

New Mexico

THE MESILLA VALLEY INDEPENDENT.

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Professional Cards.

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Attorneys at Law, Santa Fe, New Mexico.
Will practice in all the Courts of Law and Equity in the Territory. Business promptly attended to. One member of the firm always to be found at office at Santa Fe.

DAVID P. SHIELD,
Attorney at Law, Lincoln, N. M.

M. A. UPSON,
Notary Public, Land Agent and Conveyancer,
Box 4, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO.

Special Notices.

TRAVELLERS, ATTENTION!

R. S. Mason having leased the place heretofore known as

SLOCUM'S RANCH,

situate 25 miles west of Mesilla on the road to Silver City and the west, informs the public generally that he is prepared to receive and accommodate travellers, and to supply passing trains or herds of animals with water.

This is the only watering place between the Rio Grande and Fort Cummings. I always have an abundance of water on hand, which I will furnish at reasonable rates.

My table will be kept supplied with the best the market affords.

I have pleasant and comfortable rooms furnished with clean beds for the use of travellers. Also comfortable and secure stabling for animals. I always keep a good supply of hay and grain on hand.

Travellers will find at my place everything requisite to supply their wants and add to their comfort, my charges will not be found unreasonable.

R. S. Mason.

I have on hand a large stock of NATIVE WINES and BRANDY of my own manufacture, which I offer for sale in quantities to suit purchasers. My GRAPE BRANDY is the best liquor, whether native or imported, in the Territory.

THOMAS J. BULL,
Mesilla, N. M.

A PREHISTORIC FRAUD.

A Well-Known Professor Examines the Colorado Petrified Man and Pronounces it a Humbug.

Prof. J. E. Todd, of Tabor College, writes in the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*:

It was the privilege of the writer to see and examine quite carefully the famous "Petrified Man" from Colorado while he was on exhibition in your city.

As some of your readers may have some curiosity to know how it appeared to one somewhat familiar with "petrifications," the following is offered: The "prehistoric man" may have been correctly represented, but he was most certainly not petrified. This was quite evident, almost at a glance, from its full form. No parts were shrunken, there was no collapsing of the abdomen nor sinking of the eyes. These points could not be explained by any thick incrustation supporting the surface. The apparent incrustation covering it was only an appearance, else it would have cleared off at some point, or would have shown itself when parts were broken off. But many other points may be mentioned, any one of which is sufficient to prove the statement above. The body is composed of a dark-colored fossiliferous limestone. This is shown by fragments from the interior, kindly shown by the exhibitor, as well as by traces upon the surface. One of the fragments showed a portion of apparently a conchiferous shell, containing crystals of calcite. Such a cluster of crystals, probably due to the presence of another shell, produces in the right forearm a flaw in the stone, which from its shape suggests the direction of stratification. Looking further, with such an idea in mind, five seams are found nearly parallel with one another, one through the neck and shoulder, two across the body and left arm above the elbow, another across the hips, and the fifth across the legs below the knees. These seams are a demonstration of the stratified character of the stone. A petrification might break, but not thus in places parallel to one another and cutting right through dissimilar parts, whether connected or not.

Another very conclusive point is the fact that whatever separate members lie one upon another, the angle between the surfaces is not acute in a single instance, but invariably the arms are bound to the body where they rest upon it, and the legs are bound together where they touch by a mass of stone. In fact, there are no acute angles in the surface, no furrows, except such as might have been made by a blunt instrument about half an inch wide at the point. The pits upon the surface were clearly formed by a similar instrument, the direction of the blow in many cases being clearly shown. But enough to prove that it is not a petrification.

The next question is whether it is very ancient. Can it be the work of some prehistoric artist? It is clear that it is cut to represent a reclining figure. It could not have been supported in an upright position. The general symmetry of parts seems to have been carefully studied and pretty patiently worked out. The left forearm, however, is about an inch longer than the right. The fingers are apparently disproportionate in length to one another. In forming the second finger of the right hand the artist apparently accidentally broke it off equal in length to the third, then tried to imitate a bent joint and got too near the end. The rough surface was used apparently to excuse any attempt at nicety of detail.

The position of the left leg seems to have been chosen to more easily exhibit the caudal appendage. The general form is clearly intended to represent that of an Indian. The feet, however, have the simian character of a shortened and latterly placed great toe, which, in connection with the long neck and short chin, are simply monstrous.

Huxley, or any other intelligent comparative anatomist would at once pronounce the combination of such character absurd and wholly inconsistent with the harmonies of nature. It could not, therefore, have been made to represent any form that ever had life. And it embodies ideas wholly foreign to any that have been found in American antiquities; it is difficult to believe it the work of any ancient hand, while on the contrary the simian feet and tail very strongly point to the only remaining conclusion, that it is the work of a recent workman who has learned just enough of evolutionary views to misinterpret or caricature them. This Pueblo "petrification" can only merit the title, therefore, because it is made out of stone—not made into stone. It is a "worthy successor of the Cardiff giant. May its glory be brief and the planners of the fraud meet their deserts.

A WAUGH!

Terrific Little Duel Among the Lawyers.

There was a little combat yesterday morning in the office of Justice Allen, which being public, may be mentioned briefly. Messrs. Spense and Robb, two well known mechanics, brought suit on a mechanic's lien against a colored man named Levi Buckner, for the building of a house. The merits of the case are unknown, but the lawyers got into a little war, which, if it was not dangerous, was amusing. Mr. Milton Campbell appeared for one of the parties; and Messrs. James Gibson, the City Attorney, and Ed. Guinotte, his partner, on the other side. A question as to the admissibility of some evidence arose, and in the dispute hot words were exchanged. Then they picked up chairs and made at each other. The mediation of Colonel D. S. Taitcheil, Major B. L. Woodson and other lawyers in the court was scornfully rejected. The combatants, each armed with a chair, came on, and for a time there was a lively spell of parrying and thrusting in *tiere* and *ceus*. The chairs suffered terribly; Ed. Guinotte took off his man without serious injury. Two chairs were badly damaged. Judge Allen fined both the combatants \$5 each. The trial of the case will be resumed next week. Lawyers ought to be like reporters—never fight.—*Kansas City Times*.

GLEANINGS.

Our amiable neighbor of the *Republicans*, who, for the past week, has been prancing round with a chip on his hat inviting somebody to knock it off, tries to torture an article of ours complimentary to Senator Blaine into an attack upon that gentleman. Our neighbor is naturally a little sensitive on the subject of investigations. Don't get nervous good brother. Continue to proclaim to all the people your devotion to your country and to the Republican party, and you are safe.

It is true, said the eulogist of Col. Yell, of Arkansas, "that our deceased friend, as president of the Yellville bank, did not satisfactorily account for all the funds of that institution; but his remarks on the bursting of the same showed that his heart beat warmly for his native land."—*National Union*.

Words are little things, but they strike hard. We utter them so easily, that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly spoken, they act like the sunshine, the dew and the fertilizing rain, but when unfitly, like the frost, the hail, and devastating tempests.

There are some people whose deportment seems to indicate that they are possessors of one-half of the universe, while the other half belongs to their nearest relation, and who evidently regard all the rest of mankind as prisoners on their bounty, and beggars on the highway of life.

He that never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

A milkman was lately seeking the aid of the police to trace the whereabouts of a family who had left the neighborhood owing him eighteen dollars. "Well, I suppose there was nine dollars worth of water in that milk account," remarked the policeman. "That's where it galls me—that's where it hurts," replied the dealer. "They were new customers, and I hadn't commenced to water the milk yet."

The Committee on Expenditures in the Navy Department notified Secretary Thompson Saturday that they intended to make a desperate attempt to discover some irregularities and corruption under the administration of ex-Secretary Robeson. The Secretary smilingly informed the gentlemen that he would afford them in their search every facility in his power.

Squash vs. Squash is the title of a divorce suit filed in Richmond. Plaintiff got beet.—*Cin. Star*. Why don't he carrot up higher!—*Ind. News*. Appie the case, you mean.—*S. L. Journal*. Some one art-i-choke you fellows off.—*Silver World*.

This affair is assuming a melancholy aspect.

Not all the gold of Peru could purchase one moment's peace of conscience, nor all the combined wealth of the world, both natural and artificial, buy eternal rest; yet their price is within reach of the poorest and meanest, for a simple act of faith will purchase both.

Worries eat the life away. They bring wrinkles to the face and gray hairs to the head, and half the time they are not only absolutely needless, but absurd. Why, in the name of all that is sensible, can we not wait until the draught of sorrow is forced to lips, and not sup needlessly at the cup of gall and wormwood?

He was a tramp. As he watched the merchant pace his store with cast-down eyes, he shook his head. "Poor fellow!" said the tramp, "I feel for him. Note to pay, probably, and ten cents to do it with. Ah, gentlemen, fortune cannot smile upon us all; but I tell you, it is a precious thing to know how you stand every Saturday night. Ah, yes," he added with a sigh, "that poor fellow is doomed to bear burdens which we know nothing of."—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

An old time regular army recruiting poster reads: "Wanted—50 able bodied unmarried men, for the United States army. An excellent opportunity for travel recreation and study." The opportunity for travel given to the soldiers of the Seventh cavalry has been very great of late years, but recreation and study have been limited.