

The Adams' Diggings.

The Los Angeles Times has articles on the search for the Adams' Diggings which the Gallup News-Register takes to task. Without being presumptuous, and with due deference to our worthy contemporaries, we will chip in and make it three-handed.

There are patrons of the Jemez Guide who will, we fear, drop dead when the Adams' diggings are really found, and it comes within our province to put all parties in the controversy to rights, in so far as we are able so to do.

"Adams is Adams and old man Patterson is his prophet"—this much we swear to. Old man Patterson is the head and front of the search, but if any one thinks Patterson is looking for it on the Navajo Reservation he is losing his time. We don't believe Patterson's vote would be challenged in this precinct so much does he live in it.

Mr. P. is well aware that every move he makes in the Jemez country is shadowed, and he gives it out on the outside that he is stuck on the Navajo reservation, and with great ostentation departs for there, but invariably a few days afterward he is found snooping around on the headwaters of the Rio Jemez. Patterson will find the Adams' diggings, and the Jemez men will find him.

Adams had made arrangements with the Navajos to allow him to work the diggings and he paid them liberally for the privilege. He came into Fort Wingate with a large amount of gold to deposit, and started in a northeasterly direction for the diggings with a more complete outfit. When he had departed the excitement consequent upon the display of so much gold induced the forming of another party to follow him, and the Navajos, fearing a general invasion, killed off the entire party.

"Four days' journey from Fort Wingate, with pack animals, in a northeasterly direction, in the land of the Navajos, with no large waters to cross, in a box canon, having a large spring of water."

Such is the legend of the Adams' diggings that has been followed so assiduously all these long years by the searchers for the lost placers. The Jemez country was the land of the Navajos at the time the Adams party were massacred. The Navajos have been moved westward to their present reservation since their return from Bosque Redondo after surrender at the close of the Navajo war.

Any mountainous country is subject to great changes in the lapse of years, and it is probable that all traces of the original workings are covered deep with soil from the wash of the surrounding hills.

What has served to keep the excitement alive is the fact that gold is found in the beds of all the running streams in the Jemez country, and prospectors on a still hunt for the lost placers are kept in the expectation of immediately running on to it.

There may be great mineral deposits on the Navajo reservation, and there probably is. Prospecting is dangerous work there, and would have to be done in force, if at all. Several prospectors have been killed by the Indians. But the Adams diggings are not on the Navajo reservation.

The fact that Patterson and Cristelaw and others are so anxious to disclaim any intention of invading the reservation in force, now that another party has been organized to do so, is indicative rather that they have something good out there, and are waiting to make terms with the Indians. They are not finding any thing for any one else if they can help it. We can call their play before they make it.—Jemez Guide.

The Country Paraphraser.

Some day I shall publish a book not original, except so far as a fair and facile swing of the shears may go, but it will be a good book, a readable, entertaining book, a book composed entirely of wise, witty and pithy sentences clipped from rural exchanges, the work of the country paraphraser.

During a brilliant and chequered career as a newspaper man,—never a journalist,—representing all positions in the craft, from 'ad' solicitor clear up to managing editor of a one-horse weekly, I have been thrown much in contact with the writer of the prize squash editorial and the cord wood subscription procurer. I have learned to know him, to love him. I say that, hidden away in the cramped and musty offices in the villages of the United States, there is as much industry, as much strength, and as much brain as you will find in the employ of the daily blanket sheets.

These men are held down in a majority of instances by a shriveled localism. They go through life unknown, and when they die the column rules of their little paper are turned, and nobody else ever hears of it. But they have the ability all the same. I have often thought that it would pay managing editors, who are supposed to stand ever on tip-toe on the watch for good men, to cast an occasional glance at the long-primer exchanges which pour in by every mail.

I have not used the hebdomadal and potent 'we' for a long time, but I have never lost my sympathy for the lonely jerker of the Washington hand-press. Speaking for Texas, with the press of which State I am acquainted, I can say that I find more witty, more pointed, and in every way better paraphrasing in its country papers than New York dailies can show. This may seem a strange statement, but it can be proved at any time by comparison of clippings made.

During my connection with journals which appeared regularly 365 times a year, I have often noticed that the acknowledged funny man of the paper to which I was at the time attached, was much better on certain days than during the rest of the week. Tuesday, say, his column of mirth would make a professional optimist damn the earth by quarter sections. The following Thursday his department would literally bubble with jollity, and all things brilliant, jocose and kind. Investigation has never failed to reveal that the pride of our staff always did his best work immediately after the arrival of the Bungtown Bugle and the Jefferson County Star-Vindicator.

When my volume of collections appears, it will contain due credit for everything printed. That is its object, to make these humble workers known. In many quarters it will be greeted with the extremely forcible cry of 'Chestnut!' for the best things in it will seem old; but only because they have been stolen by humoristic vampires, who run in debt on \$75 dollars a week, from men far from railroad and telegraph who starve to death for glory and because they cannot help themselves.—H. S. Canfield.

Exploring Expedition.

A. J. Miller, manager of the Central American scientific exploring expedition, and Prof. Thomas Darrah, naturalist of the party, left for New Orleans, where they will be joined by other members of the party, and sail for Guatemala on the 27th inst. They will proceed at once to the unexplored region of that republic, and, working southward, propose to reach Panama by the 1st of November. The result of their explorations will be published in this country by the newspaper syndicate which is backing the expedition.

Maj. Slaymaker's Aged Wines.

Maj. Slaymaker, Postmaster at Lancaster, has a cask of brandy for which Simon Cameron has offered him \$45 a gallon, an offer that he refused. The brandy was imported by the present owner's grandfather. The pipe in which it came from France bears the Custom House marks of 1808. Maj. Slaymaker has also Madeira of the vintages of 1793, 1800, 1808, 1812, 1818, 1827 and 1840. The vintage of 1827 was one of the first in the history of Madeira, and there is but little of it in existence to-day. The Madeira of 1793 was bottled in 1798 by Philip and Adam Reigart, who imported the wine, received in exchange for corn. When they received it they sold it as a common drink to the farmers, who drank it as bear is drunk nowadays. The wine is in the original bottles, and can not be purchased for less than \$25 a bottle to-day. When James Buchanan went to England as Minister from this country he took with him several cases of the old Madeira, and there was none of it to be had in the country. The newest wine in Maj. Slaymaker's cellar was bottled in 1844. When Samuel J. Randall, Col. B. K. Jamison, W. U. Hensol and Barney McGrann went on their Southern trip, two or three years ago, they were treated so royally by Henry W. Grady, at Atlanta, that when they returned they sent two cases of Maj. Slaymaker's '93 Madeira to him as a recognition of his hospitality. Maj. Slaymaker has also cherry bounce in his cellar that was bottled in 1828.—Philadelphia Press.

Stock-Rearing in Central America.

In his report to the state department, recently published, the consul-general of the United States to Guatemala, calls attention to the facilities for stock raising in that country, and the possible profits to be realized from an intelligent pursuit of that business: "Native steers one year old can be purchased for \$10 each in Guatemalan currency—that is to say, at the rate of about \$7.50 in the United States gold. Two year old steers can be bought for \$15 and three year old for \$20. These will sell, when fattened in the mountain pasture, at \$32 to \$35 per head and when taken to the porteros, or enclosed pastures near the coast, and put in charge of the herdsmen, who supply salt and take care of them at a cost of \$5 per head for the season, will sell at the rate of \$45 each on the hoof. In the case of hogs there is an extraordinary profit when raised with the view of producing lard, which sells just now in this market at 25 cents per pound, and for which there is great demand for home consumption. There is no trouble in raising them, and a good breed, such as known in the United States as the 'grass breed,' and whose principal food is the zacate of the country, will sell for \$20 each when eighteen months old and \$25 at two years old."

Truth in Time of Danger.

They were seated very close to the waterside, and he was gently toying with her hair and speaking in that low tone which only comes after nightfall and before bedtime.

"My dear," he whispered, "is this all your own hair?"

Shyly she replied: "Yes, George, of course."

Just then a splash was heard, and she fell into the water.

"Look out, George!" she screamed in frenzied tones as he seized her desperately by the hair; "look out for my hair, much of it is coming loose."—Epoch.

A mountain of iron ore, 200 feet high and a square mile in area, has been found by Dr. Noetting, of the Indian Geological survey, among the Shan hills of Upper Burmah.

Stock and Range.

Best American steers are selling in the English markets at 12½c per pound, estimated dressed weight.

Exports from New York last week included 3,700 live cattle, 2,000 sheep, and 10,100 quarters of beef.

The Berry Cattle Company will bring in 8,000 head of steers this season from Tucson, Arizona.—Yellowstone Journal.

It is reported that Goodnight & Moore of the Panhandle have sold about 6,000 steers at \$15.50 per head for two-year-olds and \$20 per head for three, delivered at the railroad pens. The purchasers being D. H. Clark & Co., of Rapid City, Dakota.—Fort Worth Journal.

The Southern Pacific is making preparations to ship 4,000 cattle from Pierce's pens, commencing on the 10th of April. Kountz Bros. will also commence soon after the 10th to ship 4,000 from El Campo. These go to the Territory to account of the firm.—Victoria (Tex.) Advocate.

Some of the cattlemen complain that the luxuriant growth of grass is causing the death of a good many cattle. They over-eat of the growth of alfalfa and it causes bloat, which results in their death.—Mo-have Miner.

According to the Montana Live Stock Journal there is a disposition on the part of cattlemen in Texas to refrain from shipping beef cattle to eastern markets until the supply of winter fed cattle has in a measure been exhausted.

The Southern Pacific railway which has held shipping rates at an excessive point in the estimation of cattlemen, has recently modified its tariff and is now giving a car rate of \$32.80 to Deming. It is thought this will result in the road moving 10,000 head of steers.—Las Vegas Stock Grower.

We met Mr. J. B. Kincaid, after his return from San Antonio, and from him we learned that he had contracted to deliver to Mr. George Miller a train load of steers at an early day, and received fair figures for them. A buyer came out with him from San Antonio, and is out now looking for 4,000 head of steer cattle. Mr. Kincaid thinks there will be a number of buyers in this spring. The country west of the Pecos is being cleared of steers, and then they will have to seek other fields.—Uyvalde News.

W. E. Weeks, the Idaho cattleman, spent the early part of the week in Las Vegas. Mr. Weeks has returned to Boston after having arranged for the shipment of the 7,000 head of steers purchased of Capt. Lea, which are to be matured on his ranches in Idaho and Wyoming. Mr. Weeks believes that the range cattle business for some years at least will be satisfactory to the producers.—Stock Grower.

The application of John Shaw and a number of Santa Fe business men to have a receiver appointed to take charge of W. H. McBroom's ranch property came up for argument before Judge Long in chambers at Las Vegas last evening. The property is valued at about \$200,000, and if a little time is given would serve to pay off all indebtedness and leave its owner a cool \$100,000.—New Mexican.

Lowndes county, Georgia, produces a little cow which is indeed a curiosity. It is the same distance in height, length and width, and is supported by legs not more than twelve inches in length. It bears the name of the Guinea cow. The first were brought from Spain by an old Spaniard who came to this country before the war. The cow is very small and chunky, but it keeps rolling fat on almost nothing and is a splendid milker, on the average

giving from three to three and a half gallons of milk per day. R. L. Stapler has a herd of fifty perfect little beauties. He disposes of young cows for \$100 each, which almost equals the price paid for Jerseys. While their milk is not so rich as that of the Jersey, the people of Lowndes prefer the Guinea.—Ex.

The Extermination of the Buffalo.

At the present time, outside of the National park where about two hundred and sixty buffaloes are now harbored, there are not over three hundred, probably not as many, left in the whole United States. The survivors of this magnificent race of animals are scattered in little bunches in several localities. There are about one hundred in Montana or at least there were a year ago, some at the head of Dry creek and the remainder at the head of Porcupine creek. In Wyoming there are a few stragglers from the National Park which, when chased, run back there for protection. In the mountains of Colorado last summer there were two bunches of mountain bison, one of twenty-five head and the other eleven. These have probably been killed. There are none in Dakota, though eighteen months ago thirty were known to be there. It was estimated in 1887 that there were twenty-seven in Nebraska, and about fifty more scattered in the western part of Indian territory and Kansas. Those in Nebraska have since been killed by the Sioux. Of the thousands that once inhabited Texas, only two small bunches remain. Thirty-two head are near the Ratons, in the northwestern part of the Panhandle, and eight in the sand hills on the Staked plains north of the Pecos river. These were seen and counted on the 1st of April of last year. This estimate of the remnant of a great race is believed to be essentially correct. It was obtained from reliable and well informed persons throughout the west, and in part from personal observations during the past years.—Franklin Satterthwaite, in Harper's Magazine for May.

The Parnell tribunal in its present estate recalls what Macaulay said about impeachment, as being impressive ceremonials having little relation to administration of justice. The question the tribunal was appointed to try has already been settled. Sir Charles Russell has had an opportunity to make an eloquent and exhaustive speech a week long but it really had no subject-matter in anything that was left before the court. Pigott's cross-examination, followed by his flight and suicide, had left Mr. Parnell's counsel nothing to say. The tribunal, however, can not put up its shutters simply because there is no business. It must go on as long as either party chooses to submit what it considers evidence. The Times has probably spent as much money already in this way as it cares to throw away, and there is no occasion for the Parnell party to put in evidence on its side. It looks, therefore, as if the tribunal might end its sessions very much sooner than was expected when it was appointed.—New York Times.

Fred L. Ames who is worth \$20,000,000, is supposed to be the richest man in Boston. He lives in the finest house in the city, entertains gorgeously, and is regarded as the aristocrat of the aristocrats. Nevertheless, his grandfather, old Oliver Ames the first, used to peddle shovels of his own handiwork in that town.

A St. Louis man detected the deceit of an expounder of spiritualism and gave the latter a trouncing. He afterward remarked that he did not think the punishment extreme, as he simply struck the medium.

Items from Everywhere.

Fayetteville, Tenn., has a \$100,000 ice factory with cold storage rooms.

There is said to be sulphur enough in Lower California to supply the world.

It is estimated that foreign artists in the past ten years have taken out of this country \$10,000,000.

A bill to stop billiard playing in saloons was defeated by the Minnesota legislature by the vote 55 to 34.

A girl in Pittsburgh is suffering from blood poisoning, attributed to a penny which she swallowed some months ago.

The combined Astor estate, real and personal, pays \$500,000 into the New York city treasury every year for taxes.

The Empress of China has just ennobled three generations of Sir Robert Hart's ancestors, although they are all dead.

According to the Philadelphia Record, the average number of inhabitants to the acre in that village is only thirteen.

A Milwaukee brewery horse has his gallon of lager per day, and he won't pull a pound if they try to beat him out of his drink.

Philadelphia is undergoing a horse distemper, which has afflicted the car horses. The surgeons pronounce it cerebro spinal meningitis.

A household at Buffalo composed wholly of women, have a couple of men's hats and an overcoat on the rack as a device to scare away burglars.

The Philadelphia Record, speaking of the habit of non-pew holders attending a succession of churches, uses the phrase "a spiritual lunch route."

A Connecticut reporter won a bride by his clever detective work in finding her long lost mother. Having found his mother-in-law, he may have the questionable privilege of keeping her.

A Massachusetts fiend wrote to Queen Victoria requesting her autograph. He didn't get it, but received a letter of refusal from Sir Henry Ponsonby, her secretary, and is so much ahead.

A printer's toast—Woman the fairest work of creation. The edition being extensive let no man be without a copy. Babies, miniature editions, issued periodically and displayed in SMALL CAPS.

A butcher who was in the audience of a theatre in Galicia was so moved by the excellent playing of an actor that he cried aloud, "You play so well that I will let you off the rest of the bill you owe me."

A royal Egyptian mummy landed at Marseilles, France, the other day, was taxed the usual duty on dried fish, no scale for preserved Pharaohs being known to customs officials.

Cattle Markets and Supplies.

It has been noticed that cattle markets do not respond, in the matter of manifesting improvement, as quickly as they formerly did to lightened supplies. The runs of desirable beeves have for some time been falling off in the west, but it has been only a few days since the market has seemed to appreciably feel the effect of the change. This is explained by the fact that consumption does not follow up the markets as closely as it once did. Large quantities of beeves are killed and hung up in cold chambers for weeks before they are consumed; and this prevents the market from springing with the promptness often expected.—National Stockman.

The Florence Enterprise states that Jesse Hardesty, formerly of Florence, is now deputy district attorney of Los Angeles county.