

MOQUI INDIANS.

THE "OLDEST FAMILIES" ON AMERICAN SOIL.

They Trace Their Ancestry 400 Years—Strange Snake Dances, Tortures, Religious and Curious Customs.

WORK of unique interest is Thomas Donaldson's illustrated report just issued by the Government on the Moqui Pueblo Indians of the Southwest. It is a large, picturesque volume sent out as an "Extra Census Bulletin." Mr. Donaldson, expert special agent in charge of the investigation, a gentleman of wide experience in Indian affairs and the author of this graphic report, has given the subject careful attention, and presented a comprehensive and authoritative statement of the special civilization of these peculiar tribes, soon to be obscured or lost in the tide of modern occupation of their vicinity. The volume also contains the report of Mrs. E. S. Clark, notes by Mr. A. M. Stephen, and also reports of Special Agents Julian Scott, Henry R. Foote and Peter Moran, who are artists of reputation. Notes from the works of Charles F. Lummis and illustrative from his photographs are also given. This work will not only be read with interest in this country, but it will undoubtedly command wide reading in Europe.

To white visitors the land of the Moqui Pueblos of the Southwest is a desert of desolation—a wilderness of waterless plain, mountains, cliffs and canyons. In the glare of the ghastly white and yellow clay, gleaming under a blistering sun, the average American would not give \$50 and a mule for the entire country. But for their fanaticism and lust for gold it is doubtful if the early Spanish discoverers would have explored the region. Mr. Donaldson says the desert was a terror to the Spaniards, and to cross it was called the journey of death. The Moqui

Cool breezes steal down from the purple mountains. The sky flames with the glory of the setting sun. It is an aurora, an ocean—a world of inde-



MOQUI IDOL.

scribable splendor, shifting every moment until twilight falls and a thousand fading views deepen into enchantment of a spectral, resplendent moon. The world seems Arcadia, but it is a desert still. Only for the mountains and the water flowing from them human life in that weird land would be impossible.

When a pueblo becomes filthy or too small for habitation, or the water supply gives out, the Indians build a new town—the women and Moqui Pueblos doing the work. The pueblo of San Domingo, New Mexico, has been destroyed by water and rebuilt on different sites four times within 200 years. The Moquis differ from civilized Americans—their women are looked on as owners of all the houses. With water the Indians raise plenty of corn, with cotton, grapes, peaches and melons. In commerce they traffic in fruit, pottery, the skins of animals, garments, rare and curious stones, the flesh of wild animals, arrowheads and weapons of war.

In June, 1890, the seven Moqui pueblos of Arizona had a population

begins and the rattlesnakes nip an Indian on the ear, cheek or breast the antidote renders him poison proof.

Charles F. Lummis describes how the captain of the snake band kneels in front of a booth, thrusts his arm behind a curtain, unties a sack of snakes and draws out a big squirming rattler. This he holds in his teeth, about six inches back of the snake's head, and then stands erect. "The captain of the antelope order steps forward and puts his left arm around the snake captain's neck, while, with the snake whip in his right hand, he smooths the writhing reptile. The two Indians then began the hippety-hop dance of the Indians. The next snake priest draws forth a snake from the booth and is joined by the next antelope man as his partner; and so the ceremony goes on, until each of the snake men is dancing with a deadly snake in his mouth. The dancers hop in pairs from the booth to the dance rock, then north, and circle toward the booth again. When they reach a certain point, which completes about three-quarters of the circle, each snake man throws his snake, by a movement of his neck, down to the rock floor of the court, and inside the ring of dancers, and again he dances on to the booth again for a fresh snake.

The snakes sometimes run to the crowd, a ticklish affair for those jammed upon the very brink of the precipice. An Indian official snatches the snakes back again, but if they coil and show fight the antelope men tiele them with the snake whips until they uncoil and try to glide away. Then they seize them with the rapidity of lightning. Frequently the Indians have five or six snakes in their hands at once. The reptiles are as deadly as ever; not one has had its fangs extracted.

At last all the Indians rush in a body to the foot of the dance rock, and throw their snakes into a horrid heap of threatening heads and buzzing tails. I have seen a hillock of rattlesnakes a foot high and four feet across. For a moment the dancers leap about the writhing pile, while the sacred corn meal is sprinkled. Then they thrust an arm into that squirming mass, grasp a number of snakes and run at top speed to the four points of the compass. At the bottom of the great mesa (table land) where the chief snake dance is held, about 600 feet above the plain, they release the unharmed serpents. These astounding rites last from half an hour to an hour, and end only when the sun has fallen behind the bald western desert.

Special Agent Scott says that the speed of the Indians running with the snakes is so great that no man can follow them. During the ceremony the celerity of the proceedings evidently kept the snakes muddled. During the dance Indians were struck by the rattlesnakes and bitten in several places. They drew back for a moment, but continued the dance, and no ill effects were afterward noted. One Indian struck in the nose had some difficulty in shaking the snake off, and he only did so with his attendants' assistance. It may interest missionaries to say that the snake order is spreading among the Moquis.

The Indians are very tenacious in holding to their ancient faith. Their views on witchcraft almost amount to a religion. The Zunis, in common with other Indians, are very superstitious, and have a horror of a supposed witch. A person found guilty of witchcraft is promptly executed. The mode of execution is extremely cruel. If a victim escapes, his torturers never allow him to return to the country. In 1890 an old woman was charged with bringing a grasshopper plague into the country. She had no defender. She was ordered to be hung up. Her



POORIE, THE BELLE OF THE MOQUI TRIBE.

Pueblos of Arizona and the Pueblos of New Mexico mark the northern line of the actual Spanish advance from 1540 to 1821, in the basin between the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains, and they were a buffer in the struggle for control of this portion of the American Continent. After a struggle of 280 years the Spaniard, with his sword, church and missions, withdrew, defeated. To-day the Moqui Indians and Pueblos are almost as the Spaniards left them.

Surrounded by hostile savages and living amidst scorpions, rattlesnakes and wild beasts, they went about their peaceful villages, scaled dizzy heights and tunneled into canyon walls and made their homes for times of war high above the surrounding country.



FOUR GENERATIONS.

Their homes are practically forts. In many respects both their cave-like dwellings and the wild Titanic landscape around are suggestive of Circassia and Armenia, where the wilder tribes live "in dugouts."

From the blistering terraces of the cliff houses, as Mr. Donaldson says, the vast colorless plains of Arizona resemble the ocean. Heat waves pass over them and shadows of clouds give impression of distant water. There is no life. All nature seems dead. At midday the sun floods the desert with fire. The heat amounts to terror. Here is the land of the mirage. Lakes, rivers, forests, cities and even visions of ships sailing in faraway seas, allure and mock the blinded traveler. But when evening comes all is changed. The wilderness becomes a heaven.

of 1906; the nineteen pueblos of New Mexico a population of 8278—in all a population of 10,274. All are citizens of the United States. The allotment of the lands of the Moqui Pueblos (which, in the case of the Pueblos, can only be done by themselves), compelling the holders to reside upon them, would abolish the villages and pueblos, disperse these Indians and make them dependents.

According to Special Agent Donaldson, the over description of the Pueblo villages give one false ideas. On visiting them after reading books on the subject one feels disappointed. The Moqui pueblos of Arizona are dead looking and dreary, and but for the bright costumes of the people the scene would be dismal. Their methods and institutions, however, never lose interest.

Many of the stories told of these people are legends. According to reports of special agents, the much written about sacred fires of the Moqui Pueblos and Pueblo Indians have gone out, if they were ever lighted, and cannot now be found. The beautiful legend of the Pueblo looking from the roof of his house for the coming of Montezuma with the rising sun fades upon investigation into the hungry Indian on the roof early in the morning, scanning the horizon for his goats and donkeys. In some cases the Indians have been driven to the roof for fresh air. The adobe huts have no ventilation, and they are indescribably filthy. Special Agent Poore saw neither sacred fires, Montezuma hunters or watchers in the sixteen pueblos of New Mexico.

The Indians are famous for games and dances and serpent festivals. As "spectacles" the dances are generally failures. The music is wretched, the howling unbearable and the natural grace of the Indian vanishes when the dance begins. The camera destroys all the romance of the dances.

The Indians are experts in handling rattlesnakes. The snake dance is to propitiate the water god or snake deity, whose name is Ba-ho-la-con-gua. The ceremonies prior to the public exhibition of the dance occupy eight days. The priests prepare a liquor which is said to be an infallible antidote for snake bite. When the dance



PUEBLO GIRL, PUEBLO OF ISLETA, N. M.

ories were heartrending. A friend cut her down and she ran away, but was followed and killed with a stone. The son was hanged beside his mother. His arms were bound behind his back with wet rawhide thongs. The sun contracted the rawhide and the lad's sufferings were horrible to behold. He was let down in four hours, and in his agony he asked for a cigarette. Then he was hung up again and after eight hours he died—that is, a friend was allowed to kill him with a stone. When a victim's hands are bound behind him and he is hung to a tree by his hands, the torture equals the torture of the Inquisition.

Sometimes this hanging torture is inflicted upon persons from whom information is hoped to be extorted. Unless the information is obtained the victim is left to hang for days blistering in a tropical sun, until he dies. Water is refused and the torture exceeds the bounds of the imagination. —New York Press.

There are more than two hundred and fifty native women studying in the medical colleges of India.

The annual value of the world's cocoon is estimated at \$20,000,000.

Great Gorge of the Luapula.

The western head sources of the Congo River were visited for the first time by white men, and the story they have told of the great gorge they saw and of the stream that plunges through it, almost as swift as an arrow for many a mile, was entirely out of the common in Congo explorations.

Imagine a narrow stream flowing placidly between its rather low banks. It has gradually been gathering volume from little contributions that a dozen



ENTRANCE TO THE GORGE OF THE LUAPULA.

or fifteen tributaries have supplied. The channel is quite deep, though not wide. Nearer and nearer the water approaches a mountain pass to the north, which at a distance appears to have no passage through. Suddenly the water rushes into a rift in these hills, and for many a mile it tumbles along, zigzagging between two gigantic, perpendicular walls of solid rock. Sometimes it falls headlong as a cataract, and then again it is merely a rapid, with a speed five times as great as that with which it enters the hill.

This great gorge has a tortuous course, bending first to the east and then to the west. It is nowhere over 120 to 150 feet wide, and it rises 1000 to 1200 feet above the level of the stream. The walls rise nearly perpendicular in every part, and are formed of bare crystalline rock. Here and there in some little crevice a little soil has formed, just enough for a tuft of grass or a puny tree to take root.

At the level of the stream one can see only a little ribbon of the sky above, for at that great height the top of the wall seem almost to touch one another, and the trees at the top overhang the edge and shut out nearly every glimpse of daylight. At the bottom of the narrow gorge the little river glides swiftly, sometimes almost with an unbroken surface, and then again lashed into foam by thousands of rocks, whose tops rise above the surface; and then again the water pours tumultuously over the edge of a declivity, and then lunges on in a series of rapids.

In a distance of forty-three miles the river drops 1500 feet, and then it emerges upon the plain, and, forgetting its mad career, it flows placidly along to join the Luapula River, and at the junction of the two rivers the true Congo begins. No other tributary of the Congo or even the great river itself, where it tumbles along in rapids for 235 miles, between Leopoldville and Matadi, presents a spectacle so savage and so violent. —New York Sun.

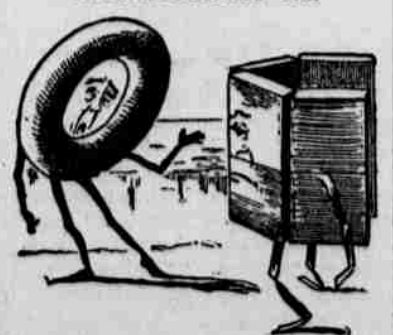
Decrease of Fish.

The United States Fish Commission has issued a report on the decrease of food fishes on the Atlantic coast during the past ten years. In Spanish mackerel, which spawn chiefly in Chesapeake Bay, there has been a notable and steady decline, which is most conspicuous in Virginia. In 1880 Virginia had a greater yield of Spanish mackerel than all the other States combined. The decline here can be surely and indisputably traced to the great catches at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay by the menhaden men by the following figures: In 1887 and 1888 the production dropped to 108,000 pounds and 188,239 pounds, respectively, over a yield of 1,600,663 pounds in 1880. Since then a small increase has taken place, due, the Commissioners say, to the somewhat prohibited operations of the fishermen. —New Orleans Picayune.

"Heliotropism."

Heliotropism is the peculiar property shown by many plants, notably the sunflower, of always turning toward the sun. In the case of seedlings, the phenomenon is especially marked. The cells on the light side are apparently retarded in growth, thus causing a curvature toward that side. Professor Romanes has experimented with an intermittent light, such as that of an electric spark discharge upon mustard seedlings, and has found that the heliotropic effect produced in this way is far greater than light caused by the sun or any other form of light. Strange to say, however, this abnormal influence is unaccompanied by the generation of phlorophyll, the green coloring matter in plants which requires sunshine for its proper production. —Pall Mall Gazette.

The Life-Preservers' TIF.

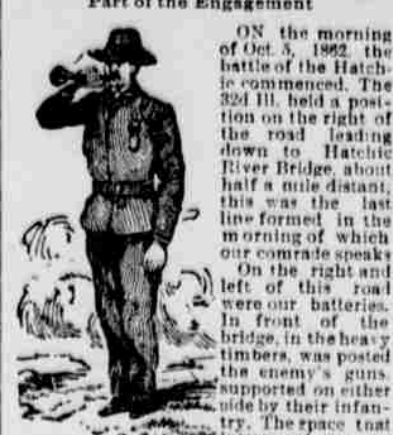


The Rubber One—"You're such a light-weight, you know."
The Cork One—"Go soak yourself! Your full of wind."—Judge.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

ON THE HATCHIE.

Experience of A Comrade in the Latter Part of the Engagement.



ON THE HATCHIE.

ON the morning of Oct. 3, 1862, the battle of the Hatchie commenced. The 32d Ill. held a position on the right of the road leading down to Hatchie River Bridge, about half a mile distant, this was the last line formed in the morning of which our comrade speaks.

On the right and left of this road were our batteries. In front of the bridge, in the heavy timber, was posted the enemy's guns, supported on either side by their infantry. The space that intervened was an open field. The road leading to our position to the bridge was a direct line with a dilapidated fence on either side.

These were the positions of the opposing forces when our charge was made. Our batteries having uncovered the position of the enemy, we were ordered forward double quick down that lane, the Confederate artillery raking our lines at every step.

We soon gained and took possession of the position of the enemy on the west side of the river, together with the most of his artillery and about 800 prisoners.

The enemy soon formed their lines on the high bluffs on the east side of the river, and trained their guns upon the bridge. Across this bridge we went at a double-quick although it was raked at every discharge of the enemy's guns from the bluffs above. We were soon in a tangled mass on the right and left, suffering severely from the enemy's fire.

One poor fellow of our company had his right leg torn and mangled into shreds by a shell and fell trembling and bleeding at the feet of Capt. McClellan, who reached down and shook the dying soldier by the hand and ordered Lieut. Smith and Serg't Patterson to carry him across the bridge. Placing the dying soldier astride his musket, they held him across that bridge, which was still being raked by the enemy's guns above the bluffs. But they reached the west side of the bridge in safety and after placing their comrade in charge of the Surgeon hastened to join their command.

The enemy now appeared to put forth their last effort to hold their position, and the shot and shell fell thick and fast. (The writer has in his possession some of the grape shot which stuck in the heavy timber over his head and fell at his feet as they were crossing the bridge for the third time.) About this time Gen. Ord was wounded, and the command fell upon Gen. Harbison, who, understanding the situation of the ground, soon deployed our forces and moved upon the enemy's last position east of the Hatchie.

Here, for the first time, was Sam, the colored man, in active service, a large, muscular fellow, with his shoulders to the front, and one of the gun carriages, with the writer and his companion at the other the artilleryman in front we soon placed the gun in position on the heights of the Hatchie.

We left our colored friend and the battery and joined our command on the left, formed line and moved upon the enemy's last position. After making a slight resistance the enemy fell back without any loss. Our lines were halted for the first time since early morning.

A detail was called for, and Co. D., with Lieut. Smith in command volunteered and formed a skirmish line for the 32d Ill., and was soon pressing the enemy's rear guard. A few stragglers fell into our hands and a number of stray shots informed us that the enemy was in full retreat with a strong force guarding their rear. After we had advanced about a mile in the heavy timber we were ordered to halt and form a picket line for the night. After placing our pickets on their outposts, a detail was made to go to the rear and bring up the boys' haversacks as we had had nothing to eat since early morning. Upon the return of this detail we learned for the first time the loss in killed and wounded of our command.

From our position during the early part of the night we could see above the trees the signal rockets of the enemy as they moved away to the right. We were relieved next morning, and joined our regiment, to find that some of our boys were killed on the field and that others were mortally wounded and many slightly injured.

But our companion whom we had helped to the rear never realized the terrible shock, and died in the Surgeon's hands. So ends our experience in the Hatchie. —T. A. SMITH, in National Tribune.

ANDERSONVILLE.

The Place So Famous in History is Now Only a Way-Side Railroad Station.

Andersonville is the name of a station on the Southwestern Railroad, about 100 miles from Macon. It is nothing but a railroad station and the only thing that characterizes the spot is the immense Union cemetery of some 20 acres, over which floats the Star Spangled Banner. The cemetery is constructed on the spot where the prisoners were buried and the trenches were dug with such precision and regularity that the soldiers were not disturbed, but allowed to remain as their comrades interred them, working under the watchful eyes and fixed bayonets of the Georgia Home Guards.

prisoners. It is now a mild and peaceful section of country. Many of the soldiers in the cemetery have handsome headstones lifted to their memory by friends in the North and efforts are frequently made to have certain graves "kept green" with flowers and a shower pot.

YOUNG LAWYER'S STRATAGEM.

It Might Have Worked but for an Unexpected Incident.

The following story is told of Timothy Coffin, who was for a long time Judge of the New Bedford District: When a very young man he was retained in a case of sufficient importance to bring out almost every resident of the town, so that the little New Bedford Court House was packed when court was opened that morning. Coffin had been secured as counsel by the defendant. Although it was his first attempt in open court, he had made little or no preparation, thinking that he could get through somehow or other when the time came. Thus, when the counsel for the defendant came into court that morning he was greatly surprised, and no less agitated, to see the big crowd and realize the wide public interest in the trial at hand. He saw that he looked upon the case too lightly. The prosecution was strong, and he had made not even a slight preparation. To lose the case meant the loss of a hoped-for reputation. Could he afford to commit this blunder by displaying his ignorance of the case? How could he get out of it? These were a few of the questions that are known to have flashed through the young lawyer's head, for afterward he himself told of the awful perplexity of the hour. Being a shrewd inventor, he devised a plan.

As soon as the court had been called to order and the clerk had said his little say, he arose and asked for a postponement of the trial, on the ground that he had just received a telegram announcing the sudden and fatal illness of his mother, who resided at Nantucket.

Scarcely had the words of this appeal proceeded from the lips of young Coffin when an elderly woman quietly arose in the balcony of the courtroom and gave utterance to these words:

"Timothy, Timothy, how many times have I chastised thee for lying?"

Timothy recognized the sound of that voice only too well. It was that of his mother. This being Timothy's first public case, the old lady had secretly come up to New Bedford to see how well her son would do. Her presence was, of course, totally unknown to him. The further developments need not be recorded here. Suffice it to say that Timothy Coffin in after years made sure that his excuses would not be thrown back at him by any member of his own family. —Boston Herald.

SHE BROUGHT HIM TO TERMS.

How Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, the Novelist, Managed Her Publisher.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, who is at present busy with a historical romance with the scene in England in the time of James I., is now 63, and declares herself able for more and better work than at any time in her life. Mrs. Burnett's distinction of being the best paid of women writers in America has passed, it is said, to Mrs. Barr, who can write two novels a year, and often receives \$5,000 for the serial rights of a romance. She is reported to be as well able to protect her business interests as Mr. Howells to guard his, and a late incident seems to prove it. Within the year a London publisher, without asking her permission, published there a novel just issued in America. Some time later Mrs. Barr called upon him.

"Mr. Smith," she said, "you owe me \$3,000."
"What for?"
"For the novel of mine you published a little while ago."
"But, Mrs. Barr, you know we don't pay for that sort of thing. You Americans steal from us, and we English think it is only fit for you to steal from us."
"I beg your pardon, Mr. Smith, but I am a subject of the Queen and your code of morals does not apply in this case."

The check for \$3,000 was handed her, whereupon the lady remarked: "I have charged you, Mr. Smith, \$1,000 for your want of forethought. Had you asked me for the story you could have had it in welcome for \$2,000."

A Question of Location.

As a train drew into the Waldoboro depot a lady with an armful of bundles stepped into the car aisle. Just then the door at one end of the car opened and the brakeman said:

"Waldoboro! Waldoboro!"
The lady immediately started down the aisle in that direction. When she was fairly a-going the door at the other end of the car opened and the conductor said:

"Waldoboro! Waldoboro!"
The lady stopped, bewildered, and looking helplessly from one end of the car to the other, cried out:

"Which end? Which end?"

What is a Creole?

Strictly speaking, a Creole is a person born in this country of foreign parents. The word comes from the Spanish Criollo, meaning offspring, child, and because of its Spanish origin the word Creole has been restricted in use; first, to children born in Louisiana to foreign parents; and, second, to such children born to Spanish or French parents. So we speak of Spanish Creoles and French Creoles. In the North the idea is prevalent that a Creole has negro blood, but it is entirely wrong.