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A Texan Tree

Mesquite forests which overshadow as the traveler advances, the plains and prairies of Texas, are said to produce most useful wood for many mechanical uses. A writer for the *Rockport Transcript* says that the hubs, spokes and felloes of a wagon made of mesquite will endure a century. The wood neither shrinks nor cracks nor twists, and is solid as marble. Sawdust produced from the wood makes an excellent dye stuff, as well as the strongest tannic acid, while the exudation from the bark is superior, for all hygienic and mechanical purposes, to gum Arabic.

Mesquite forest are not only found on the plains of Texas but on the plains of New Mexico and Arizona as well. This mesquite is a peculiar timber the valuable parts are the roots which are very large and run along near the surface of the ground, the tops are small and brushy and of no value. One in crossing these plains will pass over hundreds of cords of the most valuable timber and yet will see nothing but small stools of brush similar to hazel brush or the small switches which spring up around the stump of a tree. Truly the wealth of New Mexico is nearly all hidden beneath her grassy plains and rugged mountains.

The Welch mountains in Penn., were for a long time infested by a band of robbers who preyed incessantly upon the inoffensive neighborhoods in the vicinity. This band numbered some 30 or 40 men altogether and were led by "Bald Black Donald" a desperate character. They have lived for a long series of years by theft and robbery and yet until recently have escaped capture and conviction. Now however they have been ferreted out and the leaders are serving terms in the penitentiary varying from two to seven years.

Hay Cholera is still playing havoc with the hogs in the upper Mississippi states. The loss to Illinois will this year, amount to about \$100,000. One of the prime causes of this destruction is that the hogs have no constitutions left, they have been fed up and bred up until they are nothing but bacon, ham and lard to withstand disease.

Judge Lynch is not always right. In Warren county, Minn., a year ago, William Proctor was hung by a mob for the murder of Miss Cadig. The mob tried to get at Joe Hawing and John Proctor, Wilber's accomplices, but failed. At the trial of the latter, just concluded, it was found that all three were entirely innocent.

The Political campaign in California is waxing warm with the increased hot weather. It is a triangular fight between the Republicans, Democrats and New Constitution party. Kearney and the Sand Lots being the principal ingredients in this latter party. Gorham is slashing away in every direction.

News is scarce in the east now and the New York papers have fallen back on the remains of the late A. T. Stewart for sustenance. They are hunting for the corpse all over Canada.

Some of the eastern papers are predicting an immense increase of immigration during the present year, hard times in Europe being the moving cause.

The St. Louis *Times-Journal* has been sold to Jas. P. Beck who announces that it will be made if possible more interesting than ever.

The people of California are afraid of yellow fever. The scare is without cause; no fever germ could cross the mountains and propagate its self.

Occasional cases of yellow fever are reported among refugees in all the large cities.

The Eddystone lighthouse will be completed in about four years and will cost out little short of \$300,000. The height of the tower will be 132

feet and the height will rise 130 feet above the highest tide.

Thirty-Four of Las Cruces calls the Belen, Los Lunas and Albuquerque people to account for wasting the water in the ditches at those points by allowing it to uselessly overflow the lands instead of being conducted back to the river. Owing to the severe drought the water in the lower Rio Grande is very low. From thirty miles below Las Cruces to El Paso the bed of the river is dry and there is not sufficient in the river at Las Cruces for irrigation. It looks like criminal carelessness to allow the water at higher points to thus run to waste.

The *Kansas City Journal* says a party of Austrians of rank and Hungarian noblemen are coming west for a grand hunt.

Courage, a steady nerve and practiced eye counts a hundred to one against lineage and title among the Buffalo, Grizzlies and mountain lions of this section. As that paper says a person better be a common man and a dead shot than a nobleman and be shot dead.

A Chicago newspaper has been compiling statistics and shows that a woman has five years to get married in while a man takes twice as long.

There are twice as many post offices in this country now as there were in 1852. They now number forty-one thousand.

Arizona Items

The acting Governor of Arizona is out in a proclamation offering tempting rewards for the capture of road agents who are becoming too numerous.

Prescott has a dancing school. The distance from Prescott to Las Vegas is about 575 miles and requires eight days of staging.

The Arizonian in one column says that Judge Tucker, is in New York sighing for the cooling breezes of Arizona, and in the next speaks of 100 in the shade.

All the papers are giving encouraging reports of mining prospects.

The statement that 1,200 Indians are absent from the San Carlos agency on papers is denied.

The Yuma *Sentinel* charges that the school law and probate law have been changed from the form in which they passed the legislature.

The *Sentinel* does not appear very well pleased with the idea that freight for that territory should be brought to Vegas by the A. T. and S. F., and then by teams to its destination.

The new agent of the Pimas, Mr. Ludlum, has arrived.

The Chinese of Phoenix have a brass band and toot till all the people curse the same they do at Mexican man.

Territorial News.

Dona Ana

The Surveyors on the Southern Pacific road are working due East from Mesilla.

At La Luz cañon, on the 9th, Gregorio Torres killed an Indian and two horses. The Indian was in his melon patch stealing melons and when told to leave drew a pistol on Torres. Torres fired several shots at him with the above result. Another Indian was present and some excitement was created among the tribe. People living in the cañon were threatened with attack and soldiers went down to protect them while they moved their families into the town of La Luz.—*Thirty Four*.

Even the opponents of the Darien canal must admit that it has done good in reviving the agitation of the Nicaraguan scheme. That project has been fitfully agitated for more than thirty years past without effect. If the construction of the isthmus waterway leads to the building of the Nicaraguan canal two birds will be killed with one stone, and the United States, with the rest of the civilized world, will be a double gainer thereby.

Theology protests against mere lip service, and yet lovers will not take heed.—*New York Herald*.

There must be no "hurrah towns" in New Mexico, and the good people of Las Vegas owe it to the balance of the Territory to teach the desperate characters who naturally gravitate into the new settlements along the line of the railroad that they cannot "run" things here as they did on the U. P. and K. P. roads. Las Vegas, being the first important railroad town in the Territory, is the proper place for the lesson to begin. Almost every week the papers from there bring the intelligence of one or more shooting scrapes; and unless the Vegueros wake up they are likely soon to have a state of affairs which will seriously damage the fair fame of the Territory. Prompt and vigorous execution of the law will keep down the rowdy element; but if this is long neglected, Judge Lynch may be needed to regulate matters. We know the old citizens of that town too well to think they will long allow themselves to be overruled by a handful of desperadoes. If the law is properly executed it is all-efficient for the emergency; but if not, the windmill in the plaza of that town is almost sure to bear more fruit before snow falls.—*Thirty-Four*.

Noteworthy Features of Our Gold Coinage.

The total amount of our gold coinage for the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1879, was \$40,986,912, all of which, except \$3,752,572, were in twenty dollar pieces. Further, only \$2,721,131 or 6 1/2 per cent, were below the denomination of ten dollars; while five dollar pieces were provided to the extent of but \$1,442,182, with quarter eagles only to the value of \$1,166,800. That is to say, practically, the mints are merely providing stamped bullion for the exclusive convenience of the banks and moneyed corporations of the country—not coining gold money for circulation among the people; not providing coins for a real resumption of specie payment. If any one has any honest doubt upon this point, and is capable of a candid analysis of the subject, we invite his consideration of the fact, that taking the number of gold twenty dollar pieces coined for the period in question, and they amount to precisely 1,861,717, while the number of eagles or ten dollar pieces amounted to but 103,141, of five dollar pieces but 144,213, and of quarter eagles but 116,680 pieces. Consequently, any general or regular daily exchange of gold for greenbacks or national bank notes, or the practical payment of gold, except in large transactions, has been made impossible, for, clearly enough, the necessary gold coinage of pieces under twenty dollars to make change has not been provided.

Governor Coke, of Texas, tells the following story: "I never saw such a town as Washington. When I came to attend the special session of the Senate I purposely went to a quiet place, gave orders if anybody called to have their cards sent up to my room, and that the outside door should always be kept closed, which would compel callers to ring. Well would you believe it, a few nights ago I was sitting in my room, when I rushed two gentlemen, unannounced. Said one of them: 'Governor Coke, I believe. How do you do, Governor Coke?' There manner disconcerted me a little, but I answered as pleasantly as I could: 'Yes I am Governor Coke; but how in the world did you get in my room? They answered cheerfully: 'Oh! the lower door was open and we just walked right up.' I told them it would please me if they would go down stairs, ring the bell and send up their cards in the regular way. They both went down stairs and did as I told them, and then I sent them word that I was not in."

A Sather Bitten by a Shark.

This morning three young men went in bathing at Ocean Park, a short distance south of this place, and soon one of them, William Killock, aged 18 years, was heard to cry out to his companions for help. They saw a large fish jump half out of the water, and Killock cried: "I am bit; my legs are cut." They landed him on the beach and found that the whole of the calf of his left leg was lacerated, as though the wounds had been made by many large teeth. Killock said that when he was floating something snapped at his leg, and the sensation was like the incision of a thousand needles. He then felt a huge body by his side and when he struck it it let go its hold, jumped partly out of the water and dashed away. He thought that it was a shark, because it had a sort of shovel nose. His wound, though serious, is not dangerous, but will confine him indoors for some time. He lives in Philadelphia.—*N. Y. Sun*.

"Is it possible, Miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady. "Certainly," she replied. "I don't even know what my own will be a year hence."

The new Yellow Jacket shaft has attained a vertical depth of nearly 2,800 feet, which I have no doubt is the deepest shaft on the Continent. It will soon (if continued) prove the fact whether the water will continue to grow hotter as depth in the earth is attained below a certain level. It is known that the degree of heat of water differs at the same depth in different localities, even here on the Comstock, which is in consequence of the heat producing chemicals being in larger quantities in some places than in others. Many believe that there is a probability of water being less hot after a certain depth has been attained, but I can see no reason for such a conclusion. The Yellow Jacket new shaft, I suppose, will reach a depth of 3000 feet, which will prove the temperature of the water at depth in that locality; yet it may not be a criterion by which to judge of the probable heat of water in the earth in other localities at the same depth. It is said that the heat increases at the rate of one degree for every 60 feet below the surface to the extent of 3,000 feet, when the increased heat decreases to one degree in 100 feet.

This problem will soon be solved in these mines, as a depth of 3000 feet will soon be obtained. I think that there can be no general rule for calculating the degree of heat below the surface. That is, I think, due to causes which vary in different localities.

The Utah and Northern Railroad was completed ten miles beyond the depot at Kamas, on the 4th of August and the track has been laid to the extent of half a mile daily. So the prospects are that the road will be in operation as far as Sheep Creek, in Montana, before snow-fall. It is the mining industry of the region in that quarter which is building the road into the recesses of the Rocky Mountains, and thus giving a timely, material stimulus here in the East to a hundred industries and interests connected with railway construction. In turn it is the construction of such a road into the heart of the mineral districts of Idaho and Montana which immediately and immensely stimulates the development, hitherto impracticable, of the rich and varied mineral resources of those districts. And with this development will go hand in hand that of the pastoral and agricultural resources of the innumerable fertile valley creases which nestle in the mountains alongside the mines that are thus made so cheaply accessible. Thus new fields for profitable industry and enterprise are sure to be opened in that quarter and populous communities are sure to grow up there, right speedily; communities whose growth and prosperity will open new markets for the product of innumerable Eastern workshops, as has been wrought already, to an incalculable extent, by the development of the mines of Colorado, Dakota, Utah, and even far away Arizona.

The Shabby Umbrella.

Strange how ashamed a man will be of a shabby umbrella—one of those slouchy, corpulent affairs, with the bleached out covering divorced from a third of the rib-tips, and a shoe string clasped around its waists in lieu of the long-varnished elastic. How he will hide it as far as possible under his arm, run it up his coat sleeve, tuck it away beneath the folds of his coat, keep it between himself and the wall, and when he gets in the car how careful he is to dispose it in the darkest possible corner! And if perchance anybody spies it out how quick he is to head off criticism by explaining that it is the one he keeps in the office—so convenient to have one there, you know; one that you know nobody will steal—hal! hal! Or may be he will go a step farther—the lyingascal—and say he borrowed it, and it he didn't return it old Grinshaw would never forgive him—hal! hal! But when the clouds lower and the rain drops begin to patter, who so at ease, so cavalier, so proud and happy, as the man with the shabby umbrella as he stalks along between rows of unprotected men and women, with his despoiled umbril dripping its liquid harvest indiscriminately on the just and unjust? Verily, there is nothing in this life wholly good or wholly bad. *From the Boston Transcript*.

Victor Hugo was talking about age, and confessed, in a charming humor, that the most disagreeable advance to him was that from thirty-nine to forty. "Oh, that terrible forty!" he said. "But," remarked some one, "I should think it a great deal better to be forty than fifty." "Not at all," replied Hugo, "forty years is the old age of youth, while fifty years is the youth of old age."

Said a good lady to the preacher, as he came out of the pulpit, "You preached a good sermon to-night." "What is your standard of a good sermon?" "When a sermon makes you feel that you ought to do better, and that you can do better, I call it a good sermon." It would be hard to find a better definition than this.

Great Guns.

A gun weighing 101 1/2 tons has been made in England by Sir William Armstrong for the Italian Navy and this is to be followed by seven more of the same size. And it is said that this is not the limit of greatness in guns. As fast as the defensive armor is invented or discovered, so fast the offensive weapon is made to overcome it. The constant struggle for the victory, on both the offensive and defensive sides, has caused us to see floating vessels with iron, wood and steel sides a yard in thickness, and guns which throw a projectile weighing a ton and a quarter, to a distance of nine miles, with an initial velocity of over 1,500 feet per second.

Surplus Capital.

A New York item is to the effect that an immense amount of capital is waiting to find employment in manufactures, commerce, mining an agriculture and in the further development of the nation's resources. Evidence of the fact will be seen in the starting of mills long idle, in opening new mines, farms and railroads, and in the increasing demand for labor.

Kennebec's Wonder

We have received authentic information that at that portion of our sea-coast known as Little Kennebec a valuable historic relic in the form of the complete skeleton of a whale, sixty feet long, has been found, well preserved. The peculiarity of the affair is that the skeleton was found imbedded in a sand hill, which has been covered with an extensive forest from "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." The sand of this hill, being recently changed by storms during the past two years, was gradually removed from the place where the remains of this ancient monster of the deep must have been reposing for hundreds, yes, thousands of years. Another circumstance, besides the fact that large trees of slow growth are directly over the skeleton, is that the hill in which it was found is on the sound side of the beach, showing conclusively that the entire coast must have been deeply submerged at the time when this specimen of our greatest sea mammals was driven from his ocean home and left on the coast by the receding waters. What great flood could this have been? Verily has a pre-historic relic been found.—*Elizabeth City (N. C.) Falcon*.

A Tree With a History.

On the principal avenue in a thriving village of New Jersey, stands a very large willow tree. A running stream just at its base has renewed its vigor for nearly half a century. Now however it is dying; many of its limbs are bare, and its leaves are here and yellow. There is an interesting story about this tree. Nearly fifty years ago a happy young couple just wedded started in a wagon over the hilly roads of New Jersey to their new home, it was a days journey, and to complete it before the setting of the sun the horses had to be urged to unwonted speed, so the bridegroom, stopped by the roadside and cut a long wily willow stick. Using this for a whip, the journey was completed with the day, and as the bridegroom alighted from the wagon he thrust the willow wand into the ground by the side of the stream, where it now grows. It soon began to sprout, and as the years flew by it became a handsome tree. Its drooping branches have furnished shade for the couple whom it served on their wedding journey, and for their children, and now as the shadows of age are creeping over the bride and groom of half a century ago, the willow is beginning to drop and decay, as if in sympathy with them.

School-board visitor: "May I ask the name of the tenant?" Tenant: "Mrs. Gubbins. That's me. But what's in a name?" Visitor (noting the fact in his memorandum-book): "Gubbins? Thank you. Have you any children?" Tenant: "One son." Visitor: "Does he attend school?" Tenant: "No." Visitor: "Dear me! What is the excuse?" Old Lady: "He's married, and his wife thinks he can be better employed."

A store was broken into one night; but, strange to say, nothing was carried off. The proprietor was making his boast of it, at the same time expressing his surprise at losing nothing. "Not at all surprising," said his neighbor. "The robbers lighted a lamp, didn't they?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well," continued the neighbor, "they found your goods marked up so high they couldn't afford to take them."

"The ignorance of the Eastern press upon matters of the gravest importance is astonishing. An illustrated sheet published in New York gives a picture in one of its recent issues of a riot over a card table in Nevada. Two aces are represented in the layout and a six spot snugly ensconced between. No wonder that there was a riot over such a state of affairs."—*Virginia City Chronicle*.