THE HUALPAIS.

How These Indians in Arizona Were Fed and Supervised.

CHERUM AND CHICHA-PIMA.

A Romance of Crime, Divorce and Feminine Fickleness—Mrs. Robinson and Her Paralytic Husband, and How He Was Finally Put to Rest and She Wedded Another.

Written for The Evening Star.

SOME TEN YEARS AGO it was among the duties of the officers stationed at Whipple barracks, Ariz., to oversee the fortnightly issue of government rations to the Hualpai Indians. The august presence of a second lieutenant was necessary as a safeguard against dishonesty on the part of the contractor and Indian agent, as well as a restraint upon the Indians in case of internecine disagreements over the distribution of the smoking entrails and other choice tid-bits from the slaughter pen. It was therefore considered necessary for an officer to travel 150 miles over a very bad road once in every two weeks to attend to the meeting out of justice and beef. This was known among us as feeding the Hualpais.

We at Whipple barracks had been somewhat amused at the civil and religious powers with which an irreverent youngster not six months from the Military Academy had been invested by the simple Hualpai. He brought from Hackberry, the Hualpai agency, a thrilling tale of love, crime, constancy, punishment, more crime of another variety, divorce, despair and persecuted beauty. Our young friend had been playing providence with a vengeance.

The lady was called Chacha-pima. She was wedded to a brave whose name is quite unspeliable, but which, being interpreted, means Little Captain.

LITTLE CAPTAIN'S CRIME.

Little Captain was an enterprising young man and the old methods of murder as practiced by his tribe had palled upon him. The conservative tomahawk and the simple scalping knife seemed primitive since his contact with civilization. So he came up to Prescott, bought a large quantity of "Rough on Rats" and distributed it among his friends in presents of venison. The result was all that he could wish. A large portion of the Hualpai nation was beautifully painted in mourning stripes for months thereafter. Unfortunately, however, for the success of Little Captain's career, he selected Charlie Smith, the agent, as one of those upon whom to try this playful experiment. Charlie, living in the seclusion of Hackberry, where a lady's color is of no social consequence, had taken unto himself a squaw bride, and, having reason to suspect the purity of Little Captain's motives, he cannily and gallantly helped the lady first to the venison. The result was painful but not fatal to the first. Smith, and Smith sent a detailed account of the affair to the authorities at Whipple, requesting Little Captain's removal. Several days before his arrest, feeling irritable because of the partial failure of his plans, he gave expression to his ill temper by blowing off the head of his year-old son with a musket while the child lay sleeping on its mother's knee. He had been in the habit, when out of spirits, of beating Chacha-pima, so she was naturally much attached to him. But this last vindication of his claim to be considered a model husband and father still more completely endeared him to her. So when the soldiers carried him, bound, in a wagon to Prescott, she followed all that weary distance on foot, carrying a surviving baby. While he lay captive in the Whipple guard house she slept on the floor outside his cell and refused to be comforted when he was taken to prison at Yuma. However, she was finally taken back to her people, and then began the little drama. She was without means of support, and chivalry not being among the aboriginal virtues, she had some difficulty in keeping her faithful soul in her poor little starved body.

DIVORCED BY A LIEUTENANT.

It was when matters had reached this stage that she found favor in the eyes of Cherum, the head chief of the tribe. Cherum discerned in her a capacity for hard work and endurance, which considerably raised his standard of feminine excellence. Then it was that our young friend, the lieutenant, on the usual errand of overseeing the issue of rations, having had the case forcibly presented to him by Cherum, saw fit to decree a divorce between the absent husband and Chacha-pima and bestow his blessing on Cherum as a suitor. He did not take into account the vagaries of the female heart. Chacha-pima refused to be wooed—vowed never to be won. Cherum bribed and commanded in vain. He laid his piteous lover's tale before the next officer who visited the agency. This one, not wishing to be outdone by his predecessor, agreed to marry the old chief to his unwilling bride, not having fully comprehended the lady's reluctance. She was dragged, protesting, to the agency store house and united to Cherum with appropriate ceremonial. But no sooner did they "rise up as one" than she took sanctuary in the house of Charlie Smith, whose squaw was a relative of hers. Charlie had been a passive spectator at her sacrifice, but Mrs. Smith apparently had sufficient influence with her lord to induce him to extend the aegis of his protection to the persecuted bride, and when we arrived on the scene Charlie Smith's house was in a state of siege. The bridegroom, an elderly person of severe dignity of manner, squatted all day long before the door, surrounded by his satellites, who were ready to aid him in case he should decide to do anything in the young Lochinvar line. They dared not penetrate further than the yard. To us Charlie Smith did not differ greatly in manners or appearance from the Hualpais themselves. His doorsteps were surrounded by a mob of little nearly naked half-breeds. But to the Indians he was clothed in the dignity of office.

An ambulance journey through the mountains of northern Arizona in February is something to be remembered. The weather was at its best the morning we left Prescott for Hackberry. The road was rough and the ride was tiresome, but we finally drew up at old Fort Hualpai, where we were to pass the first night. Several previous experiences had taught us the unwisdom of trusting entirely to the hospitality of stage stations. We always carried our own bedding, only hoping for some shelter under which to place it, and not being greatly concerned even when this was not possible.

Some knowledge of the type of female whose presence may be expected to brighten these places had taught us to look with suspicion at one whose children were to be seen playing about the door. So when our arrival at old Fort Hualpai was hailed by the delighted yells of four little tow heads I bade farewell to any hopes I might have entertained of bachelor cleanliness. I was all the more surprised, then, at being greeted politely by a neat-looking, fair-haired mother who hospitably hurried us into the house where she was cooking supper. This was not a place where the officers usually stopped, preferring to go ten miles further and shorten the trip by a day, so we had not heard of Mrs. Robinson.

MRS. ROBINSON AND HER HUSBAND.

We were very hungry, in spite of a good many sandwiches casually consumed in the course of the day, and were pleased that Mrs. Robinson's appearance gave us some hope of being able to eat her supper. The room into which she introduced me at first seemed dark after the broad glare of the low sun, and my attention was not particularly drawn to a shapeless figure in one corner. My hostess left me at once to return to her duties in the adjoining kitchen. The room was very large and low, the canvas ceiling being but a few inches above my head. At one end was a huge chimney, where an open fire of logs was burning. I had just sat down, and as my eyes grew accustomed to the dimness, I began to examine my surroundings, when suddenly, from the huddled figure in the corner, issued first a low cry, followed by a wild shriek. I started up, and was about to flee ignominiously, without seeking to inform myself further about the author of those hideous sounds, when my hostess walked in from the kitchen, placidly and without haste, and approached the creature in the corner with a few soothing words and an apology for her paralytic husband, and then I looked at him, or it. His neatly clad body was perfectly rigid from the neck down. The feet were stuck stiffly out in front of him, resting on another chair. But his neck had ceased to support his head, which rolled painfully about on his shoulders. The mouth hung open, the eyes refused to close and all the features were drawn to one side. Not a sense remained to him. He was blind, deaf and dumb, and he had been in precisely the same condition for three years.

THE STORY OF THE PARALYTIC.

My enthusiasm about supper was seriously diminished. I sought my companion, who was helping to unpack the ambulance, and we learned the leading points in the family history of the Robinsons from the driver, who was an old friend of Robinson. It was sad enough in spite of the woman's philosophical bearing. Robinson had been a successful man in a small way. He had owned a small cattle range, which, together with the profits of the stage station, gave him a comfortable income. He had been sober and industrious and this awful affliction had not been the wages of sin. His wife had been pretty, hard-working and affectionate. His children were healthy and handsome. The last poor little toddler was born after its father had, all in a day, become the repulsive wreck we saw. But to me the most interesting feature in the story was the fact, related in an absurdly matter-of-course way by the driver, that to marry Mrs. Robinson was the heart's desire of every eligible man throughout a large neighborhood. She was cruel enough to refuse to contract another alliance while her lord continued to breathe. Considering her comparative refinement, I was sufficiently shocked that she could even be approached on such a subject, but the driver told us that she was distinctly promised to a neighboring ranchman named Brown when she should actually be set free by complete death. The driver evidently considered her coyness a mistake, and explained to me that any one of her suiters would have been quite willing to accept the care of his predecessor. Also that women were scarce hereabout and men at a discount. But Penelope was firm. She talked of her husband's affliction in his presence with bland brutality, her remarks punctuated by his cries, and I made some excuse for refusing the hospitality of Mrs. Robinson's spare chamber, and shivered under the stars all night, out of hearing of the master of the house. I was forced to self-abnsement and prevarication the next morning to soothe the injured feelings of our hostess.

AT THE WILLOWS.

The second day of travel did not improve my temper, so that when we reached The Willows, our next stopping place, I was not prepared to be polite over anything less than the best accommodations and the most enthusiastic welcome. Any umbrageous vision which I may have called up of The Willows was dispelled when I saw the usual long, one-story adobe house, not shadowed by a solitary mangy cottonwood. Here, too, the presence of gentle woman was bespoken by a horde of children, too numerous to be attributed to one mother, and much less clean than the offspring of the fascinating Mrs. Robinson. The lady of The Willows was large, rosy, robust and ineffably dirty. She was standing in the doorway with a baby on her arm as we drew up, and invited me into her house with a hearty welcome. She considered my arrival peculiarly fortunate from a social standpoint, as she had, she said, another lady visitor, and she introduced me at once to Mrs. Jones, who had come with six children to spend a week. They were cousins. Hospitality was pressed upon me in the form of something known as coffee and soda biscuit of an awful yellow.

It being the end of the month all the herders and cow boys in the neighborhood had just received their pay and were on their way to Prescott to spend it in riotous living. The accommodations of The Willows had been stretched to the utmost to entertain these "transients" and it was a very gay season. But in my favor they gallantly vacated the room they had expected to occupy before our descent. It was a huge, barn-like place, built of adobe, with many board bunks against the wall. One small window dimly lighted it by day, but by night it was gloriously illuminated from a fireplace of cyclopean and magnificent proportions than Mrs. Robinson's.

FED THE BISCUITS TO A MULE.

The lady of The Willows was considerate enough to allow me to withdraw to our own quarters before the evening meal in that miscellaneous apartment of hers. But while we were preparing to pic-nic out of our lunch basket she brought a contribution to our supper of a dozen new-laid eggs and a pan of soda biscuit of so jaundiced a complexion that, with the politest intentions and the best possible digestions, we could not make up our minds to attack them. She lingered, urging us to eat them while they were hot, but her duties finally tolled her away, and, fearing that they would have a discouraging effect even on the fire, we took them out and fed them to one of the ambulance mules. I have been touched with remorse every time a mule has looked me in the face since. The eggs, however, were above suspicion. We roasted them in the ashes and they were indescribably delicious, though a good part of the egg was lost in the cooking. We then decided that in future no meal should be considered complete without roasted eggs, and we have never tried them since.

We reached the end of our journey about sunset the next day. Hackberry consisted of a large adobe store house, a small frame building, containing the offices of the agent and the quartermaster's agent, Charlie Smith's house and half a dozen wicky-ups scattered about. Most of the Indians lived at some little distance from the agency. (I speak of it in the past, for that was ten years ago, and at the ordinary rate of Arizona progress a city may have risen up, flourished, declined and died in that decade, for aught that I know.)

THE AGED SUITOR CHERUM.

I was curious to meet the ardent Cherum, and after being luxuriously settled in the office of the quartermaster's agent, I went forth to see what an Indian agency was like. I had met no Indians before, except a few who haunted the railway station at Yuma, clad principally in a postage stamp each. The Hualpais had accumulated all the clothing possible from soldiers' discarded dress hats to flour sacks and an occasional white cotton glove, and though there was usually some portion or another of the person which seemed to have been unkindly discriminated against there was an unmistakable effort to appear warmly and handsomely attired. They were generally men and women, far from good looking, and all seemed to be afflicted with colds in their heads. However, the next morning, when I was watching the issue of flour from the store house, I was struck by the picturesque beauty of many of the boys of about fourteen or fifteen years old. There were faces which reminded one of the familiar Neapolitan boy, and the grace and muscular perfection of their bodies were admirable.

Cherum rose from the ground to undergo an introduction to me, shook me tenderly by the hand and gave me the benefit of his limited English vocabulary. As he gesticulated in the direction of Charlie Smith's house, I understood him to be asking my good offices with his bride, but I refused to commit myself. My slight acquaintance with Indians had not quite eradicated the hope that there might be a beautiful squaw, and I was very anxious to meet Chacha-pima, whose hand had been in such demand. I experienced one brief shock of disappointment when I found her to be the same lean, withered, filthy little creature who is the typical squaw at the age of twenty-five. She grinned deprecatingly and chattered much, producing a perfectly naked baby for my inspection and admiration.

My companion unhesitatingly decreed a divorce between Cherum and Chacha-pima. He told Cherum to get up and stop making an old fool of himself—that there were as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, with other consolatory reflections invented for unlucky lovers. Probably Cherum put as much faith in these utterances as would a white man in similar circumstances, but at all events the siege was raised. Chacha-pima emerged from her retirement and was present at the issue of rations. She was assigned to the care of a distant relative, who was charged with her support in spite of his voluble remonstrances.

CHACHA-PIMA'S FICKLENESS.

I left Hackberry in a very satisfied frame of mind. I felt that I had assisted in satisfying the claims of poetic justice. Such constancy as Chacha-pima's should be recognized and rewarded, even though the object of it were unworthy. Perhaps after Little Captain had expiated his crimes by a sufficient term of imprisonment and had returned to his tribe the faithfulness of his wife would move him to be a better man.

Alas for my faith! I must tell the denouement of this romance right here. We had hardly left Hackberry behind us when Cherum, whether by some hitherto undisplayed fascination or by inducing Chacha-pima's relative to make life intolerable to her under his protection, persuaded the lady practically to annul the divorce. The next officer who fed the Hualpais found these two living happily together. And further, when Little Captain, having made it impossible for the authorities at Yuma to keep him any longer and thus succeeded in having a large part of his sentence remitted, returned to Hackberry he resumed possession of his wife and there was no blood shed between the rival husbands. All the romances in real life in which I have ever interested myself have come to some such lame and impotent conclusion.

HOW ROBINSON DIED.

Some months after, when we were stationed at another post in a remote part of the territory, we received a visit from the young officer who had first attempted to adjust the matrimonial affairs of the Hualpais. After having inquired about my friends at Hackberry I asked him: "And how are the Robinsons?"

He looked a little embarrassed.

"Mrs. Robinson has married again," he answered.

"Then Robinson must be dead?"

"Yes, Robinson's dead."

"And did she marry the man she had promised to?"

"Yes; the same one—and she seems very happy," he continued rather hurriedly.

"Well, but tell me about it. How did it happen?"

"Do you think anything can be said to happen in a case like Robinson's?" said my friend, with an evident desire to be aimlessly argumentative.

"Oh, you know what I mean! How did he die?"

"Well, I'll tell you all about it," he exclaimed, in a burst of confidence. "I was stopping there for the night a couple of months ago, marching with my Indian company to Mojave. Robinson was awfully bad—howling so you could hear him half a mile away. Mrs. Robinson was about played out with it. One of the children had a fever, and Robinson kept it awake. She got me to give the child something to make it sleep out of my medicine chest. You know I always carried a lot of those things when I was out with the scouts away from a doctor. Then she asked me to give Robinson something to keep him quiet. He was worse—really seemed to be able to suffer, poor devil! Mrs. Robinson said she didn't think Brown would wait much longer."

"Horrid woman!" I exclaimed. "Well?"

"Well, I was awfully sorry for her. Brown was such a good fellow, too. Did you ever see Brown? He had that ranch——"

"Don't divert me from the subject! You know that I never saw Brown. What I want to know is: What did you do to Robinson?"

"Well, I put Robinson to sleep that night." He paused again.

"And the next morning?" I asked.

"I pulled out the next morning before the Robinsons were up."

"And afterward?"

"Afterward? Well, I passed the place a few weeks later and she and Brown entertained me handsomely."

JANE FINDLAY EVANS.

NUGGETS ON THE ALTAR.

One of the Stories Told of the Long-lost Mines of Arizona.

From the Arizona Enterprise.

The legends of lost mines of fabulous wealth in Pima county are almost numberless, and, it might be truthfully added, generally mythical. The old-timers can tell of them by the hour, and a few have been shown glittering evidences in confirmation of the wonderful tales reluctantly recited with superstitious dread of the consequences of their perfidy by almost superannuated Indians and Mexicans.

That the precious metals were mined on a gigantic scale in the dim past the many remaining evidences already discovered fully verify, yet the investigation of those that chance has revealed has seldom proved financially successful. Old arrastras, covered with the decay of centuries, and crude smelting furnaces that have almost returned to the dusty destiny of all matter, speak of industries once in active operation that history and even aboriginal tradition fails to mention.

Some of the traditions told sound like fairy tales, and one, however skeptical, cannot but become deeply interested in their recital. As a sample of the highly plausible, well-authenticated and extremely seductive narratives, one related by Charles O. Brown of this city may be received with interest.

"Speaking of old mines," said Mr. Brown, "I have spent a great deal of time and money in hunting up clues, and one of them was actually found, and I can go to it at any time. Out in the Silver Bell country I can take you to a mountain so full of tunnels and shafts that, if they were in good and safe condition, you could travel through all day long and not reach the end. A number of old-timers have visited it, and, judging from the vast work done there so long ago, they concluded that a great mine of some kind had existed there, which had likely been worked out. Many times has it been located, and though its walls, roof and floor were carefully scanned and sampled, the result, while showing some gold, was discouraging, assays showing from a trace up to several dollars per ton.

"Many years ago I talked with an old Papago Indian, with whom I was on very friendly terms, having often extended him little favors about the gold and silver mines. In a burst of confidence he told me that a great many years ago, when he was a very small boy, the Indians at San Xavier del Bac made weekly trips to a very rich gold mine. On Saturday night they returned with the product of their toil. The priest in charge of the mission kept a small table in front of the altar covered with a white cloth, upon which the pious toilers placed their metallic offerings to the church. This table was often covered with golden nuggets, varying in size from a pea to one's fist, and it was a rich sight. After the usual service the priest would descend, and as he picked up each precious piece he would, proclaim the name of the donor and afterward would call them forward to receive the usual blessing of heaven. On the following Monday they would again take up their march in a northwesterly direction for the mines, and for a very long time this was repeated, until the priests were driven out of the country, when they abandoned mining entirely.

"The old Indian had at one time gone with the miners, who followed a well-beaten trail toward the Silver Bell country, and he saw them take out the gold. He agreed to show me the place, and out of curiosity I sent a man with him one day. They went out to the old mine I have spoken of in the Silver Bell country, and when they reached a certain gulch the Indian pointed to the top of the mountain and said he would find a shaft there, covered with cat-claw bushes, out of which the most gold was taken. The man found everything just as the old Indian told him, but long disuse had filled up the shaft until it was nearly full.

"On returning the old Indian could not be found. He had gone ahead and was not met for several days. He then said he did not dare to show the mine to the white people and protested that he did not show it for fear the Great Spirit would take his life. He said the white man had found it, but he did not show it.

"I visited the mine afterward, but the work necessary to clean out the shaft was too great and too expensive to undertake, and it has never been touched.

"The formation is a singular one, and samples of the white rock sent to California were pronounced an exceedingly fine quality of kaolin, such as fine porcelain ware is made of. Through it were streaks of iron rust, and it is likely the gold was found in them. Whether it will ever pay for the necessarily expensive exploration and prospecting is quite doubtful, but there is gold to be found there."

The Indecorous Things.

From the Pittsburg Bulletin.

Robert—"Heavens, Miranda, why are you wearing green goggles?"

Miss Prim—"To avoid seeing the dreadful things in the evening sky."

Robert—"What on earth do you mean?"

Miss Prim—"Do you pretend not to know that Jupiter and Venus are reprehensibly close to each other every evening?"

A Practical Illustration.

From Puck.

Mr. Starzenstripe (to English friend)—"I tell you, my boy, we Americans are a proud, free race of people—no servile submissiveness, no bowing down and cringing here!"

Guard—"Step lively, there! What's the matter with you? Do you want us to stay here all day?"

WAR IN ALASKA.

A Game of Brag That Ended in Accidental Death.

HOSTILITIES THREATENED.

The Hoonah Fleet Goes to Demand Payment for the Killing of the Young Brave—A Game of Bluff Which is Promptly Called Down.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

SITKA, January 14, 1892.

IT IS EVIDENT THAT the Indian tyees (big chiefs) along the Alaskan coast will not permit Blaine and Salisbury to have all the fun of exerting their Tallyrandic powers over this grand territory.

It happened this way: A young Sitka Indian of the Crow family went hunting with a juvenile scion of the Eagle family of Hoonah, a division of the Thlinkets living on Chicagoff Island.

Now, these young gentlemen bragged about their parents. Young-man-with-a-carved-paddle casually remarked to Young-man-big-fish-story that his pa had read more Browning than had his pa. This is a very delicate point among the Thlinkets. Young-man-big-fish-story allowed that although that might be so he would wager his fanciest halibut hook against a round pebble that his ma had the deepest understanding of Richard Wagner's surf-shore-in-a-storm music of any lady in the land.

From this the young men compared their respective merits in other directions. They spoke of their ability at paddling and canoe building with words of unmistakable approbation and yet with that courtly old-style modesty and reservation so common among Indians.

A FATAL ACCIDENT.

They compared hunting weapons. Young-man-with-a-carved-paddle brought his gun down from his shoulder in order to exhibit its technical beauties. In this act lay the pabulum of a series of Indian negotiations rivaling the white man's Bering sea controversies. For purely by accident this young man discharged his weapon at his companion and brought him back to camp with a hole in his heart. The bullet had not stopped to argue by the wayside, but had passed quite through in a hurried, impetuous fashion, and the young man with a musical mamma was dead.

The explanations were satisfactory enough and the Hoorahs cleared the young man of any intent to kill. But that did not change the damage done the tribe in general. They had lost a promising braggart, who bid fair to outclass the whole archipelago on fish whoppers. So a demand was sent down to the Sitka Thlinkets for some substantial reparation. This was not immediately forthcoming. The Sitkas were in doubt about it. They consulted District Attorney Johnston with such persistency that the government official had to air out his office two and three times a day. However, his opinion declared something due the Hoorahs according to the ancient code of custom.

Time passed and nothing was done. The Hoorahs waited in their northern home. Then they waited some more. The big tyee used to sit up nights waiting, and yet no paddles of a Sitka embassy smote the silver sheen of Hoonah bay.

Finally seven war canoes shoved off from Hoorah laden with a choice selection of fighting bucks, yelping dogs and dried herring. They were bound for Sitka after 100 blankets or a few pounds of choice Sitka flesh in lieu thereof. They decided to declare these alternatives with perfect indifference.

Before they reached Sitka sound the Indians thereabout had scented their approach and donned their war paint and weapons.

One brave had an old Russian sword and belt. His trousers were light colored and had enough checks to fit out a dozen chess boards. His headgear was the decided English of a double vizered traveling cap. He was trying to be the most crusty and noisome rust on the gang, but a certain old fellow with iron gray hair was surely the leader against all comers.

His name was Father-of-the-mink. His hat was a mammoth watershed of pyramid shape. His dress was a long robe of squirrel skins with the tails hung along the bottom for trimming. He held a wand in his hand with which he emphasized his remarks on the head of any young Thlinket who was trying to get into politics before his time.

Such was the motley gang. The leaders had approved all this pomp and parade in consideration of its possible utility. It might beat down the visitors a few blankets less than they should demand.

THE HOOSAH FLEET ARRIVES.

The sun was high in the heavens when the Hoonah fleet moved down the sound and came abreast the huts of the Sitkas. Slowly and majestically the little squadron made its half turn and bore down on the beach. The American flag floated from the middle canoe and the sun shot a thousand diamond lights from wet paddles.

Then came the fun, also the fine work of a game of bluff, also some Indian diplomacy.

Both sides rolled out a little preliminary oratorical thunder. It was as yet too far off to be articulate to either. The distance lessened and quiet possessed every one. It was a large, uncertain, staggering, conical-shaped quiet, like the church steeple when the chimes tried to play Annie Rooney.

When it became evident that the Hoonahs were going to try to land some excited Thlinket raised a grunt out of his chest and grabbed a fending pole. In a minute the air was full of fending poles, Indians and large mouthfuls of guttural sounds.

The fleet stopped. In fact there was nothing to do but stop when a barricade of pole heads stretched out yearningly toward them across the cool water.

Father-of-the-mink then appeared on the threshold and stood until his dignity should get the tribute of a good square silence. He had previously smiled with his inner man over a small nip of hoochinoo and was in a fine oratorical humor.

His first remarks were highly tinged with sarcasm. He reminded the Hoonahs that this was not his day at home and he was extremely averse to receiving on any other. He believed the white inhabitants of Sitka charitable to tramp Thlinkets and shiftless Siwash and advised them to seek such aims.

Whereupon the Hoonah chief stood up in his canoe and requested the favor of a little wah-wah (talk or bickering).

Father-of-the-mink yelled back that it was scarcely in his line to wah-wah. He was eminently a man of action rather than wah-wah. In his younger days, he continued, he had been a man of unequaled endurance at paddling. All the young lady Thlinkets used to stare as he paddled by and each feminine nose held its largest brass ring when he called. But he would not dwell upon personal matters. It always pained him when circumstances made such talk necessary.

THE STORY OF THE CALAMITY.

Then up rose the spokesman of the fleet. He cleared his vocal deck for action and asked the stroke paddler to punch him if he slipped up on grammar.

There had come upon his people, he said, a great distress. The most promising young man of their number had gone where the halibut are thick and the salmon swim up and jump into the boat.

Then followed a rapid and pathetic description of the sorrowful occasion. They did not want blankets for the poor departed. Oh, no! He was warm enough without them. He had gone where the sheep carry shears and blankets are thicker than kodaks in Switzerland.

All this was recited in a kind of dolorous chant varying scarcely a half-tone. It seemed to have small effect with the auditors on shore. But it did. They were only hiding their true feelings under a mantle of crafty fox skin, as it were.

Father-of-mink replied that all this wah-wah was like the flowers that bloom in the spring—in other words, that it did not possess any remarkable relevancy to the occasion. A great many Thlinkets, said he, were wandering about in hades asking each other how they came there, and many were answering that they didn't know 'twas loaded. It was time this thing was stopped and people were getting away from dangerous muzzles. As far as his modest mental powers went they had not yet arrived at the point of putting a premium of 150 blankets on a hot youth's recklessness.

Such a reply fired the blood of the Hoonahs. They grabbed their Winchesters and daggers and yelled choice Thlinket slang. Motioning the paddlers to proceed they stood erect and ready armed. Again the pole head stockade argued the impossibility of landing, and again the squadron halted.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

But this move was not without effect. Father-of-the-mink immediately called a council of war, that convened around the center fireplace of a large dwelling house. He said he had a few questions to ask.

"Were the lordly crow family Katlahwans going to let any amphibious web-footed apologies come down from Chicagoff Island and bluff them out of one hundred and fifty blankets?"

Well, he guessed not!

The other braves didn't reckon so, and held up enough weapons to make it interesting for the aforesaid amphibians if occasion offered.

"And was a people so eminently favored by Yeshl going to be downed by a tribe to whom divinity had not given ability to build a decent canoe? Those canoes in the bay are very poor. They remind one of a school of porpoises struck by lightning."

This sally was received with judicious grins. The younger men began to think the old man too funny for such a solemn occasion. But they didn't say so. 'Twere better thus.

Then Father-of-the-mink waxed eloquent. He reviewed the case from every standpoint, except the Hoonahs. At last he tried his hand, or rather his feet, at a little double shuffle, accompanied with a few grunts.

The Alaskan Indians have not war cries similar to their brethren on the American plains, but they get there just the same by means of a succession of staccato grunts and gutterals. It is a terrible thing. After hearing it a few times one will often wake up in the night having heard it just previously.

Accompanied by this war cry the Crow family rushed from the building on a scientific expedition to discover the circulation of the Hoonah blood.

A GAME OF BLUFF.

But did Father-of-the-mink intend to let his nice, oily boys get into a fight? Oh, no; just outside was stationed the chief of a friendly clan. When the on-rushing warriors got in plain sight of the fleet this old chief stood straight in their path and beckoned them back. Father-of-the-mink cried out for him to stand aside and let him get at those cheap Hoonahs. But several significant glances between the two old fellows told the close observer that the whole thing was only part of a strong bluff for the benefit of the fleet.

And the bluff was called down. The little squadron treated the whole display with an indifference betokening a tired feeling. And this it was that nearly broke the heart of Father-of-the-mink. It was as if a large wet blanket had been spread over nature, as it were. He sadly called his sagas back to the war hut and told them that it was no use fighting such tame game as those Hoonahs. It was too much of a snap for a really truly sport like himself. Again, it was evident that if they fought the Hoonahs they would have to fight the clan whose chief had prevented their passage. All things considered, the best thing to do was to take the visitors ashore and treat them as guests should be treated—to the best.

This was quickly communicated to the fleet and a canoe bearing the chief pushed toward the land. Then some youth in search of damp glory leaped into the water and bore the chief to dry land perched on strong young Thlinket shoulders. One by one the remaining canoes drove up to shore and were unloaded.

It took the Hoonah braves longer than the Sitkas to get over their warlike feelings.

Perhaps they thought the atmospheric change a little too sudden to be permanent. At any rate, when they landed they formed in single file and held their weapons ready for instant use. They were waiting until their chief should return from the council house, whence he had for wah-wah.

This conservatism had its effect on the Sitkas, especially the younger portion. They decided the Hoonahs some few after all. In the way of compliments passed sotto voce to companions, but loud enough to be heard by the Hoonahs, they made delicate advances. The only recognition they received was a slight elevation of the Hoonah nostril.

THE SQUAWS SMILE ON THE INVADERS.

Then the young squaws tried their hand and they succeeded. The Hoonah braves feared no foe in shining oilskin armor, though his salmon spear be swift and keen, but they feared and loved the glamour through drooping lashes seen just like the sentinel that white people sing about. They couldn't stand the maidenly interest bestowed on them by the fair girls of the Crow family, so they did the most natural thing in the world. They smiled. Then the girls smiled back. Then the braves returned the smile. Then the girls smiled at the returning of their smile. Then the braves smiled at the smile at the returning of their smile.

The Thlinket cheek muscles were becoming permanently displaced when word came that everything was fixed up peacefully and two official hops had been ordered—one to be danced by the Sitkas on the next afternoon and another by the Hoonahs the next evening.

The costumes for these dances and the singing and dancing which accompany them need to be seen to be known. The squaws and children first enter the building. The squaws seat themselves directly in front of the space reserved for the dancers. The children huddle together at one side, and, together with the squaws, furnish the orchestra.

Upon entry of the masquers the music begins. The children hold one note at about F natural on the fifth line of the treble. The squaws take a kind of alto at about the D flat, two tones below. The masquers range up and down the gamut in the varying excitement of the dance, but never seem to discord. Nor do the differing notes taken by all the singers ever seem to form a major chord. It is all minor, and at times its changes are of startling sublimity—like some old church choral.

SOME INTERESTING COSTUMES.

Among the interesting costumes in the afternoon dance was that of the young Sitka who had killed the Hoonah. He was draped in the stars and stripes, as if sheltering there for justice. His head was bound in white bandages, as if the Hoonahs had been trying to take out a little preliminary revenge before the legal settlement. As a matter of fact this was a matter of fiction, but the possibility of their having done something was too fine a subject for a masque to be neglected. The Hoonah spectators themselves smiled a bland approval of the young man's original get-up.

In the evening the dance was given by the Hoonahs. Not to be outdone they had a representation of the unfortunate youth who was killed. In a plaintive chant they rang the changes on the grief of the parents, and the Eagle family at Hoonah in general, that so lusty a young buck had gone to the happy hunting grounds before his time. In ending, however, they admitted that perhaps 150 blankets might soothe the injury. At least such a recompense would bring on a temporary forgetfulness that might be lulled into permanence by the continuance of friendly relations.

And so the family of the Crow and the family of the Eagle retired to rest that night with a sweet consciousness of well-earned repose. The full moon of a clear winter night shone down on that long line of Indian shanties built on the rocky shore. Not a sound broke the stillness save the long-drawn sigh of a Sitka dog, whose attentions had been jilted by an aristocratic cur from Hoonah. RETSOF.

Fun That Didn't Pan Out.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

"The other day a real smart young man came aboard," said Capt. Leale of the El Capitan, "and he came up to chat with myself and two young ladies before the boat started. Next to the ladies sat a Chinaman. The smart young man began to nod toward the blue-bloused heathen and make all sorts of grimaces. He kept up his pantomime for some time, showing off before those girls in the endeavor to establish a reputation for dare-devil fun. The Chinaman eyed him with that stolidity which the race has accumulated through generations of starvation. Finally my o'er-bright friend tired of his monkey shines and said:

"'Just watch me have some fun with that Chinaman.'

"'Oh, no; you'll not have any fun with me,' answered the brown man in English.

"All the smartness left that bright youth. He was the cheapest buy on the human market. It was the first time I had ever seen him done up. He reddened, became all hands and feet and silently stole away, stepping on himself as he went.

"'I think I had more fun with him than he had with me,' remarked the Chinaman. 'Rather a tiresome young man, don't you think?'"

Anything to Oblige.

From Puck.

Hostess—"Are you fond of Kipling?"

Mr. Gaimes (of Chicago)—"Never played it, but I'd just as soon take a hand as not—I s'pose I could pick it up easy enough!"

HIS MASTER'S NIECE.

The Lady for Whom Mr. Douglass Secured a Government Appointment.

Recently there has been extensively published an account of ex-Minister Frederick Douglass' mediation to secure a government appointment for a member of the family in which he was once owned as a slave. There were some inaccuracies in the statement which has induced a lady acquainted with the facts to send to the STAR the following:

Thinking a correct account of the affair might not be uninteresting to the readers of THE STAR, as well as serving to heighten the regard in which Mr. Douglass is held by both races, I would state that learning of the impoverished circumstances of a branch of his old master's family, that a niece was in Washington city endeavoring to obtain government employ, Mr. Douglass offered to use his influence in the young lady's behalf.

Accompanied by her and the writer, a cousin of the lady, Mr. Douglass called upon Secretary Rusk, making known the object of his visit in the following feeling and expressive language:

"Gov. Rusk, the time has come when the great happiness is permitted me to be of some small service to a member of my old master's family, a lady in whose veins flows the best blood of Maryland. Allow me to introduce to you Miss B——, who seeks employment in your bureau."

As might naturally be expected, Mr. Rusk promptly and kindly responded in the affirmative, suggesting that the request for a position might be sent in the form of a letter to his office. The result was the following, placed on file in the Agricultural Department a few days later:

CEDAR HILL, ANACOSTIA, D. C., November 26, 1891.

Hon. J. M. Rusk, Secretary of Agriculture:

Sir: I have the honor to remind you, as requested, of the case of Miss ——, a member of the family in which I was formerly a slave. Circumstances have reduced the fortune of that branch of the family to which Miss —— belongs, and hence she seeks through my intercession some employment by which she may assist herself and family in this their hour of need. It is a strange reversal of human relations that brings myself, the slave, and this lady, brought up in the lap of luxury and ease, now to seek the humble employment I ask for her. Miss —— will, I am sure, if given the place she seeks, prove herself a useful member of the agricultural service and grateful for the appointment.

Hoping that no obstacle will be found to her getting the place she seeks, I am, sir,

Very truly your obedient servant,

(Signed) FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

It is safe to say no archive of the government holds in its recesses today stronger evidence of the tenderness and magnanimity of a human soul than these pathetic lines of the ex-minister's.

On taking leave of the Secretary Mr. Douglass referred again to his old master "as having been a good man in his way," and having always treated him (Mr. Douglass) with kindness, although, laughingly continued the ex-minister, "I scored him roundly at the time."

The beneficiary of Mr. Douglass' kindness feels quite at home in the seed department of the Agricultural Department, being a farmer's daughter, and while conscientiously endeavoring to earn the salary drawn from the government, bears grateful witness to the large heartedness of the man who owes no grudge, but, on the contrary, feels the tenderest sentiments toward the family who once boasted "they owned Fred. Douglass."

GREAT FORCE IN A NUTSHELL.

Astonishing Results Said to Be Obtained From a Tiny Electric Generator.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

A procession of row boats moving rapidly about Lake Merritt, Oakland, a few weeks ago was observed with intense interest by a few people who had watched with eagerness the movements of one of the men in the leading boat. This boat was fitted with paddles, the rapid rotation of which urged the boat rapidly through the ripples and drew swiftly the seven other boats in tow. The boating excursion was no pleasure party, but a private exhibition of a motor which, if able to accomplish one-tenth of what is said of it, is the most powerful application of electrical energy devised.

Charles Sellender is the man who directed the movements of the leader boat and he is the discoverer of the chemical combination that produces marvelous results. The process, the materials, the manner of combination are secrets closely held, for no patent has been issued. To a very few people has any information of the discovery or invention been communicated, and these people must be losing sleep contemplating the marvels which the young inventor claims for his motive power. Sellander is a modest mechanic, quiet and industrious, who is employed by the Southern Pacific Company as an extra engineer of locomotive engines. He lives on Fourth avenue, East Oakland, and bears an excellent reputation among all who know him.

The outward appearance of his apparatus is simple. His chemical compound is inclosed in air-tight copper vacuum bulbs, for it explodes on exposure to the atmosphere. Attached to the copper receptacles are wires through which the electricity is fed as on supply wires of other electrical systems. The discovery is the generating materials and their imprisonment. One of these vacuum bulbs is no larger than a walnut. Yet with this infinitesimally small generator he is said to have sent the light row boats dancing over the surface of Lake Merritt as though they were shells moved by a Cambridge crew.

The inventor recently told a friend that for three weeks he had supplied constant power from his tiny