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### LOST IN PATAGONIA.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART II.

It certainly would have been more prudent for Valorous and his mates to have followed in the wake of the Picunchee guides with Costello, and returned to the brig, apples or no apples. But it was much like New England boys of the old "pilgrim" stock to do just as they did—stand on the defensive there on the bank of the *barranca*, and let Costello and the guides run away, if they wanted to, without them. Those same sturdy, stubborn traits of character are at the bottom of our national prosperity.

In great anger and disgust, but not without considerable apprehension of danger, Valorous, Pleem Frost and the others sat there in the shade of the bushes, and watched the party of savages. They made out twenty-six or more of them. There were several squaws in the rear of the company, eating apples and pelting each other with the cores. The party did not come directly to the ravine, but turned down a path toward the lake.

They had not seen our sailors, who, on their part, had no desire to attract their attention, for they had come nigh enough for them to see, as Clum had said, that they were "whacking big fellows," who might prove ugly customers in a skirmish, with their long lances and *bolos*.

"We want nothing of them," said Pleem Frost, "and I guess they don't of us. Apples is what we've come for."

As soon as the Twelches had gone out of sight down the high bluffs of the lake shore, our party from the brig set off up the bank of the *barranca*, and after going a considerable distance, found a place to cross.

Immediately after gaining the opposite side, they began to find scattered apple-trees, and after a mile or two, were in the midst of these grand natural orchards, which have, since the seeds were first dropped by the Spanish in the seventeenth century, spread over a vast area of the eastern slopes of the Andes, seeming to find here a congenial soil and climate. Some of the best-flavored apples in the world are said to grow here.

Arrived in this great orchard of now ripening fruit,—for March, be it remembered in this southern half of the world is an early autumn month, corresponding to September with us,—the young sailors ran rapidly from tree to tree, sampling the apples with a bite and a throw, getting hold of many sour ones for a time. They came at last to a fine yellow sweeting.

"Here she is!" shouted Clum. "Here's your sweet Harvey!" and throwing himself on the ground, he began his feast, in which the others joined.

A peculiar kind of large buff squirrel was roaming about the trees, chirruping merrily. There were birds nearly as large as a turkey walking about in flocks, pecking the apples; also an animal about the size of a ground-hog, which fed greedily on the fruit; in short, a great concourse of animal life, all attracted to the great feast of fruit, which here lay unwatched and ungathered by man.

In the hollows were great piles of apples which had rolled together down the hillsides,

while far aloft in the sky enormous hawks, probably condors, were sailing in slow circles, watching the busy scene below.

The sailors found many varieties of good eating apples that afternoon, and, boy-like, fairly cloyed themselves. But a red variety, of the shape and about the size of a coffee cup, pleased them best. It was a very juicy, mellow, slightly acid apple. However, they agreed to fill their sacks partly with each kind.

"Won't the old man's (the captain's) eyes twinkle when he sees one of these lusher red ones?" cried Rummy.

"And won't we give it to old Costello, though?"

said Frost. "He shall not put a tooth to one of 'em! What say, boys?"

"Not one!" they all agreed.

They determined to stay there where they were, and camp among the apples that night; then, after exploring further, to fill their sacks in the forenoon, and set off on their return in the afternoon. They could thus, as they planned it, get back to the brig on the evening of the fourth day, as ordered by Capt. Dustin.

They shot two or three ground-hogs, a number of birds and squirrels, and then built a fire for roasting apples, and also some of the birds' breasts, which furnished white, sweet meat.

