

IN BOOK OF MORMON LANDS.

Sights and Scenes in the Far South Where a Utah Traveler Wandered In Quest of Information.

Special Correspondence.
Fusagasuga, Colombia, May 9.—I am satisfied, after a more careful examination of the country, that a numerous population occupied the hill slopes about Cipiquira anciently. When the Spaniards came to the country, nearly 400 years ago, they found the Zipi people had their seat of government about 12 miles north of Cipiquira. The salt mines at the latter point were a source of great wealth to these people. They carried on a considerable trade with the surrounding tribes, exchanging salt for gold and silver and other articles. In this way they obtained the metal which they made into idols, which are now found in their old graves. In the hills about Cipiquira are many old caves in which this people buried their dead. There are men here who make a business of looking for these old graves and robbing them of the gold and other articles of value they contain. The government seems to be doing nothing to protect the remaining evidences of its old civilization and in a few years they will all have disappeared.

After spending two days at Bogota I took the Southern Railway that goes out the south arm of the valley beyond the falls of Taquandama. When I reached the terminus I discovered I had gone by Suacha, the town where I should have gotten off, but I decided to make the best of conditions at hand. I hired a man to take my baggage to Fusagasuga, 25 miles distant, in the direction of the Magdalena, and I hired a boy to go with me to the falls, about five miles off to the north in the hills. We left the station and cutting across the fields reached the river where it entered the canyon and followed down its banks. From its first entrance into the gorge the river runs rapidly and in a short time is going down over the rocks at an angle of about 30 degrees. At this point there is a fine up-to-date electric power plant that furnishes lights for Bogota, 25 miles away. Below the power plant the river is not so rapid. It is about the size of the Rio Negro, and runs about as that river does below the power plant.

HEARD NO ROAR.
I have read somewhere that the roar of these falls could be heard for many

to the edge and looked down into the gorge the mist filled it but in a few minutes they cleared and I got a fine view of the cataract. There are two falls. The river leaps from the first rock and falls about 25 feet and strikes the second ledge and shoots out into the space on the second jump of over 400 feet. There is very little of it ever reaches the bottom of the gorge in the shape of water. It is dissolved into spray and rolls up out of the gorge a variable cloud that mounts up over the hills and hangs about the mountains, cooling the atmosphere to a very marked extent. The gorge at the fall is not 25 or 30 feet wide, but just below widens out to 200 feet or more, on either side of which are the great cliffs which line the gorge as far down as one can see. Of course, these falls are not to be compared to Niagara, but as you stand on the edge of the precipice and hang on to the twining vines and watch the columns of water shoot out in foam and disintegrate into spray and follow its descent to the bottom where you see the stream gathering again and rolling on its course again diminished in volume, you feel that you are in the presence of one of the wonders of the world and gazing at a sight not often seen in this little world of ours.

BACK TO THE VALLEY.

After spending some time at the falls I retraced my steps to the valley, about four miles, cutting across fields I took the road to Fusagasuga. I passed a number of farm houses, and saw many cattle feeding in the rich pastures. All about here I notice again old hill terraces and in places where the brush and timber has been recently cleared from the slopes I see the old terraces that were there generations ago. This is a coal country and all of the way down the canyon towards the falls are mines, worked in the most primitive manner. I saw men drawing coal out by hand, on small carts with wooden rollers for wheels. From the mines the coal is taken to the railroad on two wheeled carts drawn by oxen. In our country a coal mine is a source of wealth to a railroad, but this railroad goes up the level valley and does not diverge a foot from its course to facilitate the handling of the coal, but goes on up to Ysabel, where it juts up against a mountain.

At Ysabel I found a fonda. It is the last on the road to Fusagasuga and although it is only 4 p. m., I decide to stay

the great valley of the Magdalena and the great mountain mass of the central cordillera beyond, distant from here in a straight line about 60 miles.

I am of opinion that this valley was the line of communication for the people in olden times between the Sabana and the upper Magdalena valley as also the mountain valleys in the Pasto and beyond. A road could be constructed from here to the Sabana, following up the valley and not climbing the summit, where I passed, with a very easy grade. In the mesa valley over the ridges to the northwest of this they are building a railroad to the Sabana and the engineer told me the steepest grade did not exceed 3 per cent. The climb has got to be steady to cover 10,000 feet in 100 miles, with no steeper grade than three per cent.

A FINE FRUIT COUNTRY.

I like this valley much better than I did Guadalupe as it is dry and healthy. The thermometer in my room is at 79 degrees and the day is clear and beautiful. They can grow all sorts of tropic fruits here and up on the mountain slopes apples, pears, peaches, etc. In the market here this morning I priced a little box, about 10 pounds of potatoes, it was worth 40, or 41 paper money per pound. Small biscuits are worth \$1 each. They limit you to one small biscuit to a meal at all the hotels. I have not seen any butter for a month. They have fairly good beef and mutton here, but it is usually spoiled in cooking.

I don't remember that I have given you the bill of fare at the hotels here. If not here it is: First, vegetable soup; second, another soup, with plantain, beans, peas, rice, meat, etc., stirred in it, a great dish here; third, a plate containing a small piece of fried meat or an egg and a slice or two of fried plantain and potatoes; fourth, a dish of boiled rice and a piece of meat; fifth, dulce. The word dulce means sweet, and covers a great variety of things, but in this instance it means a dish of sweet syrup, or peach preserves, or preserved strawberries or some sort of preserved fruit; sixth, cup of coffee or chocolate and the biscuit. A meal of this kind costs you on an average \$15 paper money or 15 cents in our money. The hotels usually charge from \$50 to \$75 per day for board and room. The meals are delicious, consisting of chocolate and a biscuit and a small piece of native cheese. In the morning, Almuerzo, or breakfast at 11 a. m., with bill of fare

as above, and comida, or dinner, at 5:30 p. m., with bill of fare as above. I have just discovered there is usually chocolate and bread at 8 p. m., but as I am usually in bed by that hour I hardly ever get it. As to the cooking and preparing of the food it is best not to investigate it too closely. I work on the principle that the food must be eatable or they would not put it before me. Thus in Bogota they gave me a dish that was strange to me. I investigated and found it to be tripe. I don't usually eat tripe at home. As to insects. The fleas are the worst; during the 21 days I was in the Sabana I only had two nights' good rest. Cleanliness would correct this. I don't think they ever mop the floors and do not sweep them often than is necessary. There are very few house flies and no mosquitoes or gnats. With the people of Utah in this land life would be a dream of bliss and the land a paradise.

For two days I have looked about the country about Fusagasuga. The valley bears many signs of a former occupation. There are signs of cultivation and the hills to the east look like they had been dug out as though some sort of mining had been carried on there. In the valley are scattered granite blocks. On one of these, a very large one in a field a mile or so south of the town, I found old hieroglyphic writings.

JOEL RICKS.

Night Was Her Terror.

"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applepie, 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 10-cent bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 58 pounds." It is 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.

Sleeplessness.

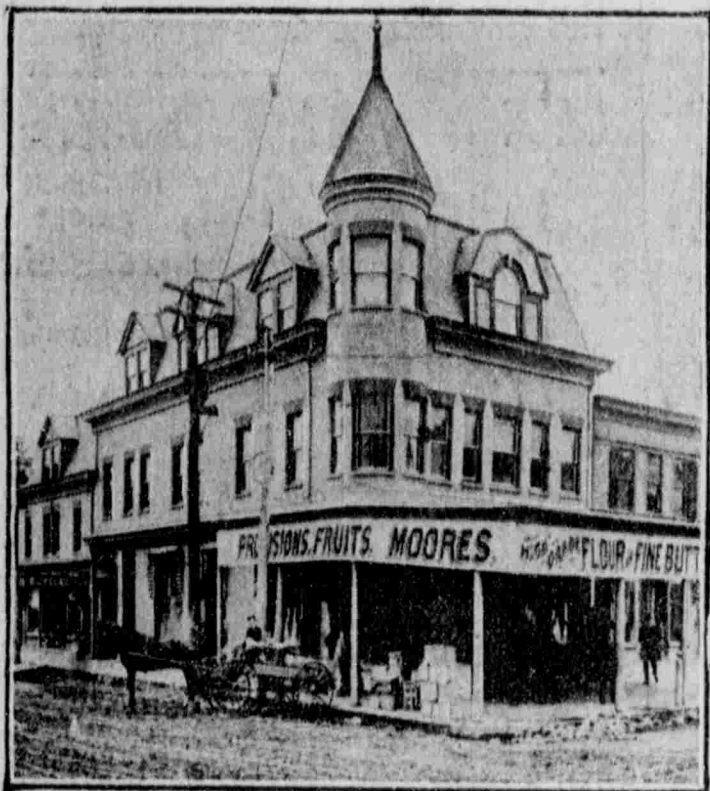
You can't sleep in the calmest and stillest night. If your stomach is weak, circulation poor, and digestion bad, Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens the stomach, improves the circulation, perfects digestion, and brings about that condition in which sleep is regular and refreshing.

It does not do this in a day, but it does—it has done it in thousands of cases.

Cures Sciatica.

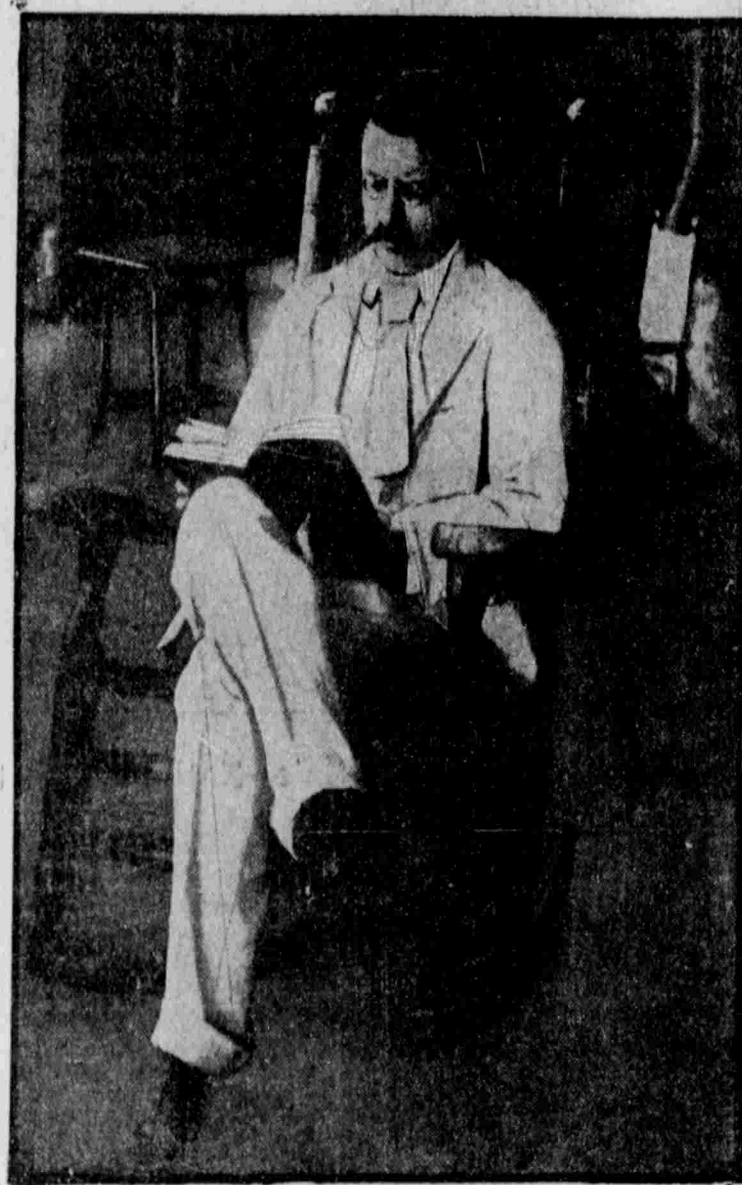
Rev. W. L. Riley, L. L. D., Cuba, New York, writes: "After fifteen days of excruciating pain from sciatic rheumatism, under various treatments, I was induced to try Ballard's Snow Liniment, the first application giving my first relief, and the second, entire relief. I can give it unqualified recommendation. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT OYSTER BAY.



This unpretentious looking building is really the present headquarters of the nation. Here President Roosevelt has established his office while he is enjoying his vacation at the Oyster Bay Home. His office force is now properly organized in their new quarters and the nation's work is being carried on with a vim and vigor. There is plenty of it, for the president cannot claim complete immunity from work while on his vacation, as can less distinguished citizens. Cabinet ministers, public officials, etc., are constantly visiting Oyster Bay to disturb the president in the midst of his comparative obscurity.

At Oyster Bay, President Roosevelt is seeking rest and recreation from the arduous duties that demand all his time at the capital most of the year round. The president, in the bosom of his family, at his summer home, is taking it as easy as possible, although of course he still has to attend to a great deal of the nation's work, although he is supposed to be on his vacation. The above authentic snapshot shows how the president looks in the holiday attire he is able to don in the seclusion of his own home.



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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

all night and take daylight for my journey, and it is a good thing I did.

CLIMBING THE STEPS.

I was off again at 7 a. m. and commenced at once to climb the hills that separate the Magdalena from the Sabana. They don't seem high, but it takes me until 9 a. m. to reach the summit. I turn and take a last look at the beautiful level valley stretching away miles and miles to the northeast, its whole surface clothed in a robe of perpetual green. I experience a feeling of sadness as I turn my back upon it. Not that I regret to leave it but because I realize that hereafter it will be only a memory with me, in all human probability I will never see it again. These thoughts are soon dissipated for I plunge at once into a densely wooded country and am descending the steep mountain slope over a paved road that zigzags down just as the Bogota trail did on the slopes further north. About me now are rugged peaks but a cloud fills the depths of the gorge and I cannot see 200 feet ahead. It has rained recently and the rocks are slippery and I have to use the greatest care to avoid a fall. Little springs of clear cool water sparkle out from the mountain sides. After awhile tree ferns and tropic plants become numerous. In an hour I go down nearly a mile and yet I know there is another mile of descent below me before I reach the Magdalena. At 11 a. m. I get a glimpse of a valley off to the west and skirting around the mountain ridge that juts out towards the south. I keep the valley on my right. After awhile it begins to rain and I fear a wetting, but the town is nearer than I thought. They told me I would not reach it until 2 p. m., but at 12 noon I enter the main street and am soon at Hotel L'Esperanza, named after the general of the revolution.

A LARGE MESA.

The valley is probably 10 miles long and five wide, and consists principally of a large mesa or bench that slopes towards the northwest, on which side the river flows and leaves the valley at the west side and joins with the Bogota in the valley of the mesa, which can be seen from here, also the mountain ridge which separates the mesa from the Magdalena. This ridge is quite a mountain, but from this point I can look over it and see



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Monday, July 13th, 9 a.m., we wish to make a little money by selling a quantity of highly serviceable silver plated ware. If we sell but part of it we wont make any money, but if we sell it all we will pay for this advertisement out of the profit, satisfy many people, and perhaps sell some things not here advertised.

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50 fancy berry Spoons with silver bowls, in case, at—each \$1.00

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