UNDER GRACEFUL CYPRESS Leads to One of the Popular Bathing

Resorts of Old Mexico.

PRICES THAT RULE AT THE STORES.

Sombreros That Cost \$50 and Buckskin Pants That Come-st \$75.

A GLIMPSE OF THE MARKETS AND FARMS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. AGUAS CALIENTES, June 9.

AM at Aguas Calien tes, the famous Hot Springs of Mexico, It is altogether different from an American health or summer resort, and it might be

ground floor, and I call my boy chamber man to make up my

hotel at which I stopped in one of the native States of Hindoostan, Jeypore, save that there I had to have my own servant and he slept all night in front of my door. Aguas Calientes contains about 40,000 peo-ple, and nine-tenths of the houses are of encestory. They all have flat roofs, and the water is drained off through pipes of clay which jut out about a foot from the edge of the walls.

### All the Colors of the Rainbow.

These walls are very thick. They are built of stone or sun-dried brick, and are stuccoed where they face the street, and this plastering-like stucco has been painted in delicate blues or pinks or yellows, mak-ing the whole town one mass of rainbow colors, which, strange to say, does not look out of place under this bright Mexican sun. out of place under this bright Mexican sun, None of these houses have gardens in front of them. They are built close up to the cobble-stone sidewalks, so that, in going through the town, you seem to be passing between walls of gaily-colored bill boards ready for the posters, each of which has a hole in its center for a door. The poorer houses have doors very rough-te and in the calloning-mula street

ly made, and in the galloping-mule street car that takes you from the depot to the center of the town, you see few houses with windows, and many of these doors are filled with queer-looking, dark-faced people. The men in their red and gaily-colored blankets look picturesque, and the women, with their dark, mahogony faces, their long, black hair streaming down their backs, freshly wet from their last bath in the hot waters, are in some cases very pretty, and in others as ugly as the Witch of Endor after an at-

A STEAMING STREAM A Stoland rolling black tobacco into eigar the newspaper in which this letter will be added to be not be added to be the newspaper in which this letter will be newspaper in which this letter will be added to snow-White Stone in Fields of Green UNDER GRACEFUL CYPRESS Leads to One of the Ponular Bathing

Off to the Hot Springs. seldom do their own marketing but leave it entirely to the servants. Near the market I found a few very fair stores, but they would be small affairs in a town of 40,000 in Aguas Calientes means "hot water," and

Aguas Calientes means "hot water," and the hot springs here are among the finest in the world. There are a number of them, and the people come here by the thousands to bathe in their health-giving waters. There is a big bathhouse kept up, I was told, by the town which has excellent bathing ar-rangements, and in which there is a vat of hot water about 50 feet square that is used as a swimming bath. This is near the depot on the edge of the town, but I pre-ferred to go to the old baths at the springs about a mile out in the country. The road to these baths is one of the finest in Mexico, and the sights along it you will see nowhere else in the world. Picture to yourself a long avenue of great cypress trees see nowhere else in the world. Picture to yourself a long avenue of great cypress trees which almost meet far above your head and shut out the glare of the Mexican sun and the silver of the clear sky. Let these trees be very near together, and let them go on and on until they seem to almost come to-orthem is the dirance. Alease the sides of

gether in the distance. Along the sides of the road let there be the greenest of grass and on the right of you as you walk toward the bath place a stream of steel blue water from which the stream rises as it flows on

bodily transplanted The drygoods stores contained chiefly French goods, and the merchants were in most cases French or German, though I found some of them Mexicans. I stopped in front of a hat store which had a most to the soil of Western India and not seem out of place. I am sitting in my long, high-ceilinged room in the Hotel del plaza. It is like all sitting in my long, Plaza. It is like all cost more than \$100. Some of the hats were trimmed with gold and silver cord, and I the rest of the rooms of the hotel, on the looked at a \$50 one which

Weighed Abont Ten Pounds,

and which measured 18 inches from one side bed by clapping my hands. It has no win-down, and it looks out on a little garden full of most beautiful flowers. The hotel is built around this garden. It is of one-story, and it makes me think of a betel et which I stonned in one of the na and sewed on to the sides. They are of many colors-a delicate cream, a drab and a black being very common, and they are beautifully made and are said to be just the thing for this hot sun and high winds. The same firm sold ladies' hats. Most of

The same firm sold ladies' hats. Most of these came from Paris. They were very high priced and not at all pretty. Near by I stopped at a Mexican clothing store and looked at some Mexican panta-loons. I here again found that the dude of our sister Republic has to pay for his style.

Many of the pantaloons were made of buck-skin, and the nicest pairs which were lined skin, and the nicest pairs which were lined with solid silver buttons down the sides cost as high as \$50 and \$75, and coats are likewise high. It is not hard for a Mexican country gentleman to spend from \$300 to \$400 on his clothes, and when you take into consideration that he has to sport a saddle, spurs and revolver of like gorgeous charac-ter, you see that if one of these big farmers has a crowd of grown-up boys, his clothing bills amount to something.

The Dress of the Poor.

This, however, is the case of only the rich. The poor here are so poor that they don't know how poor they are, and their clothes cost practically nothing. A pair of these cast-off buckskin pantaloons will last car that takes you from the depot to the center of the town, you see few houses with windows, and many of these doors are filled with queer-looking, dark-faced people. The men in their red and gaily-colored blankets look picturesque, and the women, with their dark, mahogony faces, their long, black hair streaming down their backs, freshly wet from their last bath in the hot waters, are in some cases very pretty, and in others as ugly as the Witch of Endor after an at-tack of smallpox. A Country of Big Prices. As you leave the station you pass the public bath houses—low Spanish buildings, where you can get for from 20 to 30 cents a

the land can become a great consumer of the goods of any nation. Their houses are lovels of mud, and their diet is simpler than their clothes, consisting of little more than corn cakes and red peppers. The only

BENEATH THE TEPEE. Elaine Goodale Describes a Long Trip Among the Redmen. ROUGHING IT ON THE PRAIRIES. She Heard the First Mutterings of the

Recent Indian War.

PITISBURG

THE

GOOD POINTS OF THE SQUAW MEN

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE.] PINE RIDGE INDIAN AGENCY, June 11. The Sioux Reservation can hardly be called a summer resort, in the usual

sense of the term,



Elaine Goodale

to share our rustic meal.



The Zeco oward you. Let this steel blue stream flow through a little aqueduct of white store and let this be about three feet wide and about four feet deep. Here you have the back-ground of the picture.

## Scenes at the Bathing Spot.

Now for the stream itself. This stream is the waste of the hot springs. It is also the bathing place and the washing place of the common people, of the Aztecs of Aguas Calientes. They are here by the hundreds -men and women, girls and boys, lovers and sweethearts-all bathing together in the warm, refreshing and health-giving waters. Many of them have washed their clothes while in the water and these they have spread out on the green banks to dry. have spread out on the green banks to dry. Under these great trees as far as your eye can see there are white waists, red skirts and the other bright bits of color made by many colored scrapes and the gay rebosas which lie on the green banks while their

Making Her Toilet.

ter do the rest.

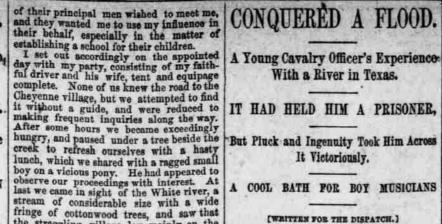
New York Sun.]

The Effects of Custom

hide it from the eyes of a man.

The Japanese are in many ways mor

and Afterward Got Into Him.



From the School at Carlisle.

heavy mountain wagon and on the back of a little In-dian pony 2,400 miles in a single season. There is an ever fresh charm camping ground in a y that we have called " before. It is pleas-

DISPATCH, SUNDAY, JUNE 14 . 1891.

Right Goodals. ever fresh charm about selecting a new camping ground in a spot different from any that we have called our temporary "home" before. It is pleas-ant to stretch oneself on a rug or a luxu-rious cushion of grass and idly watch the feeding and "rubbing down" of the tired horses, the pitching of the "teepee," the building of a Gipsy fire and deft prepara-tion of an al frace meel; or even, if unusudeep wooded ravine near the river. At its side stood the cool summer house—a tepee with its framework of poles half bare ad-mitting the light breeze. The chief's family consisted of himself, his wife and two children a matter managing and a bard consisted of himself, his wife and two children, a pretty young girl and a hand-some little urchin of 6 or 8 years. They re-ceived us with graceful warmth, and a rush of soft sibilant syllables, of which a tall young policeman, whose mother was a Dakota and his father a Cheyenne, acted as intervates. tion of an al fresco meal; or even, if unusually hungry, to assist in these preparations. My cook kept everything clean and orderly, and my driver delighted in adding to the simple bill of fare at every oppor-

A Council With the Wise Men.

A Council With the Wise Men. The woman helped to pitch the tent un-der the trees, and brought a store of warm fried fish for our supper, while the men assembled as many of their friends as possi-ble for a council, although, as they told us, the river was really dangerously high and few would venture to cross. Most of the people lived on the opposite bank and a rude bridge had been projected but not yet bufit. tunity a fat prairie chicken or a string of delicious fish. If there were any Indians in the neighborhood of our camp, they usually claimed a relationship with some of us, and on the strength of it, brought of their humble best and were in turn invited The Passports to Indian Confidence.

bufflt. built. There was real pathos in the earnest talk of these men, as they gathered in the one bare room of the chief, seated themselves on hard wooden chairs, on iron-hooped trunks, or on the edges of the neatly arranged beds, and with the true Indian mixture of sim-bioity and coremony arranged beds. plicity and ceremony explained their posi-tion and set forth their needs. I am so accustomed to understanding and conversing freely with Indians that the sound of the strange Cheyenne tongue added to the charm and unusualness of the occasion. I

The Passports to Indian Confidence. Anyone who travels through the Indian countries with the desire to study native enstoms and character, must divest himself of all prejudice, travel with Indians as simply and unpretendingly as possible, proclaiming by dress and manner a willing-ness to accept life for the time being on similar terms with those on which it is taken by the people whom he wishes really to know. A pair of moccasins, a fondness for one or two genuine Indian dishes, good horsemanship, and an acquaintance with the tongue of the people, are all excellent passports to their confidence. That confi-dence once won, the rest is easy. My journey on the plains covered more than six months and ended with the be-ginning of the sad winter of 1890-91 in Dakota. Nothing that occurred during that winter has shaken my personal confi-dence in themuch tried people, nor lessened my sympathy with them; and, although I fully realize the fact that recent events have unsettled and embittered the minds of some of them to a perilous extent, I believe that they are fär more sinned against than sinning. I shall not hesitate to trust myself among them again with as little fear and as much freedom as during that even to talked in Dakota and the policeman inter-preted. Afterward we drove with Little preted. Afterward we drove with Little Wolf and the policeman up and down the river bluffs, and selected a central and beautiful location for the desired school house. I thoroughly enjoyed my visit here, and really mourned when the order came last winter to transport the whole band through the blizzards and severe cold of February to their little reservation on Tayne river Montana. Tayne river, Montana. The Mutterings of the Coming War.

sinning. I shall not hesitate to trust myself among them again with as little fear and as much freedom as during that ever to be remembered summer. On our way back to the agency the next

Dakota's Freaks of Temperature. Foremost among the charms of the Da-kotas is the exhilerating climate. The dry, clear atmosphere and brilliant sunshine seem in themselves to make life worth living, and the reward of free exercise in such an and the reward of free exercise in such an air is an almost superbundant energy and vitality. To me a feeling of languor is absolutely unknown there, even on the hot-test midsummer day. I have walked and ridden in safety and comparative comfort with the mercury at 114° in the shade-and there was no choice event the nervor owners are splashing and playing and scrul strip on the north side of a building. The possible ing themselves in the little trench below. Here is a man bathing, while his wife sits Every one who came from Washington same may be said of the occasionally severe cold of winter, when one can thoroughly on the bank and watches him, and the sun enjoy a brisk walk in a temperature of 40<sup>o</sup> below zero, provided the wind does not creeps through the trees and paints his

IT HAD HELD HIM A PRISONER, But Pluck and Ingenuity Took Him Across It Victoriously. A COOL BATH FOR BOY MUSICIANS the straggling village lay mainly on the opposite side. The ford, however, looked dangerous. The milky water ran swift and deep, and with our heavily loaded wagon my driver dared not attempt if. [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] I once had an experience in crossing a Texas river, that, in my more mature years, I have thought foolhardy. The rivers in the northwestern part of the State are, in dry weather, scarcely less than brooks, but hard rains swell them in a sur-prisingly short time to angry, raging tor-

sense of the term, nor was the journey which I propose to describe undertaken for pleasure, al-though it was pleas-ant enough for me. I traveled in my heavy m ountain rents. Ever so many years ago I was a young lieutenant of cavalry, fresh from West Point, going to join my regiment. On reaching San Antonio I was ordered to conduct about 25 recruits to posts through which I must pass. These consisted en-tirely of musicians-drummers, fifers and buglers-all boys from 16 to 20. In the caravan were three six-mule wagons containing supplies for Fort Blank.

A few days after we started it began to rain very hard, and all streams were swollen. We managed to cross them without difficulty, till we reached the Llano river, that was ordinarily so small that one could cross on stepping stones; but the rain had made it I don't know how many feet deep and very swift. I was annoyed at having to stop, for I wanted my first ap-pearance in the regiment to be in good time. The river, fed by the continuous rain, did not fall, and it seemed that I might be delayed a week or more.

Must Cross at All Hazards

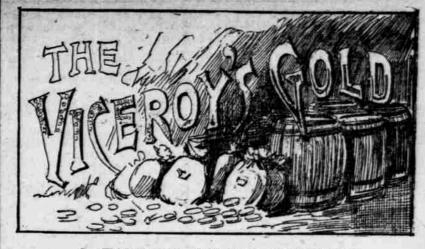
Must Cross at All Hazards. The second day Captain Elwood, one of the oldest and best officers of my regiment, reached the other side with his escort of ten men and was waterbound, too. The third morning I determined to cross that day if possible. I got on my horse, the only one in the party, and rode down to the river bank. It looked very dangerous, but I thought I would see if my horse could swim across, and if he could do so, why not try the mules? Going up the stream a little way, I plunged in. The horse battled nobly with the current, and came out safe on the other side, some distance lower down. I then went to Captain Elwood's camp to call

other side, some distance lower down. I then went to Captain Elwood's camp to call on him, and asked his advice about trying to cross. He doubted if it could be done; but I was young, and thought nothing impossible. So I went back and had camp broken and the teams hitched up ready for marching.

The stream was not more than 50 yards wide and I determined to get the wagons over first. I told one of the drivers to start. The little mules went in timidly, and had not reached water more than four feet deep not reached water more than four feet deep when they were swept around against the bank like oorks. They couldn't stand the current. I then swam back and borrowed some lariats from Captain Elwood and asked him for the help of his ten men. He read-ily granted the request and expressed the liveliest curiosity to know what I was going to de

Pulled the Mules Across

Tying the lariats together, and leaving one end with the men, I swam back with the other and tied it to the lead mule on On our way back to the agency the next day we stopped by previous appointment at the White Clay school house, afterwards burned by excited Indians just after the massacre at Wounded river, and I met there in council 50 or more of the principal men of that district, most of whom were within a few months from that time involved in a species of rebellion. They were in a thor-oughly dissatisfied frame of mind, and it was equally evident that they had good grounds for discontent. I insisted that I was only a School Inspector, with no au-thority to listen to general complaints or make general recommendations, and en-deavored to confine the discussion to educa-tional matters. But this I found to be im-possible.



# A TALE OF BURIED MILLIONS.

Which Were Accumulated to Overthrow Spain's Power in America and Hid-

den on the Revillagigedo Islands.

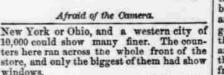
WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY CHARLES HOWARD SHINK. Mexico, as many writers have said, abounds in tales of buried treasure. Whole libraries could be filled with legends of the treasure of Montezuma, which lies in some cave of the Cordilleras, ready to upset the gold standard of the civilized world, as soon as some lucky explorer discovers the guarded secrets of its resting place. Other

as some lucky explorer discovers the guarded secrets of its resting place. Other libraries, too, might be crowded with the equally fascinating stories of the Gaute-mozin treasure, hidden by the last Prince of the vertice of the southeast harbor first attracted his atten-tion. Next inaugurating a thorough exthe Aztee line, under the waters of the Mexican lagunas. In truth, Mexico is a land where un-

In truth, Mexico is a land where un-counted millions lie hidden. It is the India of the Western Hemisphere. Though many stories of buried gold are but airy nothings, yet others have a real historical foundation. One of these strange yet wholly reasonable and coherent stories of lost treasure has come down from the days of the greatest of the Spanish Viceroys of Mexico; the proud and masterful Revil-lagigedo. Unlike most of the Mexican treasure tales, it deals with Baja California and the coasts of the Sea of Cortez, now the







where you can get for from 20 to 30 cents a bath of any kind you want-and go on up a long, dusty thoroughfare under wide-spreading green trees into the business part of the eity. The business of this city of 40,000 people is a fair sample of that of the inprior Mexican town. It is hig only in the prices asked for the articles sold. Mexico is not a great business country. The most of the firms are run on small capital, and there are hundreds of stores which have not more than \$200 worth of stock.

Many of these here have even less, and the storekeeper, in the majority of instances, has a little cave of a store without any windows opening out on the street, and he stands behind a counter which runs right across the store in front of the door and offers his goods for sale for three times what he expects to get. In the case of the smalle businesses, the trader is generally a Mexican, and there are more peddlers in one city in this country than you will find in ten ities of the same size in the United States.

### Red, White and Blue at Market.

I have just come from the market, Imagine a long tier of stalls around two holow squares which cover the area of a city block. These stalls are occupied by the butchers, bakers and candle-stick mak-ers who have the biggest stocks, and the squares are filled with big-hatted men in white cotton clothes, and by red-skirted women in white waists who sit under white umbrellas as big as the top of a small camp ing tent, with little piles of vegetables and fruit around them. I asked as to prices



An Aster Beouty.

and found that things were sold in piles and not by measures. So many little pota-toes made up a pile, and I was asked two cents for four potatoes each of which was as big as a buckeye. A pile of four eggs costs here three cents, and a little pile of tomatoes and peppers were among the things

Peppers both green and red were sold everywhere, and I saw that some of the bigger market men had great bins of them. They form a part of every Mexican dish and are eaten in great quantities. The average Mexican, however, eats very little in com-parison with us. His market bills are not alf as heavy as those of his American rother, and a sewing basket would contain the daily supply for a large family. The cheapest thing sold seems to be fruit, which grows in the shape of oranges, bananas and lemons very abundantly about here, and I got splendid oranges for a cent apiece.

### The Popular Mexican Beverage.

About this market the Mexican peddler ad collected themselves by the dozens, Here was a woman with two great jars of what looked like very thin buttermilk before her. She was selling it in glasses which held from half pint to a pint to the passersby at 1 and 2 cents a glass. I asked hat it was and told it was pulque, the Mexican beer, which comes from a species of cactus, and is drunk by the barrel every day throughout Mexico. At the corer beside her, before a stand which looked like a bookcase, stood a shoe peddler. His stock was made up of sharp-toed gaiters, and, by actual count, he had only 20 pairs

A little further on a yellow-faced woman



### A Mexican Hayneagon

poor thing, however, about this part of Mexico is the people. The land here is as black as your hat, and in coming to Aguas Calientes, on the Mexican Central Railroad, you ride for miles through fields which will vie in their crops with the valleys of the Nile or the Ganges, and I am told this is called

The Garden of Mexico. It certainly is a wonderfully rich garden, and crops of all kinds grow here with all the luxuriance of the guano beds along the coast. It is more than a mile above the sea,

coast. It is more than a mile above the sea, and the air seems to revivify the land so that it produces two crops a year without manure. From here almost to the city of Mexico, a full day's ride on the cars, you go through a farmer's paradise, and plains of rich crops stretch away from each side of the read until their green folds out into the

the read until their green fades out into the hazy blue of the mountains in the distance. This region of Mexico has a good rainfall during the wet season, but this is also aided

by irrigation, and I see the method of rais ng the water from one level to another is the same as that used about Osaka, in Western Japan. It is by a long pole with a weight on one end and with a bucket atweight on one end and with a bucket at-tached to a rope on the other which works on a second pole fastened upright into the ground. You see peons working this crude well everywhere, and the sparkling water flows like bands of silver through the green. This is a great wheat region, and I see cornstalks in many of the fields. Maize is one of the great crones of Mavico. It

is one of the great crops of Mexico. It can be raised in every part of the country, and it constitutes 80 per cent of the entire agricultural product of the land. More than \$100,000,000 worth of it is raised every year, and it forms the food of the com people, who pound or grind it up and make it into the thin, flat, griddle-like cakes known as tortillas. The corn is always sold in a shelled state and such as I have seen

has been white in color and large in grain. The Men Who Sell Water.

Up to the present time every Mexican city I have visited has been suffering for lack of water. The greater part of the conntry north of here on the line of the Mexican Central road is desert, and the big mining towns of Zacatecas and Guanahuato have hundreds of men who make water peddling their profession. In Zacatecas the water, with the exception of a little stream that flows into a big fountain in the plaza, comes from a spring away up on the side of the mountain, and it is brought down on the backs of little donkeys in red clay jars. These jars are tied on by ropes, and the waterman peddles them from house to bouse as our dairymen do their milk.

A little further on a yellow-faced woman in her bare feet sat with ten pairs of baby shoes beside her. This made up her whole establishment, and around the corner I

dark skin a rich mahogany. Here there is a Venus washing some clothes by rubbing them on a rough stone, and there under a tree lies an Indian balfblow. Another source of the keenest enjoyment the exquisite and subtle variety of prairie andscape. .

dressed but sound asleep. I point my camera at him and his wife springs up from These are gardens of the desert-these The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful, For which the speech of England has no the stone where she is washing and stands over him as though she feared the camera was some new-fangled gun. I press the button, however, and the lens and the shut-

The prairies! I behold them for the first, And my heart swells, while the dilated eye Takes in the encircling vastness. I pity that American whose undeveloped

taste complains of monotony in a scene like this! It has much of the infinite grandeur I walk along the stream and amuse myself by taking notes of the bathers. They see nothing wrong in their actions, and I note that there is nothing really immodest, bold of ocean, with a softness and human quality peculiarly its own, and the fine harmonies or indecent about them. They think noth-ing wrong in families and triends bathing of coloring in the grasses at certain seasons would delight the eye of an Indian or a poet. together, and after all I have again force

## Delights of the Indian Character.

together, and after all I have again forced upon me the feeling that modesty and im-modesty are matters of custom and fashion, and am reminded of a little maiden in Egypt who, upon seeing me approach. covered her face with her skirt that she might modestly That charm, however, which surpasses even the vitalizing climate and the inspireven the vitalizing climate and the inspir-iting landscape is to be sought in the nature of the Indian. There is something inde-scribably soothing about the repose, the de-liberation of it—something in striking con-trast with the over-excitable, over-hurried modern temperament. Indians are such pleasant, restful fellow travelers, such corial, unpretending hosts-giving of their hest without unnecessary circumstance or

The Japanese are in many ways more modest than we are. They are in most things more polite and refined. Still until lately all the people bathed there together in the very capital itself, and prudery did not raise her voice until the Western World taught her to do so. It is simply a matter of opinion, and the old French saw fits the case well: "Honi soit qui maly pense." Fraver G. Cupurymer delay. On the 1st of July all the Indian schools are closed, and vacation begins for teacher and pupil, but not for the supervisor. My first care was to hold a teachers' institute for all the teachers on the Pine Ridge Re-FRANK G. CARPENTER. A NEEDLE THAT CAUSED TROUBLE serve. Although their schools are scat-tered on a radius of 50 miles, they were at It Was Left in Patrick Barker's Tronser that time all gathered at this agency. This was the first meeting of the kind ever held in an Indian reservation, so far as I now, and the discussions provoked unexpected Patrick Barker's daughter was mending and the discussions provoked interpreted interest. A teacher accustomed to all the modern helps—the institute, the educational journal, the reading circle—can hardly ap-preciate the isolation and discouragement her father's trousers the other day. Mr. Barker was in a hurry to get away from his home, 355 West Twenty-second street, and didn't wait for his daughter to cut the thread many an unnoticed worker in the Indian or remove the needle. As he hurried down

### field. The Fourth of July Dance.

to the foot of Thirteenth street, North river. The glorious Fourth is, according to a time-honored, though decidedly demoraliz-ing custom on Indian agencies, given up to Indian dances and general revelry. The where he is pilot on the fireboat Zophan Mills, the needle was caught in the cloth with the thread dangling, but it didn't trouble Mr. Barker because he didn't know Indian dances and general reveiry. The white employes are in the habit of reward-ing the dancers with money and food for a public display of a character which is, at ordinary times, discouraged and even for-bidden altogether. Certainly this "Omaha dance," in which young men only partici-pate, clad in paint and barbaric ornaments, a printmonet of faither the second it was there. He found it out though when he sat down in the boat. Friends, attracted by the language he used, gathered around him and found that the needle had penehim and lot into the left leg that it was almost out of sight. The thread was still attached to the needle, which seemed to be attached to the needle, which he leg. working its way deeper into the leg. s a picturesque and fascinating specta and as an amusement it cannot be called degrading, but as a vulgar show it becomes so. I admire the suppleness and grace of the dancers, the brilliancy of their costumes and the interest of their dramatic repre-An ambulance was summoned and Mr. Barker was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, where it took Dr. Campbell 15 minutes to get the needle out. It had worked its way further in, and its path was only followed sentation of war; but I am wearied by the crowd, the dust and the heat, and soon re-

hapels and schools.

A COUNTY FULL OF OLD FOLKS. Every Person in a Hundred Near Saratoge

## is an Octogenarian.

New York Tribune.] Out of a population of 55,151 in Saratoga County there are almost 500 who are 80 years old and upward, which includes a goodly number of nonogenarians besides a few centenarians. This remarkable longevity is mainly due to the healthfulness of the Adirondack climate, which at all times of the year is both invigorating and exhila-Had the compilation embraced people be

Had the compliation embraced people be-tween 70 and 80 years of age the list would have been irebled, for many of the most ac-tive people in Saratoga County are passed the alloted three score years and ten. The beneficial effects of the climate are materi-ally assisted by the curative powers of the many mineral springs found there.

by the attached thread.

must listen, whether he would or no, to the sad tale of insufficient food, of unfulfilled promises, of unsuitable employes and gen-eral injustice—injustice which burns into the soul of even the patient and long suf-fering red man. I listened and I made note of what was said, and even sent the substance of it to Washington; but it is idle to hope for attention to such stories until at-tention is claimed by open or threatened violence. The Indian may starve un-

noticed if he will only starve peaceably, but the country is soon in a commotion if he prefers to die fighting. Good People of the Bad Lands.

My next trip took me into a region of which much has lately been heard, and but

little is probably known by the average reader-the Bad Lands. My errand in that neighborhood was to ascertain the number of children in a certain settlement of half-breeds on the White river, and to seek out breeds on the White river, and to seek out a desirable location for another new school. My observation of these good people in their neat, thrifty homes, and my pleasant expe-rience of their hospitality have inclined me to the belief that the "squaw men," as they are vulgarly called, are a much-maligned class. Their houses and farms are generally equal to those of the average pioneer settler and greatly superior to those of the average Indian. Their wives, almost invariably neatly

Indian. Their wives, almost invariably neatly dressed, are good housekeepers. The large families of little ones are usually pretter, clean and attractive, all speaking English,

clean and attractive, all speaking English, and there is an air of self-respect, and pros-perity about them quite foreign to our usual contemptuous thought. I found plenty of promising children, and an earnest desire for a good day school. These claims, lying in the comparatively productive river bot-toms, all border on the Bad Lands—those strange, bare cliffs of fantastically colored limestone of an earner at once arid and limestone, of an aspect at once arid and beautiful. The sunset and moonlight effects On Their Towers and Turrets are worth taking much time and trouble to

behold. We devoted two or three days to exploring some of the most accessible fortresses, for the wildest portions cannot be reached save on foot or horseback and with

a trusty guide. Water and pasturage for teams are only to be found in certain favored spots. There are also numerous culs de sac, ending in insurmountable cliffs or ynwning precipices, so that an excursion in this region is attended with more or less danger and hardship. As is well known, this country offers a

rich field to geologists, and there are sev-eral men living hereabouts who make a business of acting as guides to scientific expeditions, or of collecting fossils for sale. Midsummer seems an unusual time for prairie fires, but the prolonged drought had rendered the tall grass as dry as tinder and huge fires devastated all that region and de-stroyed the crop of hay upon which many were depending to winter their cattle. We were caught in one of these fires, and came near having serious trouble, but while the roaring flames were steadily approaching and a black column of smoke half suffocated Until within a few months there were at

Until within a few months there were at Pine Ridge a band of Indians distinct from the Sioux, and in fact their hereditary enemies—several hundred Northern Chey-ennes. They had been brought here as prisoners of war, and had been living for some years discontentedly in the heart of an alien tribe. These people, although they received very little assistance either from the Government or the churches had us, one of the hidden and tremendous thun-der storms peculiar to the west put an end to our enemy. We were grateful for the soaking rain, though insufficiently protected from it, and even the terrific peaks of thun-der and flames of lightning were received

Hot weather is coming, and the experi-ence of Rev. John Hertzler, of Bethel, Berks county, Pa., will be of general inter-est. It is as follows: Last fall I was taken with a kind of summer complaint accom-panied by a wonderful diarrhoea. Soon after my wife's sister, who lives with us, was taken in the sense was was almost

Invited to the Cheyenne Village. taken in the same way. We used almost everything without benefit. Then I said let us try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Among the braves of this class was Little Wolf, a fine-locking man in the prime of life; with a face full of refinement and a singularly musical voice, who called one July day at my log cabin headquarters at Pine Ridge and invited me to visit the camp of the Cheyennes. He said that some Diarrhoea Remedy, which we did, and that cured us right away. I think much of it as it did for me what it was recommended to. WSu

ded would have been impossible; so had to have recourse again to my rope. Selecting the shallowest place, I tied one end to a tree, swam back and tied it to an other tree on the other side, recrossed and had all the boys strip and tie their clothes had all the boys strip and the their civilies in a bundle, and fasten them to their muskets. Then, telling them that by holding their guns in one hand and passing their arm over the rope they could with the other hand work their way across, I ordered

the largest of them to try it. Had to Set the Example.

Had to Set the Example. I could not get one of them to try it first, and as I would never ask a man to do any-thing that I could not do, I went in and crossed first, and came back. They saw that it could be done, and then the bolder ones crossed safely, and all were willing to try. When the little fellows would cross I would go along to help them, and finally got them all over safe and sound, pretty cold, but with no harm done. One boy I thought would go down. Like several others he had his feet swept from under him, and became frightened, even panic him, and became frightened, even panic stricken, but I gripped him by the arm, and helped him along till he was landed safely. Then I swam my horse back and loosed the rope, and went over, having taken every-thing over with no more harm than a wet-ting to some of the stores I had in the wagons.

It took me four or five hours to get my little command over the stream, and I was desperately tired; but the hearty commen-dation of grim old Captain Elwood, who had carefully watched the undertaking, which was plucky, if it was reckless, was sufficient reward. I had been wet during the whole time

though also a duplicate name, will be the one used in this narrative. The Spanish Government long ago tried to establish a colony on the Revillagigedo Islands, but failed on account of the lack of springs or rainfall. The Mexicans had plans for turning them into a penal estab-lishment, a sort of Pacific coast Botany Bay, but this likewise was never realized, and the resources of the group are so small that it is hardly visited once in ten years. The geographical position of the principal island, Saint Thomas, is: Latitude, 18° 43' north; longitude, 110° 54' west. The manuscript from which I have taken October weather and wet clothes don't go well together—and was glad, after cutting off my boots, and putting on dry clothing, to be invited up to the Captain's tent to take a cup of hot coffee, and restore the intake a cup of not collee, and restore the in ner man. He made me his guest till I left next morning, and gave me to understand that my first service in the presence of any of my regiment, was, to say the least, not discreditable. PAUL PILKINS.

## ELECTRIC STREET CAR SHOCKS.

One Must Touch the Rails and Overhea Wires at the Same Time.

most of these facts, subsequently verified as far as possible by the leading historical au-thorities, is lent me by General Manuel Castro, one of whose relatives visited the islands and furnished the following descrip-When electric cars first came out many people could not understand why they were islands and furnished the following descrip-tion of Saint Thomas: "It is eight leagues long from S. E. to N. W., and in its widest part is about three leagues across. It is a mountain some 2,000 feet high, rising steeply from the ocean, with the main slope toward the south, and is visible in clear weather for 20 leagues away. The southern slope is cov-ered with cactus and with low and exceed-inely thorny shrubs, which grow in the not shocked when standing on a track just after a car had passed. John A. Wise on this point says: "This suggests the question of why is it that swallows and little birds light on the overhead wire, and are unconsciou of the presence of the electric current rush ing through their very claws? The answer to both questions is the same: The man and the bird are on but one side of the circuit; the current does not flow through them. One may swing by his hands upon the overhead" ingly thorny shrubs, which grow in the crevices of the rocks and dark lava that form its soil, which is evidently of volcanic may swing by his hands upon the overhead' wire unharmed, as he may stand with both feet on the track; but if he were tall enough to reach, from the point where his feet rest on the earth, to the wire above, and seize it with his hands, instantly he would be-come the connecting link between the two legs of the circuit and the current will flow through him or, as it is called, 'short cir-cuft through him, shocking him or killing him according to its strength." form its soil, which is evidently of volcanic origin. The anchoring grounds are two, one on the southwest, called Cornwallis Bay, and the other on the southeast, called Braithwaite Bay. Both of these were named by Captain Colnet. The only ani-mals on the islands are goats, which may be seen running over the heights. It is said that there is abundance of logwood; but this is doubtful, for this tree is usually found in the tree is low and and the parameter fresh him according to its strength.

### A PRIMITIVE TELEPHONE

### The Duallas Have a Code of Signals That Serves Well.

New York Morning Journal. ]

The drums of the Duallas are made by cutting a narrow groove in the side of a block of hard red-wood, and scooping out through it the whole inside. The drum is beaten on the side instead of the ends, and the four notes thus obtained have been worked into a complete code of signals, aud-ible two miles off, so that a native trader phone instructions to his agents beyond the hills or across the river.

HIDING THE GOLD.

Gulf of California; and in fact it is the only elation. The surplus of Mexican revenue was still oriental in its magnificence. The Secretary sailed back to Acapulco, and sent

In the second se a courier over the mountains, on the danger-ous path to the Yaqui Indians, who were absolute masters of an extensive territory, but had been hard pressed by the Spanish troops and were ready to make peace. He knew more about the Yaqui chief than even the Viceroy had ever known, and the chief, Spanish authorities, who then claimed the whole coast to Alaska. If this claim could have been maintained there never would have been any British Columbia, but the

the Viceroy had ever known, and the chief, who was a sort of a savage Napoleon, came to Acapulco to see him. A thousand legends tell the story of the hidden golden treasure of the Yaqui In-dians. It is among their fastnesses that the scenes of the wildest adventures of prospec-tors and explorers have occurred. Braver have been any British Columbia, but the English Government, true to its traditions, took such prompt and energetic measures that the King of Spain disavowed the ambitious plans of the famous Vicercy of Mexico, and exemplary damages were paid to Coinet and to Eng-land. During these negotiations Captain Coinet, first taken to San Blas and thence to the citro of Mexico, was treated with such tors and explorers have occurred. Braver than any other Indians of Mexico and more than any other Indians of Mexico and more intelligent, the Yaqui tribes would die rather than let a Spaniard have the secret of their mines. But the great chief of all the tribes had traveled over Mexico, and his heart held vague dreams of a Mexico that should drive out the Spaniard Govern-ment. He had never dreamed that any of the Spaniards themselves could wish to help in this revolution. The Secretary won his confidence and made a treaty with the Yaqui nations. If this treaty should be ratified by the Viceroy one clause, which was to be kept secret bethe city of Mexico, was treated with such courtesy by Revillagigedo that in the year after his release, 1793, he named a group of after his release, 1793, he named a group of islands off the coast of Baja California after the Viogroy. These are the islands of that hidden treasure whose story has been given me by one of the most prominent members of an old Californian family. But the history of these islands reaches much farther back. The great Spanish navigator, Fernando de Grijalva, discovered the network in 1528 but only bactored the

this treaty should be ratined by the viceroy one clause, which was to be kept secret be-tween the chief and the Secretary, was to begin operation at once. The public treaty withdrawing Spanish soldiers from the ter-ritory claimed by the chief, was easily and promptly secured by the Secretary on his prime to Marice. The secret clause ran secret the group in 1523, but only bestowed the name of Saint Thomas upon the principal island. Other explorers have named the same Socorro, but since the name first given ought to be preserved, Saint Thomas though also a duplicate name, will be the return to Mexico. The secret clause ran as follows:

"That the Yaqui nation will reveal to the Secretary of the Viceroy, a natural store-house of gold, from which he will be permitted to carry away a shipload, or more whatever, in fact, he deems necessary for his project to secure the independe New Spain."

The next year there were pirate schooner in the Sea of Cortez, and the Vicerov sent a royal corvette on a cruise along the shores of Baja California. The brother of the Secretary commanded the corvette, and the secretary, by dint of much persuasion and a The manuscript from which I have taken secretary, by dint of much persuasion and a confenient memory of an uncle who owned pearl fisheries, was a passenger. The royal corvette sailed up the gulf, sank several piratical vessels, discovered new pearl oyster beds, and finally cast anchor off the old Franciscan mission of Loreto, where the Secretary obtained from his cousins the men and the fishing schooner that he needed for his enterprise. Sailing across the Gulf to a bay named by the Yaqui chief, he sent a messenger inland. Within a fortnight the chief came and fulfilled his promise. He showed the Secretary a laguna, whose bot-tom when drained was sown thick with nug-gets of gold. The treasure was sacked and carried to the vessel by many journeys until carried to the vessel by many journeys until the little fisher craft held one of the greatest piles of wealth ever known in the New World. Then the Secretary and two men whom he could trust sailed the craft to the Revillaggedo group, and buried it in one of the lava caverns on the Island of Sain

Thomas. This was the first of the treasure-gather-

that there is abundance of logwood; but this is doubtful, for this tree is usually found in the tropic lowlands. No permanent fresh but there are probably some among the peaks, since goats exist there, and since there are dense finists that often cover the mountains, as in the island of Guadalupe, where the source and the silver revenues of the cover the source and the silver revenues of the the source and the silver revenues of the cover the source and the silver revenues of the cover the source and the silver revenues of the source and the silver revenues of the the source and the silver revenues of the source and the silver revenues of the the source and the silver revenues of the source and the silver revenues of the the source and the silver revenues of the source and the silver revenues of the the source and the silver revenues of the source and the sis the source and the silver revenues of the source and the off the California coast." So much for the story of the treasure island. That of the treasure itself is a still more complex narrative, as must needs be in a matter which so many persons have been interested in knowing correct and which so rupt were many branches of the Govern-ment at that time, so open to bribery, so used to false reports and the disappearance of large sums of money, that the Secretary, at the expense of acquiring rather a worse reputation than the average politician of his time, was enabled to add millions of a matter which so many persons have been interested in keeping secret, and which so few have really known anything about. When the Viceroy heard that the group of islands had been named in his honor he sent his Secretary to examine them. This gen-tleman was a Castilian of pure blood, a nephew of the old Duke of Albuquerque,

## with meekness. ELAINE GOODALE. Summer Complaint. the Government or the churches, had progressed from a state of absolute barbarism into one of semi-civilization, living in log houses and cultivating small farms. A arge number of them were earnestly acting