

EDEN IN AMERICA.

Cain and Abel, Dr. Le Plongeon Thinks, Lived on Our Isthmus.

Wonderful Discoveries Which Change the History of the Origin of the Race.

Abel's Heart and the Spear Which Pierced It Among This Explorer's Strange Trophies.

BIBLICAL REFERENCES EXPLAINED.

Religion as Well as Law Reached High Development with This Strange, Forgotten Race.

The Garden of Eden was in America. Adam was an American citizen. We now know about the forbidden fruit. Eve did not eat it. Cain was not a murderer. The quarrel between the brothers was all on the account of a woman. These are the facts brought to light by some recent archaeological discoveries. The discoverer is Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon, the eminent explorer.

Authentic portraits have been found of these actors in the famous drama which is the earliest recorded account of the human race. Indeed, Dr. Le Plongeon has the spear head with which he thinks the traditional Abel was killed, and also what he thinks is a section of his heart. These he secured from the tomb in Central America in which Abel is buried.

Much was learned of them from a very wonderful book which Dr. Le Plongeon brought with him from Yucatan. In it is the story of this very remarkable family, whose history formed the basis for the latest traditions of the origin of the human race. There are only two people in the world able to read the strange, forgotten language of this ancient chronicle. These two are Dr. Le Plongeon and his first wife, who have spent years of patient study in mastering the hieroglyphics. The manuscript is as beautiful as one of the illuminated missals of the old European monks. It is in characters of blue, green, crimson and gold, elegantly outlined on yellowed parchment.

Dr. Le Plongeon's book, to be published in March, will contain an account of this remarkable history. It reads like a romance, and is supposed to throw great light on the early traditions of mankind. Dr. Le Plongeon is not half so much interested in the probable explanation of the old story of Paradise as he is in the fact that he has discovered the key to the old Maya language. There are other books older than the one he has just translated and antedating all other records of the human race. The translation of these will be a contribution to history of incalculable value. The rare prints, photographs and casts which he has collected will some day form a valuable collection for a great museum. One of these is worth \$10,000. Another smaller one is valued at \$2,500. This latter the Metropolitan Museum would much like to possess, but is not in a position to purchase it. It would be a handsome gift from some public-spirited citizen.

Down in the little strip of country that binds North to South America once flourished a rich and powerful empire. Its civilization excelled anything since known on the earth. It reached a prehistoric millennium, for at the height of its development the empire had grown beyond warfare and capital punishment. There was no shedding of blood. The relics of its inhabitants, sculpture and architecture challenge comparison with those of Greece. Their laws seem to have been far better than those of today. They had a literature from which other ancient nations seem to have borrowed copiously, if not always, accurately. They were physically a perfect race, and their's was the day of Methuselah. Their religion forms the basis of the more modern religions. They worshipped one god, the creator and king of all things, and believed in the immortality of the soul. Their women were equal with men, and fought with them, side by side in battle, as well as sharing in all social, civil and religious honors. It will thus be seen that the new woman is not so very new after all; she is something over 10,000 years old. The seat of this magnificent empire, which included all of the land of Tehuantepec to the Isthmus of Darien, was known at Mayax. Uxmal was the seat of government, while the seat of learning, the metropolis of the empire was Chichen-itza. To it came pilgrims from all parts of the world to see its glories and taste of its wonderful knowledge or to sacrifice in its great, grand temples.

According to Dr. Le Plongeon, the name Maya may be met with in the languages of Asia, Africa, America and Europe, and wherever noticed will also be seen vestiges of the language, customs and religion of the old Mayan people. Their traditions have been recorded in the sacred books of the nations, and eventually became part of the religious history of mankind.

Knowledge, as in all the old civilizations, was a matter of caste. The masses were taught in figurative language. The Mayan scholars had an excellent knowledge of geography and had their maps. It is not likely the maps would be of much practical value to modern geographers, as the different countries were represented under the forms of certain animals or objects. The ancient rulers of Mayax received their title of Can (serpent) from the shape of the country. Any one who looks at a map of Central America can see how it resembles a serpent. This title was a general one; every ruler was a king, Can. After his death the ruler was deified, and this may be accounted for the origin of serpent worship. The serpent is held sacred, as is the tree, in the mythology of every country. Both have been closely related, and no explanation has before been found for this relation. Mayax was of old also figured as a tree planted in the continent of South America, with Yucatan as its principal branch. The sacred tree, its representative, the celba tree, is an ever green tree, with wide, spreading branches, and is to this day planted in front of the churches in Central America. Typifying the country of Mayax, the seat of religious and secular wisdom, it was, in the figurative language

of the day, known as the Tree of Knowledge or Life. It was truly "placed in the middle of the garden," the empire of Maya being between the two continents, North and South America.

About 11,500 years ago lived a king who was remarkable in many ways. He added greatly to the power and prestige of the Maya empire. Either he gathered together and made of the previous scattered beliefs a compact theology, a state religion, or what is less likely, he was a man of great spiritual insight, and was the founder of a new religion. He built stately temples for the worship and placed over it as his high priest his eldest son, Prince Cay. He had two other sons, Anc and Coh, besides two daughters, Moo and Nive. Prince Aac was a frivolous, dissipated young person, a fair type of some later princelings. His brother Coh, however, was a brave and successful warrior, and added many countries to the Maya empire. It was the law in the empire that the youngest son of the royal family should marry the eldest daughter, a custom afterward in a measure followed in Egypt. Princess Moo was a very clever young person, and of exceptional beauty. Prince Aac therefore, in addition to being jealous of his brother's fame and popularity, began to covet his future wife. While her fiancé was absent on his military expeditions Aac therefore made most violent love to the young lady. There are representations of this wooing on some of the old monuments, and Dr. Le Plongeon has pictures of some of them in his collection.

One of them represents a young man, in the costume of the Mayans standing in a garden in most supplicating attitude before, apparently, a small summer house, in which is seated a disdainful woman. A bird flutters just over her head and a serpent winds about a tree above him. A basket of oranges is before her, and the request seems to be that she will deign to partake of the fruit. You know from the expression on her face that she will not. It is a concentration of the scorn of all the Vere de Veres. You have the old story of the forbidden fruit told in sculpture over 10,000 years ago! It is the custom in Maya, as it is in Central America to this day, for enamoured swains to make known their love to the lady of their hearts by a gift of fruit. If the fruit is accepted so is the love, but if it is re-

ously stabbing his brother three times in the back with his spear. In an urn in this tomb Dr. Le Plongeon found a heart partially cremated and the head of a spear. This heart he believes to be that of the murdered prince, the weapon that which killed him. It was, as in Egypt, the custom to remove the vital organs in the embalming process and these were preserved in urns.

Civil war ensued after the death of Coh, and America had one of the greatest conflicts history knows anything about. Persevering King Aac sent Queen Moo more fruit, which was more promptly and emphatically declined. The story as related

from the picture on the monuments year after year by the people may gradually have grown into the story of the first temptation, the old serpent and the garden. Dr. Le Plongeon says it is a very natural explanation. It was possibly some cross-grained, jilted old bachelor chronicler who reversed the story and made woman accept the fruit from Can the serpent. As a result of the war and the persecution, Queen Moo with her followers fled from the country. Long before, research shows, colonies from Maya had crossed and settled in Egypt. The journey there was not such a long one. In the centre of the Atlantic Ocean was the famous

island Atlanta, sunk by earthquake in a night and a day, according to the old Maya chroniclers. The exiles were received with open arms in Egypt. It was almost like going among relatives. Here, in spite of all her troubles, Queen Moo's energetic spirit asserted itself. She took hold of affairs in Egypt. The priests were taught the sacred mysteries of the Mayans. Building was encouraged. Any one who has seen pictures of the ruined palaces and temples of Egypt and those of Mayax will remark the similarity of style. Dr. Le Plongeon shows in his book the remarkable similarity of the Egyptian and Mayan religions.

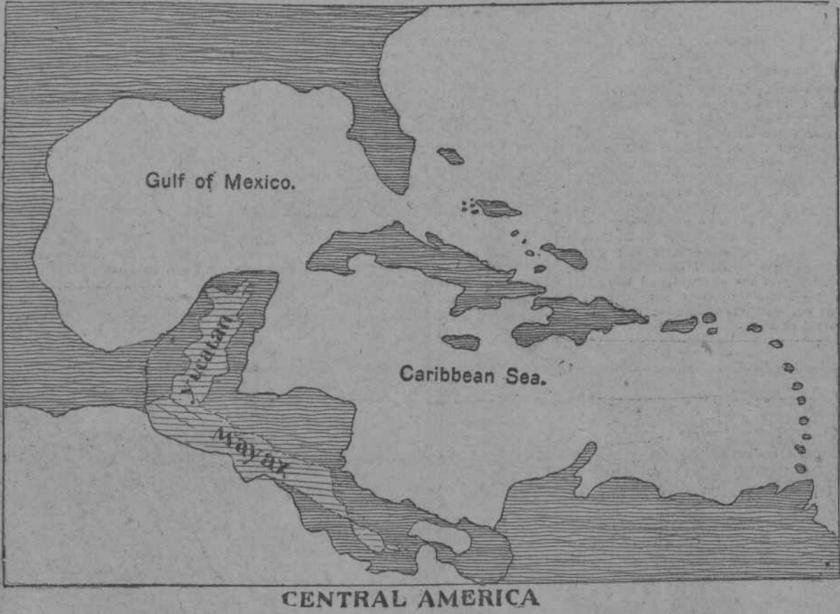
Right on the edge of the desert was erected a monument to Prince Coh. What was it? Nothing more nor less than the Sphinx. In the face of it recently were discovered Mayan words that make this supposition doubly certain. The name of Prince Coh, the divine Osiris, or the murdered Abel. With the death of Queen Moo or Man, according to the Egyptian form, she became the great goddess Isis, or Isis, probably from the Mayan word sister. The history of Queen Moo or Isis, that of Prince Coh, Osiris, or the murdered Abel, and in Maya are almost identical, and from it there is a probability that Moses learned what he afterward taught in Genesis, as he was learned in all the lore of the Egyptian priests.

The account of the creation on the Mayan monuments is similar to that found in India, in all the old traditions. The scholars of Maya, however, remembered more clearly the scientific basis underlying the figurative language. The Mayans were notable astronomers, as well as scientists. Their temples, built on high places and with terraced roofs, afforded an unobstructed view of the sky in a latitude where the clear, luminous atmosphere makes visible to the naked eye stars seen elsewhere only with telescopes.

Thus in the forests of Central America today, grown over by the underbrush, marred somewhat by the hand of time, as well as by that of ignorant men, is a great store of archaeological wealth that seems destined to throw a wonderful light on the history of humanity. Since his return from Yucatan, where he spent years in study, exploration and rescue of historical relics, Dr. Le Plongeon has devoted himself to the study of these photographs, sketches and specimens. The result of his work will be found in the book which promises to be one of the most interesting of its kind ever issued. Through his work and enthusiasm interest has been awakened in Central America, which is, according to Dr. Le Plongeon's theory, the lost "Land of the West" of the ancients. Professor Saville, of the Museum of Natural History, is now about to equip and start out with another expedition.

While Dr. Plongeon himself advances no theories, the evidence of the old inscriptions and manuscripts, then made public, are calculated to occasion some rearrangement of current historical ideas and data. At any rate, further in the distance recedes the legend of the Lost Paradise, the garden in the midst of which was the Tree of Knowledge.

Loo King Can, the elder, seems to have been the Adam of Moses; Coh, the Osiris,



QUEEN MOO - (ISIS)



PRINCE COH (ABLE) IN WAR ARRAY.



DEATH MASK OF QUEEN MOO.

The Spear that Killed Abel.



STATUE OF PRINCE COH IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

A REAL GHOST.

Has Often Struck Terror to the Spanish Heart.

Now He's in New York on His Wedding Tour.

To Him the Cuban Insurgents Owe Much of Their Success.

ONE YEAR OF DEADLY PERIL.

A Story of Successful Effort to Dodge Death Beside Which Fiction Seems True—Gomez the Spook's Idol.

Cienfuegos, Jan. 1.—The Ghost will reach New York on the same day as this letter. New York does not know the Ghost, but she will know him very well before this war is over. He was the agent of the revolutionists in this city, and his manner of transmitting intelligence and munitions of war from the southern sea port of the rebel army gave him his name. It made no difference that the harbor was crowded with warships and the hotel register in Cienfuegos read alike the army list for generals and colonels, the Ghost flitted from town to camp just the same. He bought rifles and cartridges right under the noses of the authorities and civil guards. Secret police and regular soldiers could not prevent their reaching the rebel outposts in the Siyguera, that blue range of hills that rise above the haze over yonder to the east.

What line of underground railway carried the contraband express, and what grapevine telegraph flashed his intelligence for him, I do not know, but I do know that hundreds of volunteers found their way to Maximo Gomez's standard through him, and that by his agency a large number of the guns that arm this command reached the Siyguera from Cienfuegos.

I brought a letter of introduction to the Ghost when I came to Cienfuegos. It was not addressed to the Ghost, of course, but to Mr. Ventura Carbo, and I darest say the man who gave me the letter was as ignorant of the part his friend was playing in this war as I was. Ventura Carbo proved to be a smiling, brown-mustached young Cuban of a dandified sort, as mild mannered a man as ever looked out of soft black eyes. He dined with me at the hotel that night, and at the next table sat Captain-General Martinez Campos, dictator of Cuba in the Queen's name, and a rare galaxy of billioned generals and admirals. Just outside a cavalry guard waited for the head of the army, but Ventura Carbo did not eat less heartily for that.

Early next morning I met him just outside of the city riding in. "You are out early," I said.

"Oh, yes; I thought a ride before breakfast would do me good," he said.

The little gray he rode was covered with dust, and there was the look in his eyes of the man who has been abroad all night. Just before we came to the little fort on the edge of the town his horse suddenly bounded forward, leaving me behind. A packet flew from Mr. Carbo's pocket and I picked it up and returned it to him after I overtook him, which was after we had passed the fort. "Sometimes they search people entering the town," he said with a grin. "I knew they would not molest a foreigner."

That packet contained all the mail from the rebel chiefs to the New York headquarters of the revolution, and the man caught carrying it would have learned how it feels to stand between a whitewashed wall and a row of Mansur rifles. I did not ride again with Mr. Ventura Carbo past the little fort just outside of Cienfuegos.

It cannot be said that the Ghost was never suspected. Night after night he has slept somewhere else while the secret police kept a guard around his house, prepared to grab him the moment they had evidence enough against him to gain a conviction, even before a military court, but Ventura Carbo kept straight, on the surface, and though for ten months he has been up to his neck in the revolution, they never had enough evidence against him even to justify his imprisonment as a suspect. They may not even now have anything tangible, but the Ghost thinks they have, and that is why he will arrive at New York so soon.

The manoeuvres of Ventura have resulted in strange happenings to people connected with him. Just the other day his elder brother, a staid, responsible man of property and business, who would no more mix up with a revolution than Dr. Parkhurst would practice the Turkish muscle dance between sermons and crusades, was astonished to have a real estate transaction broken in upon by the civil guard, which promptly marched him off to jail. They released Don Nicolas with apologies after twenty-four hours, and he has been bustling with indignation ever since. It was a mistake, the authorities explained, and most people think the mistake was that they got the wrong brother.

There never was a more enthusiastic patriot than this Carbo. Cuba is his religion and Maximo Gomez the greatest of men that ever lived. If the rebel chief should order Carbo to walk on the roof of the tallest building in New York the Ghost would not only obey him, but set on a way to the paves would comment admiringly on the wisdom of the order.

At intervals during the year of his service the Ghost had become restless. "What! shall I remain here forever, like the clerk of the grocery store, tying up bundles, while whoever please is out with the music?" The mildest word from the chief, however, corrected this. "We have many soldiers, but only few ghosts," the message from the mountains read. "You are needed where you are."

So he stayed on and on, while the others nibbled about the hills and the Spanish reined not. But finally the dull eyes of the authorities began to open. The Ghost's interest in the war was preparing to land him, and his usefulness in that capacity was at an end. At this Ventura Carbo irreverently consulted the Ghost, and no longer kept him away from the fighting.

But right here a more prescient commander than Maximo Gomez interfered. Mrs. Ventura Carbo's pleasure is out with the music. Mrs. Carbo until 9 o'clock this morning, and she intimated that there might never be one as far as she was concerned. The Ghost did not stop his nonsense and pay some attention to his sweetheart. It was all very pretty for a patriot, for a lover, but what sort of a lover was this who skulked over the hills miles away and did not come near the poor girl who had promised to marry him for days at a time. When it came to the question of his joining the rebels outright, the Cuban girl rose in rebellion herself. Well, the outcome of it was that they were married this morning, though certainly it is a heathenish thing to marry a girl all in a hurry and never even let her see the inside of a church after she has been a whole year getting her clothes so as not to look like a fright at such a time, and Ventura's dream of a colonelcy and glory resolves itself to a journey to New York with more prosaic buying of arms and cartridges without even the excitement of playing hare and hounds with the Spanish army.

Electricity in the Earth. [Philadelphia Times.] "Take a spade, turn up a small quantity of soil, hold a portion in your hand, hold it to your ear, then smell it. You will observe first a slight motion, hear a faint sound as of the moving of distant timber, and readily notice the odor of heat. Do you know that the forces held in your hand are from electricity; that the earth for three feet deep is alive with the irritable power and forms the secret of vegetable life? Waves of electricity are constantly passing through the soil in unseen billows, thus keeping the soil from souring, as the billows of the ocean keep the waters from becoming stagnant. To demonstrate this fact, go to some rock-bound pool, dip out a small quantity of the polluted water, place it in a bottle, cork and set aside in a warm place for a short time. Then take the bottle into a dark room, shake the bottle, draw out the cork, and you will see tiny forks of blue lightning shoot out from the bottle, and if you keep perfectly quiet you will hear that rattling like thunder, which comes from the flint-like rocks preventing the unbroken flow of electricity through the soil and from the air becoming charged and emptying itself into the water.

"Electricity, as is being gradually shown, is first—the fire of friction. If you will the first known by the inhabitants of our globe. Look at an arc lamp and see its combined sparks as they emit from the carbons so swiftly that they are taken for a regular flame of eye-bedeigning light. In the ages to come, the charge of electricity will be an accumulating until some commotion of the earth will cause it to ignite, when, in the twinkling of an eye, our world will be a conflagration, will be swamped and consumed by a configuration that will startle if not frighten the inhabitants of other planets as they look down upon the flaming mass and see it burn up one of the greatest works of the Almighty's creation."