

I have already said something about gold mining in Bolivia. There is one thing which I failed to mention, and this applies to silver mines as well. This is the difficulty which I am informed exists in holding on to a good mine here without a law suit. Many of the notary publics, through whom the mines when discovered are taken, are said to be entirely unscrupulous, and it is almost impossible to prevent fraud. A common thing is for the notary to issue papers to himself for the same property and to antedate them. If the mine turns out good he claims it by right of a prior title. Another method is to leave some important clause out of the papers so that it will furnish a ground for a defect of title, and a third method is to forge papers claiming and substantiating a prior title. I heard the other day of such papers being brought in evidence, in which the water marks on the paper showed that the paper was made at a later date than at that at which the writing upon it was purported to have been filed. I am told that there are today but few mines of value in Bolivia which are in the hands of foreigners which have not law suits connected with them, and it behooves the American who comes here to watch his titles very carefully and to beware of trusting any one further than he can help. In Peru I understand that the mining laws are more carefully worded and that the chances of fraud are considerably less.

As to the existence of gold almost everywhere in these Andean mountains there is no doubt, but the finding it in paying quantities is a different thing. The amounts of treasure gathered by the Indians before the days of the Spaniards and since then have given a false idea of the richness of the country. In the days of the Incas these Indian chiefs, called kings by the Spaniards, had the masses as their slaves. They could put thousands of them at gold washing in the various rivers, and, though each man got but little, the aggregate was large. There was little wear and tear on the gold thus gathered. It was not used as money and but little of it went into the hands of the common people. It accumulated as the ornaments of the nobles and as decorations in the temples, and was consequently found in great quantities when the Spaniards came. The Spaniards themselves used the Indians as slaves and worked them so hard that today the Indian population of both Bolivia and Peru is not one-tenth of what it was at the time of the invasion of Pizarro. The mineral region least prospected is that on the eastern side of the Andes. These parts of the country have been worked for years by savage Indians, who still bring gold to the settlements and dispose of it in way of trade. The Indians are hostile to foreigners and drive them out of their territory. The banks of the rivers are covered with a dense vegetation, and the climate is in most parts malarious and very unhealthy. There are placer mines worked by the Indians on the Marañon, the Beni and Santiago rivers, and on the latter I am told that the gravel often pans out two ounces to the yard. Many of the mountain streams were paved by the Incas during the dry seasons, when the water was low. The floods brought the gold down from the mountain, and this was caught in the cobbles and cleaned up when the waters went down. I traveled for some days with an English mining engineer named Sharp, who has been sent out here by some London capitalists to investigate certain properties. Said he: "So far as I have gone, and I have traveled extensively in the central parts of Peru, I find that the gold ledges are few and far between and very uncertain as to extent. The free gold has been pretty well worked out,

and what is left is in iron pyrites, copper pyrites and arsenical pyrites, from which it is difficult to extract it. The mines are pockety and uncertain. Such mining as is done by the Peruvians is after the most wasteful methods. They use the arastia process, and lose at least one-third of the gold."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

#### FROM SANTIAGO'S FIELD.

[Chicago Daily News.]

Jack Kirbystone says it is worth it. He means that the seventh heaven of blissful adulation in which he now moves and has his being is full repayment for the soaking nights and the dusky marches, the hard-tack and even the Mauser bullet wound in his shoulder which has sent him home on a furlough.

Do you know what it means to a lot of butterfly girls who wouldn't have courage to stick a hatpin through a caterpillar to have a real live man who has been through a real battle and been knocked out by a real bullet descending in their midst? Can you imagine how they would act? Then you know why Jack is the most contented man in Chicago today. There was a shriek of derisive protest when Kirbystone enlisted months ago. Jack always had a preference for well-served meals and expensive clothes, cool drinks and the various luxuries of life, and his friends move around him in admiring but puzzled circles today and shake their heads unbelievably.

"Never had my clothes off for fourteen days," said Jack last evening, from the midst of a bevy on the Lill-day's front porch. A chorus of interrogation. "What was the use?" went on the hero of Santiago. "If I got 'em off I couldn't get 'em on again—they were too soaked. Say, if you could have seen Tommy Vanderchump one day—you know he's in my company—you'd have died. He had just got nicely seated on the ground with a tin cover of a meat can balanced on one knee, holding three beautifully roasted hardtack, some crisp bacon and beans and his coffee beside him, when along came one of these ugly landcrabs, which are so thick down there. Unless you are prepared for them they are apt to make you think you are seeing things. Well, Mr. Crab poked his nose under Tommy's arm, Tommy gave a yell, jumped, scattered everything, spilled his coffee, and when we looked the tableau presented Tommy staring, open-mouthed into the distance where was vanishing Mr. Crab, wobbling along on his stilt-like legs, triumphantly waving in the air one of the toasted hardtack, looking for all the world as though he were saying, 'Thanks, awfully, old fellow. See you later.'"

"Was Stephen Crane in a trance or did he really know what he was talking about when he wrote, 'The Red Badge of Courage?'" asked the girl in the hammock.

"Really," said Mr. Kirbystone, "I don't know. You see, when the fight was going on I was too busy to notice whether the scene fled up to Stephen or not. We were after the blockhouse when I got hit and they walked back and forth on me till a dead Spaniard fell on me and saved me—the only good deed of his life, I warrant. And that happened after he was dead," concluded the speaker, cheerfully.

But what did the girls care for logic and sequence of thought and such things?

"I know one thing," said Mr. Kirbystone with conviction, as he arose stiffly, "and that is if Frederick Remington, the artist, ever gets back alive it will be because fate has some special home-grown kind of death picked out for him. I saw him away ahead of our

firing line, perched on a rock, calmly making sketches, while the Spanish sharpshooters missed him simply because they were dazed at his carelessness. Might I have a drink, please?"

Ten girls all made a dash for the door at the same instant and left Jack on the porch with two men. These gentlemen looked at him solemnly, then reached over and shook hands.

"When I ask for a drink," Howell Van Rensselaer broke the silence plaintively, "they say: 'Oh, you know where the glasses are—and bring me one, too, Howell, dear!'"

"Well, they subtly was good to me," sang Mr. Kirbystone, aggravatingly, and only his bullet wound saved him from being pushed down the veranda steps.

It is a great thing to be a hero.

#### COLONEL TORREY BETTER.

S. E. Hansen, a member of troop I, Second regiment U. S. Volunteer cavalry, stationed at Camp Cuba Libre, Panama Park, Florida, writing to his relatives here says: "We are now pretty well accustomed to camp life, but are rather tired of this continued inactivity. In fact, some of us are very tired. The truth is, most of our regiment are. Still we try to be patient for the sake of our commander, Colonel Torrey, who is still unable to move around much. I had the pleasure of visiting him yesterday at the Windsor hotel at Jacksonville, and was very glad to see him on his feet once more, it being the first time since the awful wreck he has been able to stand without the aid of crutches. We boys feel lost without him. Colonel Torrey is a born leader, who not only commands his men but commands their respect as well. The whole regiment loves him and mourns his misfortune."

"Lieut. Colonel Cannon is now, and has been for some time, in full command, and the boys—all of them—like him very much. He makes a fine looking soldier, and is one. We Utah boys were very sorry to lose him for our captain, and have never taken the same interest in our work since he left us, though we have tried very hard."

"You ask where I think we will go when we leave here. From what little information I have gathered at General Lee's headquarters and other reliable sources, while acting as regimental orderly for General Lee, I feel pretty certain in saying that we will stay here until fall, and then go to Cuba—that is if peace is not declared sooner. Since being stationed here I have visited St. Augustine three times, and have been aboard the famous filibustering boat, Dauntless, which, as you are aware, is now used by the Associated Press as a dispatch boat."

"Every Sunday we take a sail down the St. John's river and out on the Atlantic ocean, which takes from eight to ten hours to make the round trip. So you see we have some pleasant times as well as some of reverse character."

Regarding the routine of camp life with Colonel Torrey's mountaineer cavalrymen the writer says it differs from that of the infantrymen, the particular difference being that every trooper has his horse to take care of, whereas, the infantryman has only his tent. This is the schedule, he says, that is rigidly adhered to:

At 4:45 a. m. each day reveille is sounded and every man has to dress and get his quarters in condition before 5:30, when breakfast is served. At 6:05 comes the stable call. This means that every man must groom his horse, feed and water him, and see that he is in perfect condition. Guard mount is at 7, and sanitary inspection of the quarters at 8. Boots and saddles