COASTING FROM SKY TO SEA

WATER TANK AND TURNTABLE ON THE OROYA RAILROAD IN PERU

A HAND CAR ON THE OROYA RAILROAD

AN EARLY PATROL OF WISDOM TO THE LAND

THE RIDING of a continuous shelving for sitting among of 100 miles in a hand car from the top of a snow-clad mountain, over three miles high, to the shore of a tropical sea! *Such an experience* raises one years afterwards, merely upon thinking about it, to catch one's breath and one's heart to miss a beat or two, writes James Gordon Bisset, U. S. A. in the Pan-American Union.

But it is impossible, do I hear you say? Just a moment, while I quote you a few a very few, facts and figures. The Oroya railway (El Ferrocarril Central del Peru) is a monument to the genius of Henry Meiggs, an American, or rather, I should say, a United States of North America, for in the southern hemisphere the term "American" is not very definite, and we usually find ourselves indented under "N" to distinguish us from the United States of Columbia, United Mexican States etc. Callao, the Pacific terminus of the Oroya railway, and one of the principal ports of Peru, is six days by boat south of Panama.

Lima, the "City of Kings," Peru's capital, is six miles from Callao, and is located on a broad tableland about five hundred feet above the sea. The opening of the Panama canal will undoubtedly stimulate travel to South America, and all parts of the continent Peru is wonderfully rich in natural wonders and historical background.

The Oroya road is not only the highest in the world, but there is no other which lifts its breathless passengers to such altitude in such an appalingly short distance. To climb as the Oroya climbs, a Hudson river train leaving New York city would have to ascend half an hour before it reached Albany, a distance 150 feet greater that that from sea level to the summit of Pikes Peak. The daily passenger train leaves Callao in the forenoon and reaches Oroya late in the afternoon. As there are no night trains on account of the great danger of rocks falling down on the track, the round trip ordinarily requires two days. Since there is a continuous downgrade from the Galera tunnel to the sea, an opportunity is offered for the most unique hand-car ride in the world.

Through the courtesy of the general manager of the line we were afforded exceptional facilities for making the trip. His private car was attached to the evening train for Oroya, a fashionable resort about thirty-five miles out of Lima, at an elevation of about two thousand eight hundred feet. For an hour or so we wound through a wide-gauge railway in far and prosperous looking, with pleasant rows of sugar cane and cotton fenced in by mud walls, and clusters of a bluetinted shoving now and then over their tops. Beyond that the bare brown mountains—sand-swept, windswept, yet rich in some rare fertility—lifted in and shouldered upward for one or two behind each other, until the very sky seemed to take brown, occasionally flashing through a slit in their flinty the more shoulders of peaks miles and miles away, to which we were in climb. At Chosica our car was uncoupled for the night, dinner was served aboard, and we turned in to be ready for an early start the next morning.

About 4 a. m. we were awakened by our car being picked up in the morning freight, whose schedule had been advanced several hours for our special benefit. The real climb now began, the gate waving to hoot the hand. I could just wish you could see us tackle fried chicken and hear ma laugh at the way we serf cream, and—

She stopped, suddenly absorbed by something she had seen in the street. The laughter went out of her face and she seemed, somehow, to have grown old and sad.

One of the women gave her a little pat on the shoulder and the other looked her kind. Neither spoke, and *that rule* that way for a spurn.

Then the woman who had been talking took a deep breath, straightened up and went back to her story.

"Then I saw what was a pair of white horses drawing a white hearse.

Brave Jewish Rabbi.

The Jews in all ages and countries have been gallant soldiers, and their clergy, have eagerly volunteered as chaplains.

The Jewish World tells us that the Chief Rabbi of Lyons was in the midst of the fighting for the purpose of testing Jewish soldiers and bringing to them spiritual consolation, when he was called to the side of a dying trooper who was a Roman Catholic. The wounded man begged the rabbi, whom he imagined to be a priest, to hold up the crucifix to his gaze. The rabbi did so and whispered words of comfort into the falling ear. As he bent above the Frenchman a bullet struck him, and he fell dead. There is no difference on the battlefield between the Jew and the Frenchman, for "the name Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him."

AN ANCIENT INCAN VILLAGE

VIEW IN THE ANDES MOUNTAINS

The broad valley soon narrowed, the naked rocks closed in, and we were fairly in the canyon of the Rio Rimac. Twelve miles out of Chosica an elevation of 5,000 feet was reached at San Bartolome. Here is the first switchback, Meiggs original device, which enables a train to zigzag up the face of a canyon wall without resaulting to abnormally heavy grades and rack and cog systems.

At Matucana, 7,700 feet above the sea, the hand car, which was to be our means of descending, was trailed on behind. Our Indian cook was bought in coffee, prepared in the Peruvian style, which was very acceptable, as the air was quite chilly. Then the climb continued over spider-web bridges, more switchbacks, and numerous tunnels, the most of them cut in solid granite. Little Hell cowering at either end of a bridge spanning a chasm over one thousand feet long, and crouched along, the forehead of the mountain one could look down on the roofs of villages miles below, and people and ant donkey trains, and the multitudinous little fields fenced in with thick mud walls, which made the valley floor a gigantic waffle iron. Above them, on a level with one's eyes, and up and up, seemingly to the very top of some of the mountains, were the old terraced fields of the ancient Incas, grass grown now with the turf of centuries. The old terraces are mostly in disuse now, but the fields and crores of the lower levels still use some of the old irrigation troughs. They were cut in the rocks by a people who knew neither cement nor iron; yet, but they follow the contours and though plotted with a transit. Sometimes as the cars crawl along a canyon wall half way to the top, one can follow the silvery ribbon of water for miles along the face of the yellow rock.

More bridges, more switchbacks, and ever the air grows clearer and thinner and colder. The fields and gardens are gone now, the bleak tableland mostly appears, and people whose hearts or lungs are bothersome would begin to have uneasy feelings where fewer horses and llama trains carrying silver and copper ore. At Casapalca, 15,600 feet, is the summit of the neighborhood. Here was a mud corral full of llamas, those sheep-looking animals, resembling a cross between a sheep, a camel, and an ostrich, which viewed the noisy intruder with their backs of timorous disdain.

Fourteen thousand—the chimneys of Casapalca smokers were plus stack in the corpet of the valleys below, the air was thin, the water, and the train climbed up and over, and rested on the top of the cold, windswept Andean roof. All about were peaks and blockets of snow, this rose potentarigly and walked with care. Fifteen thousand feet is a good bit of a jump to take before breakfast. Behind the station Meiggs climbs up another 1,300 feet, whence, through air so crystalline that one might fancy one could walk to the summit in half an hour, it looks down on both sides of the divide. To the west is the long descent, to the east the chilly plateaus and snow valleys of the Andean treasure land.

It was now noon, and, in spite of the unsentimental altitude we ate a hearty Peruvian breakfast consisting of soup, salad, several meat courses, vegetables, wine, and fresh strawberries and cream. Leaving the general manager's car to be brought back by the next down train, we transferred to the hand car and pushed off. The experience of the next four hours are too kaleidoscopic for accurate or detailed description. We started amid snow and ice, hundred up in sweaters, overcoats, and blankets, and landed in lemon and orange groves four hours later Continuously before us unrolled a grand panorama, ever changing and ever more wonderful. Walls so our train had painfully toiled upward had by foot, we now seemed to rush down a mile at a sweep. Not two stops were made in the whole journey, one for a section gang repairing track in a tunnel and again to let the superintendent stop in. Going at breakneck speed, our hand car rushed out of one black tunnel, across a bridge, around a curve, into another tunnel, by Rio Blanco, and into the darkness of another tunnel cut out of the sheer face of the cliff. On the longest span of bridge, one of the men in our party aptly described his impressions as a "fach of daylight accompanied by a shaking of the heart."

In all we rushed through 47 tunnels, crossed a dozen flimsy-looking bridges, and slowed down for eight switchbacks. The fastest kilometer was made in 56 seconds (about 46 miles per hour), and the fastest single stretch of 27 kilometers in 29 minutes (about 35 miles per hour. When one considers the steep grades and the sharp curves necessary to get a railroad through such a canyon, the fact that our light hand car, traveling at such a speed and controlled only by a hand brake, stayed on the rails is the best evidence of the skill and the vigilance of the mainsmane force. During our tour of South America we had many strange and interesting experiences, but none for novelty, thrill, and magnificence to compare with the handcar coast down the Oroya railway.

LESSENING DELIGHT.

"I'll never forget the thrill that was given me by my first wokerpiece," said the man of million. "Only exceeded, I dare say, by the thrill given by your first kiss," remarked his friend.

"Quite so. I wish I could have got half as much pleasure out of my first automobile."

NOT HEROIC.

"It's no harm to dance, father. Dancing men are to great demand these days."

"What you say is quite true, my son, but you devote too much time to it. Have you ever seen a man dancing with a woman with their backs to you because he was light on his feet?"

JUST SO.

"I'm new in the cigar business, so I'm trying to familiarize myself with the various brands."

"Learning the names, eh?"

THE BARGAIN COUNTER.

The Butcher—I have some fine cantaraba today, ma'am.

Mrs. Newlywed—Do you sell them by the yard?

When a man plays cards he is loaf-ing. When a woman plays cards she is attending to her duties.

Always proud to show white clothes. Red Seal Blue does make them white. All grocers. Adv.

Misleading Advertisement.

Jones—Hello!

"Yes, the brute advertised as a summer resort, with an ocean view," he cried.

Late Arrivals.

"What got me in bad," said the captured burglar, "was the confounded pet dog of your wife's. It began to bark as soon as I put my foot on the stair."

"Too late," replied Mr. Meekton "Evidently the dog 'mistook you for me.'"

ALLENS FOOT-EASE for the TROOPS Over 10,000 packages of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet, have been shipped during last 6 months to our Allied troops, so the Press intimate it rests the feet, gives in-stant relief to tired, aching, blistered feet, stiffening under hard marches and drills. Try it, you'll find it wonderful. Sold everywhere. Adv.

Cruel, Suspicious Editor!

"Here is a poem that I dashed off in six little moments."

"What's it about?"

"Boring."

"A description of the joy of getting out in the country and hearing the birds sing?"

"Exactly."

"Why you can't land it here. You're probably interested in cough medicine and new laid eggs, and so trying to put over some gross stuff to boom a country."

BABY LOVES HIS BATH

With Cuticura Soap Because So Soothing Up When His Skin Is Hot.

These fragrant supercreamy emollients are a comfort to children. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal eczema, rashes, itchings, etc. Nothing more effective. Sold everywhere. Sample free by mail with Book Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere—Adv.

Couldn't Part.

Louis Hafle was a colonel on Governor Vance staff, and in that capacity had a part of an inaugural parade. All the colonels had uniforms except, but it was decided to rely upon the Washington supply of horse instead of taking the mounts along.

The governor sat on his horse awaiting the parade formation, and from time to time an orderly would gallop up with an official communication. On one occasion Colonel Hafle was by his side. At last the governor observed:

"Colonel Hafle, I am so necessary for your sticking in this orderly in the performance of his duties."

"There isn't any," admitted Hafle, "but, you see, our horses are a little long team."

Self Betrayed.

A society was giving close attention to his post in the neighborhood of a British army camp in England, challenging strangers late after dark. The following is reported as an incident of his vigil:

"Who goes there?" called the sentry at the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Childermass guards!" was the response.

"Pass, Childermass guards!" rejoined the sentry.

"Who goes there?" again challenged the sentry.

"Forty-sixth Highlanders!" returned the unseen pedestrian.

"Pass, Forty-sixth Highlanders!"

"Who goes there?" sounded a third challenge.

"None of your infernal business!" was the hasty reply.

"Pass, Canadians!" acquiesced the sentry.—Omaha World-Herald.

WITH THE USUAL GREETING

Elderly Darky Remembered His Training and Spoke Up Sweetly—Interrupted Question to "Angel."

Jack McGinnery, the vaudeville entertainer, was treated in a southern locality where the population was largely black and where the older darkies were invariably respectful. A party of their deference, says McGinnery, was to inquire as to the health of the "Angel" whenever he met them, even if he were busy.

Thus suddenly engaged at work in the ditch not far from a fair grounds where a parachute jump was a part of the entertainment. The jumper, a girl, had gone up in a balloon and had encountered a wind which blew her some distance before she cut loose, and when she landed it was only a few feet from the old uncle with the hoe. He had not seen her descend, and he fairly blinked as he beheld the vision in scarlet tights and virulent peroxide hair. His training did not desert him, however, for he asked generously

"Good evenin', Miss Angel. Howy yo' paw an' maw?"

Preferred to Laugh.

A little boy was sitting on one of the benches of Central park, watching some of the people ride the donkeys. An exceedingly fat woman hired a donkey and was about to mount when she saw the small boy and said to him:

"Little boy, don't you want me to hire a donkey for you?"

"No, thank you. I'd rather sit here and laugh."—May Young's Magazine.

No girl should acquire a husband until she is able to convert a round steak into a sesame meal.

After a woman has told a third of the story men can guess the rest.

A false heart seldom lands a fellow in a breach of promise suit.

Nothing to Her Worse.

A certain clergyman of a schoolgirl in boarding school, took at school and on the street, on a recent happening concerning the school, the phrase recorded the old lady had taken from some older child or from some caretaker.

"Mother, what does f-at spell?" she asked the other night, on coming home from school.

"Why, 'fat,' my dear," replied the mother.

"And what does h-ell spell?" came the second inquiry.

"Hell," again vouchsafed the informant.

"Now I know I was right, and that old out of a teacher tried to make me believe that those letters spelled 'fa-ther,'" declaimed the child with not a little indignation.—Columbus Dispatch.

Had Made a Start.

Pete, the hired man, was known for his prodigious appetite. One morning he had eaten a normal breakfast of oatmeal, buckwheat cakes, toast, fried potatoes, ham, eggs, doughnuts, coffee and the usual trimmings, and gone to a neighbor's to help with extra work. Pete arrived before the family had risen from the morning meal.

"Well, Pete," laughingly inquired the farmer, "had breakfast yet?"

"Aw," drawled Pete in a wheedling tone, "aintcha."—Everybody's Magazine.

Not the Ideal.

"I want a sunny lot in life."

"You'll find a few shade trees a great improvement."

Proprietorship.

"Can a woman keep a secret?"

"Yes; unless it's some other woman's."

No girl should acquire a husband until she is able to convert a round steak into a sesame meal.

When a reformer gets into office he is generally content with a few alterations of things.

Blessed is the wife who is not too strenuous in managing her silent partner.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria
Always Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

LOVES THE ORCHARD

Kingbird's Hostility to Hawks and Crows Is Proverbial.

It Is True Flycatcher and Takes on Wing Large Part of Its Food—Picks Up Many Insects From Trees and Weeds.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.)

The well-known eastern kingbird is essentially a lover of the orchard, though grows and the edge of forests were probably its original habitat. In breeds in the states east of the Rocky mountains, and has community in the Great Basin and on the Pacific coast. Its hostility to hawks and crows is proverbial, and for this reason a family of kingbirds is a desirable addition to a poultry yard. On one occasion in the knowledge of the writer a hawk which attacked a brood of young turkeys was promptly driven and so severely buffeted by a pair of kingbirds whose nest was near by that the wound he rubber was glad to escape without his prey. Kingbirds that nest near the kingbird are similarly protected.

The kingbird is largely insectivorous. It is a true flycatcher and takes on the wing large part of its food. It does not, however, confine itself to this method of feeding. They pick up some insects from trees and weeds, and even descends to the ground in search of mayflies or thousand-legs. The chief complaint against the kingbird is both against animal beekeepers and others has been that it pick largely upon honeybees. One bee raiser in Iowa, suspecting the kingbirds of being upon his bees, shot a number near his hives, but when the examination of the birds were examined by an expert entomologist, not a trace of honeybees could be found.

An examination of 665 stomachs collected in various parts of the country was made by the Biological Survey, but only 22 were found to contain remains of honeybees. In these 22 stomachs there were in all 61 honeybees, or less than 1 worker bee, and 1 drone, totally workers, and the remaining two bees were totally unknown to the bird identified.

The insects that constitute the great bulk of the food are noxious species, largely insects of the beetle, click beetle, the larvae of which are known as wireworms, weevils, the grey ones that eat grain, and a host of others. Wasps, which are known as the conspicuous enemies of the food, far outumbering the honeybees, yet the big summer wasp, grasshoppers and crickets, as well as leaf hoppers and other bugs, are also eaten. In the stomachs examined were a number of other flies—insects which are known to upon other insects, especially honeybees, and which are known to destroy in this way extensive depredations. It is thus evident that the kingbird, in destroying these flies, actually does good work for the apiarist. The robber flies found in the stomachs may be considered as friends of the bee, not lest for the eight worker honeybees already accounted for. Ants and bees are eaten, mostly belonging to the group known as the carpenter warms, all the species of which are harmful.

About 11 per cent of the food consists of small fruits, the remaining some thirty common species of the vandalism and the kingbird, in spite of the hostility of the kingbird to hawks and crows, does not molest the pigeons during the nesting season, and, as a rule, it is not disposed to be quarrelsome with other birds, even with the bluebird, the gentle, and the sole occupant of the nest box, and the sole occupant of the nest box, and the sole occupant of the nest box