TOMBSTONE PROSPECTOR

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CITY AND COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

Fresh Ranch Butter from the ranch of J H White at Wolcott's Cash Store. 3-7tf

THE Citizen throws out its tow line to Governor Irwin. Hope it will never be spelled *toe* line.

THERE is a strong under current of feeling in favor of organizing a board of trade or similar body of representative citizens to take hold of the business end of our languishing industries. The business men with all due consideration for their personal efforts to better their own condition by aiding at all times the efforts made by others to advertise our resources, are lacking in push, enterprise and spirit of concentrated action, which alone will make our country and city a thriving community. For five yearsour mines have been lying idle, comparatively speaking; the great question of water remains unsettled. Our mines are flooded with it while almost within stones throw ot us the rich soil of our valleys crave it. The artesian water supply is there but remains still in its uncertain stage, while the small sum of $20,000, would settle the problem for all time to come. This sum would mean $100 each for 200 men. If the venture were a success it would return 500 per cent the first year after it was settled; if not a success it would be but one card drawn from the pack and 51 more to draw from. There are other propositions which the people of this county must settle for themselves. There is one great problem which the citizens of Tombstone must settle for themselves—the drainage of the mines. There will be no more trouble in inducing capital to take hold of the enterprise providing we can meet it half way and by our financial aid even in a small way prove that we have an abiding faith in the future of our camp. There is no use in longer remaining idle in the back grounds and sucking our thumbs waiting for something to turn up. It will have to be done some time and the sooner the better.

MEXICAN PREJUDICES.

DREAD OF FRESH AIR CARRIED TO A LUDICROUS EXTENT.

Most cities have some reason to show for their location. Boston sits by her broad bay, Chicago by the lakeside, New Orleans in the bend of her imperial river, Guanajuato and Zacatecas by the side of their rich mines, but there is no sound or sensible reason for the location of the City of Mexico in a low and swampy tract, when right at hand were building sights of incomparable view, of perfect sanitary conditions and certain to afford space for the amplest possible expansion of the town. Temporarily nothing is being done, on any comprehensive scale, for the advancement of the plan for draining the valley of Mexico, and incidentally the city. A company of Ohio origin is digging a canal under contract with the city government, and it gets its pay regularly, as the rulers of the city are good paymasters and honorable in all their dealings. But the big plan seems to have been let drop for a while for some reason not apparent.

Meantime the death rate is extraordinary, and what should be one of the most healthy cities on the globe, standing as it does at more than 7,500 feet above the sea level, is one of the most unhealthy. The ravages of what may be termed diseases engendered by dirt and dampness are something frightful—typhus fever (not the milder typhold), smallpox, which is always existent somewhere, consumption, dysentery, etc., carry off thousands every year. The lot of the poorer classes, and of those between poverty and comfortable circumstances is a hard one. Their dwellings are damp, musty, ill smelling, pestiferous. It is among these classes that the death rate is very high, but among the well to do people who live on what is here called the "primer piso," or first floor, or, in New England, the second story, the mortality is not greater than in Boston. The peculiarity of the climate is that its lack of oxygen renders recovery from sickness very difficult. Once let yourself run down, and it is hard getting up again. The languor of the climate, the lack of life in the air, conspire to keep the invalid weak, and it is the rule of the doctors to send patients out of the city as soon as it is possible to remove them.

BEDROOMS SEALED AT NIGHT.

Out on the hillsides the country people are robust and rarely ill, unless they happen to be of that class who try to keep bedrooms hermetically sealed at night. This prejudice against the night air is very great and widespread. I suppose that eight-tenths of the inhabitants of this city shut up their bedrooms as tight as a drum every night of their lives. Thus they breathe their own effluvia, and pine away to the profit of the doctors and the drug shops. This fact accounts for the many mottled and sallow complexions one sees. People who have traveled, or those who are of receptive minds and have studied the matter, let the night air circulate in their apartments. Their good blood and clear complexions testify to their obedience to hygienic laws.

The dread of the fresh air is often carried to a ludicrous extent. People sit for three hours in a dirty, stuffy theatre and breathe the air of the sewers underneath the floors, inhale all the human exhalations which contaminate the unagitated air, and then, on going out into the comparatively pure air of the street, keep handkerchiefs to their mouths and noses. This morning I noticed a sallow woman riding on the Paseo in her coupe, a lapdog on her knee. The glass windows of the vehicle were tightly shut, so that none of the glorious air of the morning in that favored spot should by chance enter her withering lungs. This was the old monkish idea; in the convents the pious brethren preferred close cells and musty tomes. They dreaded water, and soap was unknown to them.

A curious prejudice exists among many people here against cold water when they have a "catarro" or cold in the head, or even a touch of chill in the bones. For weeks, till the cold has gone, they resolutely refrain from touching water. Another popular prejudice here is that which impels a family to move out of a house when any member of it has died. For this reason it is needful to be cautious in taking a house or apartments till you have made certain that no one has recently died therein of a contagious disease. So far does this prejudice go that many people abandon their old homes on the death of a member of the family.

CHILDISH FEAR OF DISEASE.

It does not seem to be so much a superstition as a childish fear of disease. And yet these same people who would not consent to remain in a house thoroughly and scientifically disinfected, with new wall paper and new paint, will move to a house with a stagnant ditch near at hand, and will shut themselves up in their bedrooms at night like herring in a box. The old houses here show in their construction the dread of air and sunshine. With little narrow windows, brick floors and tight doors, they were certain to become musty in six months' occupancy. The ancient convents had windows of the size of prison windows. Churches were built so that never by any chance could a breath of air get in to disturb the worshipers. All this the white man did. But the Indian, living mainly in the open air of the high sierras, is a different sort of creature, a man who can make sixty miles or more a day. He it is who eats with an appetite his frugal meal, and has the good sense to beat his idols when they do not grant his requests immediately. These are the men and women with broad chests and a color that shows red blood and good circulation. They have missed the refinements of the white race, but have preserved their livers and their lungs. In the heart of the Indian their lurks a contempt for the sickly colored white man. He regards his pale faced brother as a man of artifice and endless refinements, who must have at hand an apothecary shop and a doctor, who dares not live out in the free country unless protected by servants, dogs and guns. The white man takes a horse for a journey of five miles; the Indian will go twelve times as far in a day on foot, and will be well and ready for another tramp the next day, when the white man's horse would be used up with two-thirds the same amount of travel. Generally a vegetable eater, the Indian of the Mexican sierras is a proof that meat is not a necessity of life. He eats a frugal meal of cornmeal tortillas, takes a drink of pulque or water, and wears out the meat-eating dweller in towns. Largely it is the good air the Indian breathes that makes him the strong and enduring man that he is.
—Mexico Cor. Boston Herald.