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# MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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**THE FIERCE SERI INDIANS**  
LIVE ON TIBURON ISLAND IN THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.

Most Enticing—Savage and Most Primitive Inhabitants of the Continent.  
The Seri Indians, of Tiburon Island, in the Gulf of California have become famous by reason of their extraordinary ferocity and also because they are the most primitive savages in North America, having not yet advanced beyond the civilization of the Stone Age.

One of the most remarkable things about the Seri, is that they seem to keep on growing all their lives. Whether this be in truth the case or not, they continue to increase in stature until after they are fifty years old—certainly a strange phenomenon, from a physiological point of view. They have long been reputed giants, and for this reason there is some ground inasmuch as the men average six feet in height, and the women nearly, if not quite, five feet nine inches. For this reason all of the younger men and women appear to fall below this mean, while all the older ones are above it.

There are no fat people among the Seri, and in respect to physical vigor they are extraordinary. Of erect yet easy carriage, great breadth and depth of chest, very slender of limb and possessing unusually large feet and hands, they exhibit a bodily activity such as can hardly be equalled by any other people on the face of the earth. The skin of their feet and lower legs is so hard and calloused as to resemble the hide of a horse or camel, so that they are able to run through cactus thickets so thorny as to stop horses and dogs, or diver beneath a cactus so sharp that the very coyote avoids the trail.

One of the strangest things about these savages is that they seem to have no knife sense, as one might call it. In other words, they never think of using a knife for any purpose, in any circumstances. If they capture an animal and kill it they do not cut it into pieces, but prefer to tear it to fragments with their hands and teeth, breaking it up with a stone, or with a stone. They are known to adopt this method with a horse, throwing the brute so as to break its neck, and then setting upon the carcass literally with their hands and feet, and a cow will furnish a family, with food for some days, and when anybody happens to be hungry he takes a chew at it, tearing off the flesh, just as any wild animal might do.

The Seri have always kept themselves aloof from other tribes; they have an hereditary hate and horror of aliens. From their viewpoint the shedding of alien blood is the most virtuous of actions, and they know it, and their own blood into alien channels. They consider it as much a matter of course to kill a stranger as the white man does to destroy a snake. They are homeless wanderers, roving from place to place and sleeping wherever exhaustion overtakes them. Carrying their entire stock of personal belongings in a round pack on their backs, they are perpetual fugitives.

They regard the neighbouring tribes as their enemies, and they have been in conflict for many years with the Yuma, who are their most dangerous enemies. When they surround and capture horses or kine they never think of mounting the beasts, even when pursued, or of using ropes, but immediately break the neck and knock over the brains of the animal, or perchance to tear the writhing body into quarters and flee for their lives with the reeking flesh still quivering on their heads and brawny shoulders. Scores of vultures agree in the assertion, wholly incredible if it were supported by fewer witnesses, that even when so burdened the robber Seri skim the sand wastes of the desert more rapidly than any other people can follow them.

The Seri boys go out after jack rabbits in threes and fours and catch them by outrunning them. When a rabbit is started by the hunter, one following it slowly while the others set off obliquely in such a manner as to head it off and keep it in zigzag course until it tires. They then close in, and finally grasp the animal by the head, frequently bringing it in alive to prove that it was fairly caught, for among these aborigines it is deemed dishonourable to take game animals without giving them a chance for escape or defence. They capture deer also by running, scattering at sight of the quarry, gradually surrounding it, bewildering it by confronting it at all points, and at length closing in and seizing it with their hands.

Don Manuel Encinas, son of the owner of a ranch, was endeavoring on one occasion, to induce a Seri man, who was a famous hunter, so to do some work for him. There was peace for the time being, and a band of the savages was sojourning temporarily near the ranch. It was a hot afternoon, and the fellow begged release from his task, saying that the spirit of catching a deer had taken hold of him. He was excused on condition that the deer be brought entire to the ranch, and two hours later he was seen driving in a full grown buck. On approaching the dwelling quarters the terrified animal turned this way and that in wild efforts to avoid the human habitation; yet the hunter kept it under control, leading it off at every turn and gradually working it nearer until at a sudden turn he was able to rush upon it and catch it. Throwing it over his shoulders, he ran into the ranch house with the beast still struggling and kicking. In another instance a Seri caught a horse in a still more expeditious

fashion. The animal, which belonged to the ranch, was offered the band on condition that a single one of the Indians should catch it within a fixed distance, about two hundred yards, from the gateway of the corral. The offer was promptly accepted, and to make the test of swiftness a fair one a "vaque" was called in to frighten the horse and start him to running around the interior of the corral, while a boy stood by to drop the bars at the proper moment. When the animal had gained its best speed the bars were dropped and it bolted for the open plains. But before the two hundred yard limit was reached the hunter had overtaken it, leaped upon its withers, caught it by the jaw in one hand and the forelock in the other, and thereby thrown it in such a manner as to break its neck.

Early one morning Senor Encinas never took their food apparently, but they had been known to perambulate the roof of a horse, after the leg had been wrenched off at the hock, until it was sufficiently softened to be knocked off with a stone. Then half a dozen men, armed with machetes about to gnaw the gelatinous tissue investing the "coffin bone." They possess but a single tool practically and apply it to a wide variety of purposes. It is merely a wave worn pebble and with it they crush bones, sever tendons, grind seeds, rub face paint and luscious woody tissue to aid in breaking sticks for horse poles or mosquito rows for harpoon, both being afterward finished by firing. The pebble is discarded when sharp edges are produced by use or fracture. Their houses are more temporary shelters, and not dwellings in any proper sense. Some are made of mud and thatched and roofed with a huge turtle shell.

**A SUGGESTION TO THE INTENDING TRAVELLER.**  
Ethel Ramsey gives some suggestions to those who intend to travel primarily for those going abroad, and a few of her observations follow:  
"Persons who are traveling on a definite and limited sum of money should as far as possible know what their expenses will probably be, and should allow a margin at least one-fifth of the whole sum. A simple way to do this is to make up a list of the projected trip and find the actual cost of transportation. When the margin has been subtracted from the original sum, and afterward the transportation, divide the remainder by the number of days to be spent abroad, to know what is left for a daily allowance. This sounds like elementary arithmetic, but traveling unprepared, with a pocket full of money, is a very trying and often a very inconvenient arrangement of money matters. It is a perceptible help; one knows what to expect, and avoids the unpleasantness of a sudden pocket full funds will not hold out."  
"A difficulty which the guide-book does not help is the attempt to share expenses when two or three persons are traveling together and one has a better plan which we found saved us much time and temper was the use of a common purse, which was handed to the head, arithmetician and spokesman of the party. Each of us put in the purse an equal amount, calculated to last during the day, or excursion, and divided whatever was left over in the evening. When the money was used up, we were left with a pleasant surprise, and the individual accounts. Instead of disputing each time how much it was to pay for tickets, or trying to divide a few of four cents among five persons, it was all done from the common fund and entered as a sum total for the day's expenses."  
This idea of a common purse, where two or three persons are traveling together and each paying his or her own expenses, seems an admirable one, and calculated to save vexatious worry over small expenses and details in trying to "settle up" and to divide the responsibilities of leadership by each carrying the purse on alternate days is a good idea also.

**A LOUD-VOICED BIRD.**  
A story runs that on a certain day two men, one of them very deaf, were walking by the railway. Suddenly an express train rumbled by, and as it passed the engine emitted a shriek that seemed to rend the very sky. The hearing man's ears were well high split, but the deaf man struck an ecstatic attitude. Then, turning to his suffering friend, he said with a pleasant smile:  
"That's the first robin I've heard this spring!"

**APPEAL TO THE LAW.**  
Mrs. Davoo, at front window—Constable!  
Policeman—Yes, ma'am. What's wrong, ma'am?  
Mrs. Davoo—Nothing's wrong; but I wish you'd step into the kitchen and tell the cook not to burn the meat, as she did last night. I'm afraid to.

**DANGEROUS WORK.**  
The dangerous work of coal-mining is almost as hazardous as that of a battlefield, for of every 1,000 miners 23.2 are killed every year in the performance of their work.

**AN EXCITING ADVENTURE.**  
A FIGHT FOR LIFE IN A BUFFALO HERD.

How a showman was killed with ten minutes' work by a herd of buffalo, was a fight for life in a buffalo herd. When buffaloes could be found within half a day's ride from almost any ranch in the great plains, and killing half a dozen in a day was no particular feat, the most exciting sport was to dive into a herd with well-trained cattle-roping horses and bring out one or more yearling heifers for the purpose of raising them. It was dangerous sport, for the entire herd would unite with the greatest ferocity to defend the calves.

A cutting-out horse, that was also accustomed to the lasso, was the first essential in an equipment. Strong hair ropes, heavy revolvers and sharp hunting knives were the next things in the sportsman's outfit. As soon as the calf was thrown upon its side the hunter was placed upon its feet to limit its power to run, so that it would fall behind the stampeded herd. Every precaution had to be taken for safety, since a single mistake or tardy action would cost the life of both horse and man.

When all was ready the herd was approached as near as possible through a gulch that led up near the animals or from behind a hill near which the hunter was waiting. A sudden dash was necessary in order to prevent the bulls from getting to the point of attack before the calf was roped. Generally there was at least 100 yards of space to be covered in the run to the herd, the cow must be shot down, and the calf roped, tangled, thrown, hopped, and the drag rope tied to its neck, all in time for the horseman to mount his horse and get safely away before the infuriated bulls could respond to the cries of the calf.

When there was no ravine or hill from which the animals could be approached, the hunters could usually approach within easy shooting distance by crawling up after their horses, who were caused to feed toward the herd. The first stamp or cry of a bull was the signal for the hunters to spring upon their horses and make a dash at the selected victims.

**PITCHED FROM HIS HORSE.**  
Early in the eighties a venturesome buyer for a noted manager lost his life in a fatal accident while endeavoring to assist two experienced men in roping calves for his show. A score of bulls, twice as many cows and a dozen or more calves were found on the open prairie. It took an hour to come within shooting distance by the slow process of creeping through the grass after the feeding horses. Still the old leader, a ponderous bull, who stood as sentinel and guard upon a little mound around which his flock was feeding, remained immovable as a statue. Nearer and nearer the horses crept, until within 50 yards, when a whiff of south-easterly air seemed to strike the bull's nostrils, warning him of impending danger. His head at once began to sway back and forth, and he began to paw the sand slowly as he gazed at the three horses.

"Now!" exclaimed one of the hunters. Two Winchester were leveled at the bull in a moment, and he fell beside their calves. The three men sprang into their saddles and before the amazed herd could respond to the call of the sentinel bull two horses were thrown from their saddles. The horse of the showman was trained for such work better than the man. He was at full speed when the calves were thrown upon their sides. The horse planted his hooves in the sand and came to a sudden stop, braced for a pull on the rope that he supposed had been thrown from his saddle. He began to paw the earth 10 feet or more in front of the horse.

**BOLWARK OF CARCASSES.**  
At the first cry of distress from the calves the whole herd in fury rushed to their assistance. The bulls with lowered heads and eyes like circles of fire came bellying upon the showman. A cannon could hardly have been heard over their roar. With great pluck he got to his knees and fired both his revolvers at the foremost animal. The bull's legs gave way under him, but his tremendous momentum threw his body forward and knocked the showman senseless several yards away. The horse dodged the lowered heads and leaped outside of the line of their charge.

Meanwhile one of the hunters had hopped his life, fastened the trailing rope to its neck and got out of the way, but the other found himself surrounded before he could make his last into a trailing rope. To escape the one of the animals he sprang aside and found himself separated from both his horse and the calf. The huge brute massed themselves around the following calf, and, becoming tangled in the rope, drew the horse closer and closer to them. The furious group of beasts were defeating their own purposes of revenge by crowding together in one another's way. None of them could turn upon the enemy and have the room in which to make a charge. There was an instant of confusion and the one of the beasts made a leap for the horse. A shot from the hunter killed the animal, but not before the bull had struck the imprisoned horse with such force as to knock him to the ground. He began to scream with pain and fear. His cries immediately attracted the attention of the other buffaloes and a

dozen bulls sprang upon him, trampling and goring him to death. The man was now in the midst of the grunting herd. Several shots at close quarters made him a temporary bulwark of shaggy bodies, around which the herd roared and surged. COMPANION'S RUSE SAVED HIM.

Presently there was heard the shrill scream of a calf 50 yards or more beyond the woolly mass. Its pathetic cries arose above all the howling of furious bulls. There was a sudden pause in the surging mass and a silence through which the walls of the chest came with startling distinctness. The bulls raised their heads over one another's backs. The pause was only for a moment. With one fierce, deafening roar, all heads were turned in the direction of the cry for help and the earth seemed to tremble under the terrific charge. The imprisoned hunter sprang upon one of the bodies in the cordon of animals broke away and saw that his companion hunter had saved him by a stratagem that was effective but full of peril. He had caught a yearling and would it up in his rope so as to make it utter the loud call for help. When he had succeeded in drawing the attack upon himself he cut the rope and mounted his horse barely 20 feet in front of the foremost bull. A single misstep of his horse and both would have been trampled and gored to death. With the instinct of a race for life, the horse sped on before the roaring beasts.

The hunter that had just escaped death by this stratagem saw the showman's horse feeding 100 yards away. He sprang from the carcass on which he was standing and called the familiar signal. The trained animal came toward him at full speed. He sprang into the saddle and dashed away after the pursuing herd. He was soon in the midst of the roaring animals firing his Winchester and revolvers as fast as he could pull the triggers. The herd became terror-stricken and in a panic plowed straight across the plains. The flying horseman in front, being no longer pursued, carried his horse out of the road of the fleeing mass and in a few minutes joined his companion. Together they went to look for the showman. They found him near the buffalo he had killed, crushed to death.

**INDIGESTION.**  
This is a disease quite common among fowl. Even the most skillful poultry raiser is liable to get in his flock by some little neglect on the part of the help. It is not contagious, but, nevertheless, half of some flocks succumb to the fatal touch. Its symptoms are similar to cholera, and it is often called such, yet there is a wide difference. While indigestion is not contagious, cholera is; while indigestion is slow in its work, cholera is quick. Cholera does its deadly work in a few hours, while indigestion may last a week or more.

The best symptom of this disease is the nature of the droppings, which are usually quite soft and are passed often. The comb turns pale and the fowl eats but little. It acts as if it were entirely worn out. It is impossible to gradually get weaker and weaker, until it dies or is cured. Hens that are fat and have a limited range get this disease quite often, but before it is over they will be very poor.

There are several causes for this annoying disease. Hens that are too fat and are over-fed will get it readily. Lack of exercise is one great cause, and improper food or too much of any kind of food is also the cause of a great deal of it. Lack of grit even may cause it, also lack of good, pure water. The first preventive is not to allow any of the causes to occur. Keep the fowls exercising, feed a variety, give plenty of grit and water, and do not feed too much, and you will not be liable to get the disease in your flock. Use plenty of disinfectant, such as air-slaked lime, carbolic acid water, whitewash and the like. If you find the disease in your flock, begin at once to find the cause and remove it before very many of the birds get sick.

The best cure we have ever tried was a tea made from white oak bark. This is a medicine that many of our most skillful physicians use to treat human beings, and it is equally good for the birds. Make a strong tea and put half a pint in a gallon of the drinking water. The fowls that are affected should have a tablespoonful of the strong tea poured down them if they will not drink it.

**DIAMONDS AND RUBIES.**  
Many of the precious stones now owned by Queen Victoria formerly belonged to Indian princes. The fascination on the annexation of the Punjab in 1849.

One of the rarest gems in Queen Victoria's collection is a green diamond of marvellous beauty. It has never been set. She owns three crowns. The most artistic one, which was made over forty years ago, is of gold, heavily covered with diamonds, and is composed of 2,873 white diamonds and 523 rubies, besides many smaller stones. Before this crown was made the Queen wore a gold band studded with precious stones. This band is to be seen in most of her earlier portraits. The great crown, which rests in the Tower, is over a hundred years old.

The Queen is sentimentally attached to pearls, as is the German Emperor, who has fine specimens in her jewel-cases; but as she did not wear them enough they lost their colour, and had to be immersed in water for several months before they regained their beauty. This process is not often resorted to, but it was entirely successful in this case.

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