

of our branch of Friends ever held in New Mexico.

On Second-day, the 19th, we visited Belen, 12 miles south, on the Santa Fe road, and on the west side of the river. The moving spirit of this place is John L. Becker, who came to this country twenty years ago penniless. He now owns a roller mill costing \$50,000, and ground last year 64,000 bushels of wheat all raised, and flour sold, here, his wheat costing about \$1.00 per hundred pounds, and best flour selling for \$2.25. He also owns a department store that would be called large in a city of 50,000 people, and very large for here. The neatness and order in every department is remarkable. He is also interested in other enterprises, including grape culture and wine making, and finds himself a very busy man, and is a great favorite among the people. As we saw so few houses in our morning ride, I just wondered where all his customers came from. There is also another very large and complete store here. This is claimed to be the best wheat country in the world. There were certainly the finest samples of wheat I ever saw, weighing, the head miller assured me, sometimes 70 pounds to the bushel.

The farming is now done mainly by the shiftless Mexican, who lives on the basis that sufficient for the day is the need thereof. Their threshing machine is a herd of the little burros on an earthen flour, and their fanning mill a windy day and pitch fork. The yield by their methods I was assured, was from 20 to 40 bushels per acre, and 300 bushels is called a large crop for one man. I omitted to mention it is all harvested with the old-fashioned sickle.

On our return we visited the ranch of a German named Pohl. While chatting in his office, with its nice business desk and type-writer, we enjoyed his description of his successes and failures in the ten years of lonely residence. He is a man of enterprise

and has certainly made a success. He has about 2,000 fruit trees besides vast amounts of shrubbery and vines. System seemed to be his watchword,—everything in such good shape. His *adobe* house was nice both inside and out. He and his wife seemed delighted with our call, and promised to call on our friend Russell and wife soon.

On the next day we went ten or twelve miles south on the east side of the river. On our way we passed the ruins of San Fernandez, the former capital of New Mexico, when it was under Spanish rule. A pile of *adobe* ruins mark the spot where the last Spanish Governor, Bartolomé Baca, lived. All around are similar evidences of former life and action, now entirely abandoned. Soon after we passed through the old town of Tomé. It has been large, and was the county seat. The old church has been standing about 125 years, and is yet in use; it remains open so the votaries of the faith (Catholic) may enter and pay their devotions in their own way. As I stood by the side of our kind and generous host, A. M. Bergere, as he with the greatest solemnity performed that which seemed to him to be right, it filled me with unspeakable charity, so I could not abridge the sublime beatitude, "the pure in heart shall see God." All the buildings in these old places are *adobe*, with massive walls from three to four feet thick, and one low story, which with the prevailing Mexican color, language, appearance, and habit, makes one feel like a stranger in a strange land.

Our destination was a nicely improved tract of 137 acres owned by our host, A. M. Bergere. The large number of fruit trees and very large vineyard of Mission grapes, all in the very best condition, showed what care and enterprise can do here; also his large stacks of alfalfa, of which they get three or four crops a year, and which brings them baled and deliver-