Built Over and Through Mighty Steeps at Great Cost of Life and Treasure-Tribute to Amerienn Skill.

(Copyright, 1898, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

Hanging to precipices, flying on bridges

piece of railroad engineering ever con- and nothing grows without irrigation. structed or planned. The road is all told only 138 miles long, but it climbs up the miles and at its highest point it is 15,665 and the first eighty-six miles of it cost \$27,-000,000 or over \$300,000 per mile. Between the coast and the summit there is not an inch of down grade and the speed of our hand car in my journey over it was only regulated by the pressure on the brake in the hands of the Indian who acted as conductor. On many parts of the road the the track winds about and up the Andes, passing through cuts in the solid rock and through sixty-three tunnels, some of which are of the shape of a letter S. It is of the standard gauge, its track is well laid and is in excellent condition

Built by an American. The road was built by an American, though it was suggested by a Peruvian. The man who constructed it was Henry Meiggs. Meiggs laid out the road, acted as its engineer-in-chief, raised the money to build it, and, in fact, is entitled to all the credit of its construction. The road was originally mines, but the \$27,000,000 gave out when about eighty-six miles were built, and away from these famous constructed by the Peruvian corporation navigation of the Amazon at Chanchacayo. give dividends in proportion to its enormous cost. Only two passenger trains are down the mountains is ore.

Climbing the Andes. The usual trip over this road is taken on the regular passenger train, which carries the traveler up the mountains one day and brings him back the next. Through the kindness of the influential American firm of Grace & Co., I was taken up on a little engine and had my ride down on the hand car. I thus had a wonderful opportunity for studying both the railroad construction and the mighty mountains up which it climbs. Our special engine was called "La Favorita." It was composed of the engine proper and a cab walled with glass and fitted up with comfortable seats. This observation compartment was a part of the engine itself, taking the place that the ordinary engine uses for coal. Our little engine burned coal oll, and it was Peruvian petroleum that pulled us up the Andes. The party consisted of the American minister, Mr. Dudley; the secretary of our legation, Mr. Neal; Mr. at Lima; a Frenchman named Piper, and Mr. Pierson, an electric street railroad man from Ohio, who is out here to see whether engineer and his helper were Peruvians. We left at 7 in the morning and spent the whole day on the road, stopping to take photographs at the most interesting points, and going on as fast or as slow as we wished. Lima, you know, is situated in the valley Rimac river. It is right at the foot of the Andes, and our trip was up the mountains along the course of this river to its

## WHY WOMEN

very source on the summit. At Lima the

Rimac is what in America would be called

Finery for Other Women, Looks for Men.

A MIX TURE OF ENVY AND AD-

on many places along the line the mins are some it does not last more than a day or some thin that she must pour drugs into her atomach.

This is all wrong. There is a remedy that cures any form of weakness or womb troube but it is applied direct to the parts, and just as soon all form in wakes up to the fact that she can cure herself at home privately by this locally applied remedy her balls, sickness and swariness will leave her. The remedy is known as Haseline and can be obtained in Cmaha of druggists at isl bloode street, 124 South 15th street and at clined to be difficult about asking for a symmans remedy at a drug store, and in such cases by sending one dollar direct to the firm and ask in many all means get the remedy and try it, and do so today. Write to this firm and ask them to mail you their free book, which explains fully why Haseline cures

On many places along the line the mins are some it does not last more than a day or some it does not last more than a day or some it does not last more than a day or some it does not last more than a day or some it does not last more than a day or some it does not last more than a day or some it does not last more than a day or some it does not last more than a day or some it does not last more than a day or some it does not last more than a day or some it does not last more than a day or some it does not last more than a day or some it does not last more than a day or some it does not last more than a day or some it does not last more than a day or some it does not last more than a day or some it does not last more than a day or like the pairs, and it is expected. The first symptoms are pains in the head and nauses. The first symptoms are pains in the head and nauses. The first symptoms are pains in the head and nauses. The first symptoms are pains in the ledges of the precipices to drill the ledges for the precipices to drill the passes off. With the passes of all forms in the ledges of the precipices to drill the passes of all forms in the ledges for the pass

The descent is so steep that quiet pools are nowhere to be found, and the river is a suc-cession of waterfalls, foaming churns and rushing rapids. During the ride we could often see the river above and below us at ENGINEERING WONDERS OF THE LINE ing the sides of the mountains, cheered on our way by the rushing of the waters. Among the Sugar Cane and Cotton.

We first passed through the sugar and cotton plantations which fill the valley above The fields look like gardens gotten up for show. They are surrounded by mud walls and the crops are as green as those of the United States in June. Now we pass a sugar hacienda, in which on one side of LIMA. Peru. April 16.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Down the Andes on a hand car.

Consting over the steepest railroad of the wooden plows, urging the besats onward with goads fifteen feet long. In the cotton fields Dashing through clouds to find clouds be- gangs of Indian workmen are working under overseers on horseback. The cotton plants are in blossom and the fields look like vast over frightful chasms, whirling about gardens of pink and yellow roses. The men curves now in the midnight darkness of weed the plants and they are as clean as winding tunnels and now where the light any rose garden at home. There is a cotton of day makes you shudder at the depths be-low you. tory which grinds out thousands of pounds This will give you a faint idea of the of sugar a day. There is no better sugar last part of a trip from which I have just land anywhere than this and we learn in returned. During it I have ascended to the passing that it produces from two to six back again to this point, which is just six will keep on producing for as long as six miles from the sea. My trip was over the years. We notice that all of the land is famous Oroya railroad, the most wonderful used. The water is taken from the Rimac

In the Andes. Now we are in the foot hills of the Andes. steepest mountains of the globe. In less How bleak and bare and gray they look in than 100 miles it ascends more than three the early morning. There is not a green we were in banks of snow. Now the mist spot anywhere to be seen on these vast and the clouds surrounded us so that we feet above where it starts at the port of walls, which here face the sea. We shall Callao, on the Pacific ocean. At the top find it different as we rise to the mountains it is still 2,000 feet below the summit of behind. Here they are of soft silver gray Mount Meiggs. It cuts right through this velvet where the sun casts its shadows and the mist disappeared we caught a glimpse peak by a tunnel which carries it to the of dazzling white where it strikes full in of the country through which we had been other side of the Andes. It then descends their faces. The only green is the little strip to the valley of the Jaula, through the rich along the Rimac. Further on we notice a silver mining region of Yauli, and finally thin fuz of green cropping out of the gray. was almost straight above us, and we ends at Oroya, an Indian market town 12,178 It is as though the velvet was sprinkled with a dust of ground emeralds. Here there is a black mouth of the Galera tunnel on the expensive roads ever built. It was dear in little cactus and there a small bunch of very roof of the South American continent. both money and men. Seven thousand lives weeds. As we rise higher the mountains were, it is said, lost during its construction grow greener until at the level of Mount Washington we find them covered with a thin coat of vegetation. As we near the altitude of Leadville there is plenty of grass and at one point we count forty different kinds of flowers at a stopping of our engine. There are buttercups without number, silver gray mosses and flowers of all colors, the names of which I do not know. As I regrade is over 4 per cent and at such grades | mark upon the vegetation, saying that it is still very scanty, Mr. Sherman tells me that the fact that there is any green at all to be seen is due to the rainy season, and that at other times of the year this whole western side of the Andes is bleak, dry and almost absolutely sterile. The foothills which, in fact, are mountains in themselves, looked as though they were of dirt and gravel.

Further up you come into a region of locks, where only bits of soil are to be seen here and there. In such places every inch of ground is cultivated. The mountains are terraced clear to their tops, and some of them are covered with steps of green built up with rocks, and so graduated that a man intended to reach the Cerro de Pasco silver can stand on one of the lower steps or ledges and plant the seed or weed the crops of the next ledge without stooping over. the extension is still some forty odd Some of the fields are not as big as a bedspread, and some on the opposite side of the mountains of copper and silver. The portion | mountain do not look as big as a pocket of the road above where Meiggs left off was handkerchief. Some patches of corn seem almost inaccessible and remind me of the under what is known as the Grace contract. farmers of West Virginia, who are said to The ultimate intention is to extend it have to plant their crops with a rifle, as the farther on into the Perene, a rich coffee- hills are so steep that they are unable to raising district, and to the head of the steam stand long enough on the sides to drop the corn in the rows. We see Indians planting The preliminary surveys for this have al- and working in the fields and pass numerous ready been made. The total distance from little villages of one-story houses made of the sea to the navigable Amazon is, I am sun-dried bricks, and roofed with thatch or told, not more than 210 miles, but there sheets of corrugated iron. In most cases the is at present no sign of the road being soon | iron plates are not nailed to the huts. They completed. It is doubtful whether the rail. | are merely laid on the rafters and kept there road now pays much more than its operating by covering them with stones. Many of the expenses, and it will be long before it will houses are not larger than dog kennels and quite as squalid as an American pigsty, and their inhabitants, who gather around us at run over it a week, and the chief freight the stations, are of the peon variety, darkfaced Indian men, women and children. I frightened some of the children very much by posing them for my camera. They had evidently never heard of photographs, and ne little fellow howled like a Cherokee In-

dian when I pointed the instrument at him. Cathedrals of the Andes. I have been over every scenic route in the United States. I have traveled over the railroads of Mexico, and have visited those parts of Europe which the world calls grand. I have climbed the Himalayas and have watched the sun set on the mountains of north China, but nowhere have I seen anything like the scenery of the Andes. I will not say that it is more beautiful or more impressive than the Alps, the Rockies or the Hamalayas, but it surpasses them in some respects, and its wonders are its own. Here the mountains rise almost abruptly upward. You ride for miles between walls of rock, which kiss the sky thousands of feet above you. Some of the rocks take the shapes of gigantic cathedrals, very temples of the gods, their spires hidden in the clouds. Others look like vast fortifications, walls of rock to shut the nations of the west away from the riches of this great continent. There are no pretty bits of scenery such as you see in other mountains. Here all is on the grandest and most terrible scale. In our ride we climb along the sides of these walls. Now we pierce them by a later on. We cross gorges in going from one end of the bridge, there is another wall of

RAILROADING IN THE ANDES a good-sized creek. It is nowhere navigable, and about that wide was nailed, and is, in fact, a stream of foaming white at the back was a seat much like that on a farm wagon. The seat had a railing two at the back was a seat much like that on a farm wagon. The seat had a railing two inches high and it was just wide enoug for three. The conductor, a brown-faced Indian, sat in the middle, with his hand on a brake extending down through the center of the platform. Mr. Sherman and I sat on the right and left, our feet braced against the strip on the bed of the car and our hands on the sides and back of the seat, holding on for dear life as we rushed down the mountains. Our only means of danger as we rushed through the tunnels was not only that of the car jumping the track in going around the curves, but also the possibility of meeting a donkey or an Indian coming through. The rocks in many places are loose, and the danger of a land-slide is such at this time of the year that a handcar is always sent five minutes ahead of the regular passenger train to see that the road is free. At one time we chased a cow for about a mile and at another time two llamas blocked the track forty-five degrees, and many of the severest grades were along the edges of the prectto the walls of rock. I cannot say that I was not afraid nor that my heart was not often in my throat, but I will say that the experience was such that, knowing what I now do, I would take the journey again very top of the mountains and have come | tons of sugar per acre and after once started | to feel the same exhilarating sense of pleasure and danger combined.

On the Top of the Andes. The sensation of standing on the top of the Andes was worth having. As we climbed up and up above Casapalca the air grew colder and rarer. We rode out of a heavy rain into a dense snow storm. Soon We rode through the clouds and saw the storm sweep down the Andes below us. As passing and shuddered at the precipices over which we had gone. Mount Meiggs stopped the engine a moment in front of the Behind us all the waters were flowing into the Pacific ocean. On the opposite side of the tunnel all of the waters find their way through the Amazon into the Atlantic. The dividing of the waters is, in fact, within the tunnel itself, and you could really stand at a certain point in the Galera tunnel and spit in both oceans without taking a step to one side or the other. I did not do this, for the interior was as dark as pitch, and was too anxious to see the other side of the Andes. We went through the tunnel and stopped the Favorita at the other side among some of the grandest scenery of the trip. The mountains all about us were capped with snow. Over us towered Mount Meiggs, 17,575 feet high, its top a half mile above where we stood. Our altitude was more than three miles above the sea. We were on the highest railroad point in the world. Think of it! We were far above the height of the top of Fugiyama, the snow-capped mountain of Japan, far nearer the heavens than the top of Mount Blanc or any point in Europe, a thousand feet higher than Pike's Peak or any mountain in Colorado, above Mt. Whitney, and, in fact, far higher than any mountain in the United States outside of Alaska. As I looked at the grandeur about me I felt like the expressive, but not irreverent, cowboy, who awoke one morning in the midst of the Alps. His method of showing his approbation had always been by a hurrah and when he looked up at the snow-capped peaks rising one upon another as far as his eye could reach he could contain himself

Terrors of Soroche.

no longer, and he threw his hat into the

air, and with a cowboy yell, exclaimed:

This was how I felt. I acted far differwhistled a dog. At about 10,000 feet above the sea conversation began to lag in our party. It was almost impossible to talk to one another on the outside platform of the Favorite, and I found myself again and again weighing my thoughts to decide whether they were worth the breath it would take to utter them. All sorts of exertions took triple strength to perform them. I found my boots grow suddenly heavy and changed my step to that of an old man. At the eastern end of the Galera tunnel we stopped amid banks of snow, and Mr. Sherman and myself had a snow-balling fight away up there in the clouds. It was not an exciting contest, however. Every throw sent our hearts into our throats and we had to stop and pant for breath. When we walked at all after this we had to go very slowly and in climbing up the hills we crawled. As the day went on the uncomfortable feeling from the extraordinary height and our quick jump from the sea to the tops of the mountains increased. We descended about 1,000 feet and stopped for the night at Casapalca, where there is a big silver and copper smelter owned by Backus, Johnson & Co., an enterprising firm which shall describe in another letter treating of the mines of Peru. We were received here by the vice president of the company, Captain H. Guyer, an Idaho mining engineer, who made us at home and put us up for the night. Before we got to the house the Frenchman and Mr. Pierson were attacked with soroche, or mountain sickness, a disease common to strangers in high altitudes, and later on the whole of the tunnel high up in the air, and higher still party were more or less affected. My at-see another tunnel which we shall reach tack did not come until midnight. I awoke feeling as though the top of my head was tunnel into another over an iron network rising into the air. I had a terrible pain of a bridge which looks awfully frail as the in the temples, cramps in my legs and at Favorita passes over it. We pierce a wall of the same time a strong inclination to vomit. rock, where a river has been turned aside I lay on my back all night to give my lungs that it may not interfere with the road, and as full play as possible and hardly slept a by a winding tunnel dash out into what is called "The Infernillo" or hell. It is a slender iron bridge two miles above the sea. high up between walls of rock. Far down be- seal, I drank some coffee and by keeping low you see waters rushing, and out of the out of doors was sufficiently recovered to wall we have left a great torrent of foam- take my handcar ride down the mountains. ing water plunges. Before us, at the other Mr. Sherman fared even better than I, but Secretary Neal said that between the smell MIRATION

It is sad that a woman dresses for the envy of other women and that she arranges her hair and cares for her complexion for the admiration of men The first statement may be open to argument, but there on the waist up are designed by the trace and the properties of the waist up are designed by the trace are a number of these hanging bridges on the route. We stopped at the waist up are designed by the trace are a number of these hanging the trace are a number of these hanging to the waist up are designed by the trace are a number of these hanging to the waist up are designed by the trace are a number of these hanging to the waist up are designed to the more than a trace and the most cases. She takes tonics and uses lottors without stirt, but how well she knows that the trouble is face indications. The real fact is that few women are exempt from more or less womb troubles some are painfully sick year after year, and their ability to withstand the pains of each monthy schemes or failing of the womb. Or indications of any of here of the womb, or indications of any of here of the womb, or indications of any of here of the womb, or indications of any of here of the womb, or indications of any of here of the womb, or indications of any of here of the womb, or indications of the womb, or indicatio rock, in which there is a black hole pierced of the sulphur from the smelting furnaces by the track, and as we look upward be- and the soroche he thought he was in hell,

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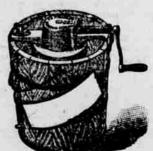


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