

A CHIEFTAIN'S ILL-STARRED BRIDE.

MAY TEMPLE FELL IN LOVE WITH A HANDSOME YOUNG INDIAN AT A GOVERNMENT SCHOOL.

But the Royal Welcome Given to the White Bride by His Tribe Nearly Killed Her.

She Finally Died of Neglect.—A Girl of His Own Tribe Won His Love, and When the Wife Expired They Were Having a Merry Time.

It has been scarcely three months since May Temple first saw him. She was a visionary young girl who had had no careful mother's training and no experience of life. She had read a great deal, mostly books of a trashy sort, which led her young fancy and strengthened her already vivid imagination. He was tall, strong looking and straight as an arrow. From his dark countenance shone more expression than is commonly seen in one of his race. He was a chief—a chief of the Papago Indians, and May Temple first saw him at a school she had the curiosity to visit. Adult Indians are not usually admitted to the Government schools but the ardent desire of this Papago to be educated and to "follow the white man's way," as he expressed it, had aroused intense interest; except in had been made in his favor and he had been received as a pupil, writes Francis Trujillo, Western correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, now in Phoenix, Arizona.

As May left the room that day where recitations had been conducted and the chief had especially distinguished himself by spelling such difficult words as "baker" and "shaker," the young lady dropped her handkerchief and this "type of manly dignity," as she already styled him in her thoughts, sprang to pick it up and returned it with a bow and glance into those blue eyes. It was only a few days afterwards that the people of Phoenix were electrified by the announcement that May Temple, a young white girl from the East, who had just arrived in Arizona on a visit to her friends, had married an Indian chief and gone to live with him among his tribe. What folly! What mad infatuation! some exclaimed, and then it was forgotten in a later excitement.

The girl was not a fool, despite the verdict of the multitude; there can only be urged in extenuation of her act her youth and her absolute ignorance of Indian life at home amid natural surroundings. She saw her home with horror. She supposed it would be at least of adobe, strong and cool, but it was a low shack constructed of woods laid against and bound to a framework of poles. As its leaves had shriveled in the burning sun, openings were left, the whole a poor protection from the hot winds which blow across the desert.

Near this shack the only sight that reminded her of civilization were

her husband's nieces attired in her honor for the occasion in clothes given to them at the Indian school. Upon the ground sat her husband's mother and aunt, two ancient women, so browned and seamed by sun and wind that they resembled mummies. It seemed to the nervous bride as if from their withered faces, with deep-set, heavy eyes, leered a demonic expression. But her disgust was increased by the appearance of her father-in-law, a Maricopa who had lived many years and married among the Papagos. He came forward innocently, although almost in a state of nature. The Arizona braves, somewhat outrage the proprieties and make the fact of the tropical climate and their poverty an excuse to dress at home in very primitive style.

After this appalling scene, May was not greatly surprised when the whole company of assembled Indians started toward her with sticks and stones to drive her from the place. She rushed to her husband, but he too assailed her, and now thoroughly terrified the wretched girl started to run across the desert away from her pursuers, who yelled derisively, while dogs barked and the smallest children, who, like the elderly father-in-law, had no apparel to conceal their sun-kissed skins hooted mockingly. The frightened bride, her feet burned from the fiery sands through her shoes, her hair and clothing drenched with perspiration, her heart beating as if it would burst with a wild unnamed fear, fell down at last exhausted, while her assailants captured her and took her back to her husband, who laughingly explained that it was an ancient custom of the Papagos to so welcome a bride who was not of their own tribe.

He added that the Indians did not adhere to the practice so barbarously as when in a savage state. There were accounts of brides who in former times had been driven to their death. The Indians regard this race as a test of virtue and endurance. From that time the Papago Chief regarded his white wife with some disfavor, while the others openly manifested their disapprobation; for, as is known, the Indians value and respect a human being according to physical strength. After this pleasing introduction to Indian existence May settled down to a discovery of what manner her life now was and of the habits and customs of her people-in-law, who were still influenced by the traditions and superstitions of their former savage state. These views were no longer gilded to her vision by romance and sentiment.

One day a physician from Phoenix, passing through the place where the Papagos were camped, was detained by the head chief, who begged the doctor to come into one of the brush houses and prescribe for a child sick with the fever. As the white man entered to attend the child, he noticed within the shack the white bride sitting on the floor. At this moment the husband entered, and the wife reached out a detaining hand. "Stay with me a while," she begged. He shook her off impatiently. "No, I haven't time!" he answered indifferently. The doctor noticed the young

wife press her hand to her side and her cheek paled. He returned to the place where his horses were tied in the shade of a mesquite and proceeded to eat a lunch and rest before continuing his journey. After a while an Indian came, and declaring that the white woman had suddenly died, asked the doctor to return to the huts. They went back, but there was nothing the physician could do for her. It was quite clear to him that there had been no disease, no appearance of poison. Evidently the heart had been ruptured, caused by the strong overpowering feelings of disappointment and despair. As the physician rode away, he saw the young husband unconcernedly leaning against a mosquito tree, playing some Indian game with sticks. His companion was an Indian girl. They talked and laughed gayly, and the sound of their merriment followed the traveller down the road. It was the first time this doctor had seen the youthful wife; yet his was the only sad heart among them all. His thoughts continually and sorrowfully returned to the low shack in which lay the broken-hearted white girl, whose life had ended with her foolish dream.

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