

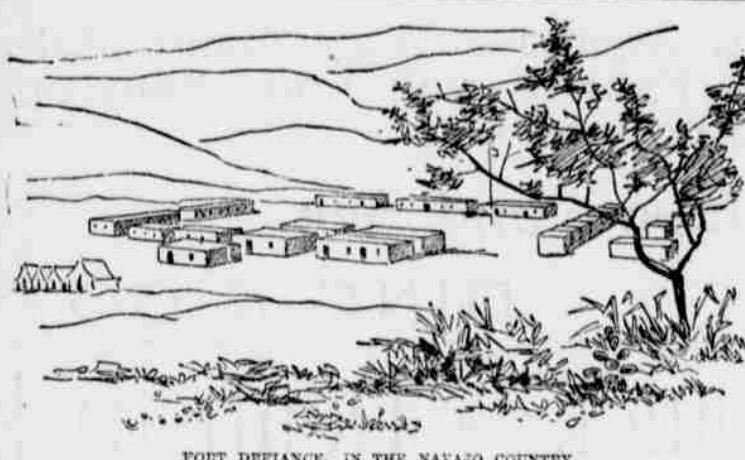
# AMERICA'S ARABS.

## MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE NAVAJO INDIANS.

**A Strange People Who Inhabit a Wild Country—They Are All Thieves, and Would Rather Starve Than Eat Fish.**

TWO thousand miles and more from New York, and apparently a like distance from anywhere else, there is an almost forgotten land, inhabited by a strange Nation of savages, obscurely known as the Navajos. From time to time since the tide of emigration crossed the Rocky Mountains, nearly fifty years ago, there have been numerous disturbances with these Indians, and not a little bloodshed. But while other tribes have been pushed aside by the resistless forces of advancing civilization and have sought other homes with sorely reduced numbers, the Navajo, securely entrenched in his desert fastnesses that no man covets, has held his own and increased and multiplied.

Above all savage tribes that I have known, says a writer in the New York Herald, the Navajos are the most secretive as to their history and their affairs. It was always a difficult matter to learn from them the simplest matters about their history or their habits. Even their names they are reluctant to give, and they are known to white men and Mexicans by Spanish names, such as Manuquito (the great chief), Jose, Juan or Julian. But I succeeded once in obtaining a curious myth from a fat old sub-chief, known as Julian, with whom I became devotedly chummy. I asked him to tell me who built the old ruins of forts and castles that are frequently found in places where to-day the desert stretches for many miles, and to explain the fragments of pottery that are found in profusion in the sand. This pottery, painted and glazed, scattered over miles of ground, indicates surely that populous cities once occupied what is now arid desert. With infinite trouble I obtained the following statement from Julian:



PORT DEFENSE, IN THE NAVAJO COUNTRY.

Many years ago there was a great people here. They built the old forts and houses that you see, and then they were very large villages. There were no Navajos here then. These people made water to flow where it should not—meaning that they irrigated the soil, which seemed to the Navajos contrary to nature's law—and therefore red soldiers came here and killed them all. Then the Navajos came here.

Scorning work, except for the women, the Navajo has lived in this barren, rocky region, for ages. His home is usually in caves, or crevices in the rock, generally with only a partial shelter from the rain, which rarely falls. With the minimum of labor they cultivate their best fields and raise a little corn and wheat, on soil that if irrigated would make them rich. That the necessary water is close at hand is certain. As one rides his horse over the country, the hollow sound that follows the hoof-beats, and often the tremor of the earth, indicate plainly the course of underground streams. Wells and windmills would make their desert "blossom like the rose."

But as it is, with no great amount of game, the Navajo, as I have observed him, is always hungry and usually half starved. Yet in spite of this some superstition prevents him from eating the fish, which are plentiful in the San Juan. Rather than eat fish a Navajo will die of starvation. This superstition, as I learned, is based on the idea that the spirits of the women go into the fish when the former die, and as they hold women in great contempt they fear to touch the fish. Indeed, their feelings in this matter seems to be loathing. I remember one day when a party of elderly and important Navajos visited a trading post that they called for a can of peaches. It was opened for them and a tin spoon, unwashed from its last use, was handed to them. One spoon is considered enough for half a dozen Indians, and they use it alternately without any formalities as to cleansing. This particular spoon had last been used by a Mexican or cowboy on a can of salmon. When the senior Navajo placed the first mouthful of peaches in his mouth he detected the flavor of the fish, and at once spat the fruit out. With agitation expressed in every lineament he

smelled the spoon and then passed it to one of his waiting compatriots. The latter took a sniff and then threw the spoon on the floor with disgust, exclaiming, "Pisecado! No bueno." (Fish! Bad.) The Indians were at a murderous point of anger, and were only conciliated by elaborate assurances that the affair was an accident. The unfortunate who had taken the spoon into his mouth was absolutely nauseated.

Their religion may be dismissed by the statement that they have none. Quite a number of the Navajos were taken while very young to the Jesuit school at Fort Defiance and to the Presbyterian. The good Fathers and zealous clergymen did their best by them, of course. Yet I found, as a matter of sad experience, that the very worst and most dishonest Navajos were those who had been thus educated. For instance, I remember that a few years ago, when I was alone in a trading post, a young Indian came in. He was a big, shapely fellow and uncommonly handsome. He was decked out in the height of style for a Navajo. His blankets were worth \$100, and the silver ornaments on the headstall of his pony were heavy and of the best workmanship. He introduced himself to me in awkward Spanish, interspersed with Navajo words and signs which I could interpret, but apparently knew no English. His business was to pawn his revolver for \$5. It is the custom of traders to make such loans, without interest, because the borrower usually wants to buy goods and the aboriginal mind has never accepted the idea of interest. Therefore, when this Indian stated his wish in silky tones I gave him the money he asked for. When the pistol and money had been exchanged the young chief asked me for a paper. I did not know what he meant until after explanation I learned that he wanted a paper in duplicate, describing the transaction. As my aboriginal explained, these papers must be exactly alike, he to keep one and the other to be kept by me, ostensibly. In fact, the Navajo looked over the wall of the place until he found a small crevice ten feet above the floor, to which he climbed and where he inserted and left my end of the pawn ticket. Two weeks later the Indian came in again

like his predecessors, returned from an almost fruitless incursion. The character of their country is such as to make military operations against them almost hopeless, and a general war with them would, from a military point of view, indicate failure and mortification in advance. There is not enough water available in the whole country properly to supply the needs of its inhabitants. What there is can be found only in springs and in



NAVAJO HEAD DRESS.

small pools, and these can only be found by careful search. A stranger would perish in this desert, though the water might be close to him. Neither is there herbage to feed the large number of animals required for a force sufficient to deal successfully with the strength of the Navajo Nation. If the necessity for stern war arises short spurs of railroads must be constructed, and thus the difficulties can be overcome, but without such means of rapid transportation a hunt after the Navajos will be like the Irishman's chase after the flea—"When you put your finger on him he isn't there."

They are polygamous, if their methods of establishing marital relations can be counted as appertaining to matrimony. An Indian girl is as much a chattel of her father as is his horse. When old enough he sells her to some Indian who wants her, and her charms and ability as a cook determine the number of ponies to be paid for her. Eight ponies is an average price, and twelve is considered high. I knew of one for whom the happy bridegroom told me he paid thirty ponies. This statement I always doubted gravely, not because I would ungallantly cast any reflection on the charms of the lady, but because I knew the Indian, and appreciated his talent as a liar. A pony, it may be said, is worth from \$8 to \$12. The wife is the property of the husband, and when he feels so disposed and can find a purchaser he sells her. Such a transfer makes no breach in the friendly feeling between the quondam husband and wife. On a long ride through the reservation I had for a guide an especially decent Indian, with whom I conversed for hours. One night when we could not find water, for which our horses were snuffing, he said to me: "If we go a few miles further we will find a Navajo house where we will be comfortable. The man is my friend and his wife is a good cook. She was my wife last year, but I sold her to him."

In my ignorance I imagined some delicacy about the meeting of the two, but was too anxious to find water for my good horse to hesitate. When we arrived at the place—a rude wall of stones built around a cavern—the family appeared. The man was an especially villainous looking, elderly Indian. The woman was fat and forty, without being fair. The meeting was cordial all around, and between my guide and his former wife there was much pleasant badinage in their own language, while the new husband placidly smoked his cigarettes and concocted schemes, which he successfully carried out, to steal my provisions.

### The Ivy on the Wall.

The growth of ivy on the walls of houses renders the walls entirely free from damp, the ivy extracting every particle of moisture from wood, brick or stones for its own sustenance, by means of its tiny roots, which work their way into the hardest stone. The overlapping leaves of the ivy conduct water falling upon them from point to point until it reaches the ground, without allowing the walls to receive any moisture whatever from the beating rain.

### A Throttled Romance.



Mr. Starrborder—"Ah, Miss deCoo, what an inspiring view this is! How it lifts us above the common things of earth! I could sit here forever, with my soul—"

(But the dinner-gong sounded just then, and his soul got the worst of it.) —Puck.

# SOLDIERS' COLUMN

## FEASTS OF HAM.

One Occasion on Which the Humble Private Got his Reward.



**DURING** the month of January, 1864, the 78th Pa. and 21st Wis. were doing post duty and building fortifications on Lookout Mountain, Tenn. Col. Blakely commanded.

A negro came into camp from Lookout Valley one day and reported to the commanding officer that an old citizen up the valley had some wheat and pork hidden for home consumption and to entertain his rebel friends with when they called on him. As our boys had pretty slim living, and a hard and difficult way of getting our small allowance up on the mountain, orders were issued for a detail of two men from each company to go out and see what could be found.

T. M. Fleming and the writer were the two from Co. A, 78th Pa. Some 30 miles apart started under command of a Lieutenant of the 21st Wis., after providing one day's supply of hardtack and coffee.

We marched out along the top of the mountain some distance until we could find a place amongst the rocks to descend the mountain. After getting down into the valley we marched up the valley some distance, when we came to the house where report said we would find that which our appetites were craving.

When we asked the old man if he had any meat he told the boys to go to the smokehouse and take all that was there. The boys made a rush for that smokehouse as though each one wished to get the largest ham; but on investigation there was but the skeleton of a ham there.

The boys became angry, first at the old man and then at the darky, but the darky had fallen out of ranks some distance back, for he did not want the white folks to know he had given the information. My comrades came to the conclusion that they would not tempt the old man to tell any more lies, so they commenced an investigation for themselves.

Up-stairs, down-stairs, and in the cellar of the house they went. In one corner of a room up-stairs under a bed they found some wheat, with which they lost no time in filling their haversacks. But those sugar cured hams—where were they?

The house was two stories, with a porch. Suddenly one of the fellows noticed in the wall of one of the rooms up stairs what appeared to be a door without hinges. After some consultation one gave the place in the wall a punch with the butt of his musket and it fell over and showed a passage into the garret of the porch. Further examination revealed a large number of nice hams and shoulders of bacon hanging to the rafters.

After dividing with the company and inspecting everything about the place, we returned down the valley until we came to a mill operated by an old ceter. We employed him, without any ceremony, to grind our wheat. After our wheat was ground we filled our haversacks, and, it being late in the evening, Comrade Fleming and I were detailed to go out on videt picket. We went back up the valley about one mile, and passed the night at the forks of two roads.

In the morning we were called into line and started on our way back to camp. When we got to the top of Lookout Mountain it was dark, and we were some three or four miles from camp. Meantime the officers at camp, expecting we would be tired and wish to be relieved of some of our forage, sent out a team and wagon to meet us. We got orders to put our chops and hams into the wagon. Our haversacks being private property, we refused to give them up. The hams we deposited in the wagon, and then moved on toward camp. The boys, on thinking over the matter as we marched along, concluded that they might not be so fortunate as to receive their share of the hams. So as they marched along one comrade would carry another's gun, while he would pass the column, gain the wagon, and, as the night was very dark, climb into the wagon, take out a ham, and fall into the ranks again. This continued until all the hams were out of the wagon.

When we arrived at camp there was a guard placed at the wagon, and no person allowed to take anything out. When morning came one of the Quartermaster's Aids was sent to make an inspection of the contents of the wagon. Not a pound of ham was there to be found in the wagon. It was said by some of the boys that the Quartermaster's official said if there ever was any hams in the wagon the boys had made a clean sweep, as there was not so much as a smell of ham.

The Quartermaster not being satisfied, and I suppose feeling disappointed in not having ham or breakfast, made complaints to the Colonel. A guard in charge of an officer was sent to search the quarters of the men, confiscate all ham found, and arrest those having the same in their possession.

The officer first went to the captain's tent. While he was there consulting with the captain, the boys hid their sweet morsels of ham, so there was none to be found by the guard. We had feasts of ham for a week after that, and for once the private got ahead of the "commish."—Wm. A. MILLER, National Tribune.

# KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS.

## AN AWFUL FALL.

**SEVEN MEN DROPPED 135 FEET DOWN A MINE SHAFT.**

CLEARFIELD.—The news has reached here of an awful accident at Wigton's shaft, near Morrisdale mines, this county. The shaft has just been completed and the distance from the surface door to the bottom is 140 feet. The cage used for lowering the men works like an elevator and is managed by means of a strong cable and a windlass. Seven men went to descend shortly before noon when the cable broke and they fell 135 feet. The whole number were badly injured and after a half hour's delay were removed in an unconscious condition. One has since died. Nearly all had legs or arms broken. It is considered a remarkable escape from death to all.

## FOREST FIRES AND DROUTH.

CONNELEWILLE.—Forest fires have been raging all along the Laurel Mountains from Mt. Pleasant to Uniontown for the past 10 days. Owing to the continuous drouth these fires are becoming dangerous. Just above Connelewsville the whole mountain side is ablaze. Unless rain soon comes the whole summer's work of the farmers living in the burning districts will be lost. They are kept continually on the watch for fear their homes will be burned. No fall work has yet been done. All the sources of water supply for miles around have gone dry. Farmers living three and four miles inland are driving their stock to the Youghiogheny river for water. At some country churches special services have been held to pray for rain. Many of the coke works in the Connelewsville region would blow in ovens if they had water.

## TRAGEDY AT PIG'S EAR.

OTI CITY.—Constable Williams, of Pig's Ear, Potter county, a small lumber camp near Austin, shot and killed a man named Glover, who interfered with him while making an arrest. The man whom he tried to arrest is named Kennedy. He returned the constable's fire and in all a half dozen shots were exchanged. Kennedy succeeded in escaping from the constable in the excitement that followed the shooting.

## A VERDICT AGAINST A RAILROAD.

UNIONTOWN.—David Twist was awarded \$1,426 here by the jury for injuries received in getting off a Southwest Pennsylvania train at 61st station three years ago. Twist claimed the train stopped before reaching the station platform by which he was hurt in alighting. A previous jury awarded him \$1,500, but a new trial was granted.

## DIED AT SIXTY-FOUR.

CONNELEWILLE.—John Senef died at his home in Springfield township, Sunday, of old age. He was in his 64th year and cast 19 presidential votes. Among his five surviving children is Rev. Henry W. Senef, of Sewickley. He was buried yesterday on the farm where he had passed his life.

## MOTHER AND CHILD SACRIFICED TO THE USE OF KEROSENE AS KIDDLING.

WEST ELIZABETH.—Mrs. David Dowden, living six miles southwest of here, attempted to light the fire with kerosene. An explosion resulted and Mrs. Dowden and her child were burned to death. The house and contents were destroyed.

Mrs. JEMIMA LEWIS, aged 77 years, a resident of Berlin, ran in front of a passenger train and was instantly killed. The accident occurred in full view of her daughter and other members of her family. Being quite deaf, it is thought she did not hear the train.

ENOCH MINER of Bullskin township Fayette county, digs every Sunday night on the farm of Elias Christner, in quest of three crows of gold. Mrs. Miner dreamed that her uncle, Emanuel Slesman, had buried the treasure, \$5,000 or \$10,000, 25 years ago.

SUNDAY night Harry Todd and Frank O'Rourke, of Beaver Falls, while out driving encountered an immense flock of wild ducks several of which they claim, they grabbed while sitting in their buggy.

MATTHEW SHINGLE, of Sandy Ridge, while at work in a coal mine, was crushed to death by a piece of rock, weighing several tons. It required the efforts of 10 men to remove the rock.

The miners of the Fayette City coal works managed by Samuel O'Neil, have gone to work at the reduced rate of 2 cents. About 125 men are employed.

BRAKEMAN LEE GULE was instantly killed at Stony Point on the Nypano. He was thrown from a train which had broken in two.

JOHN GR BELL, living near Martinsburg, was killed while in his stable by being kicked by a mule.

The Penn Hardware Works, of Reading, employing 500 hands, resumed operations on full time.

JOHN O'LEARY, aged 8 years, was drowned Tuesday night, while in swimming at Sharpville.

TYPHOID fever is almost epidemic at Washington, new cases being reported every day.

## Great Is Chicago.

Can nothing of public moment be done in this town without reference first being had to a more or less stupid, dilatory, obfuscatory and chuckle-headed committee? The question of track elevation slumbers in the bosom of a council committee; the demolition of the Spectatorium—which task, by the way, has not yet been begun—had to be referred to another committee before anyone dared to think about it; and now the Chicago River is festering and putrefying because a committee of "experts" is figuring on the capacity of the new pumps. This committee expects to make a report "in a few days." Meantime the verdict of the experts, and the slime and filth in the river are sending forth such an odor that street-car conductors and drivers wear clothes-pins on their noses, and horses have to be muzzled before they will cross the bridges. It is about time for a real man to arise in these parts—a man who can think for himself without calling in a conclave of solemn donkeys to do his thinking for him. Such a man, if he can get into the city hall, may proclaim himself emperor of Cook County and maintain himself on the throne with the enthusiastic approval of the entire populace.—Chicago Herald.

# DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

## At Harrisburg, S. G. Thompson Nominated For Supreme Judge, and F. C. Osburn for State Treasurer.

The Pennsylvania State Democratic Convention in session at Harrisburg, nominated Samuel Gustine Thompson of Philadelphia, for Judge of Supreme Court, and Frank C. Osburn, of Sewickley, for State Treasurer. There was no opposition to the former and little to the latter.

## THE PLATFORM.

The following is the platform as adopted at the convention.

First—We the representatives of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania, in convention assembled, declare our unflinching faith in the principles and leadership which gave victory to the Democratic party in 1862, control of both houses and made Governor Cleveland president for the second time.

First—We declare anew our devotion to the fundamental principles of sound Democracy—taxation only for the purposes of government economically administered, honest money, the gold and silver coinage of the constitution and an upright discharge of official duty.

Second—A Democratic administration left \$100,000,000 surplus in the federal treasury; a Republican successor in four years converted this into a deficit of \$300,000,000. We are for the restoration of the constitution of the country has followed Republican administration, and that business depression has resulted to a vicious legislation for which the Republican party is solely responsible. To correct and relieve these a Democratic president and a Democratic congress are pledged and their efforts in that direction are entitled to the support of patriotic citizens regardless of party.

Third—We heartily endorse the administration of President Cleveland and call for the prompt passage of a bill of Congress for the repeal of the silver purchase clause of the Sherman act, and we will with satisfaction insure as that the vital clause of tariff reform is not to be abandoned nor its consummation delayed. The efficiency of nearly \$40,000,000 in the annual revenues of the federal government is the direct result of the McKinley tariff act, and renders a prompt revision of the tariff absolutely necessary.

Fourth—We approve the action of the house of representatives in voting so decisively in favor of the repeal of the silver purchase law, and we call upon the United States senators from Pennsylvania to give their support to such legislation as may insure the prompt and unconditional repeal of the Sherman law.

Fifth—We denounce the declaration made by the Republican state convention in favor of an enormous expansion of the currency as unwise, imprudent and calculated to produce disastrous inflation of values, reckless speculation and disastrous consequences. We favor a currency of gold and silver coin, treasury and bank notes sufficient for the business needs of the country. But we must insist that it shall at all times be kept at a parity of value with the gold and silver coin.

Sixth—We rejoice in the generous benefaction of a grateful republic to the soldiers and sailors who imperiled their lives for its defense. The pension roll should be a roll of honor, and it should be speedily purged of all unworthy names placed upon it in violation of law or derogation of the rights of deserving claimants to the people's bounty, and we cordially approve the efforts of the federal administration to that end.

Seventh—We cordially approve and endorse the administration of Governor Pattison and his constitutional advisers. It has justified the public confidence manifested by his election. His recommendations of salutary legislation, though largely ignored by a Republican legislature, have had the support and favor of the people of the commonwealth. His continued and fearless exercise of the veto power to defeat unconstitutional, ill-considered and reckless legislation merits our unqualified commendation.

Eighth—We arraign and condemn the last Republican legislature for its profligacy; for its disregard of the constitution, and for its shameful neglect and refusal to enact wholesome laws demanded for the public welfare. It refused to repeal the statutes requiring the useless advertising of mercantile appraisements at an enormous expense to the state. It failed to make congressional, senatorial, representative and judicial apportionments as commanded by the constitution. It refused to pass the legislation necessary to protect the public from unjust discriminations by corporations. It neglected to equalize taxation in response to the demands of over-burdened labor and of the agricultural interests of the commonwealth. It persistently refused to adopt any method by which the enormous deposit of state moneys now scattered among favored institutions should be made amply secure and remunerative to the commonwealth. It failed to propose amendments to the ballot laws necessary to promote greater purity secrecy and freedom of the franchise.

Ninth—Upon the issues made by the fidelity of the executive department of the state government and the recreancy of the Republican legislature, we appeal to the people of Pennsylvania; and we present the standard bearers this day nominated as fit and true representatives of the people of the highest dignity of the judicial office, and of reform in the management of the state treasury.

Tenth—We invite the consideration of the people of the state of Pennsylvania to the importance of a non-partisan judiciary. The spirit if not the letter of the constitution contemplates that the courts, especially the supreme court, shall contain in equitable proportion representatives of the great political parties within the commonwealth. Courts so constituted are more likely to possess and deserve the entire confidence of the people. The undue proportion of representatives of one great political party in the supreme court of Pennsylvania may be corrected at the coming election. We have sufficient confidence in the people of the commonwealth to expect that it will be so corrected.

Eleventh—In accordance with the recommendation of the Democratic national committee, the Democratic state, county and city organizations of Pennsylvania are advised and directed to further by every means in their power the institution of the regular Democratic societies in every election district, and the union of such societies in the Democratic society of the state and the National association of Democratic clubs.

The following were also adopted:

Resolved, That we heartily commend effective and successful work of the Democratic national committee in the campaign in 1892 we recall with particular satisfaction and admiration the fidelity of skill and ability displayed by Wm. F. Harris, who was selected by the Democracy of the country for the illustrious and responsible duties of the chairmanship. He deserves and possesses the confidence of the Democrats of the country, especially in Pennsylvania, and we but discharge our duty by giving expression to the appreciation and gratitude we feel because of the mighty, efficient service rendered by him.

## THE DEADLY NAKED LAMP.

Five Men Killed and Five Seriously Injured by an Explosion of Gas in a Coal Mine.

By an explosion of gas in the Lance Colliery No. 11, of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company at Plymouth, Pa., five men were instantly killed and five others seriously injured. The names of the dead are David M. Jones, William Jones, John Flanagan, Owen P. Jones, Joshua Gohlighly.

The injured are: Owen L. Evans, Thomas Williams, D. B. Davis, John Cummings and James Morgan.

The accident was caused by Joshua Gohlighly, who entered a body of gas with his naked lamp when the terrific explosion followed.