

five miles up the San Peadras river, crossing that stream some thirty odd times, and came so near famishing for a drink of water, that my life was nearly despaired off."

"But," said one of the company who had also traveled in America, "why didn't you drink out of the river which you say you crossed so often?"

"How in the world could I do that without a tin?" was the prompt reply.

Up to Lord Beresford's ranch we had followed a rough wagon road, but at the crossing of the Rio San Pedro we left this and struck out for the top of the mountain on a trail. Winding our way up through narrow canyons, crossing a number of very steep hills, and groping our way through the heavy timbers we at length reached the top of the Sierra Madres, which is the boundary line between the states of Chihuahua and Sonora, and which at this point is perhaps 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. If the ascent on the east side of the grand old mountains was steep the descent on the west side was still more so. For the first mile or so we could not think of riding our animals, and it was even with considerable difficulty that we succeeded in leading our horses down the awful steep mountain side. At length we reached a small spring in which one of the tributaries of the Bavispe river rises, and after watering our animals we continued our descent, crossing several mountain ridges and going down canyons so narrow that we had to ride along the steep mountain slope to keep out of the water. We soon reached the celebrated Dos Cabezas (Two heads) mines, from which the precious ore is shipped over the mountains on the backs of burros, a mode of freighting which costs the owners \$30 per ton. And this is only for a distance of about twenty-five miles from the mines to Carretas, a ranch situated near the foot of the mountains on the Chihuahua side. From there to Deming, the nearest railway station, a distance of 150 miles, another \$20 per ton is paid to have the ore taken in wagons. And then is added the expenses of freighting by rail to Denver, Colo., or other points where the ore receives the proper treatment. Of course the mine is a very rich one, or it would never pay to ship the ore at such an enormous expense. The possession of such a valuable mine has cost the loss of several lives. As we crossed the last hill before arriving at the mine we noticed a grave on the mountain slope which was apparently only a few days old, and going a short distance we saw still another new grave. This was enough to arouse our interest, and particularly that of Elder Vance our guide, who had been through here on former occasions, when no such graves were seen. On making inquiries after reaching the mine, we soon learned that a few days before our arrival a Mr. Harper, one of two brothers who own the Dos Cabezas mine, and Jackson Redding, the owner of an adjoining claim, quarreled, and that after indulging in the use of foul and abusive language both men drew their pistols and fired almost simultaneously with fatal effect. Both fell to the ground, and in this helpless condition continued to fire upon each

other with deadly effect until they were dead. One Mexican laborer was also severely wounded in the affair. Some of the Mexicans, in telling the story of the shooting, asserted emphatically that the men continued to shoot after they were dead, so desperate and maddened were they. Some years ago a partner of the Harper brothers was killed while having considerable money about his person. The crime was laid to the Mexicans; but suspicion rested upon the two Harpers, who by that death became the sole owners of the mine. There is now only one of the original partners or owners of this extraordinarily rich Dos Cabezas mine left, and he is at present absent on a visit to Europe.

We encamped for the night in the canyon about three miles below the mines, having traveled during the day about forty miles. In crossing the Sierra Madres I had occasion to admire some of the finest and tallest forest trees that I ever saw. Pines one hundred feet high, and as pretty and straight as anything in the shape of a tree could possibly be, were seen on every hand; and down in the canyon, on the Sonora side of the mountain, beautiful cedars varying in height from 75 to 100 feet abounded; they were nearly as straight and perfect as the pines.

Continuing our journey on the 13th we soon reached a lower latitude, where the vegetation and natural features of the country were altogether different to that which we had witnessed at the higher altitude. All the plants and grasses characteristic of a semi-tropical zone flourished here. The cactus, Joshua, meskal, the prickly pear and nearly all other species of thorny plants in all their different hues and varieties covered the grand mountain slopes. At length we descended an unusually steep hill and found ourselves on a river of which Brother Vance had forgotten the name; but it is one of the main tributaries of the Bavispe river. Following this stream through a canyon which cuts through a chain of mountains we beheld the upper valley of the Bavispe, where there are three quite important Mexican towns. The principal one of these (Bavispe) was almost totally destroyed by an earthquake a few years ago. When the shocks commenced, nearly the entire population sought refuge in the Catholic church, thinking they would be safe inside the edifice, which they considered sacred. But while hundreds of people were massed in the building and others were striving hard to gain an admittance (an officer on the outside pleading with the people not to enter), the church fell and crushed under its colossal adobe walls the inmates, killing nearly all of them. This catastrophe happened early in May, 1887, soon after our people had settled in Mexico. Bavispe is one of those isolated Mexican towns whose inhabitants get solace in the civilization of the 16th century. Until quite recently no vehicle of any description had been seen in the old town; and I was told that when our brethren first brought wagons through their country, men, women and children would turn out in large numbers to see the "curious sight before them." They would gaze upon the revolution of an ordinary wagon wheel

with as much interest as some of us perhaps would witness a circus parade, or anything of that kind. Until quite recently all the freighting has been done on the backs of burros and the farming; carried on in the old middle-age style. Plowing with a forked stick is still very common among the Mexicans, though some of them, even in this secluded valley, have adopted the use of the American plow and other modern farming implements.

Twenty-five miles below the Mexican town of Bavispe is the infant Mormon colony known as Oaxaca, which was founded two years ago by George C. Williams, familiarly known as "Parson Williams," and others. We reached our friends in this colony late in the evening, having followed the canyon of the Bavispe the last fifteen miles, and crossed the river twenty-six times. Since leaving Cave Valley we had traveled about eighty miles; the distance by wagon road is about thirty miles further.

Oaxaca is named after Oaxaca, a Mexican town in the Mexican state of that name; it is the birthplace of Porfirio Diaz, the president of the Mexican republic. The place was formerly known as the Horcones Purchase, being a concession to C. Emilio Kosterlitzky, a colonel in the Mexican army, who sold the claim to George C. Williams and others in 1892. The grant contains about 200 square miles of land, extending north and south about twenty miles, and is about ten miles wide. The Bavispe, which is one of the main tributaries of the Yaquis river, passes through it from southeast to northwest. Most of the grant consists of a mountain country, possessing only grazing facilities; and only narrow strips of land or a succession of river bottoms in triangle shapes along the stream are adapted for farming purposes. This valley, in which our people are locating, is about nine miles long, with an average width of half a mile; but the river, in its meandering course through the valley or canyon, cuts up the 1,800 acres of farming land into thirteen fragments, none of which contains more than 300 acres in one body. A townsite has been surveyed on a flat on the northeast side of the river, immediately above the point where the so-called "Pulpit wash" puts into the river from the northeast. The altitude of the river lands is about 3,500 feet above the sea level, and the neighboring mountains rise perhaps to an altitude of 7,000 feet or more, though in the immediate vicinity of the river they are much lower. Many strange and curious formations are found, and there is some pretty natural scenery along the river, along which the soil is very rich and productive. Mesquite, chino, cottonwood, sycamore, ash, walnut, etc., abound in the low lands, and the heavy timber has to be removed in order to make farms.

The Bavispe river rises in the Sierra Madres, about 150 miles southeast of Oaxaca, and takes a northeasterly course, thence west, and thence south and southwest until it falls into the Yaquis river. In its meandering and general course through different mountain chains it resembles the Bear river in Utah very much. The course of the stream as marked on most of the maps of Mexico, as published in the