

THE CLIFF DWELLERS—A FORGOTTEN PEOPLE AND THEIR RUINS

Homes of a Pre-Historic People—A Vanished Race, that Once Lived on the Rio Grande.

Special Correspondence of The Courier.

It was with the keenest and bitterest disappointment of my life that I turned back from the Cliff Dwellers' ruins and bought a ticket for the east.

To me there is nothing in this wonderland of the southwest that has so great a fascination as the abandoned homes of this people we know not of—this people of the dim days of the past—our ancestors, who lived in caves, lived much like beasts, wore only the skins of animals; lived for thousands of years, for all we know, came from where we do not know, and departed whence we do not know.

But I am ahead of my story, I have left my disappointment without any reason offered for same, and gone cliff hunting.

I saved the Cliff Dwellers and community houses for the finish of my trip, well knowing I could find little to interest me after I had seen these ruins—ruins older than fire.

And I saved them too long, I saw them, some of them, but under circumstances that cannot do half justice.

I suppose I should have informed myself that what little winter New Mexico has comes the latter part of February and the first of March, and had I done so, I should have gone first to these ruins, and then to Old Mexico. But I didn't take the pains, and lost out.

But I saw the Cliff ruins, despite the deep snow and howling mountain blizzards. I saw them and climbed up into them, inspected parlor, bed room and conservatory, sat there on the floor in the dust of ages, sat cross-legged as some cliff dweller had sat in the same place thousands of years ago—sat there and looked across the gorge from the door way of this pre-historic home, and into my eyes came a picture—

But into my toes came the frost, and into my ears came the hail of the driver below—and that picture of a forgotten past faded, faded before I could catch the colors.

Did you ever try to get sentimental in a blizzard? Try it. Did you ever try for poetry or the muses when the thermometer was about ten below and a freezing driver yelling, "Don't try it—nothing to it."

What of the Cliff Dwellers? You tell. We Americans know little of them, and the more I learn of them the less I know.

Through Arizona and New Mexico are hundreds of their ruins. We know people, human beings, once lived in them, and that is about all we do know. Anybody here can tell you who they were, where they came from and where they went to, but no one will tell you anything that has even a speaking distance connection with what the other fellow explained, so I read what little I can find about them, hear a whole lot of what everybody can tell—and then guess.

I realized what the suffering and danger might mean to visit these ruins in the face of a blizzard and deep snow, but I could not come home without seeing something of these homes of an extinct people. So we drove it, wrapped up to the ears in Navajo blankets and our feet on foot warmers.

And I saw some of the homes of this vanished people—some of the cave monuments of the men who populated this Rio Grande valley and whose history has gone from the face of the earth.

Under favorable conditions couldn't a man write his head off with these surroundings? Sitting in the homes of these mysterious people, in the crumbling ruins of what were once the only human habitations of this great country of ours, sitting in the dust of ages and thinking of the first Americans who lived, loved and labored here—where wouldn't this pencil run to, if it were only spring time, if the frost would stop wrecking my trains of thought by his yelling that we must hurry back.

Three hours only in this greatest of all great museums!

Three hours only from the centuries before a white man's foot ever touched American soil to the days of Joe Cannon, 1910.

I can't attempt a story. It is all so great, so awesome, so mysterious. My pencil is so small.

But it was fortunate we did not stay longer. As it was we were unable to return to our starting place, and I was never able to get back to the station, where I left my grip, and it was weeks after that I received it, sent to me at Salamanca, N. Y.

I had planned miles and miles and days and days among these ruins, and only had three hours.

The place where I visited was where our unknown ancestors had built their homes many feet up

the side of the cliff—dug them back into the lava rock. It is said that in the early days when these homes were dug out, that certain strata were soft, and that pieces of glass-like lava formation in the hands of these pre-historic men, served as chisels to scoop out homes, and that the making was easy. They were independent of lumber trusts or house furnishing combinations. When a young Cliff Dweller wanted a home he hunted a soft stratum up the side of a cliff. He burned off a cedar tree, and used it for a ladder to climb up, and then he scooped out a residence. As time wore on, and doubtless several little Cliffs showed up, then he dug out a kitchen at the back—or rather dug out an extension.

But most of the houses are one room, built from a shelf of the Cliff, many feet from the bottom. They run along like streets, following the soft strata, and they run one above the other—that is they are parallel streaks of what was once no doubt, hard and soft strata, the hard strata forming the roof of the dweller underneath and the floor of the flat above.

The rooms are small, something like ten feet square, and from five to eight feet high. In many of them one cannot stand erect, and in the one I occupied I had to stoop when standing. Very few have loop holes for windows, and the doors are very low and just wide enough to squeeze in. It is evident that doors served as chimneys also; and I wonder how Miss Cliff ever squeezed through without getting her shirt waist sooty.

These homes were certainly built for protection. They were built high so that owners could pull up by their rope ladders and pull them after them, and the small doors and absence of windows plainly indicate that these were strenuous days and the Dweller who lived long was he who had his ladder up and his bow strung.

Where and how they got water is to me the one weak joint in their armor, and it seems to me all the enemy would have to do would be to lay siege to the stream at the foot of the Cliffs, and kill off the Dwellers when they came down to fill their pottery.

My driver had planned a trip for me to some of the ruins where he said probably not a dozen white men's feet had ever entered, and where I could dig for hours with none to stop me. He said that he knew of homes that he did not believe had ever been explored, and where one could find no end of pottery, relics and the bones of these our unknown ancestors.

Do you wonder at my disappointment? I looked out of the door from the Cliff House looked up through the blinding snow at where there should be a sun, and if ever a man hoped for a rift in the clouds, it was the man pushing this pencil.

But there was no hope. The trip must be abandoned, and in despair I dug into the dust in the floor of the house, dug into the accumulations of centuries of solitude, looking for some little relic of the day when these mysterious people were alive, and looked from this Cliff House as I now looked.

But I am going back to these ruins, going back to live days and nights in these houses, going back to raise blisters on my hands in digging for relics. And I am going at a time when there are no snow storms—in the early days of fall, to chase out the rock squirrels, and find out more of these forgotten people.

And then I am going farther west, into Arizona, and visit the buried cities there, and the mummy caves. You don't know anything of them, do you? I did not until I got into this wonderland, and found that just a head of me, no matter how far I went, were more strange and wonderful ruins and sights—ruins that to the utter shame of an American people are practically without supervision—because they are outside the tourists' path, because they are hidden in places difficult to get to—beyond the steel highways.

And there is the Petrified Forest the Grand Canyon, the Community Ruins, Death Valley, the Mountain Lions of Cochiti—all these and many more of our country's odd spots and strange corners I hope to visit.

As I look through my note book, representing a few of the most interesting weeks I ever passed, I note a variety of notes, little matters of interest, crowded out of these letters by the bigger stories. Next week I will clean up the book and close the series of southwest articles.

If they have been interesting to you at second hand, they have been far more so to me, and with the knowledge I now have of our country's museum, and with the location

Danger in all Liquors.

Philadelphia Record.
At the regular weekly conference of the Clerical Brotherhood yesterday morning, at the Charoh House, Dr. Matthew Wood delivered a vigorous address against the use of intoxicating liquors. After speaking of the various instruments recently invented for the observation of the effects of alcohol upon the human system, he said:

"The accuracy of such experiments has been corroborated by many observers. It has been shown that the most temperate use of alcohol, the glass or two of that 'fine German beer' daily, which Von Moltke said was a 'more dangerous enemy to Germany than all the French army,' diminishes the working capacity of laboring men. The mechanic who drinks even moderately can exceed himself from 12 to 20 per cent when abstaining from drink."

Saves an Iowa Man's Life.

The very grave seemed to yawn before Robert Madison, of West Burlington, Iowa, when, after seven weeks in the hospital, fear of the best physicians gave him up. Then was shown the marvellous curative power of Electric Bitters. For, after eight months of frightful suffering from liver trouble and yellow jaundice, getting no help from other remedies or doctors, five bottles of this matchless medicine completely cured him. Its positive guarantee for Stomach, Liver or Kidney troubles and never disappoints. Only 50c. at J. T. Underwood, next door to Bank of Randolph.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Armfield, Jr., of Asheboro, N. C., who have been visiting their grandparents here, returned home today. Britt says that he came to see the circus.—High Point Enterprise.

Smith-Jones.

Mr. L. H. Smith, of Birmingham, Alabama, formerly of Liberty, N. C., was married to Miss Margaret Jones, of Walnut Cove, on May 5. Immediately after the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, started on a bridal tour through the South.

Mr. Smith is a son of Mr. Louis Henry Smith, of Liberty, and a brother of Mr. J. Rom Smith, a member of the House of Representatives in the General Assembly, and is a prominent young man. Mrs. Smith is a popular young lady having many friends in Walnut Cove, Greensboro, and other towns.

Itching Eczema Washed Away

Is it worth 25 cents to stop that awful, agonizing itch? Surely you will spend 25 cents on your druggist's recommendation, to cool and heal and soothe that terrible itching eruption?

By arrangement with the D. D. D. Laboratories of Chicago, we are able to make a special offer of a 25-cent bottle of their oil of wintergreen compound, known as D. D. D. prescription. Call, or write, or telephone to Standard Drug Co.

We absolutely know that the itch is stopped AT ONCE by D. D. D. prescription, and the cure all seem to stay permanent.

Death of Mrs. Woodell.

Mrs. Hannah Woodell, wife of Mr. Alvis Woodell, died at her home one mile east of Asheboro, on Thursday evening, May 5, after an illness of only a few hours of paralysis.

Mrs. Woodell was the daughter of Nathan Moore. She was 68 years of age, and had been married three times; first, to Mr. William Burrow; next, to Mr. Jesse McDowell; and last, to Mr. Alvis Woodell. Mrs. Woodell is survived by her husband, one brother, Mr. Abner Moore, of Asheboro; three sisters, Mrs. John Stout, of Grant township; Mrs. Richard Crouch, of High Point; Mrs. Louis Smith, of near Winston-Salem; two sons, Messrs. Nathan and Orlando Burrow, of Asheboro; and one daughter, Mrs. John Curtis, of Ore Hill; besides several grandchildren.

The burial was in old Mt. Tabor cemetery May 7th. Mrs. Woodell was for many years a consistent member of the Primitive Baptist church. She was a good, kind-hearted, unassuming woman, and had many friends who will sympathize with the bereaved husband and other relatives.

Whooping Cough.

This is a more dangerous disease than is generally presumed. It will be a surprise to many to learn that more deaths result from it than from scarlet fever. Pneumonia often results from it. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been used in many epidemics of whooping cough, and always with the best results. Delbert McKee of Harlan, Iowa, says of it: "My boy took whooping cough when nine months old. He had it in the winter. I got a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy which proved good. I cannot recommend it too highly." For sale by all druggists.

of the hidden places of greatest interest, I hope in my next visit, in the coming November, to make the letters of far more interest, and to give the readers of your paper some descriptions and stories dug from mines little known of.
Barrance, N. M. M. J. B.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

How To Find Out.
Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a brick dust sediment, or settling, stringy or milky appearance often indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back are also symptoms that tell you the kidneys and bladder are out of order and need attention.

What To Do.
There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills almost every wish in correcting rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. Corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often through the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest because of its remarkable health restoring properties. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.
You may have a sample bottle sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Mention this paper and remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Davidson Dispatch.

Mr. Zeb Ray, of Yadkin College, whose leg was broken last October while he worked in a glass factory at High Point, underwent an operation here last Wednesday which was necessitated by the failure of the bone to knit. Drs. Hill and Hill, of Lexington and Dr. Reitzel, of High Point, performed the operation.—Davidson Dispatch.

Electric Bitters

Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified. FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE. It is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

Welcome Now.
(From the Louisville Courier Journal.)
"Better dodge dat town, Weary, Tramps ain't popular in towns."
"Weain't tramps now; we're population. Don't youse know de census is being took?"

Notice to the Public!

I have purchased the famous Black Spanish Jack, which has formerly stood in New Salem, by Mr. Wood, and will stand him at his stable one mile East of Glendon. He is a large and a very fancy jack. Weight about 1000 pounds, age 7 years. Disposition, kind and gentle. Qualities are of the best. Noted for fine colts.

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in which a poor man may become wealthy. One is by saving a part of his income regularly and putting it into the bank until it amounts to a comfortable fortune. The other is by saving his money and investing it in profitable enterprises. In either case the bank is a necessity. And whichever way you try, this bank is glad to hold out a helping hand and assist you in every way possible. Have an account with us—become one of our patrons—and see.

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Hundreds of Jews were massacred by the Russian peasantry, in Bucharest, Roumania, on April 28.

H. B. Hiatt, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Johnson's Store
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BOYS' SUITS.

We are still selling Boys' Suits at greatly reduced prices and will be glad to fit you out in this line.

G. W. ELLIOTT'S,
The Big Store Randleman, N. C.

A RECORD ORDER FOR TYPEWRITERS IS GIVEN THE Victor Typewriter Co. for 7,500 Victor Machines.

The Victor Typewriter Company has recently received an order from the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pennsylvania, for 7,500 Victor Typewriters to be delivered to them as soon as possible.

The International Correspondence School has also entered into agreement with the Victor Typewriter Company to use the Victor exclusively in all its offices and among its students. For several years the above mentioned company has endeavored to find a typewriter suitable to their needs and after a careful and exhaustive examination of all typewriters on the market, they decided that the Victor machine fills the requirements of typewriter users, is better constructed, and possesses more up-to-date practical features than any other machine on the market. After giving the matter due consideration, they placed the above mentioned order with the Victor Typewriter Company, and also entered into the above mentioned agreement. When the high character of the International Correspondence Schools is taken into consideration, both with respect to financial standing and its business methods, this transaction is certainly the highest testimonial for excellence the Victor machine could possibly have.

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