

RACE THAT IS PERISHING.

The New Mexican in His Native Lair—A Dash of Red Peppers and Onions.

A Fort McRae correspondent of The New York Times writes: We are all sick at heart over the recent upheaval of civilization in our territorial midst, and sigh for the good old days not ten years flown when no red nosed locomotive defiled our landscape, and there was but one feeble-minded telegraph wire, and that only ran between Pueblo and Santa Fe, and was out of order ten months in the year, and when no rude minions of the law interfered with our frolicsome cowboys when they got out their revolvers and red paint and started in to whoop things up and enliven the cemetery business and drive away dull care and make a night of it. Ah! the times have changed indeed, and effete progress has stolen upon us like a chinch in the night and taken away our jewel customs that we had guarded for centuries.

The newspapers here are no longer what they were. Ten years ago it was beautiful to see the outspoken way in which a New Mexican editor would handle his esteemed contemporary. To be sure the editors were spasmodic, for the esteemed contemporary, would generally come over and clean out the office, and then the delay incident to the inquest and funeral and getting a new editor usually deferred the next issue, and gave the esteemed contemporary a chance to relieve his feelings in a burst of necessarily unanswerable obituary. The result was that most of our journals involuntarily changed management about once a month, and promotion was rapid in literary circles. Sometimes an editor would resort to the low artifice of seeing the paper safely out to press and then skipping to Texas until the trouble blew over, but as the office boy had to be drawn upon for editorials meantime, and the editor himself was generally ambushed on his way back, the scheme was not a perfect success. Another drawback was that, as subscribers and advertisers settled their accounts in strings of red pepper, onions, eggs, and other perishable property, the financial interests of the journal demanded more prompt attention than could be given by a man whose main object in life was to get out of town. Besides, as nine-tenths of the population couldn't read, and the rest didn't want to, the circulation was in the main limited to the exchange list and to a few coroners who found it to their interest to watch the playfulness of the press. In those days the life of a newspaper was brief, but it was full of gore and glory. The rival presses would begin running at noon Saturday, and at 1 o'clock precisely there would be an impromptu massacre on the plaza, and then the editor, whose trigger was out of order went home on a sluttier and his type and hand press went to the sheriff, while the other's circulation would increase until it mounted up to a hundred, may be, and everything would be quiet in news circles until the next paper. Now all that is changed. To be sure, one editor will sit down in cold blood and inquire why his contemporary, who is a well-known wall-eyed thief and an intoxicated liar, has been bribed with \$2 into attacking the public enterprise which developed the new horse-trot at the cross-roads, or something of that sort, and his rival will simultaneously publish a playful allusion to the fact that his brother editor's father was hanged for stealing a Kansas mule, and that his mother's career terminated in the penitentiary, but as a rule no more sanguinary results follow than the biting off of an ear or the loss of an eye by the rough-and-tumble process known as "gouging" next time the two meet in the fashionable saloon. The consequence is naturally a great depreciation of journalism in public esteem and a deplorable scarcity of free fights in which the community at large can take much interest.

Besides this crying evil, the greaser has been compelled to occupy a back seat. There was a day when the haughty descendant of the Montezumas ruled this blossoming land, rolled his cigar-ettes in one time and two motions, and lay dozing in the sun without fear of the encroachment of his fell enemies—soap, spelling-books and work. His wants were primitive, and his habits patriarchal. His ancestors had built his adobe house, and the only requirements of the kitchen were a few strings of red pepper, some onions, a couple of bags of beans, several dozen dogs, and a cotton shirt. A thoughtful Providence placed within his reach opportunities for stealing tobacco, and the desires of his soul soared no further. In the remote fastnesses of the territory the complexion of the greaser was that of tarnished copper, but in the neighborhood of long established military posts the prevailing hue was much lighter. His only source of wealth was the cattle trade, which he conducted on the simple but scientific New Mexican principle of finding a herd that wasn't too carefully watched and taking his pick from it. Sometimes, of course, the owner of the stock remonstrated with a six-shooter, or a vigilance committee would take up the trail and give a necktie party in his honor, but there are risks in all lines of business. Once he had acquired the nucleus of a herd all a greaser had to do was to swap off a lame heifer for a loaded shotgun and lie in the sand and watch the nucleus increase. This method of cattle raising obviated the disagreeable necessity of bringing dollars and cents into a transaction, and gave a tone to commerce that is unknown in the north. Thus equipped with property, a greaser's life was mapped out completely, and having married the lady of his choice he had nothing with which to kill time but await the inevitable day of his return to dust and beneath his cotton shirt and cattle to the little greasers.

Philosophers say that climate and diet have a powerful effect upon morals. If this be true, can you inform me how morals will develop in a climate where the rain falls every day for six weeks and the air is dry as powder the rest of the year, and where the steady diet of the average citizen is red pepper, on-

ions, and blue beans? Without red pepper the greaser's life would be a burden to him. The pods he uses are long as your hand and hotter than a blast furnace, and one of them taken inwardly will smelt all the Christianity out of a white man in three minutes. The onions are large as a soup-plate, and have the happy knack of giving their consumer a breath like a buzzard. Of the blue beans I will simply say nothing. Now, when a native hives away daily three large luxurious meals of these edibles, and never hears a sermon, I ask you as a fair-minded man if you can expect him to be sensitive on delicate questions of etiquette and propriety? Add to this load of local provisions a quart or two of mescal, a local liquor which will eat its way through boiler iron in four seconds, and figure on the moral result of fermentation. If this doesn't quite solve the problem, consider the effect of a temperature of 108 degrees in the shade, and of a soil which is at its best when breeding tarantulas, red ants, and an affectionate domestic insect of nocturnal habit and great rapacity.

The greaser is slowly but surely passing away. The railroads and telegraph wires have interfered with his methods in cattle trade, and cruel and designing men have introduced soap and education to complete his ruin. Besides these slow but malignant poisons, he has been brought face to face with a new and hitherto unknown horror—work—and his constitution refuses to bear the strain. Try to educate a New Mexican and you have his inmost nature in rebellion; inflict soap upon him and you trample on his most sacred feelings; compel him to work and you kill him. From where from the gray walls of the Katon Pass to where the Organ mountains scowl upon Texas the greaser has jealously guarded his ignorance and dirt, and dreamed his dreams in the sun in the intervals of flea-batching and red peppers, and lived and died as a conservative and right-minded New Mexican should. But now his vitals are undermined by spelling-books thrust upon him by merciless law-makers who have wrested the territory from him; the beautiful and patriarchal simplicity of his methods for acquiring property has been shattered, and the only alternative of work or starvation is that his privation will some day frenzy him, and in a moment of rash delirium he will wash himself and die.

Hair and Character.

"It is a fact," said the barber, "that a better idea of character is oftentimes expressed by the beard than by the countenance. The art of reading character by the beard is taught as a science in Paris under the name of philography, and I understand a book is shortly to be published in which the principles of this science will be given in detail. Did you ever notice that people having a very violent temper have always close-growing hair? It's a fact that every man having close-growing hair is the owner of a decidedly bad temper. It is easy enough for me to note at a glance how a man's hair grows. Then I know how to handle him. Men of strong temper are generally vigorous, but at the same time they are not always fixed in their opinions. Now the man with coarse hair is rooted to his prejudices. Coarse hair denotes obstinacy. It is not good business policy to oppose a man whose hair is coarse. The eccentric man has always fine hair, and you never yet saw a man of erratic tendencies who at the same time had a sound mind that was not refined in his tastes. Fine hair indicates refinement. You may have noticed that men engaged in intellectual or especially in aesthetic pursuits, where delicacy is required, have invariably fine, luxuriant hair and beard. The same men, as a class, particularly painters, are always remarkable for their personal peculiarities. The brilliant, sprightly fellow, who, by the way, is almost always superficial, has generally a curly beard. If not, his hair is curly. It is easy to bring a smile to the face of a man whose hair is curly. He laughs when colder nature sees nothing to laugh at. But that's because his mind is buoyant and not deep enough to penetrate to the bottom of things. There is a good deal of difference between coarse hair and hair that is harsh, though it requires an expert to distinguish it. For example, a man's moustache may be as fine as silk and yet cannot be trained into a graceful curl. That's because the hair is harsh. Now people whose hair is harsh have amiable but cold natures. They are always ready to listen, but it is difficult to arouse their feelings. In men of this disposition the hair on their heads is generally, in fact almost always, of a shade darker than their beards. When the beard is full, covering the entire face, the color varies from a dark shade near the roots to a red which colors the ends of the hair. These men have very rarely a good memory. They forget easily and often leave a cane or an overcoat behind them in a barber's shop. They are great procrastinators and are bad at keeping appointments. Think over your acquaintances and see if the man who is habitually slow has not a moustache or beard of lighter shade than his hair. It's always the case. These are the men who come in late at the theatre and get to the station just in time to miss the train. But philography is a science. It takes years of study and observation to acquire it. From long practice and natural liking for the art I have attained considerable skill in discerning character."—Household Words.

Who Buy Diamonds.

During a trial, in which it was necessary to call in some expert testimony as to the value and quality of diamonds a certain pawnbroker took the stand. "Well sir," asked the attorney, do you sell diamonds?" "Yes, when I can," was the reply. "Is trade very good now?" "Not much." "Who buy the most diamonds?" "The biggest damn fools, sir, who have the money." "The testimony was considered decidedly expert."—Merchant Traveler.

LOUISIANA CREOLES.

The Peculiarities and Habits of This Very Much Mixed Race of People.

A Colony of Which Comparatively Little Is Known by the Outside World.

Relics of By-Gone Days.

A New Orleans correspondent of The Cleveland Plain Dealer writes: Mr. Cable, in the role of novelist, has brought to the notice of the reading world an old, and yet seemingly a new, certainly a distinctive, American people. He has portrayed something of the life and characteristics of the Louisiana Creoles. A Charles Gazarre, indeed, Louisiana's veteran historian, himself a Creole, descendant from the proudest Spanish stock, had traversed much of the same realm. His unquestioned authority, the well-nigh boundless knowledge of fact, the scholarly learning, the truly graphic delineation, the standard par excellence, as the writer, historical or genealogical, of Louisiana, her original races and peoples.

The subject has as many and varied hues as has the chameleon. Louisiana may be classed as at once both foreign and American. A Spanish and French colony by turns, there remains the seeming indelible impressions of each. With each occupation there comes its distinctive colonists. The younger sons of the proudest of the proud old Spanish dons, their cavaliers and retainers; such followers as could be got in train. The like scions of the no less proud noblesse of La Belle France, their like cavalcade and following. The bluest of the blue blood, the soldiers of fortune, the daring, adventurous spirits of both Spain and France; a rank and file of the lower classes of all the various Latin nationalities and tongues of the Europe of three centuries ago.

They brought to their new homes their national traits and peculiarities, their social grades and distinctive castes. Their wives came to them in kind, the few of the patrician stock, the many of the varying degrees, as sought or obtainable. Those making up the average rank and file at best are not over-particular. There was here a wretched dearth of material. They made requisition upon the copper-tinted maidens of the surrounding tribes. They took but too kindly to their kinky-headed African servants. There were marriages and intermarriages, a crossing and re-crossing of the various nationalities and tongues generation after generation. They grew up a wonderfully mixed conglomeration of races, a sort of general and indistinguishable compound. Then came the distinctive race of blacks, foreign in language, in manners, and customs—everything but color. They became divided and subdivided into castes and grades. The line of color—the beginning or ending—was for the good Lord alone to determine.

There were preserved, withal, the superior classes—descendants of the good old stock, sprigs of the parent tree, true daughters in regular line of the proud old patrician families. Then followed in gradation, the numerous grades and castes, the indescribable mixtures. The French—the dominant race, the dominant language—permeated the whole. Through the whole there ran much of the same general features and characteristics. The whole, finally, made up the several classes, grades, and castes of the Louisiana creoles. Mr. Cable, in his beautiful illustrations, may possibly, as one here gets it, not to have been particularly choice in his selections. The creoles, then, are at once both foreign and American. They are still largely foreign in language, still more so in manners, customs, and traditions. They are at the same time more intensely American than the Americans themselves. They are sons and daughters of Louisiana, view the state much as a heritage of their own, have little in common with those not to the manner born, are by no means partial to those of foreign birth. They have given to Louisiana, and New Orleans in particular, something of the impress of a foreign principality, of the old time Paris in miniature—a shadow of Rome and Naples in the background. The visitor to-day has but to see the old Latin quarters of the city to verify the picture.

The creoles give to New Orleans much of its most charming and polished society; its fetes, carnivals, and far-famed winter gayeties. They must be seen and known to be properly understood. But a few years since and comparatively few had much knowledge of English. With a very large proportion to-day, even, but little of it is heard among themselves. The most of this little, again, is with the young folks. The latter talk it fluently enough, though that foreign accent is generally discernible. With the older ones, more particularly in "Frenchtown," that portion below Canal street, it is still well-nigh unknown. They may perhaps understand it after a fashion. They rarely affect to talk it. They prefer, generally, that the young folks should act as interpreters. The latter here, again, are by no means confined to French and English. Perhaps nowhere else is there to be heard such a diversity of languages. One here in a French, or rather creole, boarding-house, for instance, may not infrequently hear, at the table, the daughters of the landlady, or "madame," carrying on a conversation in French, English, Spanish, and Italian with those of the different nationalities at the same time. The thing is so common as hardly to be classed in the line of accomplishments.

These creole girls again are in every way peculiar unto themselves. Many of them are decided beauties, nearly all are charming in manner. The style of beauty, the outfit of figure, the dressing of the hair, the carriage, the gait, the general appearance, each and all are peculiar. Once seen and they are not to be forgotten. They fairly take you by storm. They have unquestionably the smallest feet in America. One sees them here, there, everywhere, good sized, splendidly-proportioned, plump

as partridges, with feet—well, rarely above ones—not infrequently twelve and thirteen, misses' size. The instep, too, high, arched, so exquisitely rounded—it's no use, come and see for yourselves.

There are no people in America who may be said to live more in the past than do the creoles. They belong rather to the bygone age than the present. They have been handed down, as it were, from the good old colonial days. There's the true feeling of kin blood and tradition, the heritage of kin binding to memories, glories, and ties of the old time—France and Spain. The management of the North, Central and South American exposition has succeeded in a measure in bringing them out of their usual retirement. They have been induced to enter into the spirit of a creole exhibit. It is decidedly the attraction par excellence of the art gallery. Everything is old, old, so old, and yet so remarkably preserved. Family heirlooms handed down from generation to generation, jewelry, plate, princely decorations, old family paintings, portraits in oil and on ivory, court dresses, etc., relics of well-nigh every conceivable nature of creole colonial days. Among the truly fine paintings is a portrait of Penabut, first bishop of Louisiana. Another shows us a portrait at full length of Don Almonaeter, who donated the land upon which was built the famous old Cathedral of New Orleans. The family coat-of-arms appears emblazoned on the canvas. Here, too, is the portrait of Bishop Dubourg, the first native Louisianian consecrated to the bishopric. Two large and very old paintings represent St. Theresa receiving the crown of martyrdom, and Jesus appealing to Magdalen. With this collection from the archbishop's palace is a Madonna, in marble, by Foranzini. Heirlooms in jewelry are in abundance, and some of them wondrously beautiful and rare. Here is a rosary of amber beads, originally the property of the Duchess d'Angouleme, daughter of Louis XVI., presented by her to one of her family, whence it has descended to the present owner. Interspersed with the beads are the miniature feet of the Saviour in silver, and again, the hands and head. Attached is a reliquary in enamel of the thirteenth century. Think of the history. What a tale this ancient relic could unfold were it gifted with memory and speech. Here, again, are a wonderfully ancient looking watch and seal, once the property of the Duc de Morant. A necklace of amber beads, the pin in the form of a large golden arrow, a square block of amber in the center, the point of the same material, the workmanship that of the fifteenth century; a piece of Irish beadwork of the same period; a chateleine with seven jewels 325 years old; a pair of earrings, each having four successive open barred links, the Irish make, dating back over two hundred years; a breast-pin and high-backed comb worn at court reception in England in 1773; set of emerald earrings over one hundred years of age; gold locket for hair worn in the colonial days.

Among the things rare and unique, as also of historical interest, is a tiny euti of fine morocco, stitched with golden fleur-de-lis holding a small embroidery stiletto of silver, mounted with a tiny cupid with bow and arrows; the other sewing implements also complete. The dainty little thing has a fascinating interest, as originally belonging to a king's favorite, to no less a character than Diane de Poitiers. There is also a silver cup, owned and used by Louis Philippe, king of France, taken from the Tuilleries when sacked during the revolution. Gold medal taken by the pirate Lafitte from a Mexican bishop. Antique Spanish needle-box of colonial days, of solid gold, the form of the queen worked in relief, extremely heavy, and three and one-half inches in length. A saddle and saddle blankets belonging to Napoleon, worked with golden N's surmounted by the imperial crown. The wedding fan of Martha Washington, her work-box, a silver spoon, and silver candlestick of hers, a piece of one of her dinner dresses, as also a pin-cushion and needlecase made of her wedding dress with an invitation, in writing, to dinner at Mount Vernon, are here as inheritances from the family.

An embroidered dress and slippers worn upward of two hundred years ago. Silk dress, hand painted, one hundred and fifty years old. Court dress of the days of Louis XVI. Dress worn at court of England in 1773. Coat worn by Louis Philippe. Ivory fan of exquisite workmanship carried at court of Louis Philippe. A glove worn by Gen. Lafayette. Pair of epaulettes worn by Gen. Jackson at New Orleans. China dish, two hundred and twenty-five years in the same family. China platter brought to Louisiana by Ursuline nuns, in 1727. China set, bridal present to Mrs. Emmet, who died in 1842 at the age of 113 years. China teaset used at reception of Lafayette by Gov. Pierre Dubigny in 1825. In addition to these are numerous odds and ends of table service, cutlery, weapons, and bric-a-brac, among the miscellaneous articles being a doll 31 years old, which has an adventurous history. It was shipwrecked in the English channel en route to America, remained seven years in New Orleans, started on a tour around the world, was again shipwrecked, this time on the Siberian coast, was saved, after being several days in an open boat. Odds and ends in general profusion. In old books, maps, and papers the creole exhibit is particularly rich, including French, English, and American publications, letters, documents, and autographs of value. There is no mistake about it, this creole exhibit is decidedly one of the attractions of the New Orleans exposition.

Commercial Item.

"I've got a complaint ter make," said Jim Webster to his employer, an Austin merchant. "De book-keeper kicked me, sah. I don't want no book-keeper ter kick me." "Of course he kicked you. You don't expect me to attend to everything do you? I can't look after all the little details of the business myself."—Texas Siftings.

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