

THE LAND OF RICHES.

Modern Promise of the Long-Worked Gold and Silver Mines of Mexico.

UNDISCOVERED TREASURE

And Workings That Will Be Sifted Over Again With Profit.

FORTUNES FROM NEW MACHINERY.

Primitive and Wasteful Methods Must Soon Be Abandoned.

LEGENDS ABOUT THE EARLY CRESSUES

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

ZACATECAS, MEXICO, June 23.

CITY of 50,000 people a mile and a half above the sea. A great jumble of flat-roofed, box-shaped houses built close up to cobble stone sidewalks above a network of tunnels which run in and out across and above each other with all the wanderings of Rorschach's bow.

These tunnels dig through veins of silver. Silver in specks all around and about you from the hundreds of mines which dot the sides of the mountains in the clear silvery sky which hangs overhead.

This is the bare outline of the great Mexican mining city of Zacatecas. Here everything is silver. In the days of Cortes the mines were worked, and from then till now the work has gone on, giving hundreds of millions to the world. It goes on still, and under my feet the Aztecs to-day are working in ways as they did in the past, and across the way I see the mules tramping their hoofs off in the vitriol and quicksilver with which the crushed ore is mixed in order to reduce it to the market.

Mexico's Wealth of Silver.

Mexico has given the world more than \$1,000,000,000 worth of gold and silver and much of the latter has come from here. This rich region is full of silver. The mountains on every side, and, in fact, in nearly every part of Mexico, are filled with ore, and from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico there is a vast country of incalculable possibilities. Travelers and local Mexicans tell me that the southern part of the country is even richer in minerals than the northern part, and all agree that the land has not yet been properly explored.

The silver veins are not only in the mountains but also in the valleys, and in some cases are worked in the most primitive manner. The veins are worked by stage to the west of these are the richly productive mines, which are owned by

foreigners had not the greatest security of property. I have made many inquiries among miners, both Mexicans and foreigners, and I find that this is a mistake. The Mexican mining laws are among the best in the world. They are strictly enforced, and there is no country where the miners of any nationality has a better chance than here.

The laws are so strict that a mine, but in order to hold his title he must work at least four men in for 26 consecutive weeks every year. If he fails to do this, his mine is forfeited to the state, and he is called by any third party and the Government will recognize that party's right to it if he takes the mine and fulfills the above conditions.

Watching for Forfeitures.

Good mines are carefully watched here and failure to work them results in their loss. As long as the law is complied with, the miner, whether Mexican or foreigner, is protected against a competitor. It is only in Spanish of the work done, and the only cases in which the government grants a fee simple title to mines is where the company gets a concession in a zone by agreement to keep 34 miners constantly employed, and within five years to build reduction works at an expense of at least a quarter of a million dollars. These mines are very valuable some-times and they are not granted without investigation. They comprise at times from 10 to 20 square miles of land, and the company having the right to one of them can work 30 claims upon it and have the right to denounce and work such other claims in the zone whose waters do not touch the law. They do not, as you understand, have any right, except to the mineral products of the land.

Until now the United States has done a great part of the mining of Mexico. One of the great mines of the new territory is lead is driving them to England and Germany, and several large smelters are being erected. A recent law in regard to the lead tariff on lead that it must be produced in a ton of silver ore cost so much that it is practically prohibitory. An American is building one of these new smelters at San Luis Potosi, and it will soon be completed, and will be, it is said, the biggest smelter

The men who do the work.

The men who do the work in the mines in Mexico is done by the Mexican Indians. They make splendid miners and they never strike. They get all the way from 50 cents to \$2 a day, and they work right along here at Zacatecas there are thousands of them, and you will find a quiter or more orderly town of 10,000 people in New Mexico than in any city of 50,000 here in Mexico. An old Californian, who has mined in both the Sierras and the Rockies and who has large interests near Guanajuato, told me that these are the best workers and better than those of any other country. They are satisfied with what they get, and they are more patient than any other people.

They are for many things cheaper than machinery, and the oldest of these Mexican mines are run on the processes of a generation or more ago. The ladders are made of here at Zacatecas are merely logs or rafters with notches cut into them about eight inches apart, and the wonder is that men do not fall daily. They do lose their balance sometimes, I am told, and are crushed to pieces at the bottom of the mine; but as a rule they are safe, and, I saw men

WORKING WHO HAD PASSED THEIR THREE-CENTRE

workings who had passed their three-centre work. All of the miners wear but little clothing in the mines. They do most of their work barefooted and barelegged and the little clothing they have on is soiled because they leave the mines to see if some silver has not slipped into it by mistake. The average Aztec has little idea of property rights, and he takes what he can get as a gift from God. In some of the mines the men are searched by three different men, and they conceal the silver under their arms, in their ears and under their toes, and in fact in every conceivable manner found over the great mining territory of Mexico and there are hundreds of men on the lookout for good ones. If Humboldt's figures are correct, there must be at least 100,000 mines yet to be reclaimed, and the search for these is active. A number of Americans are among the seekers. They talk with the Indians.

LOOK UP THE OLD LEGENDS

And now when they find a mine which they can pump out with our modern pumps and strike a bonanza just under the water. I met a Denver man who was going to a mine which he had discovered in the State of Sonora. He owned it in company with Henry E. Wolcott and a Kansas City man, and he told me they were making it pay, though it cost them \$25 a ton to get the ore from the mines to the railroad and to the Denver smelters.

What a Good Strike.

The fact is that a Mexican mine, to be considered a good strike, must be far better than what you get in the States. The mountains here are here that would be looked upon as splendid ore in California or Nevada. The laws here are so strict that a mine, but in order to hold his title he must work at least four men in for 26 consecutive weeks every year. If he fails to do this, his mine is forfeited to the state, and he is called by any third party and the Government will recognize that party's right to it if he takes the mine and fulfills the above conditions.

Rotting Off Their Hoofs

In a year or two they had to be killed. This is because of the crushed silver. The crushed silver is chemically treated and the ore which has been chemically treated and is now being mixed with vitriol, salt and quicksilver in order that the silver in the ore may be united with the quicksilver, and while many a man has died from washing and evaporation until the silver is run out in bars or bricks. I saw this sort of work going on in many places, and I counted 12 of the old mining camps in the area. The mud was very sticky and the animals were very sick. The mud was very sticky and the animals were very sick. The mud was very sticky and the animals were very sick.

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A CIRCLE OF HILLS

Clad in Fragrant Forests and Enclosing a Crystal Lake.

WHERE GRACEFUL SWANS GLIDE

And Thrushes Lead a Noble Orchestra of Waterfall and Breeze.

MARION HARLAND'S SUMMER-RETREAT

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

POMPTON, N. J., June 23.—There were six in the "band" of Marion Harland, and Mr. Van Winkle was driving. He is a product of the West Jersey soil, gaunt in frame, and in mind so firm of balance that the discovery of a coal mine in his potato patch, or the opening of a belching crater in "Old Windburn," in sight of which he drew his first deliberate breath, would not jar one idea from the perpendicular.

Under the conduct of the Innovator, who sat beside the driver, we had a long detour on our way from the railway station to the house of the friend whom we were to visit. We crossed running water at every 50 yards, so the young man of the party declared. Brown, brisk streams rushed around head and shoulders, and again to catch something of the big works had thrown away, but a large percentage is never gotten. After the ore is dug, blasted and picked out of the mines, it is crushed.

A Pond Family.

stream at Guanahato which contains the fresh washings of the mines there and which carries away of about \$1,000,000 worth of silver every year. There were little knots of dark-faced, black-legged, black-haired, big-headed Indians washing the dirt of this ore and again to catch something of the big works had thrown away, but a large percentage is never gotten. After the ore is dug, blasted and picked out of the mines, it is crushed.

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IN THE SUMMER YOU AND A DOG

in the summer you and a dog? In this very spot, said Mr. Van Winkle in good-natured patronage of our transports. He sat quite at ease, elbows on knees, the palm of his left hand stroking upward and covering the forehead of his dog. He had his mouth, it was sun-bleached on the upper side, and he champed it as a horse champs his hay.

HE MADE ONE ANIMAL ADDRESS ANOTHER BY MEANS OF THE PHONOGRAPH.

Evolution as Applied to Speech

Prof. Garner's article on "The Simian Tongue" in the June number of the New Review will fill all those with dismay who had hoped that the long-heralded approach of a universal tongue would put astop, once and for ever, to the abomination of desolation which consists in learning grammars and vocabularies. For, if the theory put forward in this article proves true, the "liberal education" of the twentieth century will include the simian tongue, or, in plain English, the language of monkeys, at present only known as a gibberish which is as offensive to the ear as it is incomprehensible to the mind. Prof. Garner's theory, then, is that the speech of monkeys "contains the rudiments from which the tongues of mankind could easily develop; and to use it seems quite possible to find proofs to show that such is the origin of human speech."

I have long believed, says Prof. Garner, that each sound uttered by an animal had a meaning which any other animal of the same kind would interpret at once. Animals soon learn to interpret certain words of man and to obey them, but they try to repeat them. When they reply to men it is always in their own peculiar speech. I have often watched the conduct of a dog as he would speak, until I could interpret the combined act and speech. I observed the same thing in other species with the same results; and it occurred to me that if I could correctly interpret the sounds which a monkey uttered, I might learn to interpret them more fully and prove whether it was really a uniform speech or not.

Mysteries of the Monkey Tongue.

The investigations were made; all the zoos in the United States were visited, and the view of solving the mystery of the monkey tongue. They all aided me in teaching me the little I know of their native language. But at last came the opportunity of the National Zoological Garden, and proposed the novel experiment of acting as interpreter between two monkeys. Of course he laughed, but as I had been told by the scientific men are always credulous, and believe all they are told. I then explained to him how it was possible, and he agreed with me. We set the time and prepared for the work.

The plan was quite simple. We separated two monkeys which had been caged together, and placed in separate rooms. Then arranged a phonograph near the cage of the female and caused her to utter a few sounds, which were recorded on the cylinder. The machine was then placed near the cage containing the male, and the record referred to him and his conduct closely studied. The surprise and perplexity of the male were evident.

He Could Not Find His Mate.

He traced the sound to the horn from which they came, and, falling to find his mate, he thrust his hand and arm into the horn quite up to the shoulder, withdrew it, and peeped into the hole. I learned that he would then retreat and again cautiously approach the horn, which he examined with evident interest. The expressions of his face were indeed very interesting.

Having satisfied myself that he recognized the sounds as those of his mate, I next proceeded to record some of his efforts, but my success was not very great. He would utter a few sounds, but I could not hear them. Yet I had secured from him enough to give the attention of his mate, and elicit from her some signs of recognition. And thus, for the first time in the history of philology the simian tongue was reduced to writing. My belief was now confirmed, and the faith of others strengthened. I noted some of the defects in my experiment, and provided against them in the future.

Some weeks later, in the Chicago Zoological Garden, I made some splendid phonographic records; and thence I went to the University of Chicago, where I secured the services of a fine distinct record of the two chimpanzees, all of which I brought home with me for study. I placed them on the machine and repeated the same words and until I became quite familiar with the sounds and improved myself very much in my efforts to utter them. I returned to the University of Chicago, where I repeated and tried my skill as a linguist with a degree of success far beyond my wildest hopes.

A Conversation With a Simian.

But all this was only a small beginning of the wonderful discoveries. I went next to the Cincinnati gardens. When the visitors had left the monkey house I approached the cage of a capuchin monkey, and found him sitting on a perch. I spoke to him in his own tongue, using the word which I had called "milk." He rose, and came to the front of the cage, and looked at me with a curious expression. He looked at me as if in doubt, and I repeated the word; he did the same, and turned at once to a small pan in the cage, and began to drink. I then spoke to him in his own tongue, and he uttered the word again. I asked the keeper for milk, which he did not have, however, but allowed him to come to the front of the cage, and he would suck his fingers and reach again. I kept the glass from reach of his hand, and he would repeat the sound and beg for more.

It was thus convinced that the word I had translated "milk" must almost mean "water," and from this and other tests, I at last determined the meaning also "drink," and probably "thirst." I have never seen a capuchin monkey that did not use these two words. The sounds are very soft and not unlike the sound of a whistle, and quite impossible to write. They are purely vocal, except faint traces of "v" or "w," as in the word "who"; a very feeble "ch," and here and there a slight guttural "ch."

Darwinism Applied to Language.

After laying down such rules and regulations as will enable the incoming student to go further into the study of the latest of new languages, Professor Garner concludes his interesting article by saying: "If we compare the tongues of the various races of those of the savage tribes of Africa, which are confined to a few score of words, we gain some idea of the growth of language from the simian to the human. The few words and simple modes of life in such a state and this small range of sounds, but little scope for voice development, and hence their difficulty in learning to speak the tongues of civilized men. This is, doubtless, the reason why the negroes of the United States, after a sojourn of 300 years with the white race, are unable to utter the sounds of 'h,' 'th,' and other double consonants, and the former of whom are unable to pronounce 'b' and 'w' as we do. It is usually entirely suppressed. They have a marked tendency to omit auxiliaries and final sounds, and in all departures from the higher types of speech tend back to ancestral forms.

I believe, if we could apply the rule of perspectives and throw our vanishing points far back beyond the present, that separates man from his simian prototype, that we should find one unbroken outline, tangent to every circle of life from man to protozoa, in language, mind and matter.

TALKING TO MONKEYS.

Professor Garner Succeeded in Holding Conversation With One.

THE SIMIANS HAVE A LANGUAGE.

He Made One Animal Address Another by Means of the Phonograph.

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THE CALIFORNIANS

AN AMERICAN SERIAL STORY.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER III. PROSPECT COACH.

Thirty years ago there were not more than 35,000 inhabitants in the southern third of California, a section of the State which to-day contains 100,000. At that date but a very small portion of the vast area of this extreme Western State was under cultivation; in fact, most of it seemed only fit for cattle raising. Who could have imagined that such a brilliant destiny awaited this faraway region, whose only communication with the world was by the wagon trains of overland routes and the single line of coasters touching at its principal seaports? And yet, as far back as 1769, there was a little nucleus of a town, a few miles back from the coast north of the bay of San Diego. Hence the city of the bay of San Diego. Hence the city of the bay of San Diego. Hence the city of the bay of San Diego.

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