# THE WILDS OF BOLIVIA.

## HOW IT LOOKS NEAR THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE AMAZON.

### The Record-Union Correspondent Fleeing Through South America Pursued by La Grippe.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]

LA PAZ, Bolivia, 1890.

We have been fleeing, far and fast, before the dreaded grip, but with indifferent success. It was hoped that the indefatigable traveler which has nearly circumnavigated the globe might somehow miss South America, but like a thief in the night it came, appearing simultaneously on both sides of the continent, in Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso and Lima, soon making sad havoc in all the coast cities.

At that time we were in the midst of some most interesting researches in Peru; but as one of our party is a consumptive, traveling expressly to prolong his span of life, and another has been repeatedly warned by physicians to escape influenza at any cost, on account of chronic throat trouble, we stood not upon the order of going, bat went at once. Stopping awhile in Arequipa, a lovely old city in eastern Peru, it happened one day that the whole garrison of wretched soldiers fell down as one man under the stern grasp of the grip. Then we fled to Bolivia, the great but almost unknown republic that lies, cornerwise, between Peru, Brazil, the Argentine country and Chile, in the vain hope that the disease might expend its force near sea level, and not cross the intervening cordilleras of the Andes, the seven successive walls, snow-topped and sky-piercing, with the deserts and great lake that lie between.

Of Peru, the most interesting country in the world, and of the wonderful journey to Bolivia, by the railroad that reaches the highest point where a wheel was ever turned by steam, twice as high as the celebrated Hospice of St. Bernard, I will tell you later, as we are going directly back over the same route, to complete the abandoned researches. Leaving the eternal summer of Arequipa in the morning, we took midday lunch in a snow-storm, nearly 15,000 feet above the sea, and the same night reached Puno, the last town in Peru, on the western edge of Lake Titicaca, at the hight of about 12,500 feet.

Here we tarried to recover breath, a difficult thing in these parts, where all travelers suffer from the distressing complaint called "sirroche," before venturing into the higher altitudes of Bolivia. But the grip went faster than we, and two days after we arrived in Puno that town was almost at bad as Arequipa.

Crossing Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable water on the face of the earth, as well as the coldest, stormiest and most disagreeable, whose "Sacred Islands" of the long-dead Incas yet show their ruined temples of sun worship and moon worship, we came to La Paz, the melancholy city which is not really the capital of Bolivia, though at present its seat of government. Here we remained for a time in comparative safety, congratulating ourselves that at last a place had been found so forbidding that even influenza would shun it. But again we had reckoned without our host, and one fine morning awakened to the knowledge that fully 75 per cent. of the city's population were wrestling with the scourge.

There was but one way of escape—to run away into the interior, beyond the borders of civilization and almost beyond the haunts of man. There is but one such pathway leading out of La Paz, except in the direction from whence came the enemy, and that is to the tropical valley of Yungas, where are raised most of Bolivia's cocoa and coffee, fruits, wines and sugar. An arriero, or muleteer, was quickly engaged, who supplied a mule for each person and several for carrying our beds, provision, hampers and other luggage; a mozo, or man-servant, was taken in tow, and early one morning the flight into Egypt began.

But alas! The enemy from which we fled went with us, in the throat of the arriero. The second day out he developed the grip in its worst form, which speedily ran into pneumonia. We were compelled to leave the poor fellow at a farm-house, after doing all that was possible for his comfort, leaving medicines and money with the people who took him in charge; but in a little more than a week he was dead.

While on the influenza subject it may not be amiss to add a few facts concerning its caprices on the southern continent. In the higher altitudes the disease has been uniformly light, unless the lungs became involved, in which case death was almost sure to ensue. Among the people of the coast a larger percentage of cases have been fatal. The Chilean newspapers state, with what truth I do not know, that the disease returned to some villages which it had already devastated and in many instances attacked the same victims a second time. However, it must be taken into account that for months past it has been the fashion, the wide world over, to call every cold the grip. Strange to say, Chile's capital, Santiago, suffered much more than its neighbor Valparaiso, although the former is supposed to be the healthier city; and in Lima, Peru, though at one time nearly the entire population was prostrated, few deaths were reported. Happily for us, Bolivia went through its severest ordeal during our two weeks' absence at Yungas. In the hotel, where our rooms were retained and luggage left, every soul in the house was ill at once, from the proprietor to the stable boy; and before our return several well-known faces had been laid away in the pantheon.

The round trip between the cities of La Paz and Chulumani, the latter being the Capital of the Department of Yungas, is a distance of about 272 Yankee miles, reckoned by reducing the Bolivian league, which is 6,100 English yards. Though most of the products that are used in and exported from Bolivia come from the narrow Yungas valley, and though the Government annually expends a large sum on the alleged road thereto, the only highway of centuries is mostly a narrow trail, cut round and round the edges of the mountains, sometimes zigzagging to and fro over their perpendicular faces, like the tacking of a ship, in places where neither man nor mule could walk straight up like a fly on the wall. But few places 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 and the sturdy little donkeys of the Indians, hundreds of them being constantly on the road, laden with every imaginable commodity. Llamas, those strange animals that are found only in the Andes, are also used as beasts of burden in the mountains, but as they can not live below a certain elevation they are never seen near sea level.

The wonder is that any road at all could ever have been made in these stupendous hights. On the first day out, about eighteen miles from La Paz and 4,000 feet above it, the highest point is attained, called Alto del Cruz, which is 2,400 feet higher than the very top of Pike's Peak, or about 16,000 feet nearer the stars than you are at home. The "Alto" extends almost on a dead level for several miles before a gradual descent begins. At any time of year the traveler away up here is apt to encounter a snow-storm, the big, round flakes that look like hail melting as they fall, wetting his garments through and through, while a stinging wind chills him to the marrow. In addition to the usual programme a thunder-storm was thrown in for our entertainment, lightning playing in the clouds below and hollow echoes reverberating from peak to peak. Of course our animals suffered severely and were obliged to halt every few moments, panting painfully; while we, between the wet and bitter cold, had not a breath to spare with which to urge them onward.

To add to the general melancholy of this most desolate spot, we passed the body of a dead man lying 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 Paz to give testimony in the slow process of the Bolivian Courts. A number of Indians had just discovered the unfortunate and to their care we left him.

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 dollars his half-year's work has gained. The Indian highwaymen, though less numerous than those of lighter color and more cowardly, are much more to be dreaded, for they do not fight openly, but skulk 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 are always fought with stones and slings *a la* David and Goliath and very seldom does an Indian fail to bring down his man. Sometimes, after unusual atrocities have been perpetrated, troops are sent out to hunt down the assassins, and then for a time comparative safety is insured. A general robber-hunt had been made shortly before our journey, in which a large number were captured, and, as soldiers were still continuing the search, we had no occasion for fear. In the prison at Chulumani we saw nine of the newly-captured banditti, three of whom were women, and a more villainous-looking group it were hard to find.

On the first day's ride from La Paz, though one is unused to the saddle, the extraordinary altitude, and the terrible roads, thirty-three miles must be made to reach a sleeping-place, the only alternative being a night in the open air. At intervals all along the uninhabited part of the highway the Government has caused places of shelter for man and beast to be erected. These are called *tambos* (facsimiles of the *misons* of Mexico), and each in charge of a family, who, if well paid for it, will supply food for the mules and generally something edible for the human guests. But in every instance the mules get the best of it. Of course the traveler has brought his own mattress and blankets, and store of provisions, and some sort of amateur cooking contrivance by which he can at least make a cup of tea. But you can easily imagine that after a long day's ride in the mountains the average explorer does not feel much in the mood for cooking, his first impulse being to tumble a mattress down anywhere, roll himself up in a blanket, and make mental calculations of his blisters ahd bruises, while the tambo people proceed to prepare for him whatever they please.

The evening meal, which is called by courtesy "dinner," consists of two things, viz., coffee and *chupe*, the latter a kind of thick soup, made of dried sheep which has been stewed to the tenderness of an old boot top, mixed with a good deal of rice, various seeds and vegetables, prominent among which are onions, all made hotter than so many spoonfuls of live coals by means of red peppers and *aji*. It is the national dish of Bolivia, among all classes, high and low, and thousands of families subsist entirely upon it. Of course the *chupe* varies from bad to worse, according to what the cook is able to put into it, but is really "not half bad," as the English say, when one gets use to it.

Sometimes another dish is added to the menu; but as a rule, if you are so unreasonable as to imitate Oliver Twist in calling for more, you must supply it from your own stores.

Now and then one finds a tambo which boasts the rare luxury (in these parts) of wooden floors; but generally Mother Earth serves that purpose. Each room is furnished with a dirt-coated deal table, a bench or two, and perhaps a chair may be had for the asking. Most of them contain the barest outlines of a bedstead, made of poles lashed together and "corded up" with rawhide thongs. But these are such abominations in the way of rolling toward the middle, and of being infested with every species of bugs known to beds, that the experienced traveler prefers the floor, with nothing worse than fleas for company.

It is generally long after dark before one has reached his tambo and thrown himself down, thoroughly exhausted, while the mozo and muleteer attend to the animals and bring inside the luggage, saddles and all. By and by an Indian slouches in, ragged and dirty beyond degree; or a bare-legged boy who has apparently all his life entertained the aversion of a mad dog for water—who proceeds to haul out the dirty table, and to spread upon it, without a cloth between, whatever may have been prepared in the line of food. The big bowl of chupe is sure to be steaming hot, not to mention its *aji;* and if any other dish is furnished, it is served as a separate course, with all the ceremony of a Presidential banquet, coffee coming in after the rest is removed. Bread you must bring, or go without; butter is not to be thought of; and it will be well if your hamper contains a few such luxuries, by way of change, as canned beef, deviled ham, and dulcies. Throughout the valley of the Yungas boiled bananas are extensively used in place of bread, and make a palatable and nourishing substitute.

Soon as the meal is concluded nothing is to be thought of but needed rest. The ladies retire to their apartment, the gentlemen to theirs; the arriero and mozo lay themselves down on guard outside the door; the mules are tethered not many yards away (they probably occupy an adjoining apartment, precisely like your own, barring the beds and tables); and everybody sleeps the dreamless sleep of the weary, until aroused next morning by the watchful arriero at the first glimmer of dawning.

Then one's troubles begin afresh. For example, such an article as a washbowl is an unknown quantity on the road to Yungas. After raising sufficient riot in Spanish, English and Indian a wooden bowl may be brought, holding a gallon or more of water, in which all the guests of the inn are expected to lave in turn, gallantry giving the first chance to the ladies. Soap and towels one must provide for himself or go without.

About the time you are in the most embarrassing part of your toilet, the ragged Indian or unwashed urchin of the night before, comes in without the preliminary of knocking, and calmly proceeds to spread the festive board with *desaguno*, or the early breakfast of the country, which consists of nothing on earth but bitter coffee without milk, unless you choose to add to it a butterless lump of your own bread. This you swallow shiveringly in the pale morning twilight of the mountains; and having paid as much for the entertainment as for the same length of time in a New York hotel, the mules are brought up, and again you sally forth, thanking heaven for having preserved you thus far, but feeling extremely doubtful as to the future. Almuerzo, or second, breakfast, consisting also of chupe and coffee, is sure to be found somewhere along the road, between 10 and 2 o'clock; and by that time your appetite is "sharp set" enough to enjoy it.

The greatest artist that ever lived could not convey with brush and colors an adequate idea of the awe-inspiring grandeur of the Andes; and certainly no pen-picture can do them faintest justice. Moses may have beheld similar sights on cloud-wrapped Sinai, when the glory of heaven was upon it, as he listened to the voice of the Lord. As our journey led near to the Bolivian headwaters of the Amazon, we crossed the last interior spur of the Andean system. Not many of the Anglo-Saxon race have ever penetrated these innermost recesses of the mountains, and of that number few were women.

This seventh range shows, for three hundred miles, a succession of sharp, snow-capped peaks, each presenting to the westward a sheer cliff, many thousands of feet high, which looks like a gigantic sugar-loaf, split in the middle, the fallen half piled below in a chaos of slate-like debris. Seen from a distance, their bare and totally inaccessible sides look black as ink, in contrast with the extensive snow-fields above, which the foot of man or beast has never trodden. Occasionally a condor is seen—the poet'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 sides at an enormous hight, 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 long, with abrupt turns and zigzags, up and down which our beasts picked their way with utmost care.

In this sort of traveling the great point is to gain perfect confidence in your animal, and be sure that the saddle-girths are kept as tight as he can bear; then to fix your eyes on the heavenly views, regardless of sublunary 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!

Such waterfalls and cascades as come tumbling down from unknown hights 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 valley, so far below our aerial track that it looks like a thread of silver, is in reality a raging cataract, dashing over giant boulders with a noise like thunder, for more than fifty miles outdoing the rapids above Niagara, and nowhere navigable in all its course. There are mountains on every hand, mountains everywhere, stretching away in the horizon; while the range on the opposite side of the valley, parallel to this we are slowly traversing, appears almost near enough to toss a stone from one to the other.

When the lowlands were reached, came the new experience of fording the many small rivers that flow into the larger one; but we found it preferable to most of the bridges along the route—frail structures swung from tree to tree, and swaying like cradles beneath us. At one point the road for a number miles lay directly through the bed of a river, whose clear waters, not deep but rapid, foamed noisily along over the rocks.

When once in the valley, no words can tell the beauty and luxuriance of the tropical vegetation in solitudes where "Near to Nature's Heart" is not an empty idea. There were groves of wild banana 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 enormous ferns whose perfect fronds waved high above our heads. And then the birds of brilliant plumage—parrots, macaws, paroquets—the monkeys chattering among the trees, gorgeous butterflies as large as the palm of your hand, beetles dressed in green and blue and gold, and other wonders encountered at every step!

A portion of the highway to Yungas' capital is a mere foot-path running through the coffee groves of private plantations, and between orange and lime trees crowded so closely together as to rake off our hats with their branches, and render imminent the fate of Absalom. The lower hillsides are mostly laid out in terraced slopes for the cultivation of cocoa, the great industry of the valley. Except in two or three villages, there are few inhabitants in all this distance, but those of Indians—these latter are generally of airiest structure, being poles stuck in the ground, thatched with grass, and walled with giant fern leaves closely interwoven. "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," might well be sung at Yungas. There are many grottoes or miniature caverns by the wayside, formed by springs or waterfalls forcing their way through heaped-up boulders, where every inch of rock is thickly covered with the most beautiful mosses and delicate maidenhair ferns, overhung by gigantic fronds and brilliant flowers.

Passing one of these, we saw inside a number of half-naked Indian women washing their clothes in the clear cascade, while their lazy lords sat by circulating sundry jugs and bottles among themselves. It happened at the moment that the doctor and I were lagging in the rear, and as we rode by the customary "Buenos dias" (good day) on our part, and "Ma-ma" on theirs were exchanged—the latter word not meaning mother, as might be inferred, but in Quichua language a token of greeting and respect. To our surprise, up sprang three of the Indians calling on us to stop, and who, in spite of all our efforts at speed kept almost within reach of us. Up hill and down we went a mile or more, until in a particularly bad piece of road where the narrow trail had not only the usual precipice on one side and wall of rock on the other, but turned an abrupt curve that hid us from our companions, we were stopped short by the hand of an Indian grabbing the bridle of each mule.

Naturally, we imagined them to be part of the robber gang; but while the doctor fumbled in his saddle bag for a pistol which wasn't there, the third Indian, with the lowest of salaams, held up a bottle and tiny glass and humbly insisted on drinking healths with us. To resist their drunken caprice would have been folly, so we both put the dirty glass to our lips with due ceremony and "Salud" (to your health), of course without tasting the beverage, whatever it may have been, and then, whipping up our weary nags, we tossed some small coin to the convivial Quichuas, and left them happy by the wayside.

FANNIE B. WARD.

### If About to Travel or Emigrate.

The voyager cannot be provided with a safer remedy and protective medicine than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Abundant testimony exists to prove that it nullifies hurtful climatic influences and the effects of exposure, that it reconciles the stomach to unaccustomed food, and prevents injurious results from impure water. Mariners, tourists, emigrants and miners have all contributed their quota of testimony in its behalf, and its protective influence has been most effectually demonstrated in regions and under conditions where, if not really effective, that fact would long since have been exposed. In no class of disorders have its remedial and preventive properties been more conspicuously shown than in cases of malarial fevers, maladies for which it is the most popular specific in existence, both here and in the tropics, where its reputation is scarcely second to that which it enjoys on this continent. It is, moreover, a most agreeable appetizer and nervine.

In 1889 300 elks were shot in the forests of Norway. Most of them were killed by English sportsmen, who, as Voltaire once intimated, are never happy unless they are killing something.

DISEASE lies in ambush for the weak; a feeble constitution is ill adapted to encounter a malarious atmosphere or sudden changes of temperature, and the least robust are usually the easiest victims; Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier will give tone and vitality and strength to your entire body.

# NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The "Sanitarian" for June (Professor A. N. Bell, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.), is up to the level this foremost sanitary and medico-legal journal long since attained. A few of the important subjects treated in the June number are: "The Progress of Sanitary Legislation and Regulations in the United States," E. M. Moore, M. D.; "Act Enabling the Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service to Make Rules for Consuls;" "Act Establishing the National Board of Health;" "Enlargement of the Marine Hospital Service;" "Investigation of Special Diseases;" "Can a National Board of Health Execute the Functions Indicated?" "Work of the Marine Hospital Bureau." Address before the Section on State Medicine by the Chairman, Surgeon-General J. B. Hamilton, M. D., LL. D.: "The Establishment of Biological Laboratories;" "La Nona;" "Leprosy;' "Inoculation as a Preventive of Yellow Fever;" "The Functions and Limitations of Sanitary Organizations;" "The Sanitary Duties of the State to the Public; "The Registration of Vital Statistics;" "The Relation of Animal Diseases to Man;" "Immigration and Its Dangers at New York," William M. Smith, M. D; "Immigrants and Their Diseases;" "Medical Officers of Passenger Vessels;" "Instructions to Steamship Companies;" "Inspection and Provision for It;" "Yellow Fever;" "Remittent Fever Mistaken for Yellow Fever."

The "Century Magazine" for July has these papers among others: "A Provencal Pilgrimage," by Harriet W. Preston; "A Taste of Kentucky Blue Grass," by John Burroughs; "At a Dinner of Artists," R. H. Stoddard; "The Reign of Reason," Viola Roseboro'; "The Women of the French Salons," Amelia Gere Mason; "Little Venice," Grace Denio Litchfield; "A Single Tax Upon Land," Edward Atkinson; "A Single Tax Upon Land Values," Henry George; "Rejoinder to Mr. George," Edward Atkinson; "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson;" "Nathaniel Bacon, the Patriot of 1676," Edward Eggleston; "A Yankee in Andersonville," T. H. Mann, M. D.; "Buried Thought," Helen Thayer Hutcheson; "Italian Old Masters," W. J. Stillman; "The Inside Facts of Lincoln's Nomination," Thomas H. Dudley; "University Extension and the Science of Teaching," Mary Hargrove Simpson; "Bloodhounds and Slaves," Observer. There is the second installment also of the new serial, "The Anglomaniacs," the usual departments, and profuse illustrations.

In the "Forum" for July the series of autobiographical articles by a number of the greatest men of letters and of science is continued, and the contribution of the month is by John Tyndall. A study of Hamlet is by James E. Murdoch. The political articles of this number are "Obstacles to Civil Service Reform," by Walter M. Ferriss; an article on "Gerrymandering," by Walter C. Hamm; "The Perplexities that Canada Would Bring," by A. R. Carman; "A Defense of the Veto Power," by Edward C. Mason. Rev. Dr. Abbott reviews the wages system. Noah Brooks, a journalist, forecasts the newspaper of the future. Commander F. M. Barber writes an explanation of the development of gunpowder and other explosives. Professor David P. Todd summarizes the interesting problems upon eclipse which eclipse problems throw light. Richard J. Hinton explains political. economical and commercial problems. [The Forum Publishing Company, New York.

The "Popular Science Monthly" for July has "The Antiquity of Man and Prehistoric Archæology," by Andrew D. White; "Greenland and the Greenlanders," by Elisee Reclus; "Evolution and the Distribution of Animals," by David Starr Jordan; "Concerning Corporation Law," by Prof. Amos G. Warner; "Insect Pests of the House," by Miss M. W. Brooks; "Apparatus-Making in Education," by M. C. Wilson; "Why so Many Definitions of Religion?" by F. M. Riale; "The Musical Sense in Animals and Men," by August Weismann; "Human Heredity," by Prof. James H. Stoller; "A Talk About Meteorites," by Oliver W. Huntington, Ph. D.; "Observations Upon Doubling of Flowers," by Byron D. Halsted, Sc. D; "Telpherage in Practical Use," by Frederik A. Fernald; "The Commercial Geography of South America," by George C. Chisholm, F. R. G. S., and full editorial, scientific news and review departments. (D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.).

The "North American Review" has for its table of contents for July "Mr. Parnell Answered," by the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland; "Children of the Stage," Elbridge T. Gerry; "The Emancipation of the Family," Mona Caird; "Critics of 'Problems of Greater Britain,'" by Sir Charles W. Dilke; "Summing up the Tariff Discussion," Andrew Carnegie; "The Prince of Wales," Justin McCarthy, M. P.; "Railway Men in Politics," Hon. Chauncey M. Depew; "Speaker Reed's Error," by X. M. C.; "Contested Elections," by Hon. Thomas B. Reed; "Another View of Gambling at Sea," Captain H. Parsell; "Fretting About the Constitution," Edward Stanwood; "Warlike Europe," James M. Hubbard; "Light or Shadow?" Mrs. H. C. Cooper. The "Review" with this number enters upon its 151st volume.

The "Magazine of American History (Martha J. Lamb, New York) opens its twenty-fourth volume with a brilliant July number. A fine portrait of Sir William Blackstone serves as frontispiece. 'The Golden Age of Colonial New York" is by Mrs. Lamb. Following this Roy Singleton writes of "Sir William Blackstone and His Work;" "The Indian College at Cambridge," by Andrew McFarlane Davis; "Burgoyne's Defeat and Surrender" is an inquiry from an English standpoint, by Percy Cross Standish; "A Curious and Important Discovery in Indiana" is by ex-Lieutenant-Governor Robertson; "President Lincoln's Humor," by David R. Locke. One of the most stirring and important papers in the number is by the Boston divine, Rev. Samuel E. Herrick, D. D., entitled "Our Relation to the Past a Debt to the Future."

The fiery red cover of "The Youth's Companion" is so realistic that one can almost hear the boom of the cannon, cracker, and the clang of the great Independence bell. Some of the literary features are, "On His Own Merits," in which a spoiled son wins the battle of life through his own exertions; "Hitty," a boarding-school story by Kate W. Hamilton; "Under False Colors," an amusing story of life in a Western lumbering town; "A Little Hero of Lundy's Lane;" "A Fourth of July Cow," by Helen M. North; "He Kept His Flag Up," by C. A. Stephens; "Fourth of July Under Difficulties," by James Parton. Besides these are the usual editorials on current events and a page of Fourth of July fun for the younger children. Perry Mason & Co., Boston.

The "Cosmopolitan" for July (John Brisben Walker, editor, New York,) is a midsummer number that will please and instruct all sportsmen. "Trout-fishing in Lake Edward, Canada," is an illustrated article by Leander Richardson. "Trapping a Grizzly" is by Allan Kelly, and is fully illustrated. "My Fishing Rods" is by Graydon Johnston, and is also illustrated. In addition are these papers: "High Life in Persia," by S. G. N. Benjamin; Miss Bisland's further account of her trip around the world, Murat Halstead's review of current events, "American Society," by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor; "Court Life at Versailles," by Edward King, finely illustrated.

In "Harper's Weekly" for June 25th, besides choice illustrations and editorials upon the tax on works of art, the election law, temperance, Congress and the silver lyceum, appeared "Scenes in the Steerage," by Arthur J. Goodman; "American Sporting Clubs in Canada," by Edmund Collins; "The Las Vegas Hot Springs," by Clarence Pullen; "Accidents in the Coal Regions"; "Modern Japan at the Tokio Exhibition"; "The Hendricks Monument," by Amos W. Wright; "Among the Corn Rows," by Hamlin Garland; "The Enlisted Man of the Army," by Henry Loomis Nelson.

"Harper's Young People" July 1st is a number that will greatly delight youth. It is profusely illustrated and has the second part of "The Halls of Perfect Pleasure," "The Tin Winged Gems," by W. H. Gibson, Chapter XIII of Howells' "A Boy's Town," "Marmy," a story by Sophie Swett, and the usual departments.

"Practical Electricity" (Boston) is a weekly semi-monthly quarto devoted to electrical and allied science, and to the interests of investors and the purchasing public. It is edited by George L. Austin, who is also proprietor. It is a plain, straightforward business journal, and still a keen critic in the study of electrical science, the current electrical news of which is given in each issue with free comment in many instances.

The summer number of "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly Newspaper" (June 28th) comes to us in illuminated covers and rich in illustration of Alaska exploration, of summer retreats in mountain and by stream, of sports by land and water, of fashions, of watering-places and of art. The text is on current events, public topics, criticism, fiction and political economy.

"Harper's Bazaar" for July 12th is rich in illustration. The full page portrait "Jennesse" is an exquisite piece of engraving, so, too, the double page picture "Cornered" after the water color by F. Dadd, Rhode Island. The usual fashion illustrations appear, and a choice collection of miscellany, original articles and stories.

The "Occidental Medical Times" (J. H. Parkinson, Sacramento), for July, is well filled with matter of especial value to physicians and sanitarians.


AUCTIONS.

**Auction Sale**

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1890,

At 10 A. M. sharp,

At Salesroom, 1009-1011 J Street,

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FURNITURE OF FOUR HOUSES,

REMOVED TO SALESROOM FOR CONVENIENCE of sale, the whole to be closed without reserve, consisting, in part, of Parlor Suits, Spring and Hair Mattresses, Secretaries and Book Cases, Office Desks and Chairs, Carpets, Bed Lounges, Stoves, Ranges, Tables, Chairs, Crockery and Glassware, Etc. Also, Horses, Buggies, Etc.

—ALSO, ON THE PREMISES,—

TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1890,

At 10 o'clock A. M.

A Peremptory Sale of House and Lot.

The East Half of Lot No. 2, in block bounded by Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth, W and X streets (40x160 feet), with all the improvements—new house, good barn, choice fruit trees and shrubbery. Fine property.

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**Notice of Sale of Real Estate.**

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL SELL ON SATurday, the 12th day of July, 1890, at 10 A. M., in front of the Court-house, corner of Seventh and I streets, Sacramento, California, at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, pursuant to order of the Superior Court, the south half of the north quarter of lot 8 in the block bounded by M and N, Fifth and Sixth streets, in the city of Sacramento. Ten per cent. of the purchase price must be paid at time of sale, and balance on confirmation of said Court.

Sacramento, June 19, 1890.

W. J. KAVANAGH.

Administrator of the estate of CATHARINE MAHANY, deceased.

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je20-td D. J. SIMMONS & CO., Auctioneers.

**Notice of Sale of Real Estate.**

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL SELL ON FRIDAY, the 25th day of JULY, 1890, at 10:30 o'clock A. M., on the premises, at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, pursuant to an order of the Superior Court, the east half of lot 1, in the block between I and J, Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets, in the city of Sacramento. Ten per cent. of the purchase price must be paid at time of sale, and balance on confirmation of said Court.

Sacramento, July 2, 1890.

MARY J. ERAUW and S. ERNEST ERAUW,

Executors of the will of PETER ERAUW, deceased.

FRANK D. RYAN, Attorney for Executors.

jy3-td D. J. SIMMONS & CO., Auctioneers.

W. H. SHERBURN,

Auctioneer,

NO. 323 J Street, Sacramento.

Furniture, Carpets, Stoves, Crockery, Etc.

FIREWORKS, ETC.

**Fireworks, Flags, Etc.**

H. FISHER & Co.,

Largest Dealers on Pacific Coast.

Committees respectfully asked to correspond with us, as we make a specialty of Displays. Price list on application. je6-tf

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE CAPAY VALLEY LAND COMPANY IS offering the most fertile lands to be found in California, under the most favoring climatic condition for the prosecution of profitable fruit growing, in one of the earliest localities of California, upon terms which enable the purchaser of the land to pay for it out of its own product. THE CAPAY VALLEY LAND COMPANY will sell first-class fruit land without the payment of any part of the principal, but by payment of interest only for five years, the principal payable at the end of five years, or sooner, at the option of the purchaser. Sales upon these terms are conditioned strictly and exclusively upon the improvement of the land purchased. In this way, the most desirable fruit land in California is offered to the non-capitalist classes, and in any quantity from one acre up to 260 acres. Apply to or address

WM. H. MILLS,

Agent of the Capay Valley Land Company, Fourth and Townsend streets, San Francisco. my21-tf&Su

SEND THE WEEKLY UNION TO YOU friends in the East.

Waterhouse & Lester,

—DEALERS IN—

IRON, STEEL, CUMBERLAND COAL,

Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware,

709, 711, 713 and 715 J street, Sacramento, Cal.

H. C. HOTFILTER,

(Successor to Hotfilter & Grafmiller)

Manufacturing Jeweler, 808 J Street,

DEALER IN DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWelry, Clocks, Etc. Medals and Jewelry made to order. Watches, Clocks, Jewelry repaired and warranted. ap22-6m

A. MEISTER,

Carriages, Victorias, Phaetons, Buggies and Spring Wagons.

910, 912, 914 Ninth Street.

SACRAMENTO, CAL. 4ptf

S. CARLE,

SUCCESSOR TO CARLE & CROLY, CONtractor and Builder. Orders solicited and promptness guaranteed. Office and shop, 1124 Second street, between K and L. je21-1y

DUCK CHONG & CO.,

DEALER IN CHINESE AND JAPANESE Goods, 509 J street. je16-tf

SUN WING & CO.,

815 K STREET—CHINESE AND JAPANESE goods at most reasonable rates. je6-tf

BAZAR.

SUIE ON, CHINESE AND JAPANESE BAzar. Ladies' and Children's Underwear, jewelry, etc. No. 609 K st., Sacramento. je6-tf

Jas. G. Davis

411 and 413 K street, Sacramento.

WALL PAPER OF ALL KINDS. SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

FURNITURE —AND— CARPETS.

H. WACHHORST,

LEADING JEWELER OF SACRAMENTO,

SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK,

No. 315 J Street ........ Sacramento

KLUNE & FLOBERG,

WATCHMAKERS and JEWELERS, 428 J st., bet. Fourth and Fifth.

DEALERS IN WATCHES, JEWELRY and DIAMONDS. REPAIRING in all its Branches, a specialty, under MR. FLOBERG. Agents for ROCKFORD WATCH COMPANY.

FURNITURE

REDUCTION IN PRICE OF Chairs!

Upholstered in leather, for dining-room, office or library, at

W. D. COMSTOCK'S, Fifth and K streets, Sacramento

L. A. JACOX & CO.,

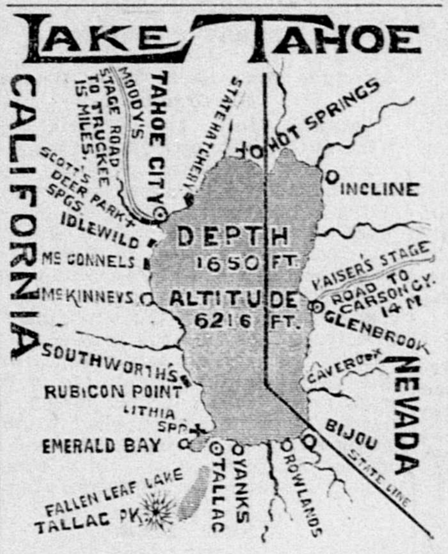
—DEALERS IN—

NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE,

BEDDING, STOVES, CARPETS, MATTING, ETC. HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR SECOND-HAND GOODS.

NOS. 920 AND 922 K STREET, SACRAMENTO, UNDER STATE HOUSE HOTEL

SUMMER RESORTS.




Length, 30 miles. Width, 15 to 18 miles.

More than 1,200 feet higher than the tops of the highest New England peaks.

THE IDEAL RESORT.

A PLACE FOR REST AND RECREATION. Removed from the skurry and bustle incident to populous summering places. Pure mountainous, resinous, exhilarating, health-giving atmosphere. Pleasure boating by rowing, sailing or steam launch. Trout fishing in deep water or in dancing, babbling brooks, amid cascades and bubbling rapids. The rarest combination of marine and mountain advantages. Variety and picturesqueness of scenery unexampled. All within the capacity of limited means, yet selected by wealth as superior. Quickly, cheaply and easily accessible.

How to Reach Tahoe.

Central Pacific Railroad to Truckee; breakfast at Stewart McKay's Railroad Hotel; Moody's daily stage line, fifteen miles, to Tahoe City; steamers to all points around the lake.

Excursion Rates from Sacramento.

To Tahoe City and return, $13 50; to Tahoe City, around the lake and return, $16 50; to Tahoe City, around the lake, to Glenbrook, and return via Carson City and Reno, $17 50; from Truckee to Tahoe City, around the lake and return, $7.

One Day Trip for Overland Passengers.

EAST BOUND—From Truckee to Tahoe City, around west shore to Glenbrook, to Carson, to Reno, $6.

WEST BOUND—From Reno to Carson, Glenbrook, the lake, Tahoe City and Truckee, $6.

Truckee to Tahoe City and return, $4.

je20-3m&Su,w

ALLEN'S SPRINGS

IS LOCATED IN ONE OF THE most beautiful canyons in Lake county, with four of the best varieties of mineral water. Hotel rates reasonable. Cottages for rent. Daily mail and telegraph. The Springs are reached by rail to Sites, on Colusa Narrow-gauge, thence by stage connection same day. [3m] D. J. STEVENS, Manager.

ATTEMPTS TO DECEIVE.

THE FOLLOWING IS A LETTER FROM THE Mathushek Piano Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Conn.:

June 23, 1890.

JOHN F. COOPER, ESQ.—Dear Sir: Replying to your letter of the 4th inst., will say we inclose copy of report of the Mathushek & Son Company, also a copy of the "Musical Courier," containing an article relating to these people. The above mentioned is all the information we have in the matter. It is very evident from the above report that the concern is not in shape financially to do a very extensive business, but, of course, rival and unscrupulous dealers will make all they can out of it, in the hope of putting something else forward. It is only another of those desperate attempts to make capital off from the name and reputation the Mathushek Piano has gained. As a matter of fact, it is really gratifying to see how much the name is appreciated, and that it is considered so valuable that previous failures don't seem to dampen the ardor of the projectors. We are confident in the belief, however, from the financial standing of the new concern, that no longer lease of life will be accorded them than was granted their predecessors. The Mathushek Piano is pretty well installed, and we hardly think the public will be beguiled into buying a piano made by Jacobs Bros. for a Mathushek. A few may be influenced at first, but it will end like all the other attempts, in a first-class advertisement. Yours very respectfully,

THE MATHUSHEK Piano Manufacturing Company.

je21-tf&Su,w

Proof Conclusive and the Controversy Settled.

State of New York, City and County of New York, } ss.

FREDERICK MATHUSHEK, of the City of New York, County and State of New York, being duly sworn deposes and says, that he organized the Mathushek Piano Company, of New Haven, in the year of 1866, and retired from said company, because of said company's refusal to follow deponent's instructions and intentions in the uses and application of his invention and improvements in the construction of pianos; and that the original Mathushek Piano was made by deponent in the year 1853, and that deponent invented the Equilibre System nine years after his retirement from the New Haven company; that deponent is now actively connected with the firm of MATHUSHEK & SON, in the City of New York, rendering to them his knowledge and experience of fifty years.

Sworn to, before me, this 10th day of February, 1886. BENJAMIN BROWN, City and County of New York.

LET US HEAR NO MORE ABOUT BOGUS MATHUSHEK PIANOS.

A. C. SHAW & CO.,

—AGENTS FOR THE—

GENUINE MATHUSHEK PIANOS,

1023 EIGHTH ST., SACRAMENTO.

my24-3ptf

THE SWEETEST AND BEST!

The Capital Ham,

LINDLEY & CO., Sacramento, Cal.

REMOVAL.

THE SACRAMENTO BOOT AND SHOE Store is pleased to announce its removal to the more spacious quarters,

817 K STREET,

Where an increased stock has been added. Purchasers can buy at most reasonable rates.

jy1-1m4p M. GINSBERG & CO.

$5 BUYS A CORD

OF STOVE WOOD, OR A TON OF COAL for $6. Get your winter's supply now at the C. O. D. Yard, Fourth and I streets

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,

FOURTH AND K STS., OPP. POST OFFICE, the cheapest and best hotel in the city. Meals, 25 cents; Rooms, 25 and 50 cents; Board, $4 per week. Special rates to families.

je2-tf W. A. CASWELL, Proprietor.

GOLDEN EAGLE HOTEL,

Corner Seventh and K streets.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Free 'Bus to and from the Cars.

W. O. BOWERS, Proprietor.

CAPITAL HOTEL,

SACRAMENTO,

CORNER SEVENTH AND K STREETS.

Strictly First-Class—Free 'Bus to and from the Cars.

B. B. BROWN, formerly of the State House Hotel, and ISADORE TOWNSEND, formerly of the Union Hotel, Proprietors.

WESTERN HOTEL.

THE LEADING HOUSE OF SACRAMENTO, Cal. Meals, 25 cents. WM. LAND, Proprietor. Free 'Bus to and from hotel. 4ptf

RESTAURANT DE FRANCE,

427 K STREET. ENTRANCE TO PRIVATE rooms for families on Fifth st. Oysters in every style. Family Orders, Banquet and Wedding Parties a specialty. BECKER & FAURE. tf

Opening—New French Restaurant,

515 K ST. BREAKFAST, LUNCH OR DINner, with half bottle wine, black coffee and cognac, 25c. French Dinner, 50c. Private rooms. [ap17-1y] AUGUST BOIVIN, Prop.

STATE HOUSE HOTEL,

COR. TENTH AND K STS., SACRAMENTO. Board and room, $1, $1 25 and $1 50 per day. Meals, 25 cents. Special rates for families. Free 'bus to and from Hotel.

WILSON & KINNEY, Props. ap9-tf

FOR A FIRST-CLASS MEAL

CALL AT THE GOLDEN EAGLE OYSTER AND CHOP HOUSE, 616 K street. Open day and night. Private rooms for ladies.

my13 tf ADAM DAMM, Proprietor.

PACIFIC HOTEL,

Corner K and Fifth streets, Sacramento.

CENTRALLY LOCATED AND CONVENIENT to all places of amusement. The best family hotel in the city. The Table always supplied with the best the market affords. Street Cars from the Depot pass the door every five minutes. Meals, 25 cents. C. F. SINGLETON, Proprietor.

THE SADDLE ROCK

Restaurant and Oyster House.

FIRST-CLASS HOUSE IN EVERY RESPECT. Ladies' Dining-room separate. Open day and night. BUCKMANN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors, 1019 Second street, between J and K Sacramento. tf

ST. DAVID'S,

715 Howard st., near Third, San Francisco.

A FIRST-CLASS LODGING HOTEL, CONtaining 200 rooms; water and gas in each room; no better beds in the world; no guest allowed to use the linen once used by another a large reading room; hot and cold water bath free. Price of rooms—Per night, 50 and 75 cents per week, from $2 upwards. Open all night.

R. HUGHES, Proprietor.

At Market-street Ferry take Omnibus Line of street cars for Third and Howard. TTStf

600 J Street, corner Sixth,

SACRAMENTO.

203 Montgomery st., San Francisco.

Rules for self-measurement and samples of Cloth sent Free for all Orders.

H. S. CROCKER & CO.,

208 and 210 J street.

THE LEADING STATIONERS,

—PRINTERS—

And Lithographers

—AGENTS FOR—

CALIGRAPH TYPE-WRITER

And Supplies.

MANUFACTURERS OF BLANK BOOKS.

n17-tf&Su

Removal Notice.

THANKING MY OLD PATRONS FOR PAST favors, I wish to inform them that I have removed my place of business to 415 J street north side, between Fourth and Fifth, where will be pleased to meet them and all new one who may choose to call. Yours respectfully,

S. ROTH, Manufacturer of Harness and Saddles. jell-tf3p