

A NEW MEXICO SLAUGHTER PEN.

CROSS WHERE HUMANS WERE ONCE CRUCIFIED.

Gross Scenes of the Wierd Past in Penitente Land.

(By M. J. Brown.)

Hidden away among the mountains of northeastern New Mexico is a valley where four great draws intersect, like the spokes meeting the hub of the wheel.

Few white men have seen this place, and few will ever see it. There are no guide boards, no Pacific Highway signs, to point out the road, and there is so little to see when once there.

I rode fifteen miles on a burro's back, and nearly starved of thirst, a few years ago, to see the grave of an Indian Chief's daughter, who was said to have been tortured to death by Spaniards because she would not tell of the whereabouts of a Franciscan Father, who was sent as a missionary to the Pueblos, and who was never afterward seen or heard of.

The story goes that they cut off the girl's hands and feet and finally her tongue.

There was little to see after the hardships of the journey—only a mound of earth, a grave that has lain there since soon after Columbus' time. But I sat there and in imagination saw the scenes of those days—wild beyond the telling. I forgot my parched tongue. The journey was well worth the price.

And so with this crucifixion spot in Penitente land, if one did not know its history it was like a hundred similar draw corners in New Mexico, and would pass it without a special notice.

A little after noon of the third day out we came to this place, which my partner designated as the "slaughter pen."

Once it had been a public place of some sort, but age had its mark on everything. There were ruins of benches and tables, there were rotten sticks of hewn timber poles, posts and other dead evidences of a time of life.

In the center of this level tract of several acres was a large tree—a dead sentinel. One side of this had been hewn flat for a distance of about 20 feet from the ground. On the face of this flat surface had been fastened by wooden pegs yet holding it securely in place, a long plank, split out of a tree, about four inches thick and 20 feet high.

This was the cross (or a part of it) on which human beings were crucified to death once each year.

Think of this, you solicitors of foreign missions! Think of this, you who are helping to send missionaries to Africa and China!

The cross arm, that was once fastened to the plank, completing the cross, was gone, but the broken wooden pegs showed it had once been there. The big tree was dead but yet sound.

For hundreds of years it is said that once every year a man was crucified to death on the cross on this tree; that his feet and hands were nailed to the wood; that a spear was thrust into his side; that bitter concoctions were raised to his lips, and after death had ended the agony, the body was buried around the tree.

Pretty gruesome story to tell on American citizens almost in the heart of America—eh? But you have only to look up U. S. A. my history of a little over 20 years ago to prove this condition was literally true, for it took the standing army to stop this awful practice.

And I sat there in the sunshine and dreamed of the past of this old new spot. I looked up at the scarred side of this great tree and saw a human being, being tortured to death by these fanatics. Then I thought of Salem, Mass., and its witchburners. And then I thought we had advanced a few in a few years.

Men were drawn by lot to give up their lives on this tree, once a year, on a certain date, all the Penitents gathered here, when the lottery of death took place. It is said no white man ever saw the tortures, for a rigid picket line was spread far out, and few white men ever ventured into this then unknown region.

But story after story of the annual murder leaked out. Prospectors saw the Mexicans flocking to a certain centre, and its said that the first authentic statement was given by a young Mexican girl whose father was sacrificed. She fled the country, got to a mining camp and told the awful story.

It was then our government ordered troops into those mountains to investigate and stamp out this barbarous rite.

My partner said he was a soldier in the army at the time, stationed at Fort Wingate. He was not among those who were sent, but often talked with soldiers who went on this mission.

He said the officer took a big bunch of soldiers into the mountains. He found the leading fanatics of the several hamlets and ordered them to round up all the inhabitants in this central grounds on a certain day. The most of them came, through fear and curiosity. And then my side partner said he made them a short but mighty forceful address in Spanish like this:

"You Grassers may lash each other, cut your own hearts out and eat glass if you like, but you must cut out this Jesus business.

If ever another man is nailed to that tree we will hunt you down like coyotes and kill you all. Savvy?"

And they say that talk, and the sight of those soldiers and their guns, lined up there in the mountain passes, stopped crucifixion in Penitente land, but a sheep herder told me—but this comes later.

My partner told me this crucifixion ground was said to be guarded by witches and that you couldn't get a Mexican to come near it and that the grass was accursed and not a cow, sheep or goat would touch it.

While we were there the team was unchucked and I noticed they went to grazing fast enough, but these horses had not been reared in the faith. This grass was as good as any to them. But it is a fact the tall grass remains untouched, but whether it is guarded by witches, and the goats know it, or whether the superstitious natives keep the herds off, you may guess.

In a circle around that tree the driver told me laid the skeletons of many men, men murdered through a superstition, for over three hundred years, and he said a few shovelfuls of earth thrown up anywhere around the tree would uncover human bones.

I wanted some of those bones with a 40-horse power year, but I had a 41-horse power year. I called the midnight in the Zuni pueblo two years ago, where in the burial ground lay a sun worshipper's skull in the moonlight. How the driver and I had planned to get it. We didn't. The savage dark faced Indians scared us out.

We were many miles from a railroad or a white man. I told the driver I would give \$10 for one of those crucified skulls. He said he needed the money, and probably no one would ever know of our grave robbing, yet he said if the fanatics should get wise, we would probably have some fun getting our own bones out of that hole. So we didn't dig—and the bones lie there.

We left this death valley to the ground squirrels and the ravens, and drove on, expecting to have to camp out, but just before night we saw the white gleam of a tent, and a few minutes later a campfire, and we knew there we would find a white man.

And we did, a grizzled old mountain hunter, trapper, prospector and sheep man. He had 1,300 sheep and he was herder, rustler and cook.

He asked us to "get down" and stay all night. We did. He prepared supper—made bread and fried trijoles. With hands that probably hadn't been thoroughly washed in six months he scooped out handfulful of flour in a pan, reached into the lard pail and look out a handful of grease, added soda and salt, stirred it and then put it into a hot skillet, put coals on the cover and in a few minutes we had "pones" that looked good to any man. One had to forget how it was made, and just go to it, but in those invigorating mountains mind and appetite triumph over matter without much of a scrap.

And this old man told me the coming of the soldiers did not stop the animal killings. He said he had never seen one but he knew they had been continued for many years thereafter, but never twice in the same place and in the remote corners. He said that during Lent he had seen the Mexicans going to some central place by many different trails, but he never had said as big as his curiosity, and never investigated.

The next day we came to the old stage trail that runs from the pueblo of Taos, across the Rio Grande to Baranaca, and here I deserted the outfit. I had had enough. I wanted to see a railroad once more.

Four days—and what did I see? Several little Mexican hamlets and a place where they once crucified human beings, yet I considered I had well had my money's worth. It isn't so much what you see as what you FEEL. When a man gets into this wierd old country he is where prehistoric, unwritten history is a foot deep everywhere.

The Penitents and their strange rites date back to soon after Columbus, but before them was the American Indian, and before him the cliff dwellers—an unknown race of people who died and were probably forgotten before the Indians ever saw the Rio Grande.

And these old things just make a man look and think and dream; dream of the age before fire, when men were beasts, when they lived in holes and life was survival of the strongest.

And then from down the Taos road comes the sound of an auto horn, and you awaken to the present—feel as the dreamer does when the bell boy rings the 5:30 call.

Mayor James C. Dahlman, serving his fourth term as Mayor of Omaha, Neb., having received the overwhelming support of the voters of that city. His steadily increasing popularity parallels that of a famous medicine he has used, of which he writes: "I have taken Foley Kidney Pills and they have given me a great deal of relief so I cheerfully recommend them."

For sale by Huntley Bros. Co., Oregon City, Ore.

Here is a woman who speaks from personal knowledge and long experience, viz., Mrs. P. H. Brown, of Wilson, Pa., who says, "I know from experience that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is far superior to any other. For cough there is nothing that excels it." For sale by Huntley Bros. Co., Oregon City, Oregon.

SOUND ADVICE ON THE ROAD BILLS.

SOME ARGUMENTS FOR VOTERS TO THINK OVER.

The way George Heinbotham Sees the Road Bills.

I should like to call the attention of the taxpayers of the State to a few facts concerning these state aid road bills that are coming up before us at our next election and see if they want to adopt them, after they understand how they are going to affect us. You can find the main bill on page 147 of our little election pamphlet. Its No. is 340 and 341. No. 342 and 343 on page 153 is another of these "Harmony Road Bills," as they are called. I would advise every voter in the state to study these two bills very carefully before they vote.

As it will be very hard to have any idea of the huge proportions these bills assume after a few years, without doing some figuring on them, and as it may be hard for a good many to find time to do the necessary figuring and obtain the necessary figures to compute from, I will try and give a brief and comprehensive statement of its workings in Clackamas county at a few different periods. It will be so that all the readers of the Courier will be able to see what it means, and it will affect every other county

to date \$121,750. Total counties apportionment to date \$510,000. Interest on county apportionment this year \$22,950. Total share of Pacific Highway fund to date \$356,670. Total counties interest on Pacific Highway fund this year \$16,050. Total counties sinking fund on state bonds to date \$303,030. Counties sinking fund on state bonds this year \$28,860. The 30th year is the high water mark of everything and it will remain just that way as long as the Beginning with the 14th year, the county will have to pay \$1,443 on each year's issue of state bonds as sinking fund and at the end of the 20th year the result will be as follows: Total counties apportionment to date \$15,300. Total counties interest on Pacific Highway fund to date \$112,350. Interest on Pacific Highway fund for county, this year \$10,700. Total county bonds outstanding to date \$178,500. Interest and sinking fund on county bonds this year \$27,710. Total sinking fund on state bonds to date \$79,365. Sinking fund on state bonds this year \$14,430. The county bonds reach their high water mark this year and will remain just at that figure as long as the law would be in force, unless the relative value of the assessments should change it a little. At the end of the 30th year the result will be as follows: law is in force, unless the relative value of the assessments should change it a little. The amounts the county would

A MAN WITH A BIG, BIG YEARN.

AMUSING TALE OF A SENATORIAL ASPIRATION.

Writer Tells of Selling the Great and His Ambitions.

Editor Courier:—The following is taken from the Pacific Advance. It is filled with fun and truth and makes pretty good reading at this stage of the game.

R. C. (Pacific Advance.)

Now there lived in the land of Webfoot, at the joining of the Willamette with the waters of the Columbia, a Hebrew of the tribe of Benjamin. And he was stricken with the office-seeking bug, so much so that he greatly desired to be sent to Washington, a city which is situated in the District of Columbia, a land lying far to the eastward, beyond the great Father of Waters. For in that city dwell the chiefs of the nation who come together to steer the assessments should change it a little. At the end of the 30th year the result will be as follows: law is in force, unless the relative value of the assessments should change it a little. The amounts the county would

week, which interval of time is equal to seven days, he got responses from San Francisco, in the land of the Californians, which was the rendezvous of the Forty-niners, and where the great quake took place several moons ago. From this land of the Hitites Albert Mayer took a chance on his fellow countryman to the tune of 2,000 cart wheels. From the land of the barbarians far to the east, high on to the country of the Philistines, came a joyful contribution of 1,000 talents and many good wishes. Theo. Manfield was the pap-guy in this instance. Likewise, the shelds arrived in goodly quantity from the land of Politch and in similar manner from divers other places, so many that I do not doubt it would be a waste of time to name them all. And they said, "Blow it." And he blew.

And the SCHEME worked, and by the means of the CASH he had collected the way was greased so that he slid into the CANDIDACY with much ease, and thus did beat Brother Jonathan to it. It was the great BEAT in the land of Oregon for the season 1912.

And now after a time an unappreciative rebel from the home village of Portland took it upon himself to protest against this wild use of CASH. But though the law was very plain, it seemed that the rebel was THREE DAYS too late. Therefore the man from the tribe of BENJAMIN is still safe in his costly candidacy.

BUT there is a day coming which the people of this land call ELECTION DAY. And at that time if BENJAMIN doesn't get it in the neck good and proper, we miss our humble guess. For the PEOPLE are still BOSS of things, Joe Cannon and his ilk to the contrary notwithstanding. We herewith hand in our application for one of the glad political pall bearers who shall plant Benjamin beneath the old sour apple tree. Swat him! you COMMON PEOPLE you Oregon independent thinking voters. Let's see if the choice of San Francisco, New York and Seattle CAPITAL shall represent Oregon!

Civic Duties vs. The Political Game. (Paid Adv.)

Ida M. Tarbell says one of her chief objections to woman suffrage is "it will take the attention of women from what I believe to be their real civic duties by interesting them in the political game, when they should be concentrating their attention on specific civic work."

All right minded women want this work done, but they differ as to the method. The suffragist thinks the ballot the panacea for all ills of society. The anti-suffragist believes that the constant and effective influence now exerted by women on legislation and public affairs is due to the character and intelligence of the women who advocate good causes. A woman now interested in a matter of public welfare is known to be unselfish and to have only the interest of her cause at heart. The same woman under woman suffrage is only one of many political units, with ignorant and indifferent women members arrayed against her success.

A few women today are idealizing the ballot, while what will really solve juvenile delinquency, intemperance, the white slave traffic and the social evil is education, education and more education in the homes and from the earliest hour of childhood, and therein lies the civic duty of women, bigger than any casting of any ballot, and absorbing enough to occupy all the women of Oregon for all time.

It is to keep the women of this state out of the "political game" and leave them free for this greatest of all their duties that we ask you to vote against the woman suffrage amendment at the coming election.

The Oregon State Association Opposed to the Extension of The Suffrage to Women.

Mrs. Fanny Jas. Bailey, Pres.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running ear or the ear discharges, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of the tube, and the normal condition restored, hearing will be destroyed forever. It is not a matter of time, but of degree. If you are afflicted with deafness, you should at once consult the only specialist who can cure you. We will give you the Hufferd Daffner for any case of deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by this Hufferd Daffner. Send for literature. Write to Hufferd & Co., Toledo, O.

Take Hufferd's Family Pills for constipation.

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If you have dandruff there's another chance to prove how wonderful ZEMO is. ZEMO positively stops it.

To prove what it will do in curing eczema, itching, inflamed or irritated skin, dandruff, blotches, pimples, cuts and sores, your druggist will supply you with a 25-cent bottle. ZEMO is guaranteed to stop itching.

ZEMO is sold in 25-cent and \$1 bottles at drug stores, or sent direct, on receipt of price, by E. W. Rose Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo. The \$1 bottle contains six times as much as the 25c bottle.

Sold and guaranteed in Oregon City by the Huntley Bros. Drug Co.

Sick headache is caused by a disordered stomach. Take Chamberlain's Tablets and correct that and the headaches will disappear. For sale by Huntley Bros. Co., Oregon City, Ore.

WHAT W.W. MYRES STANDS FOR.

WHAT A SOCIALIST CANDIDATE WOULD DO.

Some of His Ideas of What the County Court Needs.

As the Socialist candidate and nominee for county commissioner, I herewith submit to you what I stand for and what I will stand by if elected:

Clackamas county needs more co-operative action and less individual work. The county court should be in closer touch with the people and the road and bridge work be done with a view of the greatest good for the greatest number. New bridges and improved roads should not be granted to satisfy politicians or a particular few, but with a view to the benefit of the many. And if such benefit cannot be shown, they should not be granted. It is more to the interests of the county to build GOOD roads to the present bridges than to build bridges where there are no roads.

It is charged by the Grange and by others that the present court is extravagant and irregular in its bridge and road work.

This, in my judgement is more the fault of the people than the court. In order to reform and remedy, the people must stand behind the reforms. If we want less new bridges and better roads to old bridges, then we must get together, co-operate, line up on a definite, permanent, business-like policy, forget sectional patronage and pull, and work out that policy.

In the Live Wires at Oregon City last month there was made the public statement by a well known Republican that our present system of road work was an almost worthless expenditure of public money; that this county had expended hundreds of thousands of dollars and we practically had nothing to show for it. In the opinion of the writer, this is overdrawn.

If elected to the county court I will pledge myself to strictly observe the law in the matter of asking for public bids on public works. I will work for economy in this work and in every department of the county; I will favor road work being done by men who know how to build roads, and I will work for the best good of Clackamas county as a whole—not a few favored sections.

As to bonding, I am naturally opposed to this means of raising money, but there may arise conditions under which it may be justified. But always two points should be gravely considered, the ability to meet the bonds on payment of dollars and we practically had nothing to show for it. In the opinion of the writer, this is overdrawn.

I believe in the initiative and the right of petitions and majority rule, and if elected as county commissioner I would uphold these expressions of the people.

I am asked if I would favor appropriating out of the road fund an equal amount to that voted by the districts. This is a matter for serious consideration. If all of the road districts should make the demand the policy would bankrupt the county. I am in favor of encouraging the building of good roads, but would not pledge to a blind policy.

The County Court should be the guardian of the county, its directors, its servants, never its dictator. Our county's work is Socialist, so are our public schools, our post offices, our postal savings banks and our coming parcels post.

Do you think that a man that sincerely believes in these principles would be the right kind of a man to help carry out this work?

If you think I am qualified for this office and would give the county honest, efficient, economical service, I would ask your support. If you think I would not—then vote for the other man.

W. W. MYRES.

Oregon City.

A Log On The Track.

of the fast express means serious trouble ahead if not removed, so does loss of appetite. It means lack of vitality, loss of strength and nerve weakness. If appetite fails, take Electric Bitters quickly to overcome the cause by toning up the stomach and curing the indigestion. Michael Hesser, baker of Lincoln, Neb., had been sick over three years, but six bottles of Electric Bitters put him right on his feet again. They have helped thousands. They give pure blood, strong nerves, good digestion. Only 50 cents at Huntley Bros. Co., Oregon City, Oregon.

J. W. Copeland of Dayton, Ohio purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for his boy who had a cold, and before the bottle was all gone the boy's cold was gone. Is that not better than to pay a five dollar doctor's bill? For sale by Huntley Bros. Co., Oregon City, Ore.

Sick headache is caused by a disordered stomach. Take Chamberlain's Tablets and correct that and the headaches will disappear. For sale by Huntley Bros. Co., Oregon City, Ore.

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just as it does this, in accordance to their area and valuation.

Now for convenience we will call the valuation of the state \$900,000,000 and the valuation of the county \$26,000,000. This will make the figures close enough for our present use. The assessments will change from year to year but the relative value may not change very much. The county's share to pay interest on, of the first years State Road bonds that are issued would be \$28,889 of this \$17,000 would be the county's yearly apportionment of the state road fund and \$11,889 would be the amount the county would have to contribute each year to help build the Pacific Highway. Then the county would have to issue \$17,000 worth of county bonds every year to put in the \$17,000 we get from the state fund each year we will have to pay four and a half per cent interest on the state bonds, and 6 per cent interest on the county bonds.

The sinking fund on each year's issue of the county bonds would be \$850 annually. At the end of the tenth year the effect would be as follows: Total counties apportionment to date—\$170,000. Total interest on county apportionment to date \$42,075. Total counties share of Pacific Highway fund to date \$29,425. Interest and Sinking fund on county bonds this year \$16,405. Total outstanding county bonds

have to raise every year from now on would be as follows: Interest and sinking fund on county apportionment \$39,932. Interest and sinking fund on Pacific Highway fund \$27,928. Interest and sinking fund on county bonds \$27,710. Amount for county to raise annually \$95,570. This would require a levy of very near three and seven tenths mills on our own present valuation. It is the opinion of every one I have talked with about this bill that it would be much better for us to levy a straight one mill state road tax every year and divide this up among the counties according to the number of miles of regularly laid out county roads in each county and let them put that with their county road fund, and do away with this state bond, entirely. These trunk roads through the state should have their regular share of this state road fund according to mileage, but no more.

I see that Samuel Hill does not endorse the state bonding bills. When the first bond would be paid off there would be over \$10,000,000 of sinking funds accumulated in the state treasury, to be handled by every state road board that came into office with every new governor, and it is too much to leave in that condition.

Very respectfully yours, Geo. Heinbotham.

to the great depletion of his simoleons. And when he wished to spend many talents of silver and gold, he awoke to the fact that there was a law of the land that limited his campaign expenditures. And he groaned within himself and wrung his hands and tore his garments, and went about for a season in sackcloth and ashes. And he communed with himself and said, "How, now, if I blow in my cash it will perchance happen that I will be caught up with and Brother Jonathan will beat me to it after all. What shall I do? For according to the law which these foolish people have laid down, I make no more expenditures." And he grieved greatly at his calamity. But last he came to himself and said, "Go to now, I must have cash, and I am loony to thus grieve. In other cities afar off I have brethren with great quantities of dough. I shall get busy and see if I cannot persuade them to blow in a little of the long green on my chances for this greatly-to-be-desired office. For the law says that I, Benjamin Buying, may not spend more than a thousand bones or so. But it does not mention any limit to what these pals of mine may spend."

So he arose and brushed off the ashes and laid aside the sackcloth. And he put on his street clothes and his silk plug bonnet. And he got busy, and inside of a