

THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS OF MEXICO

Special Correspondence.

In the Mountains West of Santa Thomas, Sept. 25, 1900.—Leaving the valley of the El Toro ranch, after Brother Henning had sufficiently recovered from the poisonous bite he received over a week ago, we proceeded through a range of mountains, and on Saturday last came into the valley of the Arco, or south branch of the Yegui river. Here we found numerous Mesquite ranches, each one having a corn and bean patch, so that for miles we traveled along corn fields. The corn would, on the whole, be a fair average for Utah, some patches above the average. The beans were better than ours. Neither the corn nor the beans had much cultivation, nor had the land been well plowed, for the old wooden plow that simply scratches the ground, is still used. And neither had been irrigated.

We were surprised to find that the rolling hills as well as the river bottoms produced good crops without water. The latter place where the people are more thickly settled, shows one continuous field of corn from a few miles below Santa Thomas to as far above as we could see. The soil appears to be rich and productive, and though the season has been exceptionally dry, the crops are good.

At first sight, when entering the valley, one would not think there was a river at all, none can be seen, nothing in fact but the rolling hills, but presently it is observed that the streams in the draws formed by the hills now flow toward the west mountains. And here close to the mountains flows the river. Further up it comes out more in the open and forms a valley from a half mile to a mile in width. In this valley is the ancient town of Santa Thomas. It has perhaps three hundred inhabitants, all Mexican, and is built in the typical Mexican fashion. In fact, here we first realized that we were indeed in a foreign land and among a strange people, for not in the whole town is there a person who can talk the English language, nor any perhaps except the Spaniards. The houses are built of adobe, Mexican adobe, which are far inferior to ours, are flat roofed and all look as though they might be over a hundred years old, whereas they are not so. One characteristic of a Mexican house is that in less than a year after it is built it looks old. This is due to the poor material and the frequent rains. But no other houses in the valley are so old as the church, not quite so dilapidated though half of the houses are falling down. The church has served its usefulness. Its walls are falling, its roof is nearly gone. A people remains, but it will not remain long. Within sight of our camp on the beach there are three large churches, which we may imagine once thronged with worshippers, are now in a state of ruin, and, too, no new ones take their place.

Here we met many Mexicans and received from all the information good treatment which has so far marked our entire course in Mexico. The people are kind and hospitable, mind their own business and permit others to do the same, are always willing to render assistance when asked and seldom make a charge for little kindnesses.

Before we reached Santa Thomas, Brother Henning had to rest and called in a Mexican ranch. The people received him kindly and as it rained in the afternoon, urged him to stay all night. In the morning the man came with him to our camp, and for all of this would receive no pay. The man living near our camp was also very kind, as there was no wood around he brought us fuel; he also brought milk, corn, and for our sick man, his wife made some corn meal gruel.

Sunday morning we told him we wanted a license of his house and family if agreeable. Immediately the little boy was sent down to tell the mother to prepare. We followed and found the good woman washing and combing the children. She sat chairs and saying she was not ready, or words to that effect, as naturally as we could make out. On went the work. After the children were ready the yard was swept clean, the boxes of growing plants arranged, and lastly with a sharp word to her husband he brought him his shoes. He slowly put them on without the trouble of getting his socks, and was hardly ready when the picture was taken.

An hour's ride across the country from Santa Thomas brought us to the mountains, in which we have been traveling ever since. These are inhabited by the Tarahumara Indians supposed to be the

descendants of the ancient cave dwellers. In every canyon or ravine where land could be obtained to raise corn, their ranches are located. They all seem to have cattle, sheep or goats, and all till the soil. They are a quiet people, rather timid, I should judge, and seem to bother themselves about nothing but their flocks and their fields. It is said they work well when hired, and are fairly apt in the use of improved tools. At one place we met an old Indian who, with her son, was tending the sheep and

her was inferior, pine, oak and cedar and juniper. The feed was good in places, and accessible to stock. Following is the record of one afternoon's travel: Climbed a mountain 450 feet, went down 200 feet, went up 230 feet, then down again 200 feet, then up 200 feet, down 250 feet, up 175, down 475 feet to Tomochie. From the amount of wear on the trail one might easily estimate it to have been used any length of time from five hundred years to a thousand years.

about his tribe. The old man was somewhat frightened when he saw us with pen and paper but was calmed when told that we would not hurt him. To our questions he answered, though not readily, for he seemed to fear either that he would tell us something he should not or make a mistake.

"I do not know how old I am, but from dates given me I must be ninety years." I cannot read or write. I speak the Spanish language, but the Tarahumara is my native tongue. I was

stance the patch is inferior in workmanship to the original wall. We surely, therefore, cannot say, with what little we have seen, that the Tarahumara were the ancient cave dwellers, and if they were not, if they drove the cave dwellers away or destroyed them, they have surely degenerated so far as courage is concerned, or ability to fight, for they are said by all to be very timid and to run from the sight of strangers.

If possible we shall visit those that are now living in caves after we come

use delivery wagons. The mule or the burro constitute both team and wagon. The mines of Jesus Maria are the most productive in Chihuahua, and I believe in northern Mexico. We met here Mr. Williams, a mining expert for an English syndicate who states that one mine now closed down had produced over thirty millions, and that several newer prospects promised even better yields. Three large mines are kept in constant operation, and a half dozen or more mines are being worked. Just now, too, there is much prospecting being done. It is believed by many that the whole of these mountains, the Jesus Maria, are rich in silver and that the richest veins have probably not been found yet.

Our advent in town created no little stir. A new face on the streets especially of an American, is recognized at once and everybody wants to know who he is and what his business is. The few English-speaking people too, and there are not a half dozen, are glad to see a fellow countryman. The first words that I heard to understand were, "Bye, here are some Americans. How are you, boys?" And a white man came out of the crowd and shook hands. He had lived here nine years and was a miner. Another one that had lived here only ten months was as anxious to see us as the first. Presently a German came and was delighted to find that we had a fellow countryman of his in our party. These men remained with us until we had packed our things and then with a hearty "good-bye, success to you" bade us adieu.

The delight in meeting a fellow countryman though a stranger was reciprocated by us. In fact we were all pleased to get in touch with civilization again. Our animals, too, seemed to share in our delight, especially one large mule called Red which came from Texas, and doubtless remembered the good stables and abundance of fodder in his home. He was hungry for we had found but little grass for the last two days, and seeing an open shop door close to the street he mistook it for a stable door and deliberately tried to walk in. The screams of the people inside and the large pack on his back prevented him; but not to be discouraged yet, he tried the next door and was standing with his head inside when one of the on-lookers caught him for him. After doing some necessary trading we moved out a few miles to camp.

As the crowd dies it is not more than ten miles from Jesus Maria to Moris, but as the trail goes it is nearly thirty. Most of the way we follow along the side of a high mountain. The scenery is grand. As far as the eye can see there are mountain ranges. In places they are green with waving grass, trees and ferns. On a narrow ridge we had to see patches of lighter green, sometimes on the steep hillside, sometimes in the bottom of a deep canyon. They are corn patches and near them are the huts of the Indians. The happy children have a narrow door yard to play in, but when they are stronger they roam at will over the mountains. All of a sudden we come out on a bold point. What a wonder comes to our view. Far below us is a river running southward, and further off another running southeast. They meet, on the latter is a village, and fields of corn and little orchards dot its valley from one end to the other. So with the first. We can follow its course for many miles, and all along are these little Indian farms. Directly below us, a thousand feet, is a canyon with sides so steep that we imagine only the sure footed Indian can climb them. We still see the little light-green patches of corn, and in the deep canyon the Indian casa. On the other side of the mountain, and the top is so narrow and sides so steep that from where we stand we can see both sides, a little round valley, a meadow, perhaps, with a house at one side and corn fields surrounding it. This is, indeed, a secluded spot.

After a few moments' rest we begin the descent. The trail leads down the crest of a ridge, not a "hog's back" but a "rooster's comb." So narrow is it at times that we fear to ride, for sterility is very near, and the slip of a foot would take us there. For a while we wend down a steep side. Back and forth, back and forth, stepping, and sliding, as the animals go down with their heavy packs. At one place we jump to reach the bottom. While in getting over this last place we succeeded more easily than the loosening of a pack or the scratching of a mule's leg.

When we reached the river we found that we had descended thirty-two hundred feet, and were now in the land of the plains. Here were the oranges, the pines, the giant cactus and the sugar cane.

There were strange plants and trees that we had never seen before. One tree produced a large pod-like fruit pod as big as a large husband was long from the apparently dead branches. On opening the pod we found it full of cotton. Another tree produced a little oblong something like a nut, but it was a bush covered with stone mill hooked backward, which would tear the hands with great pain.

We did not need a barometer to tell us we had descended. The thermometer, or rather the state of heat told us that. We were sweating, yet the sun had set behind the western mountains. The water in the river was too warm to drink, so we called at an Indian house close by and asked for cold water. The lady brought us a calabash full, but replied, "all water here is warm." On further inquiry we found that frost never came here, and that at all seasons of the year are needed but little covering to keep warm. The lady and her Indian husband were very kind. They noticed that we were tired and hungry; we had not eaten since morning, and asked us if we would not have some milk. These are made from corn boiled in a peculiar way, ground in the mortar, and then wrapped in corn shucks and boiled or steamed again. They are palatable at all times, but doubly so to us last evening.

Our camp was pitched near an orange and lemon grove, and this morning we visited the trees for many an orange tree was entirely new. These were young trees about thirty feet high and loaded with fruit, which we all regretted was green. The lemon trees were smaller, more in the form of a bush, and also heavy with fruit, some of which was ripe. Near the patch was some sugar cane, a plant new to many of the boys, but it was small and not ready for use. Later in the day we obtained older cane, which the boys relished heartily.

We are now on one of the branches of the Mayo river, another is east of the Jesus Maria mountains, and some two or three days' travel from the main stream. We will reach this stream at San Luis, a small Mexican village, then after crossing over a low range of mountains, will follow down the river to the Mayo or white Indian villages. We did hope to obtain a Mayo from Jesus Maria to act as guide, but did not succeed in finding any there. We were informed that they were a secluded people, seldom going away from home to work. Today we obtained a guide at the little village of Moris, and tomorrow will proceed on our way.

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THE CAUSE OF SIGHING.

Prof. Lumsden says that sighing is but another name for oxygen starvation. The cause of sighing is most frequently worry. An interval of several seconds often follows moments of mental disquietude, during which time the chest walls remain rigid until the imperious demand is made for oxygen, thus causing the deep inhalation. It is the expiration following the inspiration that is properly termed the sigh, and this sigh is simply an effort of the organism to obtain the necessary supply of oxygen. The remedy is to cease worrying. One may be anxious, but there is no rational reason for worrying. A little philosophy will banish worry, as once Worry will do no good; it will rob one of pleasures when blessings do come, as one will not be in a condition to enjoy them.—Popular Science News.

OUR PROBABLE NEXT MINISTER TO ITALY.

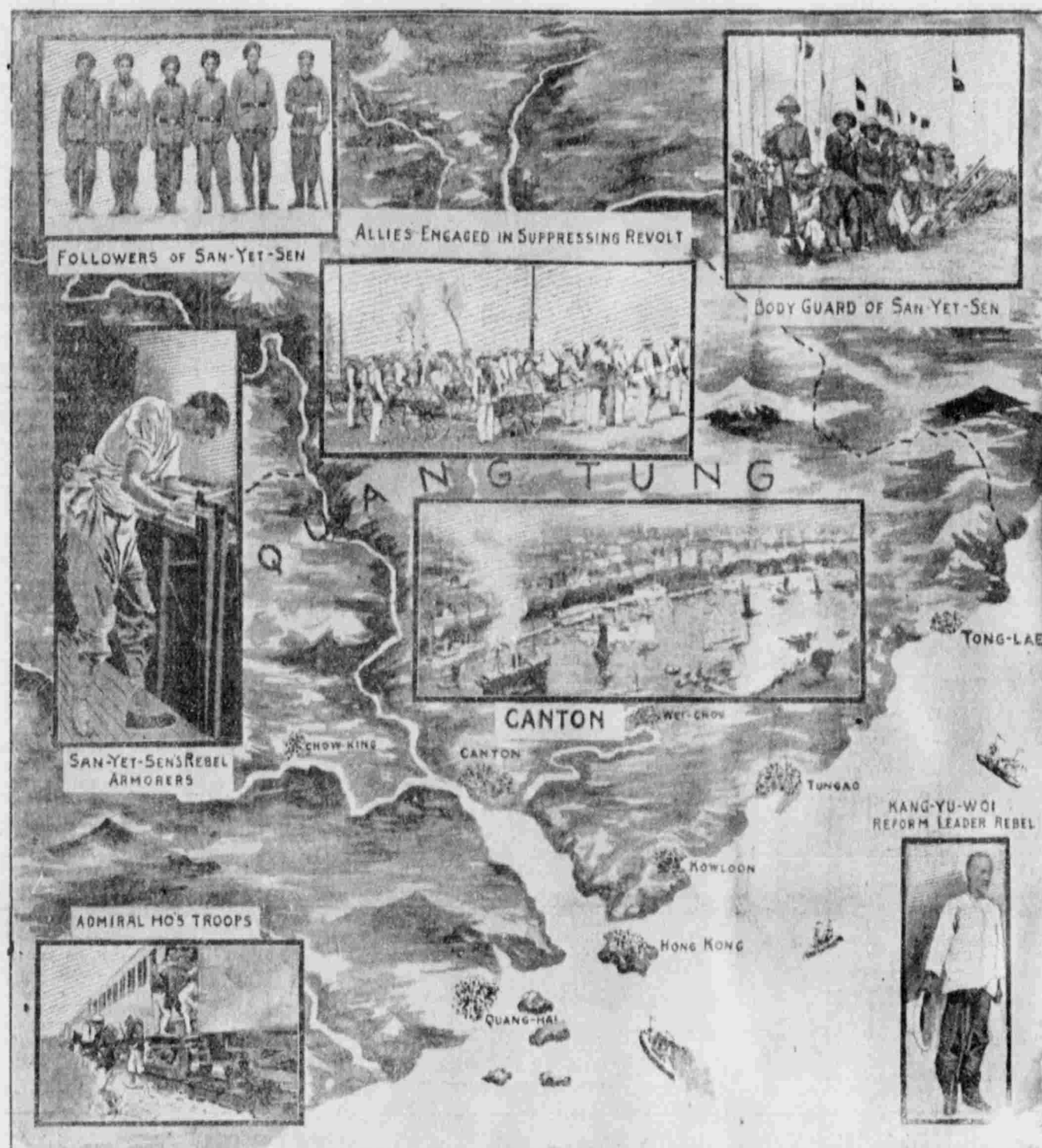
George Von L. Meyer of Massachusetts, Expected to Succeed Mr. Draper.



President McKinley, through the Department of State, is expected shortly to offer to George Von L. Meyer, of Hamilton, Mass., the appointment of United States Minister to Italy, succeeding Mr. Draper. Mr. Meyer is endorsed by the entire Bay State delegation, and has many other influential friends at Washington. He is forty-two years of age and a Harvard graduate of the class of '87. Mr. Meyer is president of several wealthy commercial and financial corporations.

WAR FLAMES ANEW IN SOUTHERN CHINA.

Hong Kong, Canton, Tong-Lae, Quang-Hai, Kowloon and Other Important Cities in a State of Siege.



Just when international interest in the Chinese situation seems flagging, it is revived pushing by the sudden winning of rebellion throughout the southern provinces. Sun-Yat-Sen, the exponent of the reform party breaks loose from Kang-Yu-Woi, the conservative reformer, and heads a mighty uprising. Canton, the wealthy capital of the province of Quang-Tung, is the immediate objective of the rebels, while their ultimate purpose is to expatriate the dowager empress and overthrow the entire dynasty. Here are exclusive photographs of men and places most prominently active in the terrible civil and international war. The powers, of course, are imperatively interested in the suppression of the rebellion, owing to the enormous number of American, European and European and Japanese residents in the affected districts. Behind the smaller photographs—forming, in fact, a brilliant and thrillingly interesting background for the entire cut—is a striking, accurate, photographic, topographical map of the rebel-swept provinces, showing all the points now continuously involved in the gigantic struggle and momentarily increasing in interest.

cattle, and as the road forked we tried to have her tell us the road. But soon the old man came out of the corn patch and told us as well as our. He could talk Spanish a little and gave us the necessary information. The picture was taken just as he turned to go towards his wife. He is dressed in a hat, shirt and short pants that reach down about eight inches. His hair has apparently never known the luxury of a comb, nor has it given the barber much work. He was a kindly man but looked as if he had not been very susceptible to the civilizing influence of Christianity. Our trail led through a very mountainous and rough country. The tim-

Tomochie is the ancient site of an old Indian town, but now occupied entirely by Mexicans. Indians live on farms up and down the river but none in town. There are perhaps twenty houses in town ten at least of them are unoccupied and in a state of decay. The church is in ruins. The roof is gone and the walls are crumbling. There is one store with perhaps a stock worth two hundred dollars. The building has no windows in, the light, what little light there is, comes through the open door. When the weather is so cold that the door cannot be opened the store is closed up. Two clerks, or rather a clerk and the owner, wait on customers, and it is the customer who receives the favor, the clerk gives it. As this store is the principal building in town we photographed it and its owner.

But Tomochie has its interesting history. It has not always been thus quiet and peaceful, but in it and around it occurred a series of battles which finally wound up a religious revival. As told us by the son of the president, and one of the leading men who was an eye witness, and who had relatives involved, it is briefly as follows: "Teresa Cabrera, a girl of less than 20 years, now living in southern California, and who indirectly caused the last but one Yaqui outbreak, came among the people of Tomochie in 1824 claiming to possess special supernatural power, especially in healing the sick. The people believed her and made her a saint, but the priest would not recognize her as such, stating that her name was not on the calendar. This, of course, offended the people and they drew off from his influence. Their numbers increased and they began to assume political importance, refusing to obey the orders of the president. Soldiers were sent to enforce the law, and a conflict ensued which ended in the death of nearly a hundred soldiers as well as that of many citizens. The last stand was in the old church which still shows the mark of bullets as well as a few cannon shot.

We were comfortably located during our stay in an empty house in town. Mr. Dominguez, son of the president, acting in his father's absence, and were considerably and hospitably treated by all.

It is believed by many that the Tarahumara Indians among whom we are now traveling, are the descendants of the ancient cave dwellers and mound builders, the ruins of which are seen in Cave Valley, Garcia, and in the neighborhood of Chihuahua. We were, therefore, much interested in visiting some of these Indians in their homes and also of visiting some caves several miles from Tomochie. Mr. Dominguez told us about them and kindly consented, with a friend, to accompany us the next day both to the caves and the Indians' homes. In the meantime he sent for an old Indian supposed to be 90 years old, to come and see us for the purpose of giving us what information he could

born in these mountains and have spent all my days here. My father was a Christian. He was born here. I do not know where the Tarahumara came from. I know of no legend or myth that relates to their origin. They inhabit all of these mountains for over a hundred miles south. They live mostly in houses like you see here, but far away some are living in caves. They are very wild and are afraid of white people. They grow corn and raise cattle, sheep and goats and chickens. I do not know who built the houses in these caves. (There is a large cave in the brow of a bench overlooking the city containing a half dozen rooms, mostly now in ruins.) That cave was old when I was a little boy. My father did not know who built the rooms. None of the Indians now living know. Perhaps the Tarahumara did, but that was long ago. The Indians south live in caves like that. Around here they all live in houses."

The old man said he knew nothing about the ancient gods of his people, that he was a Christian, but I half suspected that he feared to tell that he knew, as the president holds almost absolute control. In all, however, the old man was interesting. Mr. Dominguez confirmed his statement about the Indians further south living in caves, and stated that the houses in the caves were not the same as those above the town and the ones we would go to see.

At 8 o'clock six of us, including the two Mexicans, started on horseback up the river. At almost every bend of the river we would pass a corn patch with an Indian house by it. The houses were all of the same pattern, built in the same way, and of the same kind of material. The roofs were flat, covered with dirt. The walls were of rock laid in mud mortar. At the corners and often at the sides as well were upright posts on which the roof rested. The walls were not plastered outside, and the houses were made out of the same kind of concrete, and the doors were cemented in a similar way, but on reaching the large cave containing several or eight rooms we were immediately struck with the resemblance to the rooms at Cave Valley. The arrangement of the rooms, the plaster, the whitewash, the concrete out of which the walls were made all were the same. In fact it would not take one long to decide that the same people lived here that lived in Cave Valley. In several places both in the large cave and the smaller ones the modern Indian has patched the old walls, and in every in-

from our visit to the Mayos, but at present it would take us far out of our way to do so.

In a few days we will reach the great mining camp of Jesus Maria, as we pass on our way to the Mayos.

Leaving Tomochie Wednesday afternoon, we reached Jesus Maria Saturday afternoon. The trip was very rough, and in places dangerous, for it led up narrow canyons, steep mountain sides, and along ledges where the slip of a foot would have ended the mortal life of both man and beast. The general course was up, and we reached a low pass in the mountains Wednesday afternoon, which gave an altitude of nearly 5,000 feet. Here we began our descent, and in less than five miles we had fallen 2,500 feet. About half way down we entered a canyon which all declared was the most beautiful one so far seen. We noticed, too, many trees new to us, and vines like the ivy growing on rocks or covering trees. It appeared to kill the tree and then cover the old trunk and limbs with a foliage of green as if to hide the fact that the tree was dead. A beautiful bush loaded with nice red berries was occasionally seen, but we did not eat for the fruit was poison. We suspected as much, for had it not been, long since it would have been stripped by the numerous passers-by.

Occasionally a little house was passed, built close to the road and under a tall tree. The door was the trail in itself. Sometimes the houses would be little huts or saloons, and a pretty-faced Indian girl would invite the traveler to drink Mezcal. As we neared the turn we passed an orchard, and in it were several large trees with dark-green leaves, and golden-yellow fruit. They were orange trees, the first we had seen.

Jesus Maria is a mining camp, built in two canyons as they came together, containing from 2,500 to 3,000 inhabitants. The houses are small as a rule, though some are two story, the streets are narrow, not a rod wide in places, but are paved, for at times the rain comes down in torrents. Most of the dwelling houses are built on the side of the mountain so steep and high that one becomes dizzy looking at them. There is no land to cultivate and everything used in the town even to firewood must be carried on the backs of mules, or over the trail much of the way that we found almost impassable. The goods in the stores, the food that all the inhabitants eat, everything has been carried the same way. In fact in a large and prosperous town there is not a wheeled vehicle other than a wheelbarrow to be seen. Little children are not taken around the streets in baby carriages, rich people do not ride in buggies, and the stores do not

CUBA'S NEW CHIEF JUSTICE.

Hon. Rafael Cruz Perez Heads Supreme Court of the Island.



Hon. Rafael Cruz Perez, just made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Cuba, is equally familiar with Spanish and American law, having been a close student of both systems for many years. This is the first photograph of Justice Perez to be published in the United States.