

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald
KNOTTS BROS.,
Publishers & Proprietors.

ZUNI'S BURIED CITIES.

The Continued Efforts of Explorer
Frank Cushing Very Richly
Rewarded.

[Washington Special in Omaha Republican.]
Washington Mathews, of the Army Medical museum, has just returned from Arizona, where he went to assist Mr. Frank Cushing, of the Smithsonian institute, in his archaeological investigation. During his several years' residence at Zuni Mr. Cushing heard from the traditions of the tribe that it was once a great nation, and formerly lived south of the present location, but many hundreds of years ago. He has always been possessed of a passion to search for the ruins of the old cities, and through the liberality of Mrs. Augustus Hemingway, of Boston, a wealthy widow, whose husband was one of the pioneers in the South American trade, he has at last been enabled to do so. The government of the United States is not very liberal in its encouragement of science. The Smithsonian institute has a small fund of money devoted to this purpose, which was left by the legacy of an Englishman, Mr. James Smithson; but is only sufficient to support the institution and publish the results of the researches conducted there. Mr. Cushing worked at Zuni for six years on a salary of \$1,200 a year, but even that had to be cut off, and his investigations must have come to a stop had not Mrs. Hemingway stepped in and supplied the funds. She is the lady who, when the historic South church of Boston was sold for taxes, bought it and presented it to the city of Boston for a museum. She became interested in Mr. Cushing's work through his articles in the Century, and while he was ill from the hardship and exposure at Zuni she kept him in her house at Manchester-by-the-Sea for a year. Then she provided the means for him to continue his investigations under direction of the Smithsonian institute. It was nearly a year ago that Mr. Cushing went to Southern Arizona and commenced his search for the lost cities. He took with him a sufficient number of assistants, was well supplied with all the necessaries for his work, his outfit being much superior to that provided by the government for similar explorations. Out of compliment to the lady who supplied the funds, it is called the Hemingway archaeological expedition.

SEVERAL BURIED CITIES UNEARTHED.
Mr. Cushing took with him several of the most intelligent of the head men of the Zunis to assist in the search, and their efforts have been rewarded with wonderful success. He has discovered the ruins of several large cities, one of which is at least three miles square, and all the indications seem to show that, as the traditions of the Zunis run, it was destroyed by an earthquake a thousand or more years ago. The traditions of the Zuni tribe are entrusted to the memory of the priests, and, as they have no written language young men are selected who commit them to memory and recite them to the people on fast days. The ruins Mr. Cushing found correspond so closely with the descriptions in these sacred traditions that there seems to be scarcely a doubt that the right place has been found. The relics discovered show that those who lived there had the same utensils that are used in Zuni to-day. The pottery, which is found in large quantities, bears the same designs, hieroglyphs and similar inscriptions, and the fabrics found closely resemble the woven garments of the present tribe, while the architecture and methods of constructing are identical.

The discoveries already made serve to throw light on many of the Zuni traditions, for there is every evidence that the population was dense that the people had many of the simple arts, and that the cities were destroyed by a great earthquake that must have killed the majority of them and buried their bodies in the ruins.

SKELTONS IN PERFECT PRESERVATION.
Skeltons in great numbers in a perfect state of preservation have been found in the houses under the fallen walls. There is evidence, too, that the dead were cremated, and urns are very numerous containing human ashes. There are irrigation ditches which lead to the streams and springs that are even larger than those in use in this country and show that a large area of ground was under cultivation, capable of supporting a dense population. Ornaments for personal adornment are numerous in the ruins, as well as weapons of war and implements of agriculture. In fact, the cities are almost counterparts of Herculaneum and other buried cities of the old world. After the ruins were deserted by the survivors of the catastrophe they were covered and hidden from the sight of men by the shifting sands of the Arizona desert, and have thus lain for a thousand years or so. It is probable that the tribe, as related in Zuni traditions,

removed to the north and erected the towns in which they now live. In the center of the great city is a citadel of large size and massive construction, including what was evidently a temple, for within the inner walls the skeletons of large numbers of priests have been found. There are several vaults also, or dungeons, for the confinement of prisoners. More than two thousand skeletons have already been taken from the citadel, and Dr. Mathews brought home a number of them, which have been deposited in the Army medical museum.

Mr. Cushing's labors are much retarded by his impaired health, and Dr. Mathews' chief object in visiting the camp was to treat him. He has been compelled to suspend his investigations entirely and go to California for a change of climate, but the work will be continued under the direction of Dr. Tenoate, a famous Dutch archaeologist from the Hague, who has recently arrived. Dr. Tenoate has had wide experience in similar work in the old world and will prove a valuable coadjutor to the work.

The location of the ruins is about thirty miles from the track of Phoenix, the well known mining town, and twenty miles from the track of the Southern Pacific railway.

SOUTHERN DARKIES think the ordinary house cat frequently goes by night into the woods to divert itself by playing with the molly-cotton-tails. On such occasions puss stows her tail away between her legs by way of disguise—suppresses an integral part of herself, as it were. For a number of years a like stratagem has in all public utterances been adopted by the press and party leaders of the South. Talk fairly, strike with the mailed hand, is the policy. Disguised much after the manner of puss, the southern statesman goes north to tell how much he loves his "old nigger mammy," how much she loves him, and how the colored man and his old master delight to walk arm in arm up to the polls and vote the straight democratic ticket. Tourgee was right in saying that Jackson's speech at Macon was the best thing that had been done in the south since Lee surrendered. It was a natural sentiment, really felt and boldly spoken. Jackson thought he was in the exclusive company of cats, and forgot to hide his tail. That was all. *Globe Dem.*

THE FARMERS' CONGRESS has adopted a report in favor of a higher tariff on wool, this indicates the agriculturists of the country remain sound on the question of protection. The farmer, being an eminently sensible person, is aware that the policy which permits him to sell ninetenths of his produce in his own country, thus enabling him to make quicker sales and get better prices than he could abroad, is the policy which it is for his interest to maintain. He knows this is the service which the tariff is rendering him, and he stands ready to wage political war on the party which attempts to strike the tariff down.

THE MORMONS of Utah are talking of colonizing in Turkey. If they would carry out this scheme before the 24th inst. they would confer a favor. Americans would contemplate with Thanksgiving a Turkey stuffed with Mormons. *Nebraska City Times.*

THE STATE of Mississippi will not have a single republican to sit in its legislature. It will probably "reform" now as it has no opposition.

SECRETARY LAMB has concluded to bounce Sparks. The secretary will be very popular in Dakota if he succeeds in the bouncing.

THE STORMING OF DELHI.
There is a movement in England for an increase of the pension of John Divane, the private soldier who won the Victoria cross by leading the way to the capture of the Cashmere gate at the storming of Delhi. He lost a leg on that occasion. "There was," he says, "a hitch, and then a call for 'Who'll storm the battery?' And the boys said, 'Johnny, you go on and we'll be after ye.' And I said, 'Come on, boys, death or glory!' And we went on, and presently I fell down, and when I came to myself I found my leg was gone, and I said, 'Never mind, John Divane, my boy, here's a shilling a day for ye for life.' And when I heard the list of pensions read out and heard I'd only 'timpance a day, I cried, 'Divane did not get the 'death' he challenged, but the 'tempany' worth per day of 'glory' which he did get does not seem much of a reward for the man who started the turning point of the capture of Delhi, and therefore of the suppression of the mutiny. He is now 64 years old and gets a living by peddling fish in a donkey cart at Penzance.—*New York Tribune.*

MORTGAGES UPON FARMS.
For many years mortgages upon improved farms in New York and New England have been regarded as the best kind of investment for savings banks deposits. But they are no longer so regarded. Connecticut farms, for instance, many banks will not look at, and the shyness about loaning on New York and Westchester farm property is greatly increasing. Good city property is regarded favorably.—*New York Sun.*

EMERSON'S HUMOR.
Emerson's sense of humor preserved him from the extremes into which many of his friends were betrayed. On one occasion in the midst of a transcendental discussion, the arrival of a load of coal was announced. Emerson excused himself to attend to it with the delicious apology: "You see, we must treat these things as if they were real."—*The Epoch.*

THE DUDES MEETING.

A DRAMATIC INCIDENT THAT OCCURRED IN FIFTH AVENUE.

Berry Wall, the King of the Dudes, Meets Mr. Bob Hilliard, the Usurper, and Wall's Attire Was Precisely Like Bob Hilliard's.

A dramatic incident occurred on Fifth Avenue the other day. It was shortly after 1 o'clock, and the sidewalks of the great thoroughfare were crowded with people. The huge throngs drifted along on both sides of the street dressed in Sunday raiment and staring interestedly from side to side. It is the most pretentious procession that New York knows.

By some curious freak of fate two young men of similar age and local fame swung into Fifth Avenue at precisely the same moment and walked slowly toward each other. One turned the corner of Twenty-sixth street and started northward, and the other turned the corner of Twenty-seventh street and faced the south. Heads were turned in all directions, and the names of the two young men were whispered along the street. Each was slim of build, handsome of face and noticeably correct in the matter of attire. Mr. Berry Wall wore a dark, heavily ribbed black frock coat, gray trousers, a beaver hat with a two inch band, lavender gloves, white overgaiters, a very high and straight collar, a dark scarf and the biggest white rose that has been seen on Fifth Avenue this season. He strolled along seemingly unconscious of the attention he excited, leaning heavily on his stick and staring straight in front of him with raised eyebrows and an expression of acute sorrow.

A DUPLICATE COSTUME.
Mr. Bob Hilliard's costume was an absolute duplicate of Mr. Wall's, even to the shade of the trousers, the white overgaiters and the massive rose. Even the material of the Hilliard coat was precisely similar to that of the Wall frock coat. The crowd parted right and left as the ex-king of the dudes and the reigning monarch strolled unconsciously toward one another. Hilliard's proportions were athletic and powerful; Wall's were dissipated and elegant. One looked like a man of fashion, the other like a man of the world. Hilliard was by far the handsomer, but Wall bore that indescribably attractive stamp which distinguished the man of fashion above his fellows. There was a swirl in the crowd, which left an open space directly in front of the Victoria hotel. Suddenly the two idols of the town caught sight of each other. It was a thrilling moment, for it was the first meeting of the deposed and the successful monarch. It was a test which both men felt from their heels up, but which they survived with a serenity and breeding which has won them their title. Mr. Wall's face grew a shade whiter, but the expression did not change an iota. Hilliard flushed, he retained his serene and implacable serenity. Neither man changed his pace, and they strolled along within a foot or two of each other, and then Mr. Hilliard smiled very slightly, nodded and said casually:

"Good morning."
"How—do," said Mr. Wall serenely, with just the suggestion of a smile, and a gentle beaming of the eyes.

Mr. Hilliard touched two fingers of his gloved hand to the rim of his hat. Mr. Wall touched his hat with his right forefinger only. This is another innovation of Mr. Hilliard's, he holding, with some show of argument, that as porters, policemen and sailors touch their hats with one finger, gentlemen should make a slight but not pointed difference by raising two fingers. He, of course, deprecates the fashion of one man raising his hat on meeting another, unless a lady be present, such action being fulsome, ostentatious and vulgar.

TREMENDOUSLY SHOCKED.
As the two distinguished men walked apart after their meeting, it was evident that they were perturbed. Neither of them looked back, of course, but there was a nervous acceleration of speed as they swept out of sight around the corner. There was no question that both men had been tremendously shocked by the discovery that they were dressed in a fashion that was precisely similar. Though they knew the rumor that flew up and down Fifth Avenue to the effect that they patronized the same tailor was false, yet they were nervous and ill at ease over the lack of originality they had both shown. No one knew exactly where Mr. Wall went, but it is certain that he showed up in an incredibly short time in attire that was notably and pointedly out of the ordinary run. It was not the materials, much as it was the cut. A Parisian tailor was responsible for the oddity in outline of the garments. The coat was very long tailed, four button and cutaway, the trousers long and broad so that the creases stuck out like whip cords. The waistcoat was exceedingly low at the neck, giving a view of the heavily ribbed shirt and a ribbed cravat of precisely the same material. The points of the collar were turned very far forward. The boots were patent leather, with elaborately trimmed uppers, and the gloves very light in shade, as, indeed, was the suit, the color of which, by the way, was very dark brown with subdued stripes of maroon.

Mr. Hilliard was seen to jump into a cab when he arrived at Broadway after his abrupt departure from Fifth Avenue, and he rolled hastily up town. Less than half an hour later he bounded out from a carriage again and started briskly toward the park. An extraordinary metamorphosis had taken place. Shorn of his beaver hat and the dignity which a frock coat imparts, he looks like a ruddy faced boy. He was topped by a low crowned, fawn colored derby hat, which was matched to perfection by fawn colored gloves. He wore white linen, relieved at the neck by a scarlet tie, while a purple satin waistcoat, embroidered with green stars, could be seen through the opening of the negligee sack coat. The trousers were rough tweed and the gaiters of the same material. A cambric handkerchief, with scarlet tracing to match the cravat, peeped from the pocket of Mr. Hilliard's coat, and he carried a silver tipped stick. For half an hour he strolled in Fifth Avenue, and so did Berry Wall. But fate had turned against them, and they did not meet again.—*New York Sun.*

Legends in the Plate Glass.
A funny fellow who owns a diamond has been creating amusement for himself and wrath in the breasts of his victims by cutting various legends into the plate glass fronts of stores at Battle Creek. Among his favorite inscriptions are: "Saloon," in bold characters, for drug stores; "Undertaker two doors west," for doctors' offices; "Poker room up stairs," for saloon windows; "We are all liars," for clothing stores, and "Come early and avoid the rush," for banks.—*Chicago News.*

A Pious Western City.
Winnipeg is an exception to the saying that there is no Sabbath west of Chicago. The streets are empty and the churches full. Indeed, there is said to be church accommodation for 15,000 in a population of 23,000, and it is all utilized.



Information to Capital Seeking Investment.
POINTERS ABOUT PLATTSBOUTH.
It is the gateway to the great South Platte country. It is situated on the Missouri River at the mouth of the Platte, at a point about half way between Chicago and Denver, only two hours by rail from Lincoln the capital, and forty minutes from Omaha, the metropolis of the State.

Population about 9,000 and rapidly increasing.
Has one of the finest systems of Water Works in the State.
Streets are well lighted by gas.
A street railway in operation.
Grades of the streets established, and bonds voted for the purpose of constructing sewerage and paving of Main Street, work to commence thereon in the spring of 1888.
Has a fine four story high school building and six ward school houses. Aside from business houses over 100 residences have been constructed during the year 1887.
An Opera House costing \$50,000.
Nebraska Preserve and Canning factory, capital \$13,000, capacity 300,000 cans per year and employs 40 hands.
Brick and Terra Works, capital 50,000, capacity 10,000 bricks per day, employs thirty hands.
Plattsmouth Canning Factory, capital \$30,000, capacity 1,500,000 cans per year and employs 125 hands, turns over in one year's business about \$100,000.
Two daily papers; one Republican and one Democratic.
Schneibacher buggy and wagon factory.
Pepperberg's cigar manufactory, employs fifteen hands, and largely supplies the trade of southwestern Nebraska.
Dufur & Co's. new Packing House.
The great C. B. & Q. Railroad machine shops, round houses, storehouses, &c., are maintained at this point for the use of its system west of the Missouri River, employing many hundreds of hands, and disbursing to employes monthly about \$30,000.
One of the finest railroad bridges in the United States spans the Missouri River at the Southern limit of the city.
Over 2,000 miles of railroad conveys its freight traffic into and through our city.
Ten passenger trains leave Plattsmouth daily for north, south, east and west over the C. B. & Q.; K. C., St. Joe & C. B. and the B. M. R. R. in Nebraska.
The cheapness of the land around Plattsmouth and its nearness to Omaha markets together with good railroad facilities, make it not only a pleasant place to reside, but a desirable place for the establishment of manufactories.
To healthy, legitimate manufacturing enterprises, the citizens of Plattsmouth would doubtless make reasonable inducements to secure their location, and correspondence is solicited.
While real estate values are growing firmer each day, yet there is nothing speculative or fictitious about them, and good residence lots can be bought at from \$150 to \$350; land near the city can be purchased at from \$200 to \$100 per acre. Within the next twelve months our city expects to welcome the Missouri Pacific and the Omaha and Southern Railways into its corporate limits.
The above facts are given without exaggeration and the prospects for the future prosperity of our city, more than above indicated. Parties seeking investments in Realty are earnestly requested to come and make personal investigation. While here you will be given a free ride to South Park, the most beautiful and desirable residence locality in the city, where lots may be purchased at from \$150 to \$200, each. This picturesque addition is accessible by either Chicago or Lincoln Avenues or by South 9th Street and may be reached in a ten minutes walk from the business center. South Park is more rapidly building up than any other part of the city. Correspondence solicited.

Robt. B. Windham.

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