

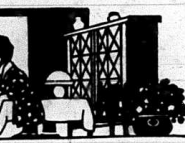
South American Letter

(Continued from last week. "A Journey over the Most Wonderful Railroad in the World" by Clarence Stoe, of Cerro de Pasco, Peru, South America.)

Geologically speaking this is a young country. The mountains piercing the sky on all sides present a very jagged appearance. At one time in ages past considerable rain no doubt fell in this district. The water rushing down cut deep gullies in the almost perpendicular walls. Now these are the courses of rock rivers, streams of broken debris moving downward and creating in the valley below fans or deltas of rock fragments. No vegetation grows on those jutting cliffs. It is a wild and barren country. Only in the bottom of the valley when water is taken from the Rimac, which has its source in the melting snow and ice of the high cordillera, through small ditches are there small patches of alfalfa and corn to be seen. For the moment these present a pleasing contrast to the eye. But it is only for a moment. We are shot through another tunnel and a new view springs up before our eyes. Vast formations sometimes on edge, sometimes inclined, horizontal; masses of limestone, mountains of quartz, sandstone conglomerates, rhyolites; grey, blue, white, red, yellow, in endless array. It is a moving picture of such magnitude, such grandeur, such absorbing interest, that with a soul cannot look upon it without being impressed with his own insignificance, without feeling the power of the Almighty's labors and being struck with the vastness and variety of Nature's handiwork.

The train comes to a sudden stop. We hear the chatter of women's voices. Presently they are among us. A dozen native women with their arms loaded with bouquets of flowers ask us to buy. They begin by asking \$1 a bunch, but if we are wise we will wait until the train is ready to start when we will perhaps get one for 20 cents.

Outside the platform is piled high with bales of alfalfa, freshly cut. The scent is indeed delightful. As the train pulls out we draw a deep breath and fill our nostrils with the sweet



My Wife Check Book!

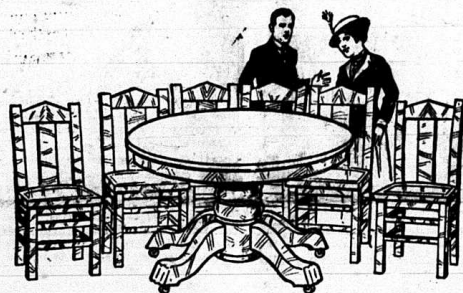
As you'll inaugurate in your home if you use THE CHECKS. You can tell HOW TO RUN YOUR HOME. It will be a pleasure.

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-Darling in Des Moines Register and Leader.



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odor, for with this station we leave products of the fields and gardens behind and ascend into regions of minerals, ice and snow.

At Metucana, 7788 feet above sea level and 63 miles from Callao, we stop thirty minutes for lunch. This is a pleasant place. The climate is invigorating. People going up the "Hill" for the first time often stop over here for a day or two, hoping to become accustomed to the high altitude and thus avoid getting the dreaded Soroche.

Here at Metucana we see our first drove of Llamas, the camels of the Andes. They are seldom found at lower altitudes. Their home is on this the "Roof of the World." They are not as large as their cousins of Asia and Africa, nor do they have the hump on their backs, but for the people of these barren highlands they are equally as valuable as are the camels to the deserts of the orient.

The Llama is the chief vehicle of transportation. Each one will carry from 80 to 100 pounds of freight and feed himself along the way. In the

hands of a native they are very docile. The average size Llama stands about six feet to the top of the head. They are very proud looking beasts and are among the most beautiful of domestic animals.

Their wool is of a good quality and commands a good price in the market. It is extensively used by the natives for the manufacture of clothing and ponchos. Ponchos made from Vacunia wool, a cousin of the llama, are of such fine texture that they are water proof.

Metucana is on the border between the wet and dry zones. On the day we passed through the mountains were obscured by the heavy clouds that hovered about their tops, but no rain fell. From the edge of the valley far up each side the mountains were terraced. These terraces were the work of the Indas. Crops of grain and vegetables had at one time flourished on these stair-stepped fields. In the present age they lie unused. They are the skeleton remainders of a prosperity that has long since de-

Mandley Takes Part

Fargo Forum: The regular business meeting of the Fargo Business college club was held Friday afternoon in the Sons of Norway hall. After the regular business meeting, a program was given, including a vocal solo by Mandley Evenson, and a mock trial was held, in which the following were the principal characters: Judge, Kenneth Cole; attorney for prosecution, Fred Gart; attorney for defense, Mandley Evenson; plaintiff, Neary Gilbertson; defendant; William Owen; sheriff, A. M. Rigerson. The case was dismissed, the charge being assault and battery. The trial afforded much amusement.

parted. Leaving Metucana we soon pass through a series of long tunnels. Many of them are very close together. There is only a flash of light between. As a famous writer once said: "It is like riding through a flute and looking out through the holes."

The valley has narrowed into a canyon. On each side the walls tower thousands of feet into the air. The river Rimac rushes over the rocks, a boiling torrent in the gorge hundreds of feet below. The railroad seems to cling to the rock walls like a climbing vine. It is like a toy train on a long shelf.

Now we dash through a tunnel, now we cross a bridge, now we swing around a jutting cliff. Ahead there is another tunnel, a long one—suddenly we are out in the light again and on a very high bridge. The Infernillo, which joins two perpendicular walls of rock. At the other end is another tunnel and darkness. What if there was a train coming the other way? We shudder at the thought. We are out again into a valley.

The grade is very steep. The train seems to point into a barren cliff. No tunnel is seen. Without warning the brakes are clamped on and the train stops. As quickly we start again, backward, but not on the same track. We are climbing as usual. For perhaps a mile or more we go backward up the mountain

(Concluded on page eight)

Where can you always find it in the dictionary, yes, and in a book, your best friend have it in a safe place. The safe place.

OUR SUCCESS for security of our bank. We shall always, free of charge with you about money matters. We shall be glad to keep Make OUR bank We pay six per cent Farmers' Savings Bank William Angus, Cash.