

# The Daily Astorian.

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## ANCIENT AMERICA.

### IN THE HEART OF NEW MEXICO.

It isn't very reassuring, says the correspondent of a California exchange, as one steps of the cars at a frontier town, to stumble against a man whose belt consists of a double row of cartridges, with a brace of pistols buckled on the outside, and whose hat-band is the dried skin of a rattlesnake. One recalls with trepidation all that he has read in the newspapers about cow-boys and border ruffians generally, and almost decides to return to the train before it is too late. But a single glance is sufficient to prove that this warlike-looking individual is probably a demented exception in an orderly and thriving town. For the Albuquerque at which the cars stop is a bustling place.

There are two Albuquerques, you must know, the parent and child, umbilically connected by a horse railroad. This younger strippling is less than twelve months old, but has already got upon its feet and proposes to stand for itself. The houses are not yet sun-browned. Everything is new and frontier-like. Two lines of railroad pass through the town—the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and the Atlantic and Pacific. It is the point at which the latter road terminates, or rather makes connection with the former. There is a large building for the general offices, and extensive structures for car shops, round houses, warehouses, depots, etc. The work of construction upon this road is progressing rapidly. Already it is completed nearly to the Arizona line, and trains are running regularly. From the present terminus it will be pushed rapidly forward, and will cross the Colorado into California at The Needles. Of course, so much railroad building makes New Albuquerque a lively place, and houses are going up on every side. The population is about 1,500.

The "old town," as it is called, with a population of 3,000, is a contrast. It is situated about a mile and a quarter away. Horse cars run every ten minutes, and conduct one into a past century and a different civilization. Everything is quiet and dreamy. The morning glories clamber up and cover the fronts of houses. The latter are all of adobe. The fences are adobe, and the walls and ovens. So is the church, and so, as far as one can judge by appearances, are the inhabitants, as they sit listlessly and dream away the day in the soft New Mexican air. And such delicious air it is, fragrant and pure like the atmosphere of Paradise. The old church dates back, no one knows how far. The present edifice is over one hundred years old and simply replaces others that were destroyed by fire. Baptismal records are still extant bearing date of the beginning of the eighteenth century. The population is almost entirely Mexican. In the day time they repose languidly indoors or in the courts around which the low adobe houses are built. But at evening, as of old, the soft air resounds to the music of the Castilian tongue, or bears lazily away the strains of the guitar accompanying the tender song of love.

Whether it is the *chile Colorado*, or whether it is the law of heredity, certain it is that the Mexicans won't work. The drudgery of life is left to the Indians and the donkeys. The latter appear to be in high favor. They are the common carriers of Albuquerque. On every street they may be seen staggering under the loads which are strapped

on to the pack-saddles. Following closely behind is the Mexican boy, who urges them now and then with Spanish expletives. The donkey is an ubiquitous and valuable citizen. Were it not for his services the world might keep its bundles, for all of old Albuquerque.

In speaking of the Indians it must not be forgotten that both in ancient and modern times the Indians of New Mexico and its immediate neighborhood have shown themselves to be much superior to the wandering nomads of the American Continent. Some of the most ancient records of civilization are found in this Territory. Relics have been discovered which show not only ingenuity but a considerable advance in the arts of agriculture and architecture. One writer says that before Thebes the Indians of New Mexico built their cities upon these plains. The ruins of their ancient structures are still found, half buried in the drifting sands of centuries. Beneath the streets of the ancient and forgotten pueblo of Zuni are found the walls of a still more ancient city. Near a sacred spring Lieutenant Whipple found vases "seriously painted to represent frogs, tadpoles, tortoises, butterflies, rattlesnakes." Not only has pottery with raised designs, elaborately and beautifully carved. Inscriptions have been left on the rocks as puzzling as the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylonia. Hundreds of feet up perpendicular cliffs dwellings have been found on narrow ledges, accessible only by steps cut in the face of the rock. Watch towers and fortresses of great antiquity are still in existence. Houses were built five or six stories high and measuring between 300 and 400 feet in length by 150 feet in width. The Indians who built and inhabited these dwellings had an elevated form of religion. They believe in one Supreme Being, whose name was too sacred to be pronounced. John T. Short gives a very interesting account of their faith. Montezuma was their Mediator, born of a mortal mother by the Supreme Spirit. When he created the Apaches they were so wild that they ran away.

But whatever the ancient Indian of New Mexico may have been, it is certain that the Pueblo Indians of the present day are far in advance of their North American brethren in general; they live in towns and are peaceful and industrious. A large proportion of the fruit around Albuquerque is of their raising. They occupy some eighteen pueblos or towns. The little village of Isleta, about ten miles south of Albuquerque, is a fair sample of their pueblos. Most of their houses are built without windows or doors on the first story, being accessible to the top by means of a ladder, and then down into the house through a hole in the roof. In time of war or at night the ladder is drawn up. Under the Mexican regime these Indians voted and had all the privileges of citizens. They not only raise fruit, corn, wheat and vegetables, but they manufacture curious Indian pottery, which is sold to travelers and sent East in quantities. On the streets of Albuquerque the Indian women vend their fruit, carrying it from point to point in baskets, nicely balanced on their heads.

Albuquerque is the center of a very considerable mining excitement. Chief Justice Price declares that New Mexico has more gold than California and more silver than Colorado. Prospectors

are out in every direction, and a large number of mines have been opened, with good results.

## The Brave Custer's Memorial.

Lieut. Charles F. Roe, Adjutant Second Cavalry, has reported the completion of the erecting of the Custer battle-field monument which was sent last year to Fort Custer by order of the Secretary of War. The monument is in the form of a low obelisk, in two blocks resting upon a step, all of granite. It is in three pieces, weighing respectively 10,000, 12,000 and 14,000 pounds. They were, during the winter placed on a wooden drag or sled, one at a time, and hauled to the battle-field, crossing the Little Big Horn three times on the ice. Twelve mules were harnessed to each runner of the drag or sled, four abreast. They moved the weight without much difficulty, and Lieut. Roe having prepared a crane of ash timber, cut on the banks of the Little Big Horn river, properly rigged and stayed, he with the aid of Troop C, Second Cavalry, commanded by Second-Lieut. Fuller, detailed for the purpose, erected the monument upon a masonry foundation previously prepared. Ten feet from the foot of the monument, and surrounding it on all four sides, a trench was dug, into which were gathered all the remains of those who fell in that fight, including all those who were with Reno, and for this purpose the vicinity was thoroughly scouted, and all were brought together and securely and deeply buried at the foot of the monument, except the remains of Lieut. Critenden, whose grave was not disturbed, and over whom was erected a monument sent for that purpose by his father—that being the understood wish of Gen. Critenden. The Custer monument is six feet square at the base and eleven feet high, and being raised on a mound, its top stands fourteen feet above the top of the hill. Its center is within six feet of the spot upon which were found Gen. Custer's remains. It bears the following inscription, to which are added the names of all who fell in Custer's fight:

"In memory of Officers and Soldiers who Fell near this Place, Fighting with the Seventh United States Cavalry against Sioux Indians, on the 25th and 26th of June, A. D., 1876."—*Alta California*.

## A Flying Newspaper.

The Railway Journal, a newspaper containing the latest intelligence, is printed and published daily in the train running between New York and San Francisco. All the news with which its columns are filled is telegraphed from different parts of the States to certain stations on the line, there collected by the editorial staff traveling in the train, and set up, printed, and circulated among the subscribing passengers, while the iron horse is persistently traversing plains and valleys, crossing rivers and ascending mountain ranges. Every morning traveler may have his newspaper served up with his coffee, and thus keep himself informed of all that is going on in the wide world during a seven days' journey covering over three thousand miles of ground. He who pays his subscription at New York, which he can do at the railway ticket office, receives the last copy of his paper on the summit of the Sierra Nevada. The production of a news sheet from a flying printing office at an elevation of some ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, is most assuredly a performance worthy of conspicuous record.—*Portland Standard*.

## Nothing Without a Purpose.

Nothing in nature is without a purpose. The smallest atom of her intricate machinery is moved by a hidden purpose. It is the law of all universal action. It is the key that opens the treasure vault of success. It glints in every ray of sunlight. It sparkles in the timid dewdrop. It flashes in the glare of the lightning and sweeps past in the blast or the tempest. If only our blinding eyes could fathom the ocean of mystery about us, many a seeming source of ill to man would be found fraught with a purpose whose end is a blessing. If only our minds could grasp its purpose is stamped in everything that bears the impress of nature's touch. In every phase of life, in every kingdom of nature, in every form of existence, from the pebble that lies on the sandy beach to the measureless cycle of the farthest world, the man who goes through life without a purpose is like the dried leaf tossed hither and thither at the wind's caprice. He rushes swiftly in one direction till he nears a goal he would like to reach; a strange counter current strikes him and he is whirled, as swiftly in another direction. He lives in a marsh lighted with jack-o'-lanterns, and he is always following one. He never catches the dazzling bauble, he never reaches the resting goal. And he steps off into his grave as aimlessly as he has wandered to it. Nothing in nature was conceived or made or moved without purpose. Nothing can be ultimately successful without purpose. It is the engine fire of the universe. It is the hand-writing on the wall of eternity.—*Home Journal*.

## Aesthetics on the Billows.

"They were an utter—too utter—crowd, and right back of them sat a big, flat-footed chap on his way to the lumber camps. "I think this lake breeze quite too exhilarating for anything," observed a young man who ate dinner with a pair of green kids. "I've got something that beats it all heller!" chirped in the big man. "They filled the bottle right up for a quarter. I don't want to back agin the saloon on board, but if you say you've got cramps you shall have a pull at it." "If green kids had 'em he wouldn't own it and to cover his embarrassment another of the party with eye-glasses and a white necktie remarked:

"Roll on, thou troubled waters, roll."

"Oh, you'll git roll enough before you git across Saginaw bay," replied the big man. "Time this breeze has been blowing an hour you'll feel like an old dish-rag hung up to scare the crows away."

White necktie gave him a killing stare, but it glanced off, and one of the ladies said:

"He struggled bravely with the storm-lashed sea."

"Who was that, ma'am? P'raps you mean my old pard. Yes, he struggled bravely, and if this old lake wasn't just a-bilin' then I don't want a cent. Jim was a good swimmer, but he had to cave at last."

The whole group gave him a looking over, but he was shot-proof, and turning to Green Kids he asked:

"Think you could save yourself if this boat went down?"

No answer.

"Ver possibly might," continued the man. "I went down off that pint above us about ten years ago and got through it, but it was a powerful tight squeak. If I'd had on one o' them shirts as button

behind I'd bin a goner. What's the style o' yours, my son?" They rose up as one, locked arms and passed into the cabin, and the big man looked after them and whistled:

"Maybe they ain't used to traveling first-class and being polite to strangers! But I'll forgive 'em. Land! but won't the starch begin to peel off as soon as we slide around the pint and get to feel the sea! Yum! yum! But it will be too enthusiastically billow for anything!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

## To Live Men.

THE ASTORIAN has now reached a circulation which places it at the head of the list of Oregon papers, and inasmuch as advertisers thereof more benefit for the amount paid than may be secured elsewhere, to those who wish to reach the largest number of readers at the smallest expense, we offer the columns of an attractive daily, the success of which from the very start has been far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine.

## Peruvian Bitters.

Cinchona Bala. The Count Cinciona was the Spanish Viceroy in Peru in 1620. The Countess, his wife, was prostrated by an intermittent fever, from which she was freed by the use of the native remedy, the Peruvian bark, or, as it was called in the language of the country, "Quinquina." Grateful for her recovery, on her return to Europe in 1622, she introduced the remedy in Spain, where it was known under various names, and Linnaeus called it Cinciona, in honor of the lady who had brought them that which was more precious than the gold of the Incas. To this day, after a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, it has given us nothing to take its place. It effectually cures a morbid appetite for stimulants, by restoring the natural tone of the stomach. It attacks excessive love of liquor, those a fever, and destroys both alike. The powerful tonic virtue of the Cinciona is preserved in the Peruvian Bitters, which are as effective against malarial fever today as they were in the time of the old Spanish Viceroy. We guarantee the ingredients of these bitters to be absolutely pure, and of the best known quality. A trial will satisfy you that this is the best bitter in the world. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and we willingly abide this test. For sale by all druggists, grocers and liquor dealers. Order it.

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King of the Blood is not a "free all," it is a blood-purifier and tonic. Impurity of the blood poisons the system, deranges the circulation, and thus induces many disorders, known by different names to distinguish them, according to effects, but being really branches or phases of that great generic disorder, **Impurity of Blood**. Such are Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Nervous Disorders, Headache, Backache, General Weakness, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Piles, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Skin Disorders, Pimples, Ulcers, Swellings, &c., &c. **King of the Blood** prevents and cures these by attacking the cause, impurity of the blood. Chemists and physicians agree in calling it "the most genuine and efficient preparation for the purpose." Sold by Druggists, 50¢ per bottle. See testimonials, directions, &c., in pamphlet. "Treatise on Diseases of the Blood," wrapped around each bottle. D. HANSON, SON & CO., Props. Buffalo, N. Y.

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