

IN THE LAND OF THE MONTEZUMAS.

Special Correspondence.

Banks of the Rio Chico, Sierra Madre, Sept. 21.—A visit among the "Mormons" in Mexico impresses one with the thought, first that the "Mormon" people are a colonizing people, and second that they are workers. Bright flourishing settlements of the Saints now stand where a few years ago there was nothing but wilderness. In these settlements are some beautiful homes, nice dwelling houses, well laid out streets, and cool shade trees, while productive farms yield their rich harvest in the surrounding fields. Several industries are established, such as a fruit canning factory, a shoe factory, a tannery, a harness shop, a candy factory, and a cracker factory, while a good school, that necessary concomitant of "Mormonism," is seen in every village. The schools teach the Spanish language along with the English and every little Mexican, while Mexican is taught the language of the country.

But in nothing is the marvelous industry of the people seen more plainly than in the wagon roads they have built. While yet they were poor, they were not rich now, good roads were made connecting all the settlements. The one to Oaxaca has been changed and rebuilt once, and must have cost thousands of dollars. The road from Durango to Juarez, and from Juarez to Garcia are good considering the country, and have been and are expensive, for the heavy rains often do much damage.

During our camp near Garcia while the company was excavating "Montezumas," Prof. Wolfe and I made a flying trip to Juarez and Durango, for the mail, and to purchase necessary articles for our long journey through the mountains. We spent Sunday at Juarez. Many were the "God bless you," "success to you on your trip," "safe return," given us on our departure. Sunday evening we came eight miles to Saltillo's ranch, where we were to obtain some mules the next day. The folks were all in bed, for it was late; so not to disturb any one, and as we had our camping outfit with us, we quietly made our bed on the porch and rested well until awakened at daylight by the pigs pulling at our haversacks and blankets. Some of the mules were lost next morning, and it was 6 o'clock before we were off, but the good breakfast of bread, butter and milk Sister Spillbury fixed for us fully repaid for the wait. Our road soon entered a canyon, steep and rough, which reminded us very much of Black Canyon in the White Mountains, Arizona. It has cost much to make it, and now it costs much to keep it in repair, and to pay for the wagons broken on it every year. We met a couple of Mexicans on a load of lumber, perhaps three hundred feet, coming down as fast as they could, bumping and rolling over a large rock, and having in a hard time to stay on the wagon, to say nothing of driving or tending the brake. They bade us "buenas dias" as they rolled past us. Further on two boys were coming down. One of their wheels were broken and a pole supported the axle. Reaching the top of the canyon we came into good roads and fine timber. Soon we entered Saltillo's canyon, thence into Stonebury. These are called valleys as they are wide and contain some excellent farm land, not cultivated but awaiting the industrious settler. About 2 o'clock we reached a little cabin used now by the road-master, and were invited by Brother Chaffee to come in. We did so, and as we had some bread and some butter and preserves we managed to make a hearty dinner. We had hardly got well located before the rain began to fall, and as is usual with the rain in Mexico it poured down.

It was late when we reached camp, and the night was as dark as pitch. Several times we lost the road but managed to find it again by the light of the flashes of lightning. Garcia was in holiday attire, the 15th being the national holiday, but falling on Sunday, Monday was observed instead. Our camp had joined in the festivities and were joining in the dance and picnic in the evening. On Tuesday all was bustle with us. Horses were to be shod, pack saddles fixed and things put in order for the start. We were entertained at dinner by Brother Organ Cluff and family. In fact I must mention here that during our entire stay the people of Garcia showed a worthy hospitality. We had vegetables, milk, butter and cheese in abundance, and without price, and to cap all, Sunday evening the members of the Sunday school came to camp bringing picnic with them. Soon a spread was made on the ground and all joined in a royal banquet. It was 3 o'clock when we left. We traveled six miles and camped in one of those beautiful valleys or parks for which these mountains are justly noted. A description of one will do for all, for all are equally beautiful. This one is called Meadow Valley, another further on is called Paradise. They might all bear the latter name appropriately. It is about a half mile in diameter, covered with a thick coat of green grass sprinkled with flowers of almost all colors and shapes. A patch of purple flowers resembled water so closely that we at first thought there was a pond, but on riding over found it to be a bed of

flowers. On the outside are the tall and stately pines, separated from the valley proper by a well defined line. What causes this, why the growing pines come just so far and no farther, I cannot tell, but it is not altitude. Back as far as the eye can reach, or to the very top of the mountains are these thick groves of dark green pines. How pleasantly and profitably a few months in the summer could be spent in one of these parks by the students. A little log cabin, some good books, a gun, a well trained dog and the necessary implements for the preservation and study of specimens would complete his outfit and his happiness.

As we were soon to leave the road and travel by trail in the mountains, we sent to Chulchupa for a guide, and secured the services of Brother Samuel Brown, who with Hyrum Cluff from Garcia an experienced hunter and trapper, accompanies us for a day or two. Our camp is now located on the Rio Chico, the waters of which flow into the Pacific Ocean. The country is wild and beautiful, being of a lava formation. Yesterday some of us went down the river a few miles hoping to find some caves, but though disappointed in this, the grandeur and beauty of the scenery well repaid our trouble. In my last letter I spoke of the numerous remains of a former people, such as mounds or montezumas, dikes or terraces, etc. From the time we struck the river at Pratt's ranch or rather from the time we reached the slopes leading to the river until we crossed the divide again, this side of Garcia, we met with these remains, but on this side, that is the west side of the mountains, we have seen none. Near Mount Valley is what appears to be the remains of a fort, and another was near the chupe, but no mounds and no terraces. We learned of caves with dwellings in them sixteen miles south-east of Chulchupa, others to the west 20 miles on the Gavaland river, and some of minor importance closer by. The caves on the Rio Chico are said to contain dwellings two stories high with floors in a perfect state of preservation but want of time prevented our visiting them.

We learn also of an expedition about nine years ago, led by a Dr. Lumholtz, who, with forty men, and over a hundred horses, started out as we have for South America. It is reported also that the expedition broke up somewhere in Central America. One can imagine then with what determination to succeed we are inspired. At least only the impossible will prevent us. Dr. Lumholtz, it is said, with a persistence worthy of better results, is still pursuing his studies among the Indians somewhere south of here, and perhaps he still has hopes of completing his journey. We shall be pleased to meet him and exchange notes.

BENJ. CLUFF, JR.

LETTER NO. 2.

El Tor, Babicora Ranch, Sierra Madre, Sept. 27.—The Rio Chico as given in the Rand McNally maps is south of the east fork of the Yaqui, and empties into the Yaqui. As known by the inhabitants here it is north of the east fork and flows in a southwesterly course, emptying into this fork. We will use it as understood by the inhabitants. It is a small stream now, but shows signs of being a very large one at times. The canyon through which it passes is of volcanic formation and very rugged. We could not take our horses far, but had to walk, or rather climb and that in places with great difficulty. We spent a day here, and though we found no caves, the real object of our search, we felt well paid for our pains in viewing the wildest scenery we had yet seen. Several times the slipping of a foot, the loosening of a rock or the breaking of a bush to which we held would have dropped us many feet below and perhaps with fatal results. Timber and grass, and at this time of the year water are plentiful. It seems a shame to have so much grass go to waste, as for the timber, I learn that a strong company has purchased it from Mr. Garcia and will soon have saw mills located at convenient places to convert the best of it into lumber. This will doubtless mean a railroad in the mountains and consequently prosperous times to our colonists.

On the afternoon of our day on the Rio Chico we were treated to a drenching rain, but these come so frequently now that they scarcely call forth a remark. We broke camp Saturday morning early and following a trail, came over the mountains. A mile or so brought us out of the volcanic rock and consequent rough traveling into more rolling hills and smoother roads. We traveled through pines, the tallest and best saw timber we had seen. Some of the trees seem to run up fifty feet without a knot and many were four and five feet about at the butt.

About noon we came to a beautiful stream of water in a deep canyon, and camped for dinner. We noticed the cliffs in this canyon were of the same formation as those in cave valleys, and felt sure that if we had time we could find caves, and perhaps some of great interest. Afterwards we heard further of Babicora ranch that in some of the caves in this canyon are houses two story high and containing forty rooms all in a good state of preservation. We cannot go back to them so must leave them for future visits of other parties. Dinner was hardly ready when a heavy black cloud came over the mountains and soon the rain poured. Today it seemed anxious

THE letters in the Deseret News from Prof. Benjamin Cluff, Jr., who is heading the Brigham Young Academy scientific expedition to South America, are extremely interesting and tell the story of the steady march of the courageous little band of students and historical truth-seekers towards the southland beyond the Isthmus of Panama. This week there are two contributions, one from the banks of Rio Chico, in the Sierra Madre mountains, and the other from the great cattle ranch El Tor, Babicora, owned by Mrs. W. R. Hearst of San Francisco, where the pilgrims received a hearty welcome, and where they were gratuitously furnished with some things that were much needed. The first letter is very interesting from the fact that it tells of a somewhat similar though larger expedition under Dr. Lumholtz, consisting of forty men and more than a hundred horses, having failed a few years ago in the great project before it. The last one is interesting because it tells of unusual experiences and brings the unwelcome tidings that a member of the party, Mr. Henning, having become a victim of a danger, always present in that country, that of having been seriously bitten by some poisonous reptile. His many friends in Utah sincerely hope that he has recovered before this is read by them.



CELEBRATED PAINTING AGITATES LONDON.  
"The Light of the World," by W. Holman Hunt, Declared Heretical.

All England is in a tumult over the philistinism of the faculty of Keeble College, Oxford University, in hanging out of sight, on the ground of its alleged heresy, the wonderful painting by W. Holman Hunt known all over the globe as "The Light of the World." Letters demanding its acquisition by the National Gallery are pouring by thousands daily into the offices of leading newspapers all over the United Kingdom, and it is likely an appeal to the crown will be made with a view to having the magnificent masterpiece rescued from its ill-deserved obscurity.

to show us what it could do, or else it wished to test our patience at meals. Our planned walk with water white rats, and the beans soon had more soup than the cook bargained for. As for the gravy, it was useless. But in all there was a vein of enjoyment, for one likes to see things done in earnest when done at all.

In spite of the rain we repacked and started out. Our trail led up a deep, narrow gulch, and was, in places, so near the edge of a cliff that the slipping of a foot would have brought disaster to the animal and pack. But we traveled without accident. There were new scenes and dangers and towering pines, a thousand little waterfalls could be seen leaping over the cliffs as the rain poured down. Two miles brought us to the summit from where, looking back, we could see an ocean of mountains, dark green with their covering of pines, rolling like an ocean of water, only the waves are larger and are solidified.

After going up mountains and down mountain for a half dozen times, we came, about 5 p. m. into a beautiful valley where we decided to camp for the Sabbath. The rain had now ceased, the sun shone brightly and the air was cool after camp was pitched, clothes lines were made of our pack ropes and blankets, coats, pouches, etc., were hung out to dry.

The Sabbath, as a rule, is a day of rest. This Sabbath was exceedingly so for early in the morning the equinoctial storm set in, and off and on it rained during the whole day. It was a cold drizzling rain, and in our tents we were covered with blankets in our beds and spent the day in reading and study. It cleared, however, long enough for meeting. Two large pitch tents which we felt were the most comfortable in the wet and during intervals of the storm we assembled around the fire to warm ourselves. The night was very cold, the thermometer dropping to 44 degrees Fahrenheit. The next morning, after a night of bright and warm, and soon came overcast. Here Hyrum Cluff, our guide, returned, taking our mail with him. Samuel Brown had returned the day before, and soon after returned with a narrow ravine, which we proceeded to widen into a valley. A small stream of fine water flowed down the valley. At 2 o'clock, after an hour's rest we came to a stand. Numerous cattle trails now bordered us. Leaving the company two of us reconnoitered and found that we were near the head of a large valley in feeding. We soon decided that this was the Babicora valley, and hence our trail passed through it. A few miles further on with the valley in plain view we pitched camp for the night.

At 7 a. m. next morning, after a very cold night, we were on our way but had no trail. We followed the valley down however, and at noon camped near a lake or pond and close to a ranch house. No one outside of our own company was in sight and as we were not certain of our way, a visitor, Mexican, American or whatever he might be, would have been welcome. Our dinner consisted principally of fried ducks, for on this lake and along the stream that fed it there were literally thousands of ducks, geese and mallards. We killed a couple of dozen including a goose or two. Still following the valley down which we widened as we proceeded we pursued our journey in the afternoon. The grass as far as the eye could see was knee-high to our horses, a perfect meadow. One could move hay with a switch ten miles square.

At 3 o'clock we saw an object far in the direction which with our field glasses we made out to be a man on horse back. Here was the desired visitor. Brother Henning was the patched to overtake him and get the necessary information. On his return we found to our great relief that we were as we supposed in the Babicora valley, and now within a few miles of the ranch; that our road lay straight ahead and in a few miles we would strike a wagon road going straight to Guerrero. That night we camped near the south end of the valley, and by invitation, with a company of half a dozen, our host, for such the American overseer of the hay bales, Mr. Murray, proved to be. His men aided us in unpacking, pitching our tent, etc. He furnished us with wood and water, scarce articles on a grass prairie, and what was still more, as he had killed a beef that afternoon, gave us all the meat we could use, and what we wanted to carry with us next day.

We learned from Mr. Murray that the Babicora ranch is owned by Mrs. Hearst of San Francisco. It contains nearly one and one-half million acres of land, is situated in a beautiful valley, a head of cattle and five hundred mules and horses for saddle and work purposes. About five hundred tons of hay is put up every year, they might easily make it as many tons and so far as grass is concerned, which is used for the riding animals in the winter, the valley, as the name indicates, has no outlet, that is, the waters of the valley drain back. During the rainy season there is quite a lake, at the dry season there is but little water. The surface of the valley, at least the lower half, is as

level as a floor. Numerous signs along the foot hills show that at one time during the rainy season the whole valley has formed a lake.

The next morning, Wednesday, 8, we were not so early starting. The night was very cold and many of us could hardly get our Thermometers at sunrise showed 30 degrees Fahrenheit. A white frost was on the grass and ice froze in a cup of water. But the sun was not two hours high until the weather appeared as innocent of having been cold as a July morning in the Gila valley.

Our road led past the ranch house, quite a pretentious looking building after the Mexican fashion, and surrounded by a large garden, to a place where we met the general superintendent, Mr. Dent, who after passing the time of day, inquiring where we were going, and asking questions about our trip through the mountains, remarked, "One of your men asked about milk last night; I was not in, but if you would like some this morning we will be pleased to furnish you all you want free of cost. If you go by our ranch over the divide you can get vegetables, as we have plenty. Just tell the Mexican in charge to let you have what you want." As we had been living on a meat diet since leaving Garcia, this treat of vegetables was very acceptable.

At dusk we reached our present camp ground, near the ranch mentioned by Mr. Dent. El Tor, our road came over the divide 7,500 feet high, then in a few miles dropped down to 4,400. The nights are made warmer, and the days are no more oppressive.

Today we have laid over because of an accident last night to Brother Henning, who, instead of sleeping on his cot, made his bed on the ground near the fire. In the night he was stung or bitten by some reptile and soon after was in a most painful condition. I think, he is able to go on tomorrow. From the time we left the canyon where we moved in a rain storm, about seven miles this side of the Rio Chico, we have seen no signs of a mountain, no peaks, no valleys, no terraces or dikes. Is it possible that these valleys are too high, or were they too dry or too wet, or what were the causes that produced a seeming perfect level? In the region of Garcia and Jacobo, and none here? In the Chulchupa valley we found only four, from four miles to twenty miles from them are numerous houses in caves. In the Chulchupa valley other houses are in caves, but in none of the valleys through which we have passed are there mounds or montezumas as there are in Garcia valley.

BENJ. CLUFF, JR.

### GOOD REASONS

Given by Chinese for Their Objections to Use of Machinery.

The Occident has always underestimated the mechanical ability of the Chinese, although a number of the most useful "inventions" of civilization were known by the Chinese thousands of years ago. As a matter of fact, in mechanical ability and skill, the Chinese stand exceptionally high. In the sense of the Chinese, the East the native artisan compares favorably with the workman of any other nation, especially in the use of Western tools, methods and machinery. In the construction of temples, roads, canals—in the wide sense of the engineer, the Chinaman compares well with his fellows in more civilized lands. His knowledge of mechanics is not only for their beauty and accuracy of construction, but in the difficulties overcome and in the solidity of their foundations. Here the Chinaman's characteristic of thoroughness appears. The Chinaman builds for all time; the rest of the world builds for today.

To return to their mechanical ability. It should be stated that their opposition to machinery is not a matter of principle, but among the rich and highly educated as well. The reason for this opposition is founded upon good and economic conditions, unlike those in any other part of the world.

The statement is as follows:

1. Every man in China is a worker, and only by uniting industry is he capable of feeding and clothing himself and family.
2. All branches of industry are full. There is never lack of labor nor of work to do, and so no need to invent machinery to do the work.

There is no outlet for their industry for the reason given in paragraph 2 of the statement. Therefore these nine men must starve, or emigrate. This is pretty nearly the correct status of the working world in China, and is the underlying reason for the opposition to labor-saving machinery. In this great empire, a labor-saving tool or machine is an economic curse, and will remain so until the conditions are greatly modified throughout China.

All around us are found elk, deer, antelope, bear, and other denizens of nature's wilds, but they are getting thinned out, and were it not for the wise provision of our government in keeping Yellowstone Park as the home of wild animals that are scarce objects of beauty, and other game would soon be exterminated and share the fate of the buffalo.

Our fishermen returned towards evening, each loaded with fish. The afternoon catch was about 100 pounds. The next morning's catch brought up the weight to about 250 pounds. Mr. Bancroft, winning four prizes, his largest fish weighing four pounds, began to clean the ducks, geese, grouse, and other birds. Think of a supper at which seven kinds of game were eaten, and a clear lunch may be had of what might be found in this gamey region. Some of the party went after deer but returned without them. Some shot at decoy ducks and missed them, but there were those who shot more accurately.

The whole region abounds in delightful sports during the summer months. There is no part of the United States where there are more natural attractions to enjoy, where health and vigor to depleted nature may be obtained.

C. R. SAVAGE.

### A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

Island Park on Henry's Fork of Snake River.

To the Editor:

Accepting the courteous invitation of General Traffic Manager Eccles of the Oregon Short Line to accompany myself and associates on a trip to the lovely spot named above, I boarded car No. 5, saying good bye to Salt Lake without shedding a tear. There were in the party General Manager Bancroft, General Passenger Agent Burley, General James Anderson, the best man with a gun I ever saw, and Mr. G. Robinson, a noted geologist and mining expert from Butte, Superintendent J. Young (who left us at McCammon), two colored artists, and your humble servant.

No mode of traveling on a railway is more agreeable and enjoyable than a private car. It is the traveling place

is asked all manner of questions, and the whys and wherefores of details pertaining to switches, stations, bridges and other parts of a railroad. Our private car contained a kitchen, dining room, comfortable bed rooms, and observation room; everything was served up as nicely as it could have been in a first-class hotel. I am not astonished that other millionaires besides myself enjoy them, noted aspirants for office, operatic stars, all affect private cars, and I really do not blame them.

At Idaho Falls we took the new road for St. Anthony, distant thirty-seven miles, arriving there in the night time. The construction of this branch has proved a valuable artery for the upper Snake River valley, to bring in and send out the products of the country. A big fight is now on to make St. Anthony the county seat, as against Rexburg. The town is located on a gravelly bench, and is abundantly watered from a branch of Snake river, which runs through it. Immense irrigation canals have been excavated at a heavy cost, the labor performed has been prodigious, stacks of grain, and verdant fields of lucern bear testimony to the hard labor expended in reclaiming this immense and fertile valley from its sterile, sandy, and desert-like condition that existed only a few years ago.

Breakfast at 5:30 was ordered, at five a. m. everybody was astir, the morning

was cold, a quarter of an inch of ice was on the pools of water; four bugles and a commissary wagon were ready, and into them the party climbed, General Bancroft and Eccles in the lead.

The transition from the balmy air of our valley to the frigid zone of an early morning drive with 3 or 4 degrees of frost sent a chill through me, which fortunately ceased when a kindhearted citizen, C. H. Moon, of St. Anthony, loaned me another overcoat—he was new one of our party. He enjoys the distinction of being one of the first, if not the first settlers in St. Anthony. He came to Utah with Johnston's army—fought in the war for the Union, and has seen service in every condition of life west of the Missouri. He is now one of the most wealthy and enterprising citizens of the valley.

The distance, as measured by odometer, from St. Anthony to Island Park, is thirty-three miles; the first twelve miles reach over a lava plain, with patches of sand. I was in the buggy with General Anderson, when at once he espied some prairie chicken in a lone cedar; he quickly brought his repeating Winchester into play, and as the birds rose from the tree, they dropped one after the other, until we were again in the saddle. Further on they flew up and shared the same fate, crack, crack, crack, went the gun, and drop, drop, drop went the birds. Should a

man want grouse, sage hens, prairie chicken or pheasants, he would only have to get a light wagon, shoot, as Mr. Anderson did, and his wagon would soon be filled, for thousands of birds are flying over the vast stretch of country. On the north side of Snake River valley, we climbed very gradually a mountain range, covered with grass and trees, and at this time of the year, rich in color. When the summit is reached, the view stretches out to the north, and south, affording a delightful panoramic effect. The southern end of Yellowstone Park is seen, to the northeast, to the southeast the gigantic Teton range looms up, and southward the broad valley of the Snake. Due north is Henry's Fork of Snake River, and on this fork is located Island Park.

Down a precipitous grade we go, over a road sliding and dusty, it then opens out into a delightful park, covered with herbage and patches of pines. The river is soon reached, and every step reveals a beautiful landscape with snowy peaks in the distance.

The river for miles is shallow and clear, of varying widths, small, grassy islands give it a very picturesque effect. We are reminded that the southern limit of Island Park is reached for a strong fence is seen, and a notice to campers to take another road, the enclosure being private property.

The tract of land now taken up and fenced in was originally intended for

a Swiss cheese-making proposition, but the project fell through, and it has now come into the possession of the gentlemen composing our party, who intend to make it one of the choicest spots on Mother Earth, so as to preserve intact the many natural wild features that go to make up a pristine country, as nature made it. Two elegant houses are now erected in the central part, looking eastward, and across the river, which will be built. It is calculated that from 1,000 to 5,000 tons of hay can be harvested every year from the magnificent pastures. A beautiful stream called Thurman's creek, commences within the confines of the park, and winds over a fine gravelly bottom through verdant meadows, affording an ideal place for the raising of trout. There are 26 islands within the limits of the park on the river, and at this time of the year the depth varies from one to four feet.

Soon after our party arrived, they donned their fishing outfits, which consisted of a wader, coming up to the arm pits, and a waterproof jacket, with arm pits, and a light rod with gim attached, and into the stream they started. As I sat watching them (for I am a poor fisherman), I heard the cry of wild geese, and the whir of decoys as wild ducks passing up and down the river, there seemed to be everything there to satisfy the longing for sport that some people have.

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