

of the murdered men of the Maine, paid for with Spanish gold.

The graves of our sailors lie in the newest and least populous portion of the cemetery, equi-distant from the aristocratic section of splendid monuments and the crowded corner of the potter's field. It looks very bare and desolate, compared to our Northern cemeteries or the care which each grave would receive from loving friends, could the boys have been buried at home. The large space of reddish-yellow, gravelly earth is not marked off into regular mounds, no blade of grass grown in it, and there is no attempt at decoration beyond a few faded flowers left by American visitors and the white wooden crosses set up over poor Holger, the last man who died in San Ambrosio. Perhaps a fine monument may be erected here when peace is restored; but how much better, it seems to me, would it be to devote the money which a pile of chiselled marble would cost toward taking home the remains, after the time required by Cuban law has expired, and turning them over to their friends. Could the men themselves have a voice in the matter, they would not wish to rest among their murderers.

I have in mind at this moment one of those who died in the hospital after several days of intense suffering, George Koebler of Brooklyn; a bright young fellow with true blue eyes, who looked up with such an expression of pride and love on his face when he said, "to my wife" in reply to my question if it was his sweetheart to whom I had been writing. At his dictation I had written words of love and cheer to "Maggie," and the assurance that he would soon be with her. Poor boy! He seemed too young to be married—and much too young to die. As I stood in the cemetery, making a mental as well as a mechanical photograph of the scene, a light wind swept through the near-by avenue of pines with the sound of an aeolian harp. One is profoundly impressed in this place at all times, by the music of the pines; a perpetual requiem, rising and falling with the slightest breeze. The morning sunshine was sweet with the odor of flowers. The sky arching above seemed warmer and bluer than skies at home. A mocking bird, perched on the arm of a black-painted cross, filled the air with melody. He seemed to be singing, "Life is short and eternity long. What matter where the worthless frame is laid when the soul has gone out of it? Love cannot die and true hearts find each other again—somehow, somewhere." The reconcentrados corner in this cemetery is a vast space of bare gravel—one great grave, to which frequently additions are made. Two or three men were busily throwing up dirt to make room for the day's interments, occasionally tossing up skulls and marrow bones, to which nobody paid the least attention—though I noticed more than one cranium with hair clinging to it, as if its owner were recently among the living. Most of the interments in this section are made without coffins, the bodies brought on stretchers, laid uncovered in the dirt, and quick-lime shoveled over.

Then I paid a visit to the "dead house," where the carts are unloading their morning cargo from Los Posos and the city hospitals. In the long, dim room, with its concreted floor and iron-barred windows without glass in them, a row of tables were covered with coffins, and with cadavers on stretchers. Among the latter was a soldier—bare legs and arms sticking out and head swathed in his own dirty blanket; a fair sample of the care with which Spain rewards her defenders. In a candle box, painted sky-blue but without a cover, lay a

tiny baby, with red paper roses in its hands and hair, waiting its turn of burial by rude hands in the reconcentrados corner. A ray of sunlight shining through the window, touched the baby's hair as with a benediction. I spread my handkerchief over the little face, but with small hope that the unfeeling grave-diggers would leave it there when the clods were thrown over. Luckily there are no flies in fever-infested Cuba. Adjoining this chamber of horrors is another, plied to the ceiling with quick-lime—a rapidly decreasing supply as the burials progress.

At the suggestion of the sexton, I entered the carriage and was driven to the remote, northeastern corner of the enclosure, to a place which few who visit this cemetery ever hear of. It is a large, square pit, of what depth nobody knows, filled to the brim with human bones, taken from the old cemetery and from hired graves in the new one after the rental has expired. The tracks of wheels over crumbled bones show where horses and carts are driven in over the heap to deposit fresh loads. Hundreds of broken coffins were piled in one corner, and thousands of skulls, some white and shining with long exposure to the sun, others with grave mold green upon them, grinned from every side, as who should say "This is consecrated ground!" FANNIE B. WARD.

ZION-BUILDING IN MEXICO

The sincere religionist who seeks an ideal physical Zion, with environment to suit, may readily find it in Mexico. Here, in peculiar lavishness, the resources and attractions of nature await the impress of the human mind and hand. Regions of rugged beauty, amid "the tops of the mountains," with emerald valleys and limpid streams, rimmed around with hills prodigal in riches of silver and gold, and fringed with lordly forests of pine, rest in primeval solitude, save for the presence of bear and deer and feathered game. But this was not the place the Mormon people found who first came here. Instead, they were compelled to pitch their camp along the banks of a somewhat pretentious stream, in a narrow canyon and on land that seemed prophetic of no particular profit. Snugly situated they were in this hollow of the hills which all around undulated for miles, and blessed, moreover, with the peace that comes with coveted isolation—a boon they sought in departing from their former homes; but this was all that seemingly could be said of their location. And yet, to the southward, within a radius of a hundred miles, they could have found numerous ideal valleys, with grand environment and every resource with which to secure the habiliments of a civilized community. But there were many difficulties at that time confronting them. Their numerical insignificance, comparative ignorance of the legal modus operandi of the country, the manners, customs and language of a strange people who owned the soil, as well as fear of the perils that existed through the unknown recesses of the contiguous regions, all conduced to their settling where necessity compelled and present opportunity offered. And so they remained in the hollow of the hills.

But there was wisdom in their course. Omnipotence was their guide. They were not pioneers in a work that must begin aright. Their steps were as "line upon line, precept upon precept." Others were to follow. And so, as perception brightened and knowledge accrued, colony followed colony, until now there are, in all the land of Mexico, no more beauteous homes, nor love-

lier hamlets, nor ideal towns than those of the Mormon colonists of Chihuahua. The work was begun but little more than a decade ago, and the results show that it was commenced aright. The time had not yet arrived when the Saints should penetrate the interior districts to any great extent in search of a scenic Eden. The school of experience had first to be passed through. And hence, there toil and labor were begun without the accompaniment of climatic symphonies or the surroundings of specially selected scenery, as in the manner of a boom town 'born. But notwithstanding the semi-forbidding aspect of the locality, the toil and intelligence of the pioneers soon transformed the place into a garden prolific in fruit and vine.

Their experience was necessary for the guidance of others. And it has been profited by. Emulation is epidemic hereabout. And because of this the interior regions are being explored and many delectable valleys opened up for future settlement. Thus it is that those who now come hither have much the lesser burden to bear than had the pioneers. Markets have been provided for them through the establishment and subsequent prosperity of the present colonies. Up in "the tops of the mountains" the Saints are gathering. All around them mines are being discovered and developed. The mountains are beginning to reverberate with the sound of the pick and drill. Prospectors, chiefly of the colonial faith, are searching the treasure houses of the hills. And thus it is, that when discovery results in development and production, as in several instances is now the case, a new, profitable and insatiable market for their products will be assured the mountain pioneers. But down on the plains, along the Santa Maria river, thousands of acres of rich land have been purchased also. And many will come from other States and settle there when the way shall be properly prepared for them. In fact, it requires no prophetic voice to declare that the time will soon come when this favored land will be adorned with a golden chain of hamlets, villages and towns, peopled with Mormons, and extending from the American line to the Gulf of Tehautepec.

Of the colonies that are now in this Stake of Zion the chief is Juarez. It is the one located in the hollow of the hills, twelve miles south of the old Mexican town of Casas Grandes, Chihuahua. It is beautiful in its isolation and habiliments. But its original setting was crude and barren to the eye. Industry has made it what it is. It is the one undisputed characteristic of the Mormon people in every land and clime. It made Utah the oasis of the Great American desert. It will make in Mexico a civilization that will save. The contrast between Juarez and its nearest neighbor, Casas Grandes, is a striking one, and in comparison is characteristic of all other Mexican towns of its size. The name Casas Grandes, signifies great, or large houses, but it is a sad misnomer. The houses are only one story high and are all built of adobe. A few are whitewashed, but the majority present the same dead, dull appearance of mud, and the people are visaged to match. The town is worn with the stress of years, and all around are the evidences of a habitation long since passed away. The seismic processes of unwritten ages have demolished and swallowed up the ancient city, and only a few mounds and ruins remain. But the present town is similar to others in Mexico the writer has seen. Narrow, irregular streets, without any effort at paving or sidewalk construction, are lined with adobe-structures in monotonous array, and nothing of vegetation appears in view to relieve the scene. The common peo-