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Special Correspondence.

Teple, Territory of Teple, Mexico .---On Thursday, Nov. 29th, we left Mazatian, the boys in the morning with the packs of Prof. Wolfe, and I, as we had a couple of boxes of specimens to ship home, not until three o'clock in the afternoon. We are on our way to the city of Mexico, and will pass through Tepic and Buadalaja, in a way, two very important towns. If the reader will permit I will ask him to come with us to Teple, for if he is year I can be more familiar, and then, too, perhaps he will be interested in knowing something of our camp life. We leave Mazatlan by the east side, cross a bridge that spans a stream flowing into the bay, and are soon out on the Camins Real. Did you notice anything peculiar about the stream? The water is flowing landward! You see the tide is coming in and the river waters are crowded back by the rise

in the bay, A CITY OF FLAT ROOFS.

Let us pause here and take a last look it the town. It is beautiful, sitting there on the side of a hill and reaching right down to the water's edge. But there is an evenness to it unseen in our cities, and due to the fact that all the houses have flat roofs, and all are but one story, except the great church and market which loom up, bold and and. Beyond the town is the promontory with its solid buttresses which form a protecting bulwark for the town and bay west when the sea becomes furious during a storm. Beyond still inther is a high rack, broken off from he promontory, at least two hundred et high, covered with a thick growth brush and trees. A zigzag path ads from the water's edge up its steep side to the top, where is built a light house. Across the bay is another rock similar to this and forming with this a narrow entrance to the harbor. Along the low beach are beautiful proves of trees, whose leaves like os-trich feathers wave in the wind. They are cocoanut trees, and there are thousands of them. Look now on the ocean thips going to sea. How beautiful hat sailing vessel is with all her canvas spread; and in the light breeze she loats like a monstrous bird upon the water! But see that little steamer! he is not half so beautiful, not half pretentious, but she makes time, nd that, too, right against the wind. a few minutes she leaves the beauiful sall ship far behind. One is typal of the last generation, the other of

dust but we camp in the evening near a river and enjoy a refreshing bath. As we can see from day to day we notice a change in the vegetation. go round the mountains but they gradgo round the mountains but they grad-ually approach the coast. The cactus soon gives way to other trees, and in place of dry weeds, vines bearing beau-tiful flowers appear. Soon we are in the land of paims. Grass is seen everywhere, tall and green, but rather coarse for the animals. That lagoon to the right and the one we passed yes-terday looked beautiful, but they look event of the animal of fevers. terday looked beautiful, but they look suspicious. We are in a land of fevers. Here is fresh water and our horses are thirsty, but that Mexican is calling to us. He says not to let our horses drink that water, as it will make them sick; it gives them a fever from which they are apt to die. How fortunate he chemid come up fust at the protect more should come up just at the proper moment

TROPICAL VEGETATION.

TROPICAL VEGETATION. Yes, vegetation is becoming decidedly more tropical. Look at those large spreading trees. They cover almost a quarter of an acre of ground, but there is one from the top of which a paim tree is growing. Is it possible. The tree has actually grown around the paim! There are hundreds of them in all stages. Some are two find three feet through, and the paim is in the very heart. But Mr. Paim does not seem to care, for he goes on growing without seeming to notice the strong embrace with which his friend holds him. And look at that other tree! It is loaded with fruit as large as Rhode is loaded with fruit as large as Rhode Island greenings, but the fruit hangs on the trunk of the trees, and not on the twigs. Yes, this beautiful valley which we are now into looks tropical. See that rank vegetation. It is a perfect jugle. Large trees arch over the road.

jugle. Large trees arch over the road. Vines tangle among the smaller ones, forming a perfect net work. It would be difficult far even a wild hog to go rapidly through that forest. Crossing the Rio des Canas we pass from the state of Sinaloa into the Territory of Tepic, where until we reach the Rio Pedro we pass through one of the most beautiful and ferrile countries yet seen and strange fertile countries yet seen, and strange to say, a country comparatively unin-habited, with the exception of two places—that occupied by Escuinapa and that by Acaponeta. Rosario further back is in a rich mining country, and mines are now opened up again and worked by modern methods that once were worked by the Spaniards hun-dreds of years ago. They are said to be very rich, but most of the country is unoccupied even by stock ranches. This river that we now approach is the San Pedro. See what rich soil comfertile countries yet seen, and strange ands of them, but high rocks, there are San Pedro. See what rich soll comback, and yet that little town La Lima on this bank, and San Pedro on the other, are poor and dirty looking; whereas, if the people would make the soil produce its possibilities they would all be wealthy. On either bank a couple of good sized sugar plantations could be established for the river contains enough water to irrigate 100,000 acres of good land.





Mafeking day, Ladysmith day, Buller's reception and the welcome to the London volunteers were mild celebrations compared to the ovation given to the hero of Candahar and the Cape. The depressing news from South Africa did not affect the enthusiasm a bit. From the aged queen down to the smallest schoolboy all realize that Roberts did much to save the empire,



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"Dynamite Jack," referred to by the | ered, but the third died from his in-"Dynamite Jack," referred to by the correspondents of English newspapers as the "Satanic Agent of the Boers," has come to Chicago to spend the win-has come to Chicago to spend the winter, says the Inter-Ocean. He arrived a month ago with the returning mem-bers of the Irish-American hospital corps, and he has been living a retired life since then. There have been rea-sons why the man, who has the reputa-tion of having killed more British sol. tion of having killed more British sol-diers than any other one person who has been fighting on the Boer side, should seek a season of quiet. His military career came to a premature close after one of the most daring feats in the spectacular history of the South African war, and the English have offered a reward of \$1,500 for his head.

"Dynamite Dick" ended his service by destroying \$15,000,000 worth of stores at Komanti Poort last September. Af-ter he had safely made his escape he discovered that Long Tom, the famous cannon that from Bulwana for weeks beloked free and abell upon Ladvarnith belched fire and shell upon Ladysmith, had not been demolished. He returned to fix this great gun so that it would to fix this great gun so that it would not be of any service to the enemy, and he became separated from the Boer command. That is why he had to fice across the frontier into Portuguese ter-ritory and finally come to the United States, much against his will. When he made his way to Delagoa Bay he was arrested on complaint of the Brit-ish consul at that place, who swore that no Englishman could feel safe in the same town with "Dynamite Dick." The consul had forty Portuguese police-men and sixty British marines to guard men and sixty British marines to guard him, but nevertheless "Dynamite Dick"

was locked up until the first vessel should sail from port. Then the dan-gerous scout was escorted on ship gerous scout was escorted on ship board with much pomp and ceremony. There was a company of infantry at his right, a cavalry guard at his left and a Maxim gun back of him. The British consul did not go down to the wharf to say good-by, but that official took the greatest interest in the de-parture of the man whose name strikes terror to the heart of Tommy Atkins wherever he may happen to be in South wherever he may happen to be in South Africa.

King with six Americans and 200 Boers was detailed to wreck the train carrying a British relief expedition to Pretoria. A little bridge not tar from Colenso was selected as the place for the first big dynamite experiment of the war. With forty pounds of dyna-mite, King laid the trap most cleverly, his knowledge of engineering aiding him to estimate the probable damage that would be done and to minimize the loss of life. The Boers were placed on guard at a good distance from the

into the party, bench, bench, hinsen a long best chair, he began to whittle a long stick that he carried in his hand. He soon had a pile of shavings in the mid-

dle of the carpet. Then he struck a match. "What are you going to do?" inquired

the owner of the house. "Light a fire so that I can boil some coffee," answered the visitor.

"Make your coffee outdoors." said the astonished man. "But I don't care to eat out of doors

when I can dine in a mansion," said "Dynamite Dick."

"Dynamite Dick." "Then you can eat in the kitchen," replied the householder, who began to think he was dealing with a madman. "Dynamite Dick' eats only in the difining room. If you have a banquet hall that is not too good," remarked the self-invited guest. He was excert-ed to the dining room, where he ob-jected to the red tablecloth, and com-pelled the maid to bring out the best celled the maid to bring out the best linen.

"You see, I appreciate luxuries after camp life," he explained to his reluct-ant host, who did not draw a long

ant host, who did not draw a long breath for half an hour after discover-ing whom he was entertaining. "Dynamite Dick's" last exploit will cause his name to be inscribed in Boer history. When the Boers left Komati Poort "Dynamite Dick" retreated with his comrades, but the thought of the stores valued at \$15,000,000 that had to be abandoned to the British bothered him. He saw another opportunity for him. He saw another opportunity for one of his independent expeditions. With three men, he returned to Komati Poort, where, for one bag of flour each, he hired 100 Kaffirs to go with him to the anglway cars to the railway cars, where most of the stores had been allowed to remain, ready for transportation. Using two carloads of kerosene they found there, they saturated everything with oil. Then "Dynamite Dick" applied the torch. While the party was busy at this costly fire some British scouts fired on the men, killing two of the Kaffirs. One of the British scouts was taken

OUNTRY IS DRY AND PARCHED.

But we must be on our way. The ountry, you see, is very dry. T by that the past season has been They the Even the st known for years. tus and mesquite, the two principal n the forest are somewhat wilt-That cactus is forty feet high; ne are higher even. They are called

to by the natives. The other tree th spreading branches is called bitahaza. When dry it burns like bitch pine. In fact there is a gum in t that somewhat resembles pitch. Both inds bear fruit in their season, much lished by the natives.

Here is a little village. Shall we stop It will be late when we lunch? ach camp, and the chances are there ill be no supper, and breakfast which always consists of bean soup, will not be ready. Along this Camins Real al-most every house has something to sell a the way of edibles, and many serve A plate of beans, chili and orn, and five tortillas with a glass of all or a cup of coffee costs 8 cents or i cents in American money.

This large town that we now apach is Union, noted for its extenlve corn fields, and large stock inter-sts. It is nine o'clock. The moon nes bright, but with a soft mellow light unseen in our higher mountain ry. Everybody in Union seems on the streets. Some walking. intry. ne sitting on the benches in the plaza, others on mats or stools in front of their houses. A light is on the plaza soon the brass band begins to play. We must hear that music so we wait.

A NATION OF NIGHT LARKS.

On the road we meet many people traveling. The Mexicans are regular night larks. They travel at all hours from sun down to sun up, dark as well as moonlight nights. In Mazatlan we re out on the streets long before sunrise and the streets were crowded with le, all busy, some going to and hers returning from market. Even organ grinders were busy, and for entavo were grinding out their tunes. this country the mid-day is quiet then many sleep. At 12 o'clock tewhat tired from our long ride we reach Aguacaliente, and in the yard of one of the principal houses we see our It is our custom when we have camp near a village and buy pasturto apply to the president, or to the fintendent. We accept his invitato camp in his yard, an invitation ariably given and thus make our-ves his guests. We have always treated and our property has been safe.

daylight in the morning Captain ike gives the call and we all arise. ks have bean soup ready, for ans have been cooking all and cach one with his and spoon helps himself. beans: and the horse rangers bring the anials, and for a half hour everybody is packing, saddling and getting for the day's march. We start seven o'clock. Mr. Fairbanks out on his gray horse, a prose of well-remembered owner San Francisco Hacinda, others foland Brother Magleby brings up

BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAINS.

are approaching the mountains, beautiful they look in the morn-light. No, that high mountain beus is not so far away as it looks. stranger as they are at home, but in stranger as they are at home, but in the reverse way. Twenty miles will bring us there though the distance ap-pears to be at least forty. The roads today are very dusty, and the weather is hot and sultry, we are covered with is hot and sultry, we are covered with

A RUNAWAY MULE.

But pause a moment. Here is Captain Kienke, who probably has a re-port to make. Sure enough. He re-ports that Mr. Joseph Adams' mule has run away with his saddle, gun, bridle and all. The boys were walking and driving their saddle animals with their packs, when a band of wild horses came running by and this mule which we had traded for a few days ago joined the wild horses and was soon lost in the forest. It will be a miracle

If we ever get it again. We go on to the first water and pitch camp for the night. This land between the San Pedro and the Rio Grande de Santiago, the largest river in Mexico, belongs to an English man and forms one of the largest stock ranches in the republic. The river bot-toms are level and capable of cultivation, but most of the land is rolling and suitable only for range.

Here is water, a well in the bed of a dry creek. We camp under these large rees near by, but to our sorrow the woods full of ticks and gnats. The mosquitos bother us in the evenings. Prof. Wolfe has a light in his tent nearly all night. Brother Tolton is also restless. In the morning we compare notes and fine some have caught as many as five ticks, to say nothing of fleas.

SEARCH FOR THE BEAST.

Late in the evening Bros. Adams and Kienke returned but not with the lost mule. Riders have been out all day but without results. It is decided, how-ever, that a further search shall be made, and Brothers Henning and Adams go back for that purpose with instructions to spend a week if neces-sary, but to find that mule. Let us Let us look at these wells; there are two or three of them, and they are interesting

beautiful, cool and pleasant. At 12 o'clock we find good grass and camp. We cannot breakfast this morning, as there is no water to cook with, so from the fact that they furnish most drinking water for the of Santiago, three miles of the town of Santiago, three miles away, a town of three thous-and inhabitants. The water is carried day. principally on the backs of burros, each animal having four jugs set in a frame that is securely fastened to his saddle.

There are more than a hundred of | cultivation. It is thickly populated, too, |

these pack burros, besides two large

wells are dug in the bottom of the

water tanks on carts drawn by mule

creek. There appears to be an under current, but that is, the creek has a flowing stream, but it is beneath the

sand and gravel. This is peculiar to

many of the streams in Mexico. Santi-

ago, which we are now about to pass, s an interesting town in many ways. It s built on the banks of the largest

river in Mexico, and in the center of a

great stock and agriculture country

See those groves of banana trees. There are a hundred acres in one or-

sugar cane, and above is a ponochi mill.

What beautiful forests of trees and

many of them useful woods such as ebony and cedar. There are birds too

of beautiful plumage, but the most in-teresting is the parrot, and the macaw,

which occasionally fly over us in noisy

FEVER AND SMALLPOX.

We will not stop in town, for it is said, and perhaps truthfully, that there is fever and smallpox in Santiago every month of the year. Yes the riv-

er is quite deep, but we can ford it in safety by unpacking our small burros,

and putting their packs on the larger

the East, we soon reach the rolling hills that lead us to the mountains. We

must travel along the side of that high one to the right. The country becomes

more and more broken as we ascend, the air becomes cooler and purer, and

we realize that we are getting up into a healthier climate. The country is vol-

canic. Those deep ravines with almost perpendicular sides are characteristic of

lava flows. But the soil is very rich

and bananas and oranges are grown in

It is Friday night. We must travel

after the moon rises far into the night, in order to find feed for our animals. There is nothing to buy but corn fodder,

and it is very dear, beyond our reach, and not very good feed at best, but

the road is plain and we have no trou-ble in finding our way. The night is

we arise early and drive on, desirous of

finding a good camping place for Sun-

The country grows more beautiful as

we ascend. There is more moisture and

Now our road bends more to

There is also fine looking

chard alone.

flocks.

mules.

abundance,

one little village follows another in quick succession

LOOKING BACKWARD.

At noon we reach plenty of good grass on the Hacienda La Fortuna, and there by permission of the owner we strike camp for Sunday, The view is beautiful. Far back we see the level land on which we have traveled for many days. There is the low range of mountains to our right. There is the river San Pedro, where the boys are still hunting the lost mule. Near by is the Santiago river, and just beyond stretches the broad ocean, which is lost in the distance. Behind us is a high mountain, and just ahead not more than three miles away lies the town of Tepic. But let us look over the hacienda,

It is interesting and instructive. See that patch of dry stubble below. That is rice stubble, and this is a rice farm. Then there are acres of coffee trees, the first we have seen all bending under the weight of their loads of fruit. It is also a coffee farm, and ships hun-dreds of pounds every year over the mend must have further there are the road we have just come. Those green fields stretching out to our right for 2,000 acres are corn fields. There is a sugar mill in the distance. We do not covet bananas, five of which sell fo half a cent, or oranges, two of which sell for the same price, because, while these are produced in abundance they are not for export. Stay with us over Sunday In the evening the boys re-turned with the lost mule, saddle, gun spurs, and all just as they were at the time she ran away. Not a thing is missing though the mule was gone two days and nights.

BENJ. CLUFF, JR.

LORD ROBERTS AT PRETORIA.

When we arrived before Protoria, we found a position which eight thousand Boers could have held indefinitely and forts which have demanded regular slege-a matter of months. And we had but five or six days' food in the wagons, and Christian Dewet was tearing up the vital railway behind us; cutting the air-pipe between the diver and the surface. But Bobs was right again. The Boers were bluffed. The beights where they attempted some resistance were seized. By nightfall our cavalry approached the capital. At noon on the more land in the gulches capable of l next day, mounted on an Arab horse, l singularity of this occurence.

the gift of a prince of Inde, the field marshal, as he had promised, led the guards into the parliament square.

The scene was a memorable one; the te was spacious and imposing. Withsite in the quadrangle of high red sand-stone buildings crowds of people had gathered, everywhere held back by thin brown lines of soldiers. Under the shadow of the old Dutch church, Lord Roberts, his generals, the great staff, and the foreign straches a fine coval and the foreign attaches, a fine caval-cade, sat on their horses, while the vic-torious army defiled. For four hours the stream of khaki and steel-light glinting on muddy waters-flowed un-ceasingly. The sun blaze, refracted from the red houses, threw a golden glitter upon everything. The jaunty merry music of the marches, the bursts of cheering, the continuous pulsating con-cussions of the drums, and under al et above all, the monotonous rhythm of marching feet produced a profound impression on the mind. And when the old flag flickered up to the top of the parliament house, what with the mem. ory of twenty years of shame and bit-terness, "Remember Majuba, you dirty English," and the memory of thirty housand good men and true scattere behind, dead, wounded, or diseased along the track of invasion, even the luliest, heaviest souls were stirred, and all men felt this was an tour to live.

Some one-a staff officer-turned to Lord Roberts when all was over 'You must be a happy man today

'No," replied the field marshal, with a momentary expression of intense weariness, "not happy-thankful." And the officer remembered the grave

in Natal which had swallowed up in father's hope and pride.-Winston Spen er Churchili in The World's Work for January.



In Kentucky a young girl on a farm has a large flock of turkeys, which she calls her own. One day they rambled away in the hills near the house, and when they returned at nightfall, a young partridge was with the flock. In their rambles the partridge, presum-ably an orphan, fell into the ranks of the little turkeys, and, finding the company congenial forsook the field, stayed in the barnyard and orchard, and after that never for a moment left the tur-keys, eating and roosting on a jimb with them. Anyone who knows how shy the partridge is will appreciate the

bridge and two electric wires were arranged for the explosion of the big The train came in sight about charge. 3 o'clock in the afternoon. At a signal from a scout, King exploded the dyna-

mite. The train was wrecked and fif-teen persons were killed. The Boers rushed from ambush and the British holsted a white flag. One hundred and seventy prisoners were taken. Among them was Winston Churchill.

After that day King seldom heard his own name. He was "Dynamite Dick" for all time in South Africa. The fame of his daring deed spread everywhere, but it was looked upon by the young engineer as quite an ordinary incident. But it was only the beginning of his exploits. The contempt for that he had shown in various ways now became his chief characteristic. If

there was a perilous mission. It was the American scout to whom it was entrusted. He passed under showers of bullets and escaped unharmed. Time and again he crept past the enemy's pickets and wandered at will within th British lines. There was not a week that did not add to the long list of the almost impossible feats that he ac plished. Soon it became rumored that he had some mysterious power of finding out the plans of his foes and the superstitious feared him as they would an emissary of the evil one. At night the sentries would hear a

sound, utter a challenge and instantly : man would ride by on one of the fleetest horses, laughing in the face of Atkins and taunting him with his poor marksmanship. The man, with long curly hair that fell on his shoulders, was often hatless and his boyish face gave no hint of his ability in carrying out the most terrible commissions in the frightful business of war. Strange frightful business of war. Strange stories were told of him. In Ladysmith his name became a horror. Of all "Dynamite Dick's" exploits none was more wonderful than that at

Pontdrift after a three-days battle. The Boer troops had withdrawn and one of the young officers, looki through his field glasses, saw three looking through his held glasses, saw three of his wounded comrades lying within the British lines. From a rise of ground this officer watched the hospital corps at work among the British soldiers. He noticed that the Boers were left un-attended. When this fact reached the ears of "Dynamite Dick" he asked for volunteers to form a rescuing marky volunteers to form a rescuing party Several soldiers offered to accompany him and at night six of these men wer stationed in a ditch in order to cove the retreat in case the expedition was successful. Taking with him Vivian Cogill, a Boer boy 17 years old, "Dyna-mite Dick" went in search of the wounded men. They crept past the first particle related without have dire wounded men. They crept past the first British picket without being discovered. Cautiously they proceeded til they had gone by the inside picket and could see the English soldiers lyins asleep in their blankets. While th were making across an open stret ground the moon came out from behit a cloud and the nearest picket cha-lenged them. Then he fired. His sh-went wide of the mark and in an h stant there was confusion in the car Drawing the boy to the shelter some rocks, the scout awaited devel ments. They had been compelied to leave their rifles behind them, as it was impossible to carry them while creeping

long the ground, and they made ready to defend themselves with revolver-The noise and shouting confused the utside pickets, who ran into camp t neet a general fusilade. In a moment there was a panle. Cries that the Boers were making a night attack were heard in every side. One of the British sol diers in rushing by stepped on the f young Cogill, who shot him with his revolver. The scout put the dead sol-dier's helmet on the boy's head, and the wo fired on those who rushed pa them, and the six men hidden in the trenches opened fire. In hulf an hour the camp was deserted, and the Boen ent men to search for their would The noise had aroused one aldiers. these, and his groans brought the reset ing party to his assistance. The three

men had lain on the batilefield unat-ended for two days and two nights, me of these wounded was Aleck Brand, he son of a former president of the Free State. Another was James Pratt a boy of 16, who had been shot through the head. Both these soldiers recov- stores."-Times of Natal.

prisoner and the four Boers retreate with their captive. They had not gone far when the sergeant of the guard said that he had not been able to dispose

of Long Tom. "All the dynamiter's exuitation over the disappointment of his fees was dissipated by this news. The scout had some sentiment concerning the famous cannon. Alone he returned to Komati Poort, this time taking with him some dynamite which he used with such effect that Long Tom was shattered into a hundred pleces. But the des-truction of Long Tom put at least a temporary ending to "Dynamite Dick's" The British army cut him off career. from the retreating Boer army, and he had to take refuge on neutral ground. His arrest at Delagon bay followed a few days later.

PRO-BOERS PROTESTING.

Churchill's Lecture Arouses Transvaal Sympathizers.



Lieut. Winston Churchill's plain speaking is being resented by Boer sympathizers in this country and there is a possibility that this son of a beautiful American mother and a brilliant Englishman may cut his tour short,

HOW SHE WAS LIBELLED.

A girl residing in a Lake Michigan own has recovered five hundred dollars damage from asteamboat, ompany for naming a boat after her without sking her permission. She took of fence at a paragraph stating that 'Mat-ie Marshall, having been theraighly crubbed, painted, refitted with new bollers, will hereafter serve as mailcarrier, and poke her pretty nose in the take business for all she's worth." Milwaukee Sentinel.

LOOTED FINERY.

A Johannesburger writes: "We see some funny things among the Dutch here, especially when they turn up at the relief office. One young woman, applying for bread, wore a gorgeous rink satin evening dress, cut very low, and it is the commonest thing to see old 'vrouws' wearing magnificent opera Pritchard street cloaks-all looted fro

Justice Gray. Justice McKenna. Chief Justice Fulles Justice Peckham. Justice Shiras. One of the weightiest decisions in the country's history resus with the Supreme court justices, five of whose portraits are here given. Four of the quintette, Justices McKenna, Gray, Peckham and Shiras are understoed to believe that the Constitution does not follow the flag. Four others believe it does. Chief Justice Fuller, whose portrait appears in the center of the above group, will cast the deciding vote.

AN IMPORTANT NATIONAL DECISION COMING, These Men Are to Decide a Very Grave Constitutional Question Within the Next Few Days.

