

# A REMARKABLE RAILROAD.

IN A WONDERFUL COUNTRY.

THE ANDES TO BE SCALED BY THE IRON HORSE.

Michael P. Grace, of New York, the brother and partner of Mayor Grace, lately concluded the purchase from the government of Peru of the wonderful Orova Railroad, the construction of which made Henry Meigs, the California fugitive, not only rich, but famous. This road has been counted as the eighth wonder of the world, for there is nothing in the Rocky Mountains or the Alps which compares with it as an example of engineering science or presents sublimity scenery. But neither scenic grandeur nor engineering genius alone can make a railroad pay, particularly if it goes nowhere. In this instance the money gave out when the road was only partially completed, there remaining fifty miles between the present terminus (Chicla) and the point which was aimed at—the mines of Cerro del Pasco, probably the richest and most extensive silver deposit in the world. Most of the grading and tunnels between Chicla and the mines have been completed, and it only remains to lay the rails and put in the bridges to send

## A LOCOMOTIVE OVER THE ANDES

into the great valley which stretches north and south between the two Cordilleras. This Mr. Grace has agreed to do. The completion of the line to the mining regions will cost \$10,000,000, but the portion of the line already constructed and in operation, with all its rolling stock, station houses, and equipments of every sort, he gets for practically nothing, as under the conditions of a ninety-nine years' lease he has the use of the railroad and all that belongs with it for nothing for the first seven years, and pays but \$25,000 per year for rental for the property during the remainder of the term. In other words, Mr. Grace gets a property which cost \$27,600,000—eighty-six miles of railroad already equipped and in operation, fifty miles of the most expensive tunneling and grading in the world—for nothing, provided he will complete the line. And more than this, he gets the Cerro del Pasco silver mines, which were discovered 250 years ago by the Jesuits, and have yielded hundreds of millions of dollars, even under the primitive system of working which has been applied to them by the monks and the native Indians. This Cerro del Pasco district has given Peru its fame for mineral wealth, and competent engineers assert that it contains the

## RICHEST SILVER DEPOSIT IN THE WORLD.

The silver is not fissure veins, but in an enormous mass of ore, similar to the carbonates of Leadville, yielding from \$40 to \$100 per ton, and worked at about \$3 per ton. Even the tailings, which the priests and Indians have during the two and a half centuries been digging away in their manner, can be shipped to New York at a profit, and they amount to millions of tons, with silver enough in them to pay the cost of constructing the road, and affording it a business that will pay the expense of operation. About 10 per cent. of the Cerro del Pasco district is now occupied by native miners, who are pegging along in the old-fashioned way, losing more silver than they win in their operations, and securing about one-quarter of the profit they could gain by the use of improved machinery. Their mines are constantly flooded with water, and have to be abandoned the greater part of the year. There are also a number of old mines which were worked first by the Jesuits and then by the government, but which were long since given up and allowed to fill with water. These abandoned mines Mr. Grace agrees to pump and place in working order, and when they are cleared he has the privilege of working them to his own profit for 99 years. The local miners have agreed to give him 20 per cent. of their gross product for introducing pumping machinery and operating it. The same set of pumps will serve the whole district, and the revenue which will be derived from

## THE NATIVE MINERS

will pay the expenses of keeping in order the mines which Mr. Grace will operate. It is estimated that \$750,000 will clean up the property and pay for the necessary machinery to do thorough work, and the profits cannot be overestimated if all that is told of the mines is true. I will not repeat the fables and traditions about these mines, of which the air is full. The El Dorado, for which the world was hunting two centuries ago, was but a shadow of the substance said to have been found here. Away in the heart of the Andes, almost beyond the reach of men, involving an enormous cost for transportation, and an expense of operation which miners of modern times would consider unprofitable, the priests and monks in past centuries have found untold tons of treasure. The one-fifth which was always set apart for the King of Spain, and of which a record was scrupulously kept by the Viceroy, reached into the millions, and the tithes which were paid to the Church amounted to millions more. During the last few decades the mines have scarcely been worked, for as large a product of silver as Peru could consume was found in more convenient localities.

## THE RAILROAD

was begun by Mr. Meigs in 1870. Start-

ing from the sea, it ascends the narrow valley of the once sacred Rimac, rising 5,000 feet in the first forty-six miles, to a healthy valley, where the people of Lima have found an attractive summer resort; then it followed a winding, giddy pathway along the edge of precipices and over bridges that seem suspended in the air, tunnels the Andes at an altitude of 15,645 feet—the most elevated spot in the world where a piston rod is moved by steam, and ends at Orova, 12,178 feet above the sea. Between the coast and the summit there is not an inch of down grade, and the track has been forced through the mountains by a series of sixty-three tunnels, whose aggregate length is 21,000 feet. The great tunnel of Galera, by which the pinnacle of the Andes is pierced, will be, when completed, 3,800 feet long, and will be the highest elevation on the earth's surface where any such work has been undertaken. Besides boring the mountains of granite and blasting the cliffs along their sides to rest the track upon, steep cuttings and superb bridges, the system of reverse angles had to be adopted in canyons that were too narrow for a curve. So the track zigzags up the mountain side, on the switch and back-up principle, the train taking one leap forward, and after being switched on to another track, another leap backward, until the summit is won; so that often there are four or five lines of track parallel to each other, one above another.

## ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

Almost the entire length of the road was made by blasting. There was no earth in sight except what was carted up for use in ballasting, and the work of grading was done, not by the pick and shovel, but with the drill and hundreds of thousands of pounds of powder. It is estimated that the construction of this road cost Peru 7,000 lives from pestilence and accident. Landslides, falling boulders, premature explosions, sorrache—a disease which attacks those who are not accustomed to the raw air of the high altitudes—fevers caused by deposits of rotten granite and other causes resulted in a frightful mortality during the seven years the road was under construction, but the project was pushed on until the funds gave out. The cost in human life was no obstacle. At several points it was necessary to lower men by ropes over the edge of precipices to drill holes in rocks and put in charges of blasting powder, and this reckless style of construction was attended by frequent fatalities. A curious accident occurred at a point on the line, where a plumber was soldering a leak in a water-pipe. A train of mules was being driven up the trail loaded with cans of powder. One of them rubbed against the plumber, who struck at the animal with his red-hot soldering iron, which in some way came in contact with the powder and caused an explosion, which blew the whole train of mules, the gang of workmen, the plumber, and everybody who was by, over the precipice, whose sides and bottom were strewn with fragments of men and mules for a mile.

## THE SCENIC GRANDEUR OF THE ANDES

Is presented nowhere more impressively than along the cañon of the Rimac river, which this railroad follows. The mountains are entirely bare of vegetation, and are simply monstrous masses of rock, torn and twisted, rent and shattered by the tremendous volcanic upheavals which often occur here. At the bottom of the cañon, and where it occasionally spreads out into a valley of minute dimensions, are the remains of towns and cities whose history is unknown. Here is a region which bears no resemblance to any other picture of nature; lifted above the rest of the world as coldly and calmly silent, as impenetrable as the Arctic stars. Here was developed a civilization which left memorials of its advancement, genius and industry carved in massive stone, and written upon the everlasting hills in symbols which even the earthquakes have been unable to erase. Here are the ruins of cities more populous than any that have existed in Peru since, evidence of industry which their destroyers were too indolent to imitate, and a skill which could cope with everything but the destructive weapons of the invaders. A survey of their remains justifies the estimates of their enormous population, which are that the people once herded in these narrow valleys were as numerous as those now spread over the United States. The struggle they had to maintain themselves is shown by the traces of their industry and patience. They built their dwellings upon the rocks, and buried their dead in caves to utilize what soil there was for agriculture. They excavated great areas in the desert until they reached moisture enough for vegetation, and then brought guano from the islands of the sea to fill these

## SUNKEN GARDENS.

They terraced every hill and mountain side, and gathered soil from crevices in the rocks, until not an inch of surface that could grow a stock of maize was left unproductive. The steep mountains along the Rimac are terraced up to the very summit, the terraces being often as narrow as the steps of a stairway, and many of them are walled up with stone. They are veritable hanging gardens, and lie on such slopes that they look as if it were impossible for any one to get a foothold to cultivate them, or even for the roots of what was planted there to sustain

the mighty winds which sometimes blow down the valley. It is, at least, certain that the Incas did not raise pumpkins or watermelons, for they would have rolled down the sides of these farms, which look as if they were standing on end. The irrigation system of the Incas was perfect, their ditches extending for hundreds of miles, curving around the hills, here sustained by high walls of masonry, and there cut through the living rock. They were carried over narrow valleys upon enormous embankments, and show evidences of engineering skill as great as that which lifted the Meigs railroad above the clouds into the mountains. Massive dams and reservoirs were erected to collect the floods that came from the melting snows, and the water taken to localities which are rainless. Under these conditions, in this great struggle for existence, the Incas established and sustained a government, the first in which the equal rights of every human being were recognized, and worshiped a being whose attributes were similar to those of the Christian God. The great sea, breaking with ceaseless thunder upon the rocky coast, impressed

## THE DWELLER IN THE DESERT

with reverence and awe, and he who shivered in the snow-capped mountains recognized by an equally natural logic that the sun was the source of light and happiness. Hence these two objects—the sun and the sea—were personified and seated upon the thrones of the magnificent pantheons of the Incas. The race which conquered them came with dripping swords and lust for plunder. Skilled in the arts of peace, but powerless in war, there was no adequate resistance, and the blood-and-gold-thirsty Pizarro rode up this valley on a mission of murder, rapine and destruction. The towers stand as he left them; roofless walls, in a silence which not even an echo will agitate. Occasionally the Spaniards built new places of residence to utilize the improvements of the Incas, but three years ago the Chilean army came down the valley and treated the Peruvians as Pizarro treated the race which he found here.

It takes a power of steam to ascend this road with its average grade of 4 per cent., but in coming down the boilers are allowed to cool, and only steam enough is kept to hold the brakes and blow the whistle. We came down part way in a hand-car at the rate of a mile in two minutes, and it was as exciting a ride as one can imagine.—New York Sun.

## SUAVITER IN MODO.

Though scarcely necessary to go outside of our own language to find a fitting title, yet the one selected expresses our meaning most concisely. Reduced to English, by the freest of translations, it will be found to mean, "that honey catches more flies than vinegar."

The *suafter in modo*—the agreeable and kindly in manner—is of far more importance than at the first appears, and happy he who keeps it in mind and acts accordingly. It is the "honey" in every-day life, and especially in business, that catches the customer "flies," and lures them to return again and again. Pleasant words and pleasant faces, an ever warm and friendly greeting, wins—the reverse loses. Sour looks and sour faces are not attractive, and in many instances the bait has to be gilded, as well as sugared, if we catch fishes the most worth having.

Life—business life—is made up of sharp corners, and wise is he who rounds them so that there will be nothing of rude collision or jar. Do the best we may, difficulties, and doubts, and perplexities, and misunderstandings, will arise, and it requires all of the oil of kindness and suavity in our nature to prevent rupture, and broken ties, and loss of customers. The most plausible and "smooth" man wins; the gruff, sharp, "cranky" one is very apt to be left severely alone; is never sought unless under the pressure of necessity to be again ignored when the necessity is passed.

A hearty shake of the hand, a pleasant salutation, a kind inquiry as to the health, go very far towards winning men, to set aside in the argument the other sex, with whom they are an open sesame to their affections. A man courteously and smilingly received upon the threshold is robbed very much of the "ragged edges" of grumbling in the subsequent interview; is, if he has complaint to make, disarmed before he can use his weapons. Good humor is as contagious as the measles, and kindness is the best preventative as well as cure, of passion. The suave man is happy in all his relations of life, and his society ever courted, while the always "sore-head" is proportionately shunned.

Many a man, with equal facilities, and brains, and capital, has been driven to the dogs of failure and financial ruin and disgrace simply for the want of the "sugared sweetness" of tongue and manner possessed by a neighbor. The one office or place of business seemed ever haunted by chilling clouds, and the other blessed with the most cheering and genial sunshine. In the one you were received with a short and crusty answer; in the other, the same words "dropped as honey on your heart," and ever sweetened even disappointment. And the more out of humor, the more given to fault-finding, the more cross-grained the customer, the more should be equal and should

smooth your own temper, and plausible and soothing your words.

It will never do to rub the fur of a cat the wrong way, unless you are willing to face the electric sparkles and be prepared for a scratch and a bite. Notwithstanding our boasted superiority and a liberal share of the "divine essence," we have in our composition very much of the porcine nature—are, in broad terms, given to hoggy ways, love to be humored, coaxed and petted, and an ear of corn held temptingly towards us accomplishes greater results than any driving. And that is not all. Underlying all our actions is very apt to be found an immense amount of self-esteem and mulish stubbornness, if a check is given to our going our own way or gait. We are very much inclined to believe that we are always right, consequently others must be wrong, and are swayed by our individual interests until we fail to recognize the rights and feelings of those with whom we are thrown into intimate association.

Here is where the *suafter* shines and is triumphant. The man who rises above the littleness of self—is not over sensitive about having his pet theories questioned and his pet corns trodden upon—is master of the situation. With the capability of ignoring self for the time with the thought to look down upon and rise superior to unmanly selfishness, with tongue kept in check by common sense and words deprived of roughness and sting, he paves the way for his own success, and easily gains his ends.

There is an old and unpoetic adage that "harsh words butter no parsnips," and no good even came from their use. The "freeing of the mind" is all moonshine, and fatal to the most vital interests of life and the golden rewards we are seeking. Venom much more becomes serpents, and gall and wormwood leave but a bitter taste in the mouth, and the wound inflicted upon another rankles long after we may have forgotten. This is fully and forcibly illustrated in the every-day walks of life, in all classes of society; and smoothly polished tinsel outranks and out-wins the rough gold.

The gamester is calm and suave. His deception is gilded with smiles and pleasant words, the more effectually to lure the silly fly into his spider net of ruin. The politician is all honey, fair promises for the future and sugared baits for the present. The keen business man forgoes not the value of plausibility, and throws around his wares such lures as are the most tempting—such charms of "cheapness" and "quality" as will tempt to purchases. The banker talks of "high interest" and "solid investment;" the sailor of a brave ship, and smooth seas, and "sun-lit skies." With the insinuating sauciness Lucifer, when tempting angels to their fall, the seller of ardent spirits receives his patrons, and sets out in the most seductive array the draught that is death to the body and damnation to the soul. Even he whose cause is the most holy of earth paints heaven and the love of the Father in the most glowing and rosy colors, and tells of a heaven that is beyond all our dreams of bliss and happiness. And of the suave man it is ever said:

"The general voice  
Sounds him, for courtesy, behavior, language,  
And every fair demeanor, an example:  
Titles of honor add not to his worth.  
'Who is himself an honor to his title.'

It is so in everything. Suave manners are ever the winning card—the highest "trump" that man can hold in business, and well is it with him who keeps it ever in mind. It is the best method of extending business, of making and keeping friends, of smoothing difficulties, or unraveling tangled skeins, of making others happy, of winning golden opinions from all sorts of people, of advertising our goods, of making ourselves sought, of easing the heavy burdens of life, of glossing over the faults of others, of bringing smiles to the faded cheek and brightness to the dimmed eye, of giving comfort to poverty and pain.

The suave man insures his own happiness by making others happy, and that, in itself, should be a sufficient reward; but it reaches farther. It strikes to that which the majority of mankind hold in the greatest reverence the pocket. A pleasant face and words that fall gently upon the ear have a thousand-fold the power of scowls and curt utterances; the honey of the bee attracts while the sting drives away.

This is a lesson the man who would be prosperous in business affairs should learn early and follow all his life. It should be impressed upon the young—should be the maxim of all. Its importance can never be estimated. All we hope for of prosperity hinges upon it. And it must be no volatile thing—not to be remembered to-day, to be forgotten on the morrow; not a gleam of sunshine, to be followed by clouds; it is a thing that can be cultivated. In printers' terms, our intercourse with our fellows should be "justified" by honor, "corrected" by gentleness, "revised" by kindness "planned down" by manhood, and "locked up" in suavity.

Keep the bulldog in your nature chained. Keep hidden from the world all snapping and snarling. The display of it is not only in bad taste, but injurious to yourself. If the "parsnips" need it "butter" them; try honey in the place of "vinegar." Be calm and suave under all conditions. You can do it without in the least forfeiting your self-respect. Make a friend of every man you are thrown in contact,

You may not see the good results today, but it will "tell" in the future. Be always civil, always obliging. Make your customers feel that you are glad to see them; that they can depend every time upon being welcomed and treated respectfully; that is part of your business. And so shall you be happy and prosperous in life, and die regretted.

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