

## ORIGIN OF THE AZTECS.

### A Recent Explorer Thinks They Came from Scandinavia.

Great Harm Done by the Wanton Destruction of Historic Records of the Race—Scientists Have Not Improved Matters.

"I am glad to note that scientists, and particularly philologists, are at last making good headway in deciphering the hieroglyphics of the Aztecs," said Dr. Wendell Mees, of Ithaca, N. Y., to a writer of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "I have just returned from an extended visit to our sister republic, during which I made the most careful researches, with results which are highly gratifying to me. There remains no doubt in my mind that the warlike and highly civilized tribes which Cortes found in Mexico were of Scandinavian origin and very closely allied to our own Saxon forefathers. I believe we shall soon be able to establish this fact beyond a question of doubt. Indication point to the Scandinavians having come over from the great northern peninsula as early as the fourth century B. C."

"Speaking of Cortes and the Spanish conquerors raises a perfect storm of pent-up indignation within me every time I hear the name, for the world will never be able to fully realize the harm they have done by their wanton destruction of the records they found and the stumbling blocks they have put in the way of scientific researchers. There are not enough of the hieroglyphic records of the Aztecs remaining to ever complete our knowledge of their civilization, but, in my opinion, the worst barriers have been successfully passed. Many of our scientists have befogged a very plain question concerning Mexican hieroglyphics. There never was a uniform system of written or printed records anywhere. They all contained the principles of several distinct systems. This is true of Egypt as well as Mexico. A majority of the hieroglyphics of nomenclature in Egypt were based on the rebas, or symphonograph, where the pictures give the sound, but not the sense. This implies the existence of two languages in that country, one which gave the meaning and the other to which the picture belonged.

"The same system was used in Mexico. The hieroglyph for Huasayacac, pronounced Washya, is a twig of the hune fruit coming out of the nose, or yacac, of a human face.

"The meaning, however, is quite different. Wash or Washu must have been the name of the god of war, and, as Kak, or Cac, means red, and the Culwas were red men, Huasayacac must have meant the Red God of War. The peculiarity of the word is that it presents what we may call the Scandinavian dialectic formula of a name of great antiquity found in many countries and not originally belonging to the red men of Europe and northern Africa. In those peoples, who can be directly traced to the mingling of the three primitive savage races with the prehistoric white races of northern Europe, the Aes, or Aar, we have the root Wash, as in Washington, Washoe and like words. The older form was Bas, as in Basinghall, Bashinstoke, Basu, Basques, etc., in actual nomenclature, and Bas, Bessaria, Bonna, in ancient times. Huittillipochtil was a title and not a name, and the lolling tongue is hieroglyphic for the word Lap, showing that Huittillipochtil was the demon Lap, or the god of war, as viewed by the red races. This hieroglyphic is based upon the Saxon word Lap, to take up water with the tongue, and is proof positive of the Scandinavian origin of the Aztecs.

"Going further into this we have found that the hieroglyph for Lap was the rabbit, because Lepus rebuses with Lap, and we infer from that that the rabbit god of the Algonquins is a proof that the Aztecs must have had intercourse by some means with the civilized races from whom the Romans got their word Lepus. In every nation that refused to eat the hare there must have been similar intercourse, no matter under what pretext it was declined as an article of food.

## WOMEN IN OFFICE.

The New England Girl and the Widow Are the Ones Who Remains.

In the offices in Washington the principal rival of the widow is the New England young woman, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. There are Massachusetts girls who taught school twenty and thirty years ago who got into the departments and are there yet. In the first place, the New England girl has been educated to the idea of making her own living and to regard marriage as very improbable.

She is, first of all, a scholar, and a scholar of natural capacity and breadth of character. She can do anything any man can do except, possibly, climb a tree. But she can climb a civil service examination, which is infinitely of more importance to the government and to herself. She may be a widow, but she gets there, and she stays to a ripe old age. In fact, there is no record of any widow or New England girl dying or getting married from a government office. Any one of them would suit the idea of leaving a salary of \$1,000 or \$1,200 or \$1,500 or \$1,800 a year to do housework for some man who can't earn as much himself. So the New England girl and the widow stick to a salary and leave romance to callow fools.

As the civil service record shows that about one woman out of every sixth clerk is called for by bureau officials, nothing but superior adaptability and staying powers will account for the steady increase of women in all the departments. Perhaps the permanent removal of the subordinate places under the government from the political influences which once controlled them has done more for every class of employes who can rely upon their own medals than anything else has done.

Ripans Tablets cure headache. Ripans Tablets: pleasant laxative.

## HIDDEN TREASURES.

### A Golden Cavern in the Mountains of Utah.

The Strange Story of a Courted Wife-Murderer Who Was Executed at Salt Lake City Taking the Secret with Him.

Many stories are told in the east about great hidden treasures in the mountains of the west. In some instances those wild remarks are but the imagination of thoughtless brains, while in many cases the stories are true. The west is filled with treasure vaults whose gold and silver deposits are numerous, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. Old Spanish residences, now going to decay, contain secret rooms lined with gold and filled with precious stones and rich jewels. The mountains contain dark canyons where mines of fabulous wealth have lain dormant for ages. The humble shepherd or range rider may accidentally discover the greatest mineral deposit ever known, and the most timid explorer may find the treasured wealth of a French millionaire stored away in the caverns of the old dwellings.

Utah was once Mexican property, and its fertile valleys were peopled by a wealthy class of men. The old cliff-dwellers of the Colorado left most valuable homes containing gold and silver, bathtubs, vases and ornaments, while the workings of miners living a century ago show the vast wealth taken from the old arastras and sluice boxes. A strange story of fabulous wealth was related by Enoch Davis, a wife-murderer recently executed in Salt Lake City. He found the most wonderful mines ever seen by man, and exhibited nuggets of gold from the sluice boxes which excited the curiosity of court officials so that his life was spared for many months.

About sixty miles from Salt Lake City is an unexplored section of the Utah Indian reservation. No man has ever penetrated the deep, dark canyons of this Indian land since the days of Brigham Young, the well-known Mormon leader. After the California gold excitement it is said a gentleman named George Knowles came from the diggings of the Golden state and settled in Utah. He agreed with the president of the Mormon church to give him his weight in gold for one of the numerous women of the Young harem. The proposition was accepted, and Knowles was given six weeks in which to produce the gold.

Knowles, with a son about fourteen years of age, started from the Mormon Mecca Monday morning and within two weeks returned with eighty-five pounds of gold nuggets. Young accepted the money, but swore his slave to absolute secrecy as to where the gold was obtained. At that time the church people were opposed to the opening of mines, and no man was permitted to prospect in the territory. The old man Knowles lived and died in Salt Lake City with visions of wealth haunting his thoughts, but he never returned to the secret mines.

In after years the son determined to disobey the orders of the church and seek the gold fields he had seen in his youth. He was accompanied by Enoch Davis, the wife murderer. One dark night in the month of June the prospectors dropped down from the high, sandy mesas into the gold-lined cavern. Here they found thousands of nuggets with the mountain waters flowing over them. Every pocket and knapsack were filled with the valuable treasures. When morning dawned they were met at the summit of the canyon by a band of Indians. The red men fired and Knowles dropped dead. Davis feigned death and fell to the bottom of the cavern. The Indians could not get down the bluffs, and the white man lay there in an apparent state of death until nightfall, when he arose, and after two or three days succeeded in escaping from the savages.

When Davis escaped he made his way to Vernal, a wild frontier town near the Indian reservation. In this village he took up his abode, expecting some day to be enabled to return to the fields of wealth. He married and settled down to the duties of a home life as the village blacksmith. His mind became troubled, he resorted to drink, and at last in a fit of jealous despondency killed his wife and buried her in a potato pit near the house. The crime was discovered within a day and Davis was arrested and imprisoned on the charge of murdering his wife.

In the prison all the nightmare of golden treasures haunted the doomed prisoner. He drew a map of the country and presented it with the facts to the court officials as a ransom for his liberty. Many thousands of dollars have since been expended in seeking this famous gulch, but nothing has been found. Davis, after repeated postponements, was finally convicted and shot without again realizing the fulfillment of his dreams. The lost gulch is yet a subject of much thought, and prospectors seek the place as soon as the winter's snow melts from the mountain slopes.

### He Was Going Far Away.

"Good-bye, Miss Gillyflower, I am going far away—I will not return."

"But you will write to me often, won't you, Mr. Mushy?"

"O, may I! I did not dare to ask—O, Miss Gillyflower! Your feelings toward me must have changed that you permit it!"

"O, no. You see some of us girls are to have a hundred dollars for the Patagonians if we collect a million postage stamps, and every one will help, you know."—Life.

"What, that man is going to defend me? Why, he couldn't bring an innocent person through!"—Plebeian Diarist.

"Tell me, guide, why so few people ascend that magnificent mountain." "Because no has ever failed off it."—Plebeian Diarist.

## MONEY IN PEANUTS.

Two Million Dollars Spent Annually in America for This "Fruit."

A man incidentally asked a street vender if his peanuts were first-class, and the response to the inquiry was surprising, says the Chicago Tribune.

"No," said the vender. "You do not get first-class peanuts in this country in this way. The best peanuts are used for other purposes. They are made into meal and grits by scientific men, and in Germany they are prepared for sick people in the hospitals. The peanuts you get in candy are the very poorest grade. And some of the 'burnt almonds' which you get are nothing more than fourth-rate peanuts."

"Where did the peanut come from?" "From Central and South America. They grow there in long pods, and the pods contain from four to five kernels. They were carried to the old world in the early days, and in the seventeenth century they constituted the chief staple of Africa. You will find if you look it up that the slave dealers of Africa in those days used to load their ships with peanuts to be used as food for their human cargoes. The negroes who were imported from Africa to this country brought over the peanut and they were scattered and first grew in Virginia. And now this country is raising the crop, and, owing to American shrewdness, the nut is ground and used for various purposes and shipped all over the world.

"I reckon you know," the vender continued, "that peanuts in a certain condition are more nutritious than beef. When specially prepared they rank with beans and peas. The peanut is said to contain 59 per cent. of protein and 49 per cent. of fat. What is known as peanut meal contains 82 per cent. of protein and 8 per cent. of fat. It is the cheapest of all food materials."

In 1861 and 1865 peanut oil was manufactured largely in four southern states, and was employed as a substitute for olive oil. In fact, one druggist admitted, some of the "olive oil" sold now in this country is nothing more than peanut oil. Nearly all of the olive oil sold in the United States is mixed with part of the peanut. Peanuts furnish from 30 to 50 per cent. of the weight of their kernels in oil. Sometimes peanut oil is used for lighting, and again it is utilized to advantage in the making of soap and as a lubricant in machine shops.

The American peanut is larger and better flavored than any other, but it does not contain so much oil as the African nut. The "cake" which is left after extracting the oil makes excellent feed for cattle, and is used very largely for that purpose in Germany, where it sells for \$30 to \$35 a ton. This country owes to Germany the suggestion it has received in relation to the edible qualities of peanuts, and the department of agriculture is now investigating the method of Germany in the way in which that country has handled the nut, and the result is to be published by the department for the benefit of the farmers.

The United States now produces 4,000,000 bushels of peanuts annually, or 83,000,000 pounds. The total world's supply amounts to about 600,000,000 pounds. The exportation from Africa and India to Europe during the last year amounted to nearly 400,000,000 pounds. Of this quantity 220,000,000 pounds were delivered at the port of Marseilles, France, the bulk of it being pressed for oil.

It is estimated that \$10,000,000 worth of peanuts are eaten every year in the United States, and most of the quantity, it is said, is consumed between meals and at odd times.

## CHANGED HIS ELECTRIC PIANO.

A Saloonkeeper Finds That Wagner Is Not Satted for a Harroon.

A certain saloon, wishing to please its patrons without the expense of hiring a long-haired pianist, bought an electric piano, says the Indianapolis Sentinel. These pianos are very funny to watch, for they start up a tune and go straight ahead and play it to the bitter end without anyone near them. To a person who does not understand the motive power, the thing appears uncanny; and the boys prepared to have lots of fun. The saloon was full of patrons when somebody slyly turned on the current and the piano started. Out came the solemn, majestic strains of "Tannhauser." A man who was drinking at the bar set down his glass and shivered. Three men playing cards began to get nervous and, finally, with a curs word or two, gave up the game. Still the piano thundered out the heavy chords of "Tannhauser," and the audience, not being familiar with Wagner, got liner and bluer.

The owner saw that the piano had made a mistake and hastened to assure his patrons that he had other pieces and would put a new one in. This he did, and the men brightened up a little while waiting to hear the new piece. Many expressions of disgust at hearing a funeral dirge on such an occasion were hurled at the owner. Everyone had about resumed his original attitude when the piano was given another trial. This time it was "Lohengrin," and while the piece was a little brighter, it was not festive. One man declared it had been played at his grandfather's funeral or sister's wedding, he forgot which. This piece was taken out and a third tried, but it was an arrangement of the national hymns with variations, and was just as solemn. The piano was closed for the night and in the morning the proprietor rushed to find some more suitable pieces. Now the piano plays "The Bogie Man," "With Danny by My Side" and the "Washington Post March," and the crowd is delighted. But the piano came near wrecking the saloon the first night. If it had been Meyerbeer instead of Wagner perhaps the name would have carried the music through.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"They say that Cholly has lost his mind." "Is that so? Does he know it?"—Boston Courier.

"He said I was his life's sunshine." "I guess you will find that all moonshine."—Boston Courier.

## GOOD MANNERS.

Regard to Courtesy as a Test of Social Quality.

The higher a person rises in the Old World the better his manners. No one is so respectful of an engagement to meet other people as the crowned head. Queen Victoria would not appoint an hour to meet a lady and go away and forget it.

This carelessness of forms and ceremonies is the ignorance which is culpable. Probably the reverse is true. A newly-made monarch commits the error which marked the career of Sancho Panza on the Isle of Barataria. His new wife had made him drunk, and he insults the people to show his greatness.

No American citizen should allow his family to come up without some idea of good manners, for there is no end to the privileges of those who have good manners; no remuneration could cover those from which a person is deluged by the lack of good manners.

It is the duty of every educated American to disseminate this knowledge. It is the duty of every uneducated American to condescend to learn it.

"Merit, without manners, is a flower without perfume, or a tree without leaves."

## Her Long Wait.

An obliging lady customer in a certain store in one of the two cities Friday insisted that she always traded with the proprietor and not with mere clerks.

"But the proprietor is not in," said the clerks.

"Oh, well," was the reply, "I'll sit right down and wait for him."

She waited, and as the half hours sped she grew impatient.

"When will he be back?" she said, loftily.

"In about four weeks, madam," was the reply. "He is now on a business trip to Montana."

She traded with the clerks.—Lawiston Journal.

## Charming but Unseen.

It is astonishing how pretty the homely girl you have never seen can look when she is softly talking nonsense to you through the telephone.

## Creasures of the Night.

Nocturnal creatures assume night activity for some other reason than that they cannot see by day, or that they see better by night. The bat sees admirably in the brightest sunlight, as anyone knows who has ever teased one by poking a stick at it. It will open its mouth and make an angry grab at the stick, when it is not near it by several inches. Prof. Huxley says it is the same with owls. They see perfectly in bright sunlight and better at night than most creatures.

A girl, at Norristown, Pa., attacked with toothache, left the dentist, and went to a neighboring dentist, and the dentist under extracted, with a result that she never forgot.

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The long wanted Royal Worcester corsets is the one to buy, 65c, 75c, and \$1. Sold by Read, Peacock & Co.

## To The Mothers.

You have nice children, you know and nothing pleases them better than a nice nobby suit of clothes that keeps them warm and healthy. Bager has them and for but little money. Go you stand \$1.00 for a suit of clothes, or up to \$4.00. All these low prices you will find at Hiram Baker's.

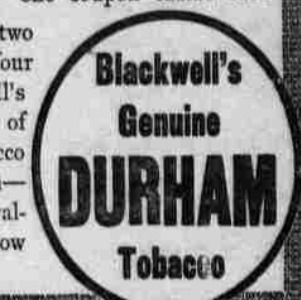
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