

FIFTY-SECOND YEAR.

## ILLNESS HAS AGED MRS. McKINLEY.



Mrs. McKinley is no longer the smiling, calm featured woman the many published photographs show her to be. The ravages of sickness have left their blighting traces upon the features of the sweet-tempered mistress of the White House and during the past few years she has aged more than the President. The above exclusive, authentic photograph shows Mrs. McKinley as she looks today. Her friends are aghast at her altered appearance.

## THE FAMOUS RUINS OF COPAN

Description of Its Temple and Idols—Magnificent Sculpture and Hieroglyphics.

B. Y. A. Expedition Now in Honduras, Central America—Academy Boys Arrested at Comitán, a Cass of Mistaken Zeal on Part of Alcalde—Evidences of Immense Population—Cities Now in Ruin.

ON reaching Jocotan, the little village on the Copan river from which I wrote last, we called on Padre Heyde, to whom we had been recommended. The gentleman met us at the door and before we could say good evening he called out: "This is Mr. Cliff? Did you get my letter? Do you know that your boys are in difficulty?" The last question was the most important, and without stopping to answer any I replied: "In trouble; why, what is the matter?" "They have been arrested," he said, "and are now confined in the next village a mile away. But my note explained matters."

I had not received his note, and had called on him for the purpose of obtaining accommodations, never dreaming

that he would give me such intelligence concerning the boys. But thanking him for the information we rode on to Comitán, where we found the boys comfortably housed with one of the leading citizens. They had reached the town the evening before, had obtained passage and other accommodations, and had retired early as usual. At 11 o'clock at night two dozen police with lighted torches, clubs and knives awoke them and stated that the Alcalde of Jocotan wanted to see them. Asked what for, they answered that a telegram had been received from the capital. They went over and found court sitting on the plaza. Evidently the Alcalde thought he had made a fine haul and no doubt his name would be greatly honored hereafter. He was surprised

by the Alcalde of Jocotan, who was a German by birth and an American by adoption, did all he could to help the boys in their trouble. He told the officers if they held the boys after seeing those papers they would be liable for \$5,000 damages. As there are ill feelings between the priest and the civil authorities I doubt that he helped the boys much. Some time ago, so he informed me next morning, he sent his servant to the Alcalde for something, and one of the civil officers shot the servant, the bullet entering the jaw and coming out of the neck. The wound is healing, but it is still bad. In our case, I will say that after the officers read our papers they treated us with every courtesy.

Our road led up the Copan river, going nearly east. At times it was a mere trail, very rough, and over steep mountains. We forded the river once, but the stream was not deep. All along on the river bottoms are villages or ranches, with orchards of mango, lemon and banana trees. The country is very dry and corn very scarce. In fact we could not buy any for our animals, and it is all we can do to get tortillas enough for ourselves. The inhabitants are engaged principally in the cultivation of tobacco. No corn to speak of is planted, as they readily sell their tobacco in the lower

valleys for corn. Four or five leagues from such a destination, we turned from the river, soon crossed the Honduras line, and climbing a mountain a thousand feet high, saw below us a beautiful valley, the valley in which the greatest ruined city in America stands. It was after dark when we reached our camp ground, one of the principal courts in the ruins of the great temple, but the moonlight enabled us to pitch our tents, and prepare for the stop.

## RUINS OF COPAN.

I must not tire my readers with a detailed description of these ruins, indeed such a description would be impossible short of a month's visit, and we have stayed a little less than a week, but I must say something. I must at least call attention to them, for possibly some one may desire to come down in the future and make them a study. Let me say first of all that those mounds usually spoken of as "the ruins," and written about by Mr. Stephens, though the largest and most important are not the half of the actual ruins. There are hundreds of mounds around these larger ones an extent of up and down the river for several miles. The ancient city was a large one. It must have contained several hundred thousand people. Some of these smaller mounds measure sixty feet high, and cover a hundred square rods of ground. Others are smaller, being only ten or twelve feet high. Generally there are three together forming an enclosure with one side open. At present the natives have burned away the brush permitting the mounds to be plainly seen from an elevation. We climbed to the top of one of the towers of the temple, a hundred and fifty feet high. All around us a mile each way up and down the valley, and limited on the sides by the mountains, were the silent mounds mute telling of a bygone people. How silent and how impressive they are! And here, in silent ruins is the great temple, a building or set of buildings, so large that I doubt if any house, public or private, in the United States today cost so much, labor for labor, as it did.

The ruins are situated on the banks of the Copan river, and cover a space of six or eight acres, and are covered

with a human being, much larger than life on the west side. It is clothed in a richly ornamented dress which reaches to the ankles. This is the only figure so dressed, on all the others the dress reaches only to the thighs, with a part hanging down between the legs to the feet. The hands, as is the case with all the figures are laid on the chest with palms upward, but particularly closed. The head is beautiful with rich work of feathers. On the back of the stone are some hieroglyphics below, then a smaller figure of a man above. He has a pleasant face, but the face on his head is distorted. A distorted or horrible face seems to be the common ornament of the headpiece, while a pleasant, sweet face ornaments different parts of the dress. On the sides are beautiful ornaments of tassels and feathers. The small figure of a man is towards the top. He has something in his hand and is running. This wind appears to be blowing and many of the tassels are blown out of the perpendicular.

Before the main figure, which faces the west, is an altar or stone of sacrifice. It is diamond shaped and measures 3 feet, 8 inches thick, 5 feet, 4 inches by 6 feet on the edges. The upper surface is hewn with some crosses running from the center to the sides, and is convex. The whole monolith, in fact, all the stones containing human figures were originally painted, principally in red and brown.

In No. 8 the pupils of the eyes are represented, giving the figure a staring look which tended to inspire fear. No. 9 faces the south. The north surface of the stone is covered with "pictures" similar to those in Quirigua and mentioned in a former letter. The carvings are beautiful. Just below the middle of the stone is a hard cobbles that the workmen tried to dig it out, but failed. The figure facing south is represented as smiling, but his smile is such as to inspire more fear than the rich, and covered with rich ornaments. The stone of sacrifice in front is carved to represent the heads of animals; on the corners, the east and west, representing a hawk's or an eagle's head.

## WORKING GIRLS' FRIEND TO WED.



Miss Irene M. Ashby, the woman lecturer, now in this country, will return to London shortly to wed Alfred MacFadden, a Scotch Highlander, now on his way from the front in South Africa to claim his bride. Miss Ashby has gained international fame by her championship of the cause of the English working girl.

with towers, some of which are 100 feet high, terraces and passageways of vast extent, in a remarkable state of preservation, the whole surrounded by a high wall. The buildings or structures were constructed of hewn stone, and there are some beautiful sculptures and carvings. Some of the rooms are still intact, are handsome in workmanship and design, embellished with rich carvings, and hard cement. On the four most interesting part of the ruins, for here stands a group of beautifully carved monoliths, though some of these are stationed in various positions among the ruins, and are supposed by some to be idols, as in close proximity to them are huge altars or sacrificial stones.

## ARTISTIC MONOLITHS.

Now let us look at the carved monoliths: No. 1 is a flat topped stone four feet ten inches square by two feet four inches thick. On top are beautifully carved hieroglyphics. On the four sides are figures of men in sitting positions with legs crossed. Two are facing each other and the others appear each to be facing his leader. We can easily imagine that the two are chiefs or kings and are making a treaty, or signs of peace, the text of which is placed in hieroglyphics on top of the stone. No. 2, a little further north, but in the same court, is a stone ten feet six inches high by two feet four inches one way and one foot eleven inches the other. It is smaller at the base than at the top. On the west side is carved a picture of a human being, about life size, clothed in gaudy raiment with an elaborate head dress, on the chest is another figure, perhaps of a child, and still lower another. Or these may be ornamental parts of the dress. The back and sides of the stone are covered with double rows of hieroglyphics, which no doubt give the history of the person carved on the front.

No. 3 is very elaborately carved. It faces the north and south, and has the figures of men carved on both sides with a single row of hieroglyphics on the east and west sides. Nearby on the north is an altar or stone of sacrifice, which was not found with No. 2, but is found with all the others. One of the ornaments of the dress on the figure facing south is the head of a mule or a burro.

The carvings on the monoliths are deep and elaborate, much deeper than the carvings on those at Quirigua; and this with one or two exceptions is true of all the figures found here.

Nos. 4, 5 and 6 are fallen and broken. They face the west.

No. 7, 11 feet, 5 inches high, by 2 feet, 4 inches wide, and 3 feet, 6 inches thick, is a beautifully carved stone, with the

top surface is hewn, crased and convex, as are most of the other similar stones. No. 10 is fallen and broken. No. 11 has no sacrificial stone in front, served the stone in front of No. 10, served for both, as they are close together. No. 12 is fallen and broken. No. 13 is one of the richest of the group. Well made, highly decorated, and covered with beautifully carved hieroglyphics. It would grace any museum of art. We did not visit No. 14 as it was almost hidden in the thick vines and brush.

Besides the sculptured idols and altars briefly described above there are hundreds of smaller stones with one face, containing sculptures of various kinds, showing that they have been parts of a larger figure represented in a wall. There are also many heads, death heads, heads of various animals, mostly distorted. We also found several busts of men and women, some of the latter would grace a modern fashion plate, so small were the waists. On a large number of stones are hieroglyphics. These stones have formed the face of a building, no doubt, upon which was sculptured an account of some event in the history of the people. There still remains a large part of such a wall, containing a great number of figures.

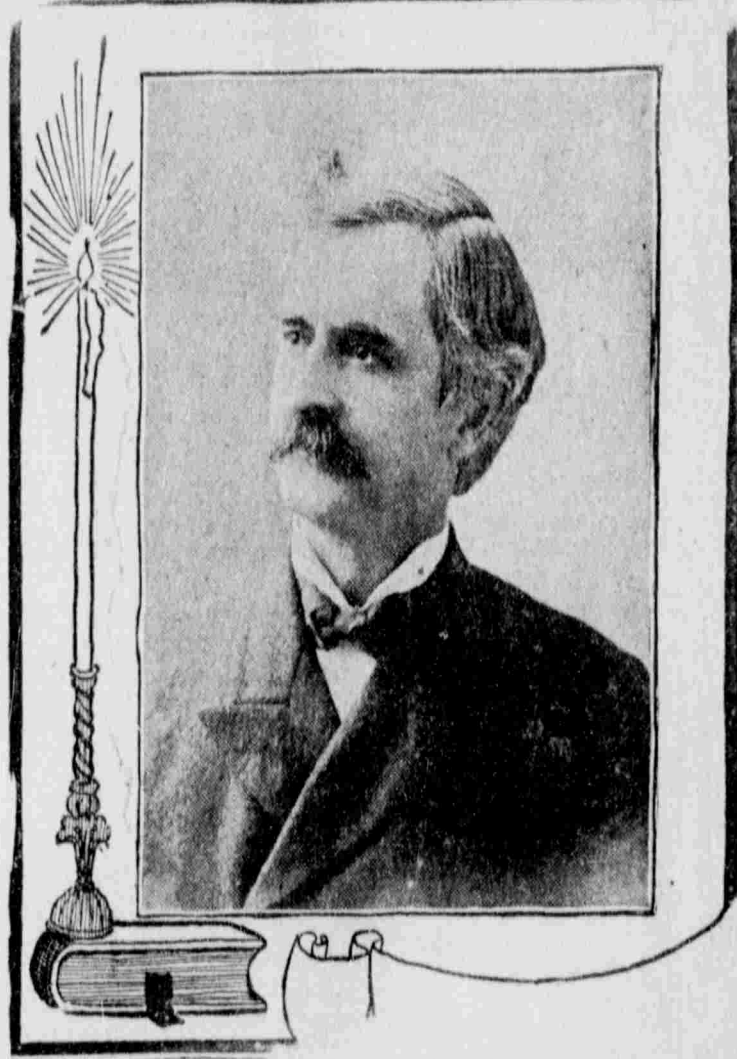
The government will not permit any of the stones to be removed or we would have brought with us a couple which particularly struck our fancy. One was the head of an alligator, the other that of a man. Both were works of art, and both characteristic. They would not weigh more than two hundred pounds apiece, and hence would be easily transported to a railroad station, the nearest being Zaeapa on the Ferro-carri del Norte.

Such, in brief, are the ruins of Copan, but neither pen nor photo can convey a correct idea of their vastness, or their beauty. Neither can letter convey the feeling that possesses one as he walks among those idols, or through the courts and corridors of that vast pile of mud and mortar, which forms the pyramids of the temple. Instinctively one asks himself, Who were the builders of this great structure, and this great city? When were they built? How long were they people? and by what calamity were they finally destroyed? Did an earthquake, did pestilence, did war drive them from their homes forever? Their teeming thousands of people? Perhaps if one could only read the hieroglyphics, thousands of which are beautifully carved upon the stones that form the walls and the idols, the whole history would be made known.

There is one thing quite plain: The people that built Copan also built Quirigua, and the ruins of Palenque. The carvings differ from Copan, however, in this: They have no stones of sacrifice.

BENJ. CLIFF, JR.  
Copan, Honduras, April 20, 1901.

## DIVINE DENOUNCES CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.



Rev. A. C. Dixon the New York pastor of national reputation is the latest harrasser of the Christian Scientists. The prominent divine declared that "Christian Science is the humbug of the age in which we live."

## PRES. DIAZ' PROBABLE SUCCESSOR

It was nearly twenty years ago that I first saw President Porfirio Diaz, the man who has since become the regenerator of Mexico, its benevolent despot and the arbiter of its destinies. He had then served four years as chief executive and had handed the presidential chair over to his intimate friend and former companion at arms, General Manuel Gonzalez, who retained the office for four years and then gave it back to Diaz. The occasion on which I saw them both was the opening of a railroad to Cuautla, in the summer of 1881, and nearly everybody of distinction, including ex-President Diaz, Gonzalez and the cabinet officials, was on the first train that went over the new

retired he again took charge of his own. He had meanwhile constituted a judicial clause in the constitution which prevented his re-election to be thrown out, and there was then no obstacle to the achieving of his ambition.

General Porfirio Diaz, for the past ten years the "constitutional president" of Mexico, who was "re-elected" to his sixth term last December, was born Sept. 15, 1850. His mother was related to the Mexican descendants of the aboriginal Indians who so stoutly resisted the Spaniards under Cortes that they were never conquered, and to this day are as free as ever. The only other Mexican of modern times who risks with Diaz, Don Benito Juarez, the "Washington of Mexico," the great president during the French intervention, was also a native of Oaxaca—a full blooded Indian, but a Zapotecan.

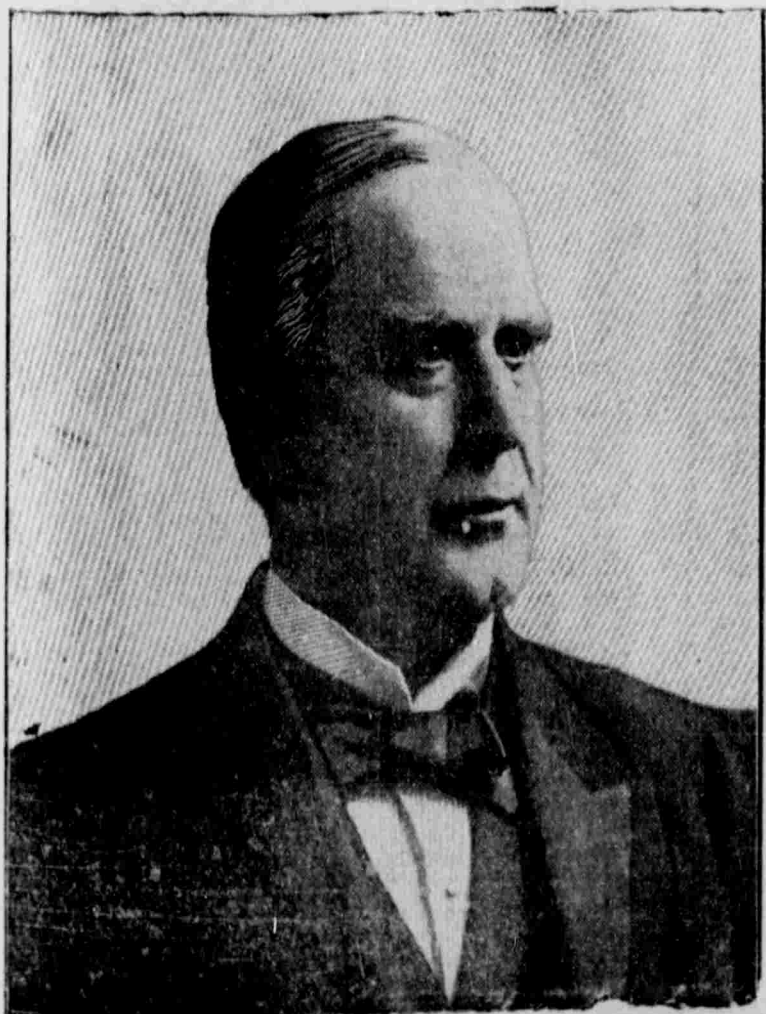
These two, Diaz and Juarez, met when the former was a boy and in 1858 Porfirio Diaz joined with Benito Juarez and the Liberal party. In 1854, when only 24, Diaz had been prescribed by the tyrant Santa Anna and had to flee for his life; so his adventures began quite early. In 1861 he commanded some native soldiers and won a victory over his opponents. In 1862 he took a prominent part in the defeat of the French forces of invasion at Puebla on May 5—the famous "Cinco de Mayo," which the Mexicans commemorate every year. The next year he was captured at Puebla, but soon after managed to escape and took the field again. During the Maximilian supremacy Diaz kept up a determined resistance in the south, but was finally forced to surrender in February, 1865. Escaping a second time from the enemy's clutches, he assembled his brother "Serranos," or Indians of the hill towns of Oaxaca, and these became the nucleus for a rapidly gathering army, with which in April, 1867, he took the city of Puebla by assault. Pressing on, the victorious Diaz besieged the City of Mexico, and took it in June, 1867, being the most important and after Don Manuel had

(Continued on page twenty.)

## BEAUTY TO CHRISTEN TORPEDO BOAT.



The torpedo boat Chauncey, which is to be launched next week in June will have for its sponsor the beautiful Miss Chauncey Stevens. This dainty young lady is a direct descendant of Admiral Chauncey, after whom the new vessel is to be named.



President McKinley's latest photo, taken, though while he was in his favorite pose, and whom leading Republicans were a few days ago suggesting as the most popular candidate in the next National Campaign.