flannel, beautiful assortment, some sold as high as \$2.50, none sold less than \$1.50.

ONE LOT OF DRESSING SACQUES, \$1.00

Flannelette and swansdown flannel, some sold as high as \$2.35.

SPECIAL UNDERWEAR OPPORTUNITIES.

A belated shipment of Ladies' fleeced union suits, also fine non-shrinkable vests and pants, made of selected yarns, regular 50c values, to be closed out at 40c

Misses' and children's union suits, in ecru only at 25c

One Lot of Silk Waists at \$2.65



Peau de Soie and taffeta, all colors, some sold as high as \$15.00.