

grass say 10 to 15 inches high. But for the hawks, owls, and swallows no wild life is seen. There are no deer on the prairies, not wolves even nor foxes. Here and there the sand drifts just as in winter our snow does in Canada.

"Mendoza is a sleepy town of 15,000 at the foot of the Andes. Magnificent vineyards and quintas (country houses) make this one of the most delightful places in the Argentine. The Alameda in Mendoza is fully two miles long perfectly shaded by magnificent trees its entire length. On the plaza in front of my hotel for the first time saw the promenade so popular in the South American cities.

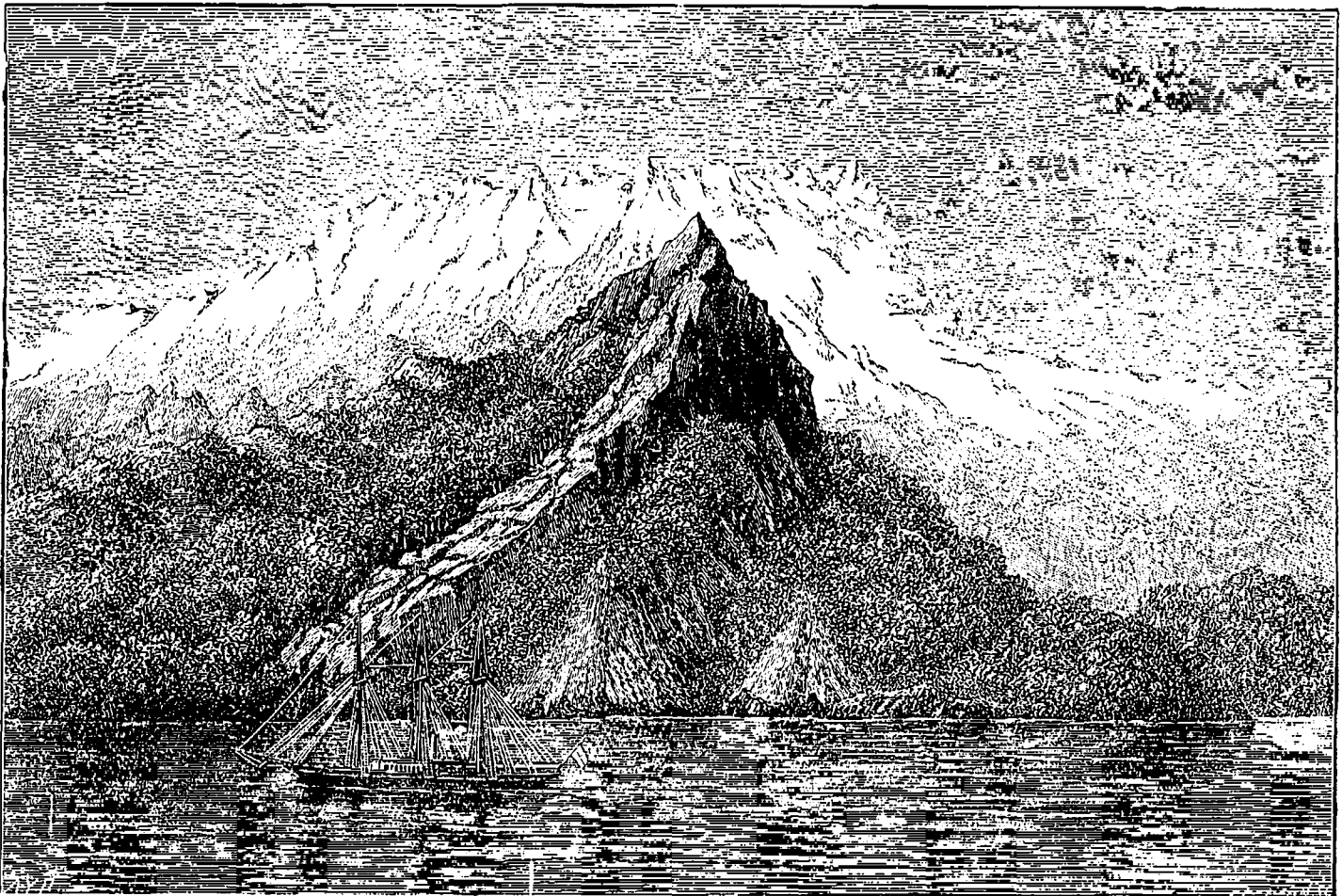
"Leaving Mendoza early on Monday morning we gradually worked our way into the heart of the Andes by the Transandino R.R. By evening we had made Peneta de Vacas, the present terminus of the road which when the necessary tunnels have been constructed will be

through it, and let the rug drop down about you 'and there you are.' I have a couple of Indian ones which I got in a pawn shop in Traiguén.

"Tuesday morning at 4.10 we were on our mules, and made our first halt at Punta del Inca where there is a splendid natural bridge over the River Los Cuevas. We visited the celebrated baths below the bridge, and then pushed on to Los Cuevas where we had breakfast about 10 a.m., but stopped but a few minutes as we were anxious to get over the 'Clumbré' or summit before the wind got too strong. We had hours before left the vegetation behind with the exception of a few wild flowers that struggled here and there among the rocks. 'La Copa de Cordillera' was most abundant. It is a pure white cup-shaped flower, and would hold as much as an ordinary wine glass. The shape is much the same as if you were to press

to appear. We were at the head of the Acau-caugua Valley, the richest in Chili. Much grain had already been cut, all of it by hand, and the farmers were busy threshing it with mares or winnowing the grain already threshed. Vineyards, orchards, beautiful quintas and vast alfalfa fields began to spread out from the river to the mountains on either side. Every acre of ground was irrigated and where water was abundant, the growth was marvellous indeed. High adobe fences kept field from field, and over these blackberry and similar bushes trailed until the fences were completely hidden and changed the unsightly earth walls to glorious hedges.

"Reaching Llai Llai (Yi Yi) we were introduced to the Chilean custom of selling fruit, flowers, and all sorts of provisions to the passengers by the native women. I thought they were Indians, but they were not, simply low



CAPE FROWARD, MAGELLAN STRAITS

continued to join the road in construction on the other side of the mountains.

"The scene at Penetas de Vacas was brisk and most novel. The scores of pack and saddle mules in the yards or coming from or going into the mountains made a picture quite new to me, and for the first time I wanted a camera to make a memo. that could not be forgotten. All the men, peons, guides, muleteers (muleteros), and many of the travellers wore the Chilean 'ponchos,' and were very picturesque in the gay and dull, and even sombre coloring of the different ponchos. I thought the Argentines rode well. The Chileans ride better still. They are very erect in the saddle, the severe bit they use not permitting the slightest weight to be placed on the rein. They will turn their horses as quickly as you will turn about on foot.

"To get a good idea of a poncho cut a hole in the centre of a steamer rug, put your head

a champagne cup octagon shape instead of round.

"The pass is not difficult, and yet the many crosses erected here and there along the way tell one that the passes might be dangerous at times if at times it is pleasant and quite easy even for a child to go along. Once over the summit the two and a half hours ride to Juncal was only too short, tired as we were. The scenery on the Pacific side is not less grand than on the east side of the Andes while the flowers are more abundant, and much more beautiful.

"We spent the night at Juncal, and at 12 o'clock next morning took the coach to Saito del Soldado, the terminus of the R.R. on the Pacific side. For an hour we went through the cactus country, and then here and there on the hill sides wherever water could be ditched to the little pockets of fertile land small farms began

class Chileans. The fruits, peaches, lemons, apricots, figs, nectarines, grapes, etc., etc., were on sale in great abundance at from 10 cents to \$1 (paper) a basket. Chickens, soup, bread and fancy cakes are thrust by scores of scrawny hands into the face of any one who even looks as if at some time he might be hungry.

"At almost every station in Chili, however small, this same thing is repeated. 'Ices' (*Helados*) are never wanting, and seem to be in great demand by the Chilean people.

"From Santiago to Chillan the country is all under irrigation. At Parall there have been six of the Massey-Harris binders sold.

"There is an English colony near Traiguén out on the land given them by the government, 100 acres each. They can make but the barest living. Those of them who can get money enough to do so, leave the country for Aus-