

Historic Indian Tribes...

In the summer of 1900 Mr. Stewart Culin, curator of the Free Museum of Science and Art of the University of Pennsylvania, made an extensive journey among the Indian reservations of the west for the purpose of collecting ethnological specimens for the museum. Although he covered a great deal of ground in a short time, he was able to observe the present condition of many of the tribes and to obtain a great deal of interesting information about them. He was accompanied for a large part of the journey by Dr. George A. Dorsey, of the Field Columbian museum, Chicago, who also had had much experience in field collecting. Mr. Culin's long and interesting report of his half-tone pictures, is printed in the journal, illustrated by many fine first three numbers of volume 3 of the Bulletin of the museum. The following facts are taken from the publication.

The first stop was at Tama, Ia., within three miles of which, surrounded by rich and highly cultivated farms, lives a fragment of the great Sac and Fox nation, whose survivors now dwell in Iowa and Oklahoma. Though in close proximity to the whites the Indians are among those who have been least affected by our civilization. They remain pagans. They have rejected Christianity and the missionaries have withdrawn from the reservation.

In winter they live in houses elliptical in form, built of hoops of sapling covered with rush mats and with blankets on the earth floor. Their summer houses are frame structures, the roof supported with posts at the corners and covered with poles, bark and boards. A board platform built along the inside wall serves as a seat by day and a bed at night. The natives wear the shabby mixture of the white and Indian attire that everywhere characterizes the Indian of today. They are shrewd at a bargain and the women are constantly employed in making beaded bags, garters and moccasins for sale to the whites and for their own use and adornment. These Indians are very robust, healthy and intelligent, and appear to have suffered less from the degrading influence of white contact than any others who were met during the trip. There are 385 Indians, Sac and Fox, and a few Pottawotomic and Winnebago, on this reservation, which has an area of only four and a half square miles.

Mr. Culin then went on to Fort Washakie, in Wyoming, the government military post and principal Indian agency for the great Wind River reservation. This reservation occupies 2,323 square miles, and is the residence of two distinct tribes; one in the eastern band of Shoshoni, numbering about 850 souls; the western band lives in Idaho. The other Indians on this reservation are the northern band of Arapahoes, comprising 301 souls. These two tribes speak entirely different languages and are unlike in physical appearance and disposition. They keep apart on the reservation, do not intermarry, and it is said that but for the restraining influence of the troops, they would quickly resume their old hereditary warfare. While they have many customs in common, and, indeed, there is an amazing similarity in everything but language among the Indians throughout the continent, their arts are dissimilar. With a little practice one can distinguish between the handicraft of the two tribes.

It was ration day and the Shoshoni had assembled from all parts of their reservation to receive the weekly dole. The Indian men, wrapped in gay blankets and wearing the usual sombreros, were seated in groups playing cards on blankets spread on the ground, the stakes dimes and nickels, before them. Now and then a farm wagon laden with Indian women and children and drawn by jaded ponies would rattle past, the occupants taking home their supplies of fresh beef from the agency's slaughter-house. Some women, seated astride a pony carried their children with them.

The apportionment of the land in severalty is now in progress, but little attempt as yet has been made at cultivating the soil. The Indian lives on government rations, supplemented by a trifling income derived from renting his land for grazing cattle and sheep. Most of the Shoshoni are miserably poor. The children are all educated at the government schools, the mortality among them being very high, as the children pine away under the restraints of the schoolroom. The present generation are ignorant of the arts, customs and traditions of their fathers. With the restrictions upon hunting buckskin clothing has entirely disappeared.

While there is little intercourse between the Shoshoni and Arapahoe, the dancers go backward and forward

they left he would follow and bring them back as long as he had a man remaining. The result was they did not leave.

The next visit was to the Piutes on Pyramid lake reservation, near Wadsworth, Nev. The Piutes, about 2,300 in number, scattered over southeastern California and Western Nevada, are comprised among the so-called Digger Indians, a name regarded, but unjustly, as a term of reproach. Passengers on the transcontinental trains see a few outcast Indian beggars from the car window and the unfavorable impression created by the name is confirmed. In point of fact, the Piutes on the reservation are an industrious people, receiving but 5 per cent. of their entire subsistence from the government as contrasted with 59 per cent. by the Shoshoni and Arapahoe at Washakie, 85 per cent. among the Banocks at Ross Forks, and 65 per cent. among the Utes at White Rocks. The same is true with the Piutes at Fort Bidwell, in California, who receive no rations from the government. The Piute men at Pyramid Lake are more alert, industrious and intelligent than any Indians Mr. Culin had met.

There is no Indian reservation on the continent which is more romantic and beautiful than that of the Hupa Indians in Humboldt county, California. The reservation extends along both sides of the Trinity river and has an area of 150 square miles, its present population numbering 497 souls. Mr. Culin gave a long and interesting account of the Garden of Eden in which these happy and industrious Indians live. Their bottom lands along the Trinity river are in a high state of cultivation, the wood cabins of the Indians being scattered everywhere among the fields of grain.

The Trip was made from Seattle to a Makah Indian at Neah, on the strait of Fuca, near Cape Flattery. These Indians number about 400 souls and have four settlements on their reservation, which occupies an area of thirty-six square miles along the strait. The village of Neah Bay has a population of 300. Everything there centers around the fishing industry. Halibut is the principal source of revenue, and in every house hang hooks filled with wooden long hooks and the carved wooden clubs used in killing the fish. The fishing canoes are made of cedar logs roughly hewn in the forest and then taken home to be finished at leisure. The entire fleet starts at 4 o'clock in the morning for the fishing banks, returning early in the afternoon laden with fish. Most of the canoes are manned by several men. Upon the return the fish are piled upon the beach, the women cut off their heads and remove the entrails, and the fish are then washed and packed in wooden boxes for transportation by the expected steamer to the Seattle market. Sometimes, on account of stormy weather, shipments are prevented, causing considerable loss. The average catch each day is about 1,000 fish. The Makah buy a considerable mixture of white blood, dress entirely in white men's clothing and have abandoned most of their aboriginal industries and customs. The children speak English, but adults of 40 and upward know only their own language and Chinook.

The Yakima reservation in Washington covers 927 square miles and has an Indian population of 2,209, made up of Klikitat, Palus, Topenish, Wakima and Wasco. They receive no aid from the government, supporting themselves by civilized pursuits. No soldiers have been stationed here for many years, and the officers' quarters are occupied by the employees of the school, the school houses being substantial and clean in appearance and the children apparently happy and contented. The Indians have been selling off their worthless ponies and improving their stock. Long, one of the Indians, told of a recent sale of ponies to the tanning factories at the rate of \$1,500 per thousand. "They were to be canned for the troops in the Philippines," he said with a smile. The Indians near Simcoe, this reservation, are entirely abandoning their aboriginal customs. They are divided, not by tribes and families, but in accordance to the church to which they belong, Methodist and Catholic.

The Umatilla reservation, in Oregon, has an area of about 124 square miles and a population of 336 Umatilla. A clergyman here was greatly exercised over the degradation caused among the Indians by drink and was trying to find some way to combat the evil. He told of drunken Indians being frozen in winter and killed by trains on the railroad that traversed the reservation. He also regarded their dances as very demoralizing and the members of his congregation had given up the practice. The condition of the Indians, apart from drunkenness, is very good. They lease most of their lands at from \$1 to \$8 an acre, and so have substantial in-

The Blind Lovers.

Two blind people who love each other.

He, an ungainly, stunted figure, with a very homely face; she, tall, thin, of yellowish complexion and of sickly appearance. One thing only was clear to them and that was that they loved each other.

A hot summer day.

The two sat on a bench in the garden chatting.

"Paul, I am so glad. Tomorrow"—

"Yes, tomorrow the famous oculist will be here, and he will make us both see. Then, at last, I shall be able to see your lovely face."

"Paul," said she, laughing quietly, "how do you know that I have a lovely face?"

"Because I have seen you twice already—in a dream. You had golden hair and wings as white as snow."

"Oh, if that were only true!"

"It is quite certain."

"Was I so beautiful?" she asked, seizing him by the hand; "so beautiful? But when I reflect, Paul, I think it would be even better for us to be true to each other than to be able to see. That would be lovely. Don't you think so?"

"I know not," he answered thoughtfully, and then both were silent.

The eventful day had passed. The operation on the eyes had been performed. If not all a delusion, it must prove a success.

"Neither of you must take the bandage off the eyes for 14 days," said the doctor's order before he left.

On the next evening, after the sun had gone down, the two were again seated in the garden, clinging close to each other.

"Paul, when will we first see each other?"

"In 14 days."

"I know; but that is much too long. Eight days would certainly be long enough."

"Less time than that, perhaps; but we have the doctor's order."

"I cannot endure to wait so long. What if the operation has been a failure and we have rejoiced in vain? What then?"

He was silent.

"For all that, we could"—

"Anna!"

"Only for a moment, dear Paul. It will surely not be wrong."

"You will, notwithstanding?"

"Only for a moment. We will put the bandages on again immediately. You need not be at all afraid. Please, please!"

"Rather let us wait. We have suffered many years. Let us endure it a few days longer."

"No; I cannot wait. If you love me, do it, or I will myself alone."

He hesitated awhile, but at length answered calmly, "We will do it."

"When?"

"Tomorrow morning early, here at this bench."

"Thanks. You will come at the appointed time?"

"Yes."

"Good night."

"Good night. I hope you will have a good sleep."

Morning twilight.

Paul has been long out of bed. He is in dread of the next hour. Anna, of course, is beautiful, but he? Perhaps he is handsome also, but he can never appear before her in this dreadful uncertainty.

"Off with the bandage!"

He tore it loose and threw it on the table. His eyes were still closed. He ran to the cupboard and searched there until he found a small mirror. He then went to the window where he seated himself and waited. His heart beat violently; his head was in a glowing heat.

In feverish anxiety he sat there, his sightless eyes fixed on the little glass, which his fingers held in a firm clasp. It must now decide his fate. In a few minutes he would have certain knowledge.

Clear daylight came.

He felt the light, opened his eyes slowly and stared at the mirror, trembling all the while with torturing expectation. No, no, no! But see! What is that? Could that be himself? He? Those pale, sunken cheeks; that red, tousled hair; those decayed teeth, that long neck? It could not be possible. No; it must not be!

He closed his eyes, leaned far out of the window, opened them wide and looked again. His image was still there, unchanged. Still he could not believe it. In horror he kept on staring at the glass until it became clouded. Then a veil seemed drawn slowly over his eyes. It grew more and more indistinct; darkness gathered all about him, and suddenly everything was black. He saw no more.

Despair seized him. He thought he had become insane. He threw the mirror away, stamped with his feet and struck himself in the face. Anna

White Pass and Yukon Route.

Operate the following fine steamers between Dawson and Whitehorse, connecting with the train at Whitehorse for Skagway:

WHITEHORSE, SELKIRK, DAWSON, YUKONER, SYBIL, CANADIAN, VICTORIAN, COLUMBIAN, BAILEY, ZEALANDIAN,

AND FOUR FREIGHT STEAMERS.

J. F. Lee, Traffic Mgr., Seattle and Skagway.
J. H. Rogers, General Agent, Dawson.
J. W. Young, City Ticket Agent, Dawson.

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

Burlington Route

No matter to what eastern point you may be destined, your ticket should read

Via the Burlington.

PUGET SOUND AGENT
M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WASH.

The Great Northern "FLYER"

LEAVES SEATTLE FOR ST. PAUL EVERY DAY AT 8:00 P. M.

A Solid Vestibule Train With All Modern Equipments.

For further particulars and folders address the GENERAL OFFICE - SEATTLE, WASH.

The Northwestern Line

Is the Short Line to Chicago and All Eastern Points

All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.

Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with

F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wash.

Unalaska and Western Alaska Points

U. S. MAIL

S. S. NEWPORT

Leaves Juneau April 1st and 1st of each month for Sitka, Yakutat, Nutchek, Orea, Ft. Licum, Valdes, Resurrection, Homer, Seldovia, Katmai, Kodiak, Uyak, Kerluk, Chignik, Unga, Sand Point, Belkofsky, Unalaska, Dutch Harbor.

FOR INFORMATION APPLY TO—
Seattle Office - Globe Bldg., Cor. First Ave. and Madison Street
San Francisco Office, 30 California Street

PLANTERS COME

Of Bad Usage in West India

Would Enjoy Being Long Protecting Uncle Sam

Special to the Daily Nugget New York, July 16.—Meeting of sugar planters at Port of Spain was held Friday for the discussing the sugar crisis in West Indies and the means taken by authorities for ameliorating conditions. Edgar Tripp, president of the British and non-British sugar planters, was strangled to the death and no wonder the eyes turned in the north to well how to protect its trade. This sentiment was expressed by many British West India planters through the press depression of such views.

Worse Than Victoria, July 16.—A meeting of twenty thousand was held at Victoria for the case of Col. Hays, operator of Tacoma for the wireless telegraph. The case was taken for twenty-five the Capt. John Fry has not yet been.

Marconi Now Special to the Daily Nugget London, July 16.—Marconi's wireless telegraph system is being tested in the common question stating that the knowledge that the British government is securing the design troops from the

Toronto Pastor Special to the Daily Nugget New York, July 16.—Pastor Wooley, pastor of the Episcopal church, died in a room in Union hotel in New York. It is supposed he caused his death.

Canadians Won't Special to the Daily Nugget Ottawa, July 16.—Contingent will go from the king's crowning Canadian mounted rifle home on the 22nd.

King's Safe Special to the Daily Nugget Vancouver, July 15.—A safe containing the king's safe, were burned yesterday.

Rhodes' Scheme Special to the Daily Nugget Ottawa, July 16.—That six more Rhodes will come to Canada.

Mad Dog About 1 o'clock the resonant sound of a dog was heard on Second Avenue. A man who was walking there, the recipient of pellets fired from a revolver.

The animal was a dog and is supposed to be mad. It was probably introduced or brought into any other way.