

1849

SOME OLD RECORDS.

REPORT OF RECONNAISSANCE FROM FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS, TO THE RIO GRANDE, TO FIND A ROUTE TO ESCORT EMIGRANTS, AND TO CONCILIATE THE INDIANS.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

May 25.—Our road has kept the divide all day, as usual, was firm and smooth; passes over a gypsum formation, and many of the hills have been entirely composed of it. At our camp we had good wood and grass, but the water is as usual where gypsum abounds—far from being sweet.

We have seen many antelopes and turkeys during the last few days, but deer are becoming scarce as we advance. Buffalo tracks have been seen frequently, but as yet none of the animals themselves.

May 26.—We continued to follow the dividing ridge today for thirteen miles, when we came to a large lateral ridge, running off from the main divide, which we followed, and did not discover our mistake until we had gone about three miles when we encamped on a branch of the Canadian.

May 27.—Today, (Sunday), in accordance with a rule I have adopted, we "lay by," to give the men time to wash, and the animals to graze and recruit.

May 28.—We retraced our steps back to the dividing ridge this morning, and placed a stake, with directions to follow, "to keep on the left hand trace." Our road passed from here to our camp upon high rolling prairie; with no water or wood, and we were obliged to turn from the dividing ridge down to the bank of the Canadian. We passed down over a gap in the bluffs; found good water, wood, and grass.

May 29.—The country we have passed over today, near the divide, has been principally a formation of gypsum and blue limestone ledges, in which we discovered petrifications of oysters, and ammonites. These are the first fossils we have seen upon our road.

We encamped on a branch of the Little Washita; found wood and grass abundant. The country between our road and the two rivers is much broken by hills and ravines, which appear to have been thrown up without the slightest reference to finish or utility; and I am convinced that the only place along our route where a natural wagon road can be found is directly upon the crest of the divide. From a high ridge near our camp we can see Antelope, or Boundary mounds, far to the west.

May 30.—Our road was upon the dividing ridge all day, and very firm and smooth, but somewhat circuitous, following the windings of the "divide"; this has generally been very direct, and for the two hundred miles we have traveled upon it, I have never seen a better natural road. The country on each side falling off towards the Canadian and Washita, leaves the crest perfectly dry at all seasons. There are numerous small branches rising near the road which the skirted with timber and grass, thereby giving the traveler an opportunity to encamp at almost any time he feels disposed. The soil is unfit for cultivation, being a hard, gravelly sand, and very poor. We left the divide near our camp, and are upon a branch of the Canadian; the water, wood, and grass are good.

May 31.—This morning we followed down the creek, and traveled for several miles upon the Canadian; finding this part of the road sandy, however, we soon turned back, and came upon the high prairie between two of the Antelope buttes. These hills are about 150 feet high, of porous sandstone, and appear to be the result of volcanic action. They rise almost perpendicularly from the flat prairie, are flat upon the top, and present every indication of having been raised out of the earth by volcanic agency. They are near the 100th degree of longitude, and are sometimes called the Boundary mounds as being near the line formerly claimed by Texas as her eastern boundary. We encamped this evening without wood at some holes of water in the prairie; we could have found wood by going six miles further, but our mules were weary, and I concluded to use the "buffalo chips" rather than drive that distance.

June 1.—Taking the divide again this morning, we marched fourteen miles over a very direct and firm road, without a hill or ravine, until we reached our camp, upon a small lake on the high prairie. There is an abundance of never-failing water in the lake, and the buffalo grass grows luxuriantly upon its banks. This grass is very short and thick; but animals are extravagantly fond of it, and it is very nutritious. There are hills about a mile to the east of the lake similar to the Antelope buttes; these can be seen for a long distance upon our road, and are good landmarks. As it is half a mile from the lake to the nearest wood, I would recommend to travelers to throw a few sticks for cooking into their wagons before reaching here. We received a visit this evening from four Kioway Indians, dressed in their war costume, and armed with rifles, bows, lances, and shields. They were on their way (as they told us) to Chihuahua, Mexico, where they were going to steal mules and horses, and expected to be absent from here a year or more. I brought them into camp, presented them with some tobacco and pipes, and they were disposed to be friendly and at peace with the Kioways; that it was the desire of their "great father," the president of the United States, to be on terms of peace with all his "red children." This appeared to please them, and they replied that they would communicate my "talk" to their people, who live forty miles north of here upon the north fork of the Canadian. I was much surprised at the ease and facility with which "Beaver" communicated

with them by pantomime. This appears to be a universal language among Indians, and the same signs and gestures are made use of and understood by all tribes. The grace and rapidity with which this mute conversation was carried on upon a variety of topics relative to their road and our own affairs astonished me beyond measure. I had no idea before the Indians were such adepts at pantomime; and I have no hesitation in saying that they would compare with the most accomplished performers of our operas.

July 2.—We traveled sixteen miles today over a very good road, with but little water near it, however, until we reached our present camp; here we have good wood and water in a ravine. The country as we advance becomes gradually higher, and the soil continues poor, with but little timber. We are yet upon the "divide" of the Washita and Canadian—about five miles from the latter, and three miles from a large branch of the former. The wife of one of the emigrants encamped near us has been sick for several days, and reports tonight as very low. The fatigue and inconvenience to which she is necessarily exposed in a journey over the prairies, has, no doubt, had a tendency to aggravate her disease. Being a lady of delicate constitution, and having never before been subjected to the privations and hardships of a camp life, she is but poorly fitted to endure in sickness a march of this kind.

June 3.—This being Sunday, we stopped to recruit our men and animals.

June 4.—We made a march of ten miles today, and reached Dry river, crossed and encamped on the west bank. We found bluffs about 200 feet high on the east side, very abrupt, and crowned with ledges of sandstone; but after a short examination, discovered a pass which led us by a very gradual descent to the river bottom. This distance between the top of the bluffs, from one side of the stream to those of the other, is five miles, and the valley where we crossed about two miles in width. There is wood, water, and grass in abundance here, and it is a fine camping place.

On approaching Dry river from the east, our road passed up the ridge dividing the head branches of the Washita from Dry river; here the Divide, which our road has followed about 250 miles, turns away to the south, and from this place we see it no more. I am informed by Beaver, who is well acquainted with this part of the country, that this stream has its source in an extensive salt plain southwest of here, and that Red river, which has never been explored to its head, rises in the same plain, and near the same place. It has generally been supposed that Red river extended far west of here, near the Pecos, and passed through a portion of the "Llano Estacado," but Beaver says it rises east of that plain. The Canadian, for the last two days travel, has been shut in by high bluffs on each side, and the country between the bluffs and our road much broken by sharp round hills and deep gulches.

The soil in this vicinity is totally worthless and unproductive; no timber fit for building and but little water. We have seen many fresh Indian "signs" today, but no Indians. I have cautioned the emigrants to be vigilant in guarding their animals, as many of them continue to be very careless.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

WALKING ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

The "diver's room" and the "intermediate chamber" are the most interesting places in the submarine boat, Argonaut. The diver's room can be shut off from the remainder of the boat by a door, and then can be made air tight. In turn, the "intermediate" compartment can be shut off both from the diver's room and the main part of the boat. When the diver's room is in use it has in it a pressure of air almost double that of the atmosphere in the main part of the boat, (which is equal to the pressure of the atmosphere passing the single word, "it is there to prevent the great pressure of air from passing into the main part of the boat—as it certainly would do with a tremendous rush if the air tight door were opened—and yet to make it possible for a person to pass from the main part of the boat into the diver's room, that the intermediate chamber was invented.

When a person is to be transferred from the cabin to the diver's room while the latter is in use (when it is not in use this room is free of access in the ordinary way), he is placed in the "intermediate," and a current of compressed air is here turned on until the air is equal the air pressure in the diver's room. But meanwhile that person's life is far from being a happy one, unless he has been through the intermediate before, or has learned two hints, namely, to say not a single word, but to drink cold water continuously all the time while the compressed air is being turned into the room. If he does this he will not suffer the least inconvenience; on the contrary, he will be given quite a tickling sensation, and in a few minutes he can step into the diver's room and enjoy what is going on without noticing any peculiarity about the air there. Otherwise while he is in the intermediate, he will probably be doubled up with pain, the drums of his ears will feel as though they were being driven into his head with mallets, his head will feel as though it is going to blow off from the eyes upward, and his eyes will fill with tears. The writer has experienced the full list of afflictions.

many pounds pressure as there was pounds pressure in the water, a door, which forms half of the floor in the diver's room, was dropped downwards, and strange to say, (to us who did not understand science very well) the water did not rush in and drown us. To the air pressure in the room escape. The moment he opened the valve the sea commenced to rise in the bottom of the boat at the same even rate at which the air was released, but the moment the valve was closed the water stopped where it was. A new current of compressed air was turned on, and at once the water went down again.

Those of the guests who cared to leave the boat and walk along the bottom of the sea were given diving suits, one of which had a telephone in the helmet, by means of which the wearer could talk with those remaining on the boat. When the suits had been donned and the helmets screwed up, each man had only to make a step of 3ft. and he was standing on the actual sea bottom—with some 5ft. of his body sticking up through the bottom of the boat and into the diver's room. By simply ducking their heads, however, the explorers were out of the boat entirely, and with one step more they were able to walk upright as far away as they felt inclined.—The March Pearson's.

MOTOR BOATS ON THE DEAD SEA.

The Dead Sea, which for thousands of years has been a forsaken solitude in the midst of a desert, on whose waves no rudder has been seen for centuries, is to have a line of motor boats in the future. Owing to the continued increase in traffic and the influx of tourists, a shorter route is to be found between Jerusalem and Kerak, the ancient capital of the land of Moab. The first little steamer, built at one of the Hamburg docks, is about 100 feet long, and began the voyage to Palestine on June 16. An order has already been given for the building of a second steamer. The one already built and on the way is named Prodomos (that is, "forerunner"). It will carry thirty-four persons, together with freight of all kinds. The promoters of this new enterprise are the inmates of a Greek cloister in Jerusalem. The management of the line is entirely in German hands.

The trade of Kerak with the desert is today of considerable importance. It is the main town of any commercial standing east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Its population consists of about 1800 Christians and 6000 Moslems. The merchants of Hebron are among the chief frequenters of the markets of Kerak.—Ex.

TO PLEASE THE SCOTCH.

"I see that King Edward is highly desirous of making a good impression on his Scotch subjects."

A LEWIS-PRICED WORKER.

A Jersey farmer visiting New York stood looking at a sign in a book store window: "Dickens' Works All This Week for Two Dollars." "Wal," he remarked, "My 'pinion is that Dickens feller is either a mighty poor workman or else he's confounded hard up for a job."—Boston Courier.

HER RARE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Denver has a pretty young woman so charmingly cross-eyed that she can entertain three young men at once and send them away each thinking that he monopolized most of her attention during the evening.—Denver Post.

THWARTED AMBITION.

"Hello, Boomerleigh! I thought you were holding down a seat in the senate at Washington!"

A TRIFLE.

"Professor," said the girl graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know."

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

Ladies and gentlemen are cordially invited to call on Madam Lee, the seventh sister of the seventh generation, who tells the past, present, and future, can be consulted on all matters including business, courtship, marriages, etc. Madam Lee is an Egyptian seer and palmist from Alexandria on the river Nile, and has taken rooms at the Riche-lieu, where she can be consulted at any hour. Room No. 6, upstairs.

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Letter From a Musician In Vienna.

Vienna, Austria, March 10.

Dear Mother—Your most welcome letter came just an hour ago and gave me so much pleasure that I must thank you at once. If there is anything beside music lessons that at times a would-be or want-to-be-artist needs it is encouragement and I should not be surprised if the lack of it was not what killed Schubert and Beethoven. Here within one block of Schubert's house every one knows everything he ever did and some of the things he suffered were enough to kill him but for the faith he had in himself. My troubles, although not one hundredth part of Schubert's, at times do need encouragement, and I am very thankful that it always comes when needed.

Michel Zadora took my picture, with my kodak in front of Schubert's house, so I will send you one although it is only an amateur picture as "any one could see with half an eye"—I believe that is the way the grammars have that sentence written.

I am standing at the door, above the doorway is a bust of Schubert and a sign so:

Franz Schubert's Geburtshaus. We will take some better pictures when the sun once more consents to shine and we are better practiced in the art.

I am dressed to go to see Frau Hedlicka-Loscher and hope to find her at home this time. She is mostly away and no one ever knows when to come. But she told me to come this afternoon so I suppose I will find her there. Tomorrow eve is another recital at Leschetizky's and I am glad he never gets angry there because I saw him so angry last week that he was cussing, kicking and running at the same time. I was in the torture chamber or translated "waiting room," when I heard him yelling and fussing and in a moment I saw him coming out of the studio with his hands flying and running after a pupil he had just kicked out. He was angry because he only got one kick at him. Such a temper, no man living has beside him, but such a teacher no one ever will be.

Mr. Fischhoff, the first professor at the conservatory said Leschetizky was the only teacher and said he always kicks every one out but that you must only wait a month and go back again because there will be no such teacher when he is gone so by all means do not lose this opportunity. Mr. Fischhoff, as I wrote you, is a very pleasant little fellow and one of the best pianists.

I believe I sent you a program of Rosenthal's next concert and will write you about it when I hear it as I know the program all except one or two small pieces.

The last piece I began is beautiful although it is quite loud, SFFF and to take it SFFF is wrong so you can imagine I have gained quite a great deal of strength since I've been in Europe.

I have some three or four pieces and two or three etudes for next lesson but I hope to learn them satisfactorily. I think the severe nervous attack I had will leave me soon, if not I will miss one or two lessons as it leaves me unable to play. Do not think this is from overwork for it isn't. For since I got my kodak and a good while before I took some holidays. Fraulein Dagmar Walle-Hansen gave a concert in Muenchen which was a grand success. Some of the numbers were "Concerto, Grieg, Arabesque, Schuman, Polonaise, Bdur-Chopin, and Tarantella-Leschetizky. The critics spoke very highly of her and she was then invited to play before a party of the royal family on the Sunday following and made friends at once with the royalty. Fraulein Walle-Hansen is an artist, finished under Leschetizky and now has the position of assistant to Herr. Prof. She thinks of making a tour of America in a year or so and I am sure she would be very successful. Five years ago she was asked to play the Grieg Concerto under the direction of the composer and although the concert was only one week off and the composer is very particular, she learned the concerto and played it with Grieg conducting the orchestra and from memory in one week's time. The critics then said she was grand and even the composer who is very hard to please was very enthusiastic over her.

I am very glad to be able to stay two years and know it will be so much better. I think that the two years will help me so that then I can work on in America quite well and probably quite successful, unless I hope so. Will write again soon as my time is up now and I must hurry to see Frau Loscher. With lots of love for your dear self and grandmother and all friends. Very lovingly

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