

THE WAY TO BOGOTA.

TRAVELING IN THE UNITED STATES OF COLOMBIA.

A Journey Across the Andes on Mule-Back—Peculiar Features of the Trip—Incidents Noted on the Way.

Special Correspondence of THE UNION.

BOGOTA, Colombia, Jan. 30.—The city of Honda, though nearly 900 miles above the mouth of the Magdalena, and the present terminus of the steamboat routes, is by no means at the "head" of that river's navigable waters. The growing town, which has acquired consequence only on account of the river trade, is beautifully situated, surrounded by rugged mountains, and at the junction of two great streams, for here the Rio Gauil comes rushing down to join the Magdalena on its long journey to the sea.

Otherwise there is nothing about Honda to distinguish it from a hundred other cities of Spanish-America. It has the usual tall-towered church, rows of white-washed cottages roofed with red tiles, and suburban casitas thatched with straw, all shaded by cocoa trees and groups of graceful palms. There are a few very old buildings of Spanish origin, whose enormously thick walls were built with special view to withstanding the earthquakes that are frequent in this locality; but in spite of their solidity, most of the old houses were long ago shaken into ruins.

To my mind the most interesting thing about Honda, aside from the remains of an antique bridge, built by the conquerors of the year 1601. Its quaint arches are yet entire, and the stone walls show niches, now dismantled, where saints and crosses used to stand commanding the worship of all wayfarers, telling mutely how those stern crusaders built for all time and never forgot the outward tokens of religion in the midst of their greed for gold.

Bogota de Santa Fe, the capital of Colombia, is only seventy miles from Honda; but the journey thence being straight over the maza cordillera of the Andes, is very tedious and difficult, and can only be accomplished on horseback. From time to time during the last quarter of a century, American companies have attempted the construction of a railroad between these two points. About thirty miles of track have actually been laid, but those in charge of the work have again and again been compelled to abandon it, because of frequent revolutions and the impossibility of securing laborers. The natives will not work, and the company cannot afford to pay wages enough to induce immigration. But notwithstanding all these disadvantages, the enterprise has not been abandoned, and having received substantial encouragement from the Colombian Government in the shape of a land grant and a "concession" it will doubtless be finished some time. Meanwhile, on its own account, the Government has projected a railway from Bogota to Honda, and has also given a liberal concession for the construction of another line leading into the Cauca Valley, where are supposed to exist the richest gold mines in all the world, the same from whence came those hundreds of millions that were sent to Spain in the days of the viceroys.

A stage line has recently been established between Honda and Agrilabaga thus shortening the saddle journey by thirty miles; but it is a mooted question, which is hardest to be rattled across the mountains shut up in a springlike coil like dice in a box, or to go sailing over the top of the deck of a mule. In either case the trials transcend those of the longest and hardest days that are likely to fall to the lot of an ordinary human being in the course of his life.

Because of the certainty of obtaining good mules for the through trip at Honda, and the uncertainty of all things at Agrilabaga, we decided (whether wisely or not remains to be seen) to go the entire distance in saddle. The ladies of our party secured riding habits of dust-colored alpaca, buck-skin gloves reaching nearly to the elbow, and wide-brimmed hats of Panama grass, tied tightly under the chin, and a "poke." Right here permit me to whisper a secret to ladies only. When making saddle journeys in any of these mountainous regions, it is well to be gulded in the matter of dress by the advice of the natives, who, traveling always in this fashion, certainly ought to know what they are talking about. A lady "to the manner born" never burdens herself with too much riding skirt, and only about four inches longer than an ordinary walking dress, and never, by any possibility, does the dress accident expose an inch of hose or a glimpse of the undergarments which are unmentionable to ears polite, for she dons a pair of very wide, full trousers of the same material as her habit, gathereed Turkish fashion, close around the tops of her shoes. However the mules may blow when horse and rider are in full sail over breezy heights, breeches and all pass for riding skirt, and none can tell where one begins and the other ends, even should a catastrophe tumble her upside down.

Chattering out of still sleeping Honda about 8 o'clock one balmy morning—for the seasons are reversed down here, you know, and mid-summer comes in January—our road wound for some distance along the complete arch of papayas, mangoes and fig-trees, whose interlacing branches overhead spoke and rendered every darker the silent hour between night and dawn, that gruesome hour in which all the forces of life and nature are at their lowest ebb, and in which, it is said, souls go out of the body into the vast unknown more readily than at any other time. Not even a dog was stirring to bark us out of town, and the mules huddled closer together with an instinctive need of companionship. In the uncertain light we could not discern one another's faces, and our figures looked ghastly and unearthly as might a procession of disembodied spirits on some uncanny expedition. Nor did the doctor's muttered recitation elevate our spirits:

"Somewhere in desolate, wild, swept space, In Twilight Lane in No Man's Land, Two shivering shapes meet face to face, And bid each other stand. And who are you?—ask one another, Shuddering in the gloaming light; 'I know not,' said the second shape, 'Only died last night!'"

But when the stars were lost in the ebb of crimson and gold that presages a dawn of the tropic sun, Dame Nature suddenly showed her comely countenance, the flowers lifted their dewy heads, birds began to twitter, smoke to curl from housetops, and the hum of human activity was heard. Presently the road became alive with Indians trudging to market under heavy loads, bare-footed, women in short alpaca skirts and wide straw hats, sitting

astide of mules, each beast generally carrying two persons; and donkeys and black and white bullocks, so heavily laden as to be literally covered from stem to stern with piles of chincona bark, bags of gold or silver ore from the mines, or loads of merchandise of various sorts. The principal towns of Colombia, scattered along the fertile valleys lying between the spurs of the Andes, are distant from the Magdalena from 60 to 100 miles; and to them all goods must be forwarded over the rugged mountain pathways. Merchandise is distributed into bales of 125 pounds each, allowing two bales or 250 pounds to a donkey load. Parcels exceeding this weight must be opened and repacked, or they will not be carried at all. The majority of interior caravanderos are women and their charge for each load is from 24 to 30 reales (a Colombian real being about 10 cents American money) or between \$3 and \$4. This system of transit applies only to articles of comparatively light weight, making it utterly impossible to forward across country to those places where they are most needed such heavy objects as agricultural implements, mining machinery, fire engines, wagons or indeed anything else weighing more than half a ton.

Yet we are told that in Bogota every well-to-do family has its piano, which has to be brought piecemeal over the Sierras at the cost of a thousand dollars per piano for its transportation alone! They have street cars, too, in Colombia's capital, which were also noted in sections over the mountains, as were the rails and ties, on the backs of mules and human beings of burden.

Soon the road grew rough and stony, like the bed of a rocky river, winding over hills which in some places ascend almost perpendicular and in others offer so narrow a pathway, that our little beasts, ambling one behind another, can hardly find a footing. Heaven bless the donkey, say I! Whatever his faults, he is sure-footed and faithful, and has borne many a traveler in safety over perilous paths where a horse would refuse to go.

About 1 p. m. we reached Consuelo, and stopped at a straw thatched posada, or inn, for breakfast, which, though very poor, was acceptable, you may be sure, as we had eaten nothing since the hasty desayuno of bread and coffee before daylight.

Two hours' siesta, and a good rubbing down with alcohol and hot water, the best remedy, by the way, for the lameness of joint and soreness of muscles that afflicts the amateur equestrian; and by 8 o'clock everybody cheerfully responded to the call of "boots and saddles," not wishing to remain over night in desolate Consuelo. However, there if not much choice in posadas on the road to Bogota, one being about as bad as another.

As we ascended, ever higher and higher, the air grew cooler, and 4,000 feet above Honda the temperature was delightful. Winding around the steep sides of the Sierras, we caught glimpses of a most wonderful panorama in the Magdalena Valley, which, far below our heads, is a gigantic chess-board, shaded off by cultivated fields, the pale yellow withered patches of sugar-cane, interspersed with the dark, glossy foliage of coffee-groves, and palm-thatched huts for pawns, all environed by distant heights whose tops were lost in the clouds.

Long before we reached Guaduas the moon was up, though the miles are not many between these wayside stopping places, because the duldest donkey in the cavalcade had learned that we were not Mazzepas, and therefore he need not hurry himself. Down into a green valley, over an antique bridge built three centuries ago and now crumbling to its fall, past a pretty white casa in the midst of a coffee grove, and at last the moon reached where a smoking dinner awaited and the night was to be passed. Guaduas is said to be one of the most comfortable places on the road, though its high-priced posada would bear no comparison to the poorest hotel in the United States. F. and I enjoyed the rare luxury of a clean and airy room, and though the floor was paved with damp bricks, its walls covered with old newspapers, the window entirely without glass and the door fastening a pole to be set up against it, we slept the sleep of the just, each in her little white-canvas cot. In these Southern countries the beds are all "single," two persons never sleeping together, though several of the narrow cots may be put into the same apartment.

Thanking the coach through-trubbing with hot alcohol, we were in tolerable order to start next morning by the steep of dawn, while the early mists merrily obscured from view the heights we were yet to climb. Always upward and upward, like that foolish youth who gave a banner with the strange device "Excelesior!" and came to grief, as he richly deserved, still before midday, he had ascended something over 3,000 feet. The highest point hereabouts is known as Alto del Katzal, marked by a little white house set against a gigantic wall of red-gyr sandstone. The view from this place was even more glorious than that of the day before, overlooking a prospect, being so much higher, including a circle of mountain-summits, whose rocky peaks, one behind another, peered out of the ocean of cloud. Descending thence to Las Tibayes was the most difficult task we have yet encountered, over a road strewn with loose flowers, so steep and slippery that we momentarily expected to be pitched over the heads of our mules, down among the precipices. At the apology for an inn at Las Tibayes we partook of a poorer apology for luncheon, only redeemed from utter failure by some ripe, sweet figs, which, in the desolation of hunger, we went out and stole before the eyes of the proprietor.

"Must I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease?" remarked poor F., as we again climbed into our saddles. Certainly not, today, at least, for the rest of the way was a rapid down-hill, a regular toboggan slide, 4,000 feet long, into the green and lovely valley of Villeta. To this day I am not able to decide which is most to be dreaded, going up the face of a hill, in full fashion, in momentary peril of slipping over the dunkey's tail; or going downward, at an angle of fifty degrees, with every muscle braced to prevent sliding over his astray. Since no beast could possibly go astray on a trail so narrow that we bumped the wall of rock on one side, and stones, loosened by his feet, in the brink of the other, dropped without a sound into an abyss so deep that tall trees growing at the bottom looked like mere twigs, I abandoned all responsibility, closed my eyes to the fearful view, and clung for dear life to the pommel.

At Villeta where the second night was passed we were fain to lay our weary heads to rest at the first hour of gloom, but to do so, for rats, coack-roaches, beetles, fleas, and goodness knows what other vermin, galloped about the prison-like place in a way that, like Macbeth's conscience, "doth murder sleep." Though feeling painfully the

effect of our daily shaking, and already constrained to say our prayers in a standing attitude, we were not averse to leaving Villeta long before sunrise, having partaken of the inevitable sugar bread and muddy coffee by the glimmer of a tallow dip. Rain had fallen steadily during the night, leaving everything clean, cool and dripping; but alas! It had also washed away, for the third time this season, the only bridge across the Rio Negro, leaving us no alternative but to ford that bracing stream. Luckily the river was not high, though running rapidly, and, barring a slight wetting, all crossed in safety.

At last, thank Heaven! Alto del Roble was reached, one of the highest accessible points in the Andean chain, some 12,000 feet above sea-level, which, the guides solemnly assured us, was "the very end of up-hill." A cart-road from Bogota comes out nearly to the Alto; and, though horribly bad, with deep gullies washed out by floods that pour down the mountain sides, were rejoiced to exchange the wild paths of "the land of the sky" for an picturesque barley-bordered highway.

At a hacienda, named Mazanoes, "the Apples," we halted for the night. Here the orange and the banana give place to the pine and the alcega; and, notwithstanding long good beds and wine, we suffered much from cold, the change, being very great from the heated lowlands of the Magdalena. And, it may as well be confessed right here we surrendered, ingloriously and unconditionally. Having learned that, by telegraphing to Bogota, a coach would come out from that city and convey us thitherward, we were glad to pay for the twenty-five miles or more which our guides and mules were not to go, and lie in bed nursing our bruises during the following twenty-four hours.

It was by no means a brilliant party that was finally packed into the clumsy vehicle, jolted a diligencia, and was bumped over the boulders, big red little (every joint being martyrdom), that strew the road to Colombia's capital. Long before our destination was reached, its nearness was attested by the crowd of market wagons going and returning, men and women trudging along on foot or on mule back, and beasts of burden totally in eclipse under enormous loads of alfalfa or other merchandise.

Just at sunset we passed the swampy flats that environ Santa Fe de Bogota, black with wild duck this time of year; when by a sharp turn in the road, we suddenly beheld the cathedral towers, housetops and tall eucalyptus trees of the old city, all gilded in the evening light. The vesper bells were ringing as we clattered into town; but the two overshadowing hills, whose summits are crowned by churches, each a kind of Calvary, up which penitents on their knees during holy week looked gloomy and forbidding, with black clouds hanging above them, as if bearing a frown for the weary wanderers, instead of a welcome.

FANNIE B. WARD.

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SEKING INFORMATION.

Blizzard-Stricken Minnesotans Who Yearn for a Warmth Climate.

Hon. W. H. Wood, County-Judge of Fall River County, South Dakota, writes to THE UNION for information concerning San Diego County.

"What is the price of unimproved lands along the southern portion of your county; what are the fruits grown; what is the state of society, and what of your schools; what are fine Eastern horses, wagons, etc., worth, and what is the cost of living?"

"I am requested to gain this information for some six or seven of my neighbors who contemplate making a change of residence. I have been promising never to be caught in this blizzard-coursed country another winter, and if the information sought for in this letter is satisfactory, I most certainly will, I hope, a good citizen of your locality."

Judge Wood's address is Hot Springs, Fall River Co., South Dakota.

TWO ALASKA PRODUCTS.

The Canvasback Ducks Come South, and Fortunately the Mosquitoes Don't.

"There is no more wonderful scenery in the world," said Mr. Marcus Baker, of the Geological Survey, than is to be found along the coast of Alaska to Sitka and beyond by the inside passage. Only for a very small part of the way do you feel the ocean swell at all, a continuous archipelago of islands forming a breakwater for hundreds of miles against the waves of the Pacific, while the vessel sails along in water as smooth as a mill pond.

Upon reaching Sitka you find yourself in a much more equable climate than that of Boston, its mean temperature being about the same, though it is many degrees north of the latter port. Pursuing your way northward along the coast you see now and then a glacier reaching down to the sea. When you reach the Yukon, if it is the proper season, you will find countless myriads of canvasback ducks dispersing themselves.

That stream, together with other waters thereabouts, is the great breeding ground, you know, for canvasbacks, as well as for many other sorts of ducks and geese and swans. All the canvasbacks that are shot on the Chesapeake come from the Yukon and its neighborhood. This fact has been established as a certainty by observation of their flights from various points, their aerial course being by way of the great lakes.

"There are no snakes in Alaska, perhaps because no snakes would live there. The only frog ever discovered by explorers there was found by our party some years ago. Probably, however, there is no part of the world where mosquitoes are more dreadful than in Alaska. The soil is of a soft, spongy character that holds water for days after a rain, and the insects are bred out of it in such swarms that it is hardly possible for man or any other animal to exist among them. They attack the moose with such ferocity as to drive the beasts into the rivers, where the natives attack them with knives. Bears and reindeer are plentiful. Perhaps the worst part of Alaska is that to the northwest, north of the Yukon River—crossed but once by a party of explorers, who nearly starved to death."

Every-body knows that at this season the blood is filled with impurities, the accumulation of months of close confinement in poorly ventilated stores, work-hops and tenements. All these impurities, as well as traces of scurvy, salt rheum or other disease, may be expelled by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier ever produced. It is the only medicine which "100 doses one dollar" is true.

SEMI TROPIC BOTANY.

INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS ABOUT THE LOCAL FLORA.

California's Wild Flowers and Their Beauties—The Genus Lilium—A Glorious Poppywort.

We must not forget the beautiful annuals that have justly given California her fame as a land of flowers. In no country perhaps do the early spring annuals so change the face of the earth from a desolate waste to a beautiful garden. Our Eschscholtzias, our Phacelias and our Gilias are known wherever the art of cultivating flowers is studied and these are not alone among the familiar flowers of Eastern and European gardens that California has furnished.

Collinsia bicolor is one of the best known, abounding through all the western portion of the State and southward to near San Quintin, Lower California. It loves moist hill-sides and the shade of the live oak trees, growing a foot or two high, with a party-colored corolla which gives it its specific name of bicolor. The lower lip of the corolla is violet or rose-purple, and the upper paler or nearly white. As is the case with nearly all flowers of a purple color, this is occasionally all white; a pure white-flowered form being in cultivation and bearing the variety name of casida. This is the most showy species of the genus, the flower being three-fourths of an inch long. Another equally beautiful but less showy species is Collinsia Cartwrightii, with purple blossoms, that is common throughout the central parts of the State among the foothills, and in this country extending eastward to the borders of the Colorado Desert.

Papavel California is one of the last species described by the late Dr. Asa Gray, the noted and well-beloved botanist of Harvard University. It was first discovered, I believe, by John Spence on the low mountains near Santa Barbara, and has since been found in various situations south of that county. It is a weak and slender plant, one to three feet high with rather dull brick-red flowers, and is the only true Papavel or poppy found in the State, though the family of poppies is well represented by a number of genera, such as the Eschscholtzia, Platystigma, Romneya and Dendromecon or tree poppy.

Platystemon Californicum is a slender, branching annual, belonging to the poppy family also, six to twelve inches high with lively pale-yellow or flesh-colored flowers, shading to orange in the centre. It is very common in early Spring from the coast to the top of our highest mountains, and is found from Lower California through Arizona to Southern Utah. It is sometimes called cream-cups, a very appropriate name, and has long been in cultivation in Europe, where large quantities of the seeds are annually raised to supply the demand.

Another member of the poppy family is the Royal Romneya Coulteri, which is deserving of a column if half of its good qualities are to be recounted. Another related plant is Argemone Hispidula—the thistle poppy. This is an erect, bushy plant, one to three feet high, hispid throughout or armed with rigid prickles. The white flowers are two to four inches across, the bristly foliage forming a fine green background for their loveliness. It is not rare on dry hill-sides and in the leys away from the coast in desert regions. It is sometimes known as chic-alote.

Among the California annuals which have pleased most the most is a low sweet aromatic herb which grows on our mesas and hills—like many others of our rarest flowers—was first collected by D. Cleveland, of our city. This is the wild pennyroyal—Pogogyne Nuttiana. The rich purple corolla is half an inch long in "whole-like flower clusters," that are very effective when scattered over the little depressions on the mesa like a rich carpet of dark green and royal blue or tastefully combined. It is one of the flowers which we still hope to see in cultivation, but as yet we have failed to save the seed of any species of this genus save California, and our much to be shown, being abundant on the at times overflowed lands near San Quinten, Lower California.

Another milk-like plant is Anemone-like filifolia, three inches or less to a foot high, equally abundant on our mesas and foot hills—usually on the adobe soil where it seems to thrive best. This is another desirable plant for cultivation, as yet I believe unknown to gardeners. The rigid coriaceous coarsely-toothed leaves renders it disagreeable to handle and unsuited for bouquets or decoration. But massed together as it is found in its native haunts it is the equal of any flower for loveliness of its delicate white flowers tinged with a lovely shade of purple.

Laysia elegant is a pretty annual, not so high, loosely branched with large heads with light to orange yellow rays, usually tipped with white. It is truly an elegant species among the numerous members of the Composite family. It is not rare in open grounds from Mendocino southward to San Quinten. It is well adapted to cultivation and has this year secured an introduction to Eastern gardens where we feel sure it will become a favorite. In the mountains, bordering the eastern edge of the Colorado Desert, another species with larger flowers with snow-white rays, seems to take its place. Every member of this genus is pretty, but the two above mentioned are those which are, we believe, destined to be most admired in the horticultural world should they gain a wide introduction among flower-lovers.

A nearly related genus is Balleya, which has one or two representatives in our region. Balleya Multiradiata is a low, simply-branched annual, with dense, floccose white, woolly stems. The foliage is also woolly. The rather large, brilliant yellow and naturally almost double flowers are extremely handsome and could its beauty once be appreciated it would soon become a permanent feature of every garden, provided it proved susceptible of cultivation. I first saw it in the San Rafael Valley in Lower California, and have since found it in the desert portions of our country.

The painter's brush; Orthocarpus Purpureus, Dodocedron, Phacelia, Antivillium or snap-dragon, Minorlets, the Couchalagua, and a host of others, are all worthy of a painter's skill, and we shall hope to introduce many of them to the reader in the future.

CALIFORNIA LILIES.

The true lily, belonging to the genus Lilium, number about fifty species, belonging to the northern temperate zone, and are extensively cultivated for their showy and often fragrant flowers. More than half are natives of Eastern Asia and

four or five species are found in the Atlantic States. The Californian species have been extensively introduced into European gardens during the past twenty years and are greatly sought by fanciers of lilies on account of their beauty and rarity.

The Washington lily, Lilium Washingtonianum, is one of the choicest of our Californian species. It is tall and stout, two to five feet high, with whorls of dark green leaves, more or less undulate. The very fragrant pure white flowers render this a handsome species. The flowers become purplish with age and are often sparingly and finely dotted. This beautiful species grows in loose soil on ridges or lightly shaded hill-sides and is credited to the Cuyamaca mountains. On the western slope of the Sierra Nevada it is found at an altitude of 3,000 to 4,000 feet.

Parry's lily, Lilium Parryi, has a small bulb and grows two to five feet high in the higher mountains of San Diego and San Bernardino mountains. It is also found in Arizona and Mexico but is one of the rarest and most sought of all our native lilies. It was first found by Dr. C. C. Parry in 1876, in flower in July. The flowers are a delicate lemon-yellow, minutely dotted, about three inches long.

This is one of the most likely to disappear from our mountains before the approach of man. Thousands of the bulbs have been destroyed by hogs in the last few years, while the commercial bulb collector eagerly hunts it in every nook and corner of the mountains. A natural demand for this fine species. Its flowers are very fragrant.

Lilium rubescens is another rare form found on wooded hill-sides in the coast ranges from Marin to Humboldt counties. It resembles the Washington lily, the flowers changing from white to a dark ruby-red after opening.

The marine lily, Lilium maritimum, is a small species with dark foliage and from two to twenty deep crimson flowers dotted with black. It is found near the coast in the low black peaty meadows from San Francisco to Humboldt, but is rarely collected and the bulbs do not bear transportation well. It, too, is liable to be exterminated by bulb-collectors, though we hope that day is still far distant, and probably, as in the case of the other lilies, that of unappreciative farmers will be yet more instrumental in its extinction. The flowers are described by some writers as deep reddish-orange, spotted within with purple.

Lilium parvum, found in the Sierra Nevada to Oregon, is a slender, graceful plant with a small bulb, and bearing from two to fifty bell-shaped flowers with a light yellow centre dotted with brown, the upper half the petals scarlet. Some describe the flower of this differently, the Botany of California giving the color as yellow or orange within and usually spotted with purple, reddish above.

Lilium pulchellum has larger nodding flowers, the tips of the petals light yellow, the base of the petals bright scarlet blotched with brown. There are a number of varieties of this lily, and the Botany of California gives the color as "bright orange-red with a lighter orange center and large purple spots on the lower half," which answers well for the description of the trade variety puberulum. Variety Californicum of the trade has the upper two-thirds of petals scarlet and a yellow variety is credited to the vicinity of Julian, but I have never seen it. The species is found from Central California to Oregon.

The Humboldt Tiger Lily, Lilium Humboldtii, is found in dry open localities from the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, at 2,500 to 3,500 feet altitude, southward to the Cuyamaca Mountains. It has a large bulb and sends up a stalk from four to nine or ten feet high. The past Summer I measured a stem in our mountains nine feet in height in a shaded canyon. This large and stout species has orange-colored flowers spotted with brown, few to many in number. The Botany of California describes the flowers as reddish orange with purple spots.

One of the most difficult things to record correctly and intelligently is the color of flowers. Few naturalists ever agree in describing the color uniformly, unless one follows the other's description, and no standard of colors is yet generally accepted. Even the names rarely have the same meaning when they themselves for the same tint or shade and it is therefore not accurate in this respect. In horticulture it is one of the great needs of the time that there should be some standard authority on the subject of color, and work of reference which can be universally used for comparing with nature and thus reducing the now lax method to a definite system. Robert Ridgway, of Washington, has attempted to supply this need by issuing an expensive "Nomenclature of Colors," which the writer aims to consult and follow as far as possible and it is to be hoped that others will do so also.

The preceding list and notes will show that California is especially rich in native lilies and has contributed largely to the horticultural treasures of the world, while San Diego County is not behind in her quota of species. It is to be desired that California should give greater attention to the cultivation of her own peculiar treasures; but it is ever likely to be true that a thing is more valued in a foreign land than in its native land. The Chinese and Japanese lilies will be imported and grown by the thousands—as they well deserve to be—but our own sylvan beauties should not be ignored or be found only in the gardens of Europe, as is practically the case today.

C. R. OGDEN.

FLORIDA ORANGE STOCK.

The Danger of Importing a New Seedling.

Horticultural Commissioner A. F. Kercheval requests THE UNION to warn intending orange-tree planters against purchasing Florida grown stock. He says that there is great danger of importing new pests, which may give no end of trouble for their extermination—provided they are ever exterminated. One of the known Florida pests is the purple or oyster-shell scale, which is a long, narrow bug of purpleish color. It is very injurious to orange trees. In an inspection of some Florida trees imported by a local dealer several of these purple scale were discovered, and the whole lot was ordered shipped back. The trees had come from a nurseryman in the western part of Florida, where it is claimed no scale exists, and it was also claimed that the trees had been dipped and thoroughly disinfected. The fact that, in spite of these precautions, several very healthy scalebugs were found, shows that there is no absolute security against the importation of pests with Florida trees.

Mr. Kercheval thinks that people had better desert planting another year if they cannot obtain trees in their own market, rather than take such chances on foreign-grown stock.

ON THE JANUL ROAD.

NANNIE WELCOMED THE EX-FUNERAL EDITOR.

Horticultural Notes and Reflections—Back Country Development—Green as a Cook.

Nannie met the party. Up there on Riff's ranch, overlooking the Janul, Nannie sees all the strangers. She was perched on a sugar loaf rock in the barn-yard, about five feet high. A cat would get badly discouraged trying to climb that rock, but Nannie gets up without any trouble. Nannie looked like a big ball of cotton that had once been white, but she seemed to have been especially created for the purpose of catching all the burrs in the ranch, and she filled her purpose in life so well that the only burrs to be seen on the diggings were in Nannie's wool. Nannie is an Arizona cook. Her diet is peculiar. Green feeds her twice a month. Whenever she comes to town she collects all the old hats and obsolete styles of bonnets, and sometimes an oyster can for the goat. The reporter was scratching one of Green's razor-backed hogs, and presently reached in his hip pocket for his handkerchief, but the goat's nose was there. The coat-tail and handkerchief had vanished. Nannie is now wearing them in her stomach. Green had a very handsome family Bible and one morning he wanted it for some purpose, but Nannie was just masticating the last verse of the last chapter of Genesis. It was a revelation to Green, and there was an exodus of goat. Green's ranch is high above the Burton grant. It is a capital illustration of San Diego County surprises. Two or three years ago one would make a ranch up there than of growing olives on the Fifth Street. But they cleared off the brush, piped water from a spring and now it gets away with any 100 acres on the Burton ranch. That 100 acres will yield more next year than the entire 9000 acres of the Burton ranch, because the Burton ranch is scarcely cultivated. But Green's ranch is a beauty. One orange tree, transplanted three years ago, bore 500 oranges this year. Riff put a navel bud on an old stock last Spring and it grew just six feet in eleven months. Fine, strong, perfect shoot. More than that, it has several blossoms this Spring. And what! The trees, some twenty-five of them, were loaded with blossoms. Pretty good for March 7th, one would think. They never have any frost up there. It is about 850 feet above sea level. No fog gets there either. After supper the reporter went out into the moonlight. The valley had been transformed into a lake. The fog had crept in from the ocean and enveloped the entire Burton property in misty obscurity. It seemed like another Johnstown dam had swept the ranch dwellings out of existence. The effect was startling. But it was only fog. Would water be obtained to irrigate the Burton ranch it would be one of the finest properties in the county. It contains thousands of acres of perfect soil. In the basin deciduous fruits could be raised and the red foot hills would produce oranges that would make Riverside weary. But litigation has the property tied up. It may be many years before the ranch is opened to settlers. One residing in town cannot comprehend the great improvements that are being made. The rage for property amounts almost to a mania. Government lands are almost all gone, but people in their wild anxiety to get a patch of earth have appropriated mountain nooks and crannies that would have been passed over as utterly worthless two years ago. Wherever a little rivulet trickles down a ravine, there you will find a squatter. There may be only two or three acres, some very stumpy ground, but you will find somebody at home. He plows around the rocks, sows barley and plants a few trees and the aggregate is vast. It will swell the total far beyond all records of acreage development in San Diego County. Some times the very crown of high hills are cultivated. It is grand up there. You can see all over Rhode Island and part of Arkansas, and in a wet season fine crops will result, but the Lord pity the poor cuss when a dry season comes. But they never think about that; they are mostly tenderfeet, and when a parching season's sun wiles that that patient laborer has accomplished his season, he comes to the country, sell for a song, pack up and go back to their wife's folks. He never occurs to them that their own improvident ways are their sore misfortunes.

"Have some biscuits," said Green, the next morning at breakfast. The reporter in an unguarded moment took some. His appetite betrayed him. Green's wife was away and he made the biscuits. The reporter bit too hard and broke his eye-tooth and swallowed it. A small piece of the biscuit went down too. The other party rolled off on the floor and dropped like a dirty-white door knob. In the afternoon, bumping over rough roads the north and the pieces of biscuit rattled around in the reporter's boiler like a couple of marbles in a milk can. Green is a good fellow, but his biscuits were so heavy the baking powder could not elevate them. Riff slipped a couple in his pocket and when he and the reporter were out skylarking around a large gentleman cow became infuriated at the reporter's red face, flushed with innocent enjoyment, approached more rapidly than gracefully. Riff whaled away with one of Green's French rolls and took him plunk between his large and expressive eyes, which terminated hostilities.

But Green's beans were all right. They compensated for all his culinary sins. Those beans contain more literary inspiration, more real culture, more of the elements of true theosophy, per bean, than a whole quart of the Boston article.

After dinner, and a drink of Green's Waukesha water, which bubbles out of a ravine half a mile away, the reporter fed the goat an old towel and another handkerchief, and started for the metropolis.

Shaken Out of Gear.

By malaria disease, the human digestion cannot half perform its office. Malignant secretion, evacuation, are disorder, more of blood becomes watery, the nerves feeble, the countenance ghastly, sleep disturbed and appetite capricious. Terrible is this disease, fell its consequences. There is, however, a known antidote to the miasmatic poison, and a certain safeguard against it. In malarious regions of our South and West, in South America, Guatemala and on the Isthmus of Panama, as well as in transmarine countries where the scourge is a button. It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the always painful, regulates the bowels, and the best known remedy for diarrhea, whether arising from indigestion or other cause. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? B. F. Friend's is a positive cure. H. F. Friend, D and