

ing. Friday was our first hard day. We left the river and climbed for six hours, a good part on foot. The trail was a wonderful one, and seemed to get to the very highest point of the range of mountains. After six hours of winding in all directions, we found water and camped. The last mile was the worst down hill trail I have ever seen. But we had done seven leagues, the guide said, and the dangers past seemed less than dangers present. Next morning an hour brought us in to Dolores, an old-time silver mining camp. We met three "Gringos" here, pretty miserable fellows, having no flour, no meat, no tobacco, and no money to get out. They had a lease and bond on the mines and mill, and their partner was out looking for a purchaser. They said there was plenty of rich ore, but they did not seem to do more than sit and wait for a buyer, which after all is the lazy manner of the Mexican. Having lunched at River Tutuaca, we camped among fine cedars in "el arroyo del agua hediondo" (stinking water). Heretofore we had only been travelling in the foothills, but about eight leagues of travel on Sunday brought us to camp at 1.30 p.m., on top of the Sierra proper, in "el Bahio de la Sevadilla." The last three leagues had been along the ridge among beautiful pines. We saw two deer and six turkeys, but could not get close enough for a shot.

That night we nearly froze, in spite of a liberal supply of blankets. About 9 p.m. our animals, evidently scared by a bear, raced by the camp, and it required half the next day to find them. It seemed by this time (Tuesday) necessary to have some meat, so Hansen and I started ahead, taking turns to walk. This got very tedious, as the soil is light and powdery, letting one sink to the ankles. We mounted, therefore, and shortly after saw five deer cross the trail ahead. In spite of our two shots we got no venison, and even when, about noon, we wounded one, he got away. Disappointed, we lunched in a fine deep canon, in which remote spot we met two prospectors who had lost their partners and run out of grub. That night we reached the river Aros about 7 o'clock, and camped about a league from the mine that we had come to see. From noon we had climbed about 3,000 feet, and got a view of the river about 5,000 feet below us. It took about two hours to get down on foot. We seemed to be on the edge of the stream, and started down the precipitous banks, but found it a very stiff climb over rocks, which at the river are very steep. On Wednesday we climbed over the outcrop of the vein on both sides of the river, pretty stiff work, and not without danger, for the hill side is very steep and rugged. The aspect of the whole place was so discouraging, the height so tremendous, the descents so perilous, as to remind me of Van Horne's description of the C.P.R. route along part of the north shore of Lake Superior, as related by Uncle Jim:

"Isn't that a difficult country for a railway, Mr. Van Horne?" was the question, to which the railway magnate replied:

"It is the very blankest, toughest country that the Almighty never intended a railway to be put through. But *we're putting it there*, all the same."

Something in this way we concluded that this spot was hardly intended by Divine Providence for the scene of our efforts as miners. In the afternoon we fished with dynamite, and bathed. The river is a series of tanks and rapids, with no great depth of water, and it is impossible to travel a quarter mile up or down the bank. Thursday we camped. Some idea of the country may be formed, when I tell you that within a league of this mine, as the crow flies, is an old camp, and it takes a day and a-half to reach it.

Friday, 24th (the Queen's Birthday), we started on the home trip with nothing but flour, and made 8 leagues to Agua Amarilla. Next day we sent off Joaquin and Calistro for home, and two hours after shot two deer. Having found water, we cooked the livers and kidneys of the deer, which we enjoyed thoroughly. Camping at a wretched ranch, "Guapoca," we came on Sunday to Nahuerachic an outpost of the famous Bancora ranch of Hirst & Fallensby. We had been cold so many nights now that I determined to sleep inside. Hansen asked the woman, "Hay pulgas?" (are there any fleas?) when she answered, "Si, Señor, si hay." And so he made his bed outside. Laughing at this, I said fleas did not bother me, and made my bed inside. But, Great Scott; "las chinchas!" In half an hour they were swarming over me, and I was bitten from head to toe. Packing out my bed, I shook

everything to get rid of the pests, but got no sleep that night. Nooned at Eupomari, and slept at Temosachic, ten leagues, mostly llano (plains). In fact these llanos extend through here for 50 or 60 leagues and are well watered. Altitude is between 7,000 and 8,000 feet. Temosachic is a sorry looking town, with tough looking inhabitants. Every day water is led through the streets in ditches, and the women fill their "ollas" at the nearest place. On Tuesday we spent a few hours with a fine old Scotchman, Mr. Blair, at Matachic (pronounced Mat-a-chee) and camped at a ranch near San Tomas. Next morning brought us to Guarrero, 15 leagues from Temosachic, where we rested two days. We talked with Don Jose Maria Casavantes, the presumed owner of the mine, and found him a polished old scoundrel. Leaving at noon, on Friday 31st, we camped at Sta Tomas, the scene of the hardest fighting in the recent revolution, where a handful of Indians stood off 3,000 Government troops and killed many times their own number. I visited the old Jesuit church and also the new one, built some 60 or 70 years ago. In the latter we saw curious paraphernalia from the old church, also some old paintings, and in a corner of a sort of vestry room, a group of old Jesuit corpses that they call mummies. Apparently the most recent was in an oak coffin, and bore the inscription "Blatius de la Palma, obiit. Feb. 19th, MDCCCLVI." At Temosachic we spent Sunday, and on Monday left for home, passing through Cocomorichic, where we camped in an arroyo, having made probably ten leagues.

Every night I had religiously put my revolver under my pillow and my rifle by my side. On this night a little after twelve, I was startled by a gun shot, and started up half awake, but never thought of my arms for a full minute. The shot I heard was only Hansen firing at a bear, but it showed how useless my arms would be in case of attack. From Temosachic had a long hard trip to Tutuaca. The latter part is clear bare rock, white porphyry, but is not bad footing where it is level. Tutuaca is a pretty spot, at the head waters of the river. We made about twelve leagues, and next day about eight leagues to Yepachic. Here we met an English prospecting pair, Walter Browning and John Prescott by name. They hold 53 mining claims, work none of them, but hope for a sale. Thursday, we travelled eight leagues with an old Indian, who was very interesting. He seemed to know all parts of the country. When he heard we came out with old Teodoro, he said we were lucky to get out alive, as old Teodoro's business was to take "Gringos" in there and kill them. We heard this from others, too. Then we talked about old Carantes, who I said talked like a saint; the old chap looked at me and said, "Si,

es santo—del Diablo." Finally, when he left us, he said that if we would go over again, he would show us one or two mines worth taking hold of. We had some hard riding now over a hard mountain trail and on Saturday crossed the Malatos River, spent an hour at the mines, camping at Cienigito. Arrived at Casita on Sunday and spent next day assaying. It was Tuesday when we arrived at Arivechi, and Wednesday, the 12th June, found us at San Marcos.

We had some rain on the trip, notably heavy storms of rain and hail between Tutuaca and Yepachic, and near Mulatos. On the whole, the disappointment about the mine notwithstanding, we enjoyed it. We saw all kinds of country, and had all kinds of roads.

R. R. HEDLEY.

Soyopa, Sonora, Mexico,
25th June, 1895.

STOCK TRANSACTIONS.

There was much more activity on the Toronto Stock Exchange during the week past, from Thursday, Aug. 22, to Thursday, Aug. 29, than there has been before for some time. Western Assurance stock sold at from 163½ to 165½, and there were over 3,000 shares sold. The total number of stocks sold was 5,968, as against 3,356½ the week previous. Following is a list of the transactions: Bank of Commerce, 158 at 138; Imperial Bank, 106 at 186-188; Dominion Bank, 4 at 261; Standard Bank, 26 at 164; Hamilton Bank, 40 at 157½-157¾; British American Assurance, 160 at 121½-122¼; Western Assurance, 3,293 at 163½-165½; Consumers' Gas, 50 at 197-197¾; Canada N. W. Land, 215 at 47-49; C.P.R. stock, 275 at 55-56½; Toronto Incan. Electric Light, 10 at 113½; Commercial Cable, 838 at 163-165; Montreal Passenger Railway, 50 at 210½; Toronto Railway, 438 at 82-83½; Dominion Savings and Loan, 20 at 81; Farmers' Loan and Savings, 20 at 106½; Freehold Loan, 1 at 133½; Huron & Erie Loan, 254 at 154½ (20 p.c.); Imperial Loan & Investment, 10 at 112.

A GOOD SIGN.

Luther Lafin Mills, the Chicago criminal lawyer, says that when he was a boy he frequently accompanied his father, who was a wholesale merchant, on collecting tours throughout the Northwest. They had to travel by wagon, and, as the father would have large sums of money about him, it was often a problem where they could safely put up for the night. "My boy," the old merchant used to say, "it is safe to stay in a house where there are flowers in the window."

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