

TRUE TO HER PEOPLE

The Interesting Story of a Faithful Indian Maiden.

Was Captured by Hostile Tribe, Rescued and Educated by a White Man, But Remained a Yuma at Heart.

[Special California Letter.]

WHILE many Indian tribes have lived together in close proximity for many years in peace and harmony, it is equally true that in many other cases there has been a great deal of quarreling and fighting. With primitive people as well as with those who are more advanced in civilization it is very true that a tiny spark will often kindle a great flame. A deadly insult has often been read into a few insignificant words. The refusal of the hand of a maiden in marriage has often provoked war. Hundreds, nay, thousands, of lives have been lost in disputes over tiny strips of territory that were practically barren and valueless. Whole villages have been often destroyed because of fancied insults offered to the gods.

The secret of the enmity between the tribes that for centuries inhabited the mountains of what is now San Diego, Cal., and the Yumas, who dwell on the Colorado river, I have never been able to learn. Both people were warlike, proud and brave. The former were supreme in the mountains, the latter in the desert and by the river. Again and again conflicts took place between them. Sometimes the Yumas roamed too far over the desert to the east of the great river, and despite all their precautions they were swooped down upon by the mountain tribes and driven back with great loss of life. At other times the San Diegans would approach too near the river, and they in turn would suffer defeat.

In the neighborhood of 40 years ago the Yumas had been particularly aggressive and had severely punished the San Diegans on several successive occasions. This aroused the national pride of the mountain tribes and they gathered together in a great powwow where the war chiefs unanimously counseled a large raid upon the Yumas which should so humble and humiliate them as to keep them peaceful for at



AN OLD YUMA WARRIOR.

least a generation or more. Again, for days, the warriors assembled around the dance fire, where the chiefs exhorted them to brave and heroic deeds and the women incited them to acts of valor. When the time came for the march they stole as cautiously as possible across the desert, and, on nearing the main camp of the Yumas, sent out their scouts ahead to determine how and when the great attack should be made. Fortunately for them the Yumas were in the worst possible condition for the encounter. Their hunters had just brought back an unusual quantity of deer, and the whole people, warriors and all, were so gorged to repletion as to be unable to fight. After full consultation it was decided to steal upon them at night and fight at close quarters with battle hammer, battle ax, dagger of sharp deer's horn, and the few steel weapons they had obtained from the white man.

Stealthily they crept upon their unsuspecting foes. The latter had not only eaten to excess, but many of them were stupefied with a drink they made from the root of a bush called monump. The root of this is sometimes taken and chewed. For a few hours it produces an exhilarating effect, somewhat similar to that produced by hashish. Then the victim succumbs to a deadly stupor from which it takes him several days to recover.

It can well be imagined what a condition the Yumas were in to receive their foes. The San Diegans fell upon them and slew quite a number without any resistance. Then, flushed with victory, after scalping their dead foes, they took captive several of the women, whose lives had been spared, and one little girl. What became of the women I have never yet been able to learn. Possibly, as has often been the case, they became wives of their captors and soon lost their identity, as members of a different tribe, but with the little girl it was different. She had a keen memory and a loving heart and constantly cried for her father and mother, whom she had seen slaughtered on the banks of the Colorado river. Even in those days there was something of a town at San Diego. The Indians, too, were reasonably friendly with the whites. Indeed, they were so much so that several of them used to go up into the mountains and camp near the Indians in tents at what is now known as Agua Caliente at Warner's ranch. The hot springs from which this village gained its Spanish name are known to be very good for all kinds of diseases, and ever since they have known of them white men have

not been slow to avail themselves of their healing virtues.

One of the white men from San Diego, who had gone to the hot springs, somehow came to learn of the presence of this captive little girl. He saw her several times and soon became very much interested in her. When he learned her story he determined that, if possible, he would remove her from the influences that were so painful to her. With an interpreter he went to the man who owned her and threatened him with the punishment of the white man's law for the murder of the child's father and mother unless she were immediately and irrevocably given up to him. After some demur the Indian acceded to his request. With his new acquisition the man from San Diego hastened home. His wife was a woman of large and loving nature and her heart instinctively went



WALTER SCOTT, IN SWEATER.

out to the poor little Indian orphan. The couple agreed to adopt her as their own. It was not long before the little one responded fully to the love that was so generously given her, and she came to regard herself as the daughter of the white man and woman.

Years passed by. The little girl grew up to womanhood. She had been educated as became the daughter of a well-to-do citizen and was respected, honored and loved by all who knew her. Several children were born to the couple, and as these grew up they were taught to regard the Indian girl as their own sister.

There is no doubt that had the Indian girl desired to remain she might have married some white man and be living to-day, honored and respected, in or near the home of her adopted parents. But, yielding to that mysterious impulse that renders us incapable of denying our parentage, she felt an uncontrollable instinct or desire to return to her own people and become one of them. In vain her foster brothers and sisters pleaded with her. Sorrowfully, but nevertheless with determination, she decided to cross the desert and go back to the place of her birth. When she arrived among the Yumas they received her with suspicion. She did not know a single word of their language, but so powerful did instinct work that, with very little difficulty, she won her way into their hearts and soon was able to speak her native tongue as if she had never known any other. In a short time she married, and children were born to her. Her husband, a full-blooded Yuma, has always regarded her as a superior being, and throughout the tribe her opinions are largely deferred to.

While she lived with the whites she was known by the name of Maggie. When she went back to her people she told the whites who came in contact with her that her name was Maggie Scott. When I asked her why she assumed the name of Scott she replied: "While I was in San Diego I read a great many novels, but there were none that pleased me so much as those



MAGGIE SCOTT.

of Sir Walter Scott. Consequently, when I had to take a name for myself I chose his, and when my first son was born I called him Walter, after the great writer whose works gave me so much pleasure during the days of my civilization."

When I asked her if she had never longed to return to her civilized life she replied to the effect that, while occasionally a little longing would come into her heart, she had no real desire to leave her own people. With them she was contented to live and die.

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

Snowstorm in Miniature.

At an evening party in a Stockholm residence the heat became almost intolerable. The window sashes were found frozen and a pane of glass was shattered. A current of cold air rushed in and at the same instant flakes of snow were seen to fall to the floor in all parts of the room. The atmosphere was so saturated with moisture that the sudden fall in temperature produced a snowfall indoors.

RELICS OF VIRGINIA.

To Be Preserved by a Society of Patriotic Women.

Occupation of Jamestown Island Dates Back Three Centuries—Old Church in Which Pocahontas Worshipped.

[Special Washington Letter.]

VIRGINIANS are proud of every chapter in the history of their state," says Senator Daniels. "There are some paragraphs in some of the chapters which are not so brilliant as others; but, on the whole we are proud of every chapter in our history."

The occasion calling forth the remark is the fact that Virginia is growing old, and has a history of almost 300 years. On the 25th of May will occur the anniversary of the landing of Capt. John Smith and his fellow-freebooters upon the soil of Virginia, and the beginning of the permanent establishment of the first white colony in this republic of ours.

On May 25, 1607, now 296 years ago, Jamestown island was occupied and preparations begun for town-building. This was 13 years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, so there can be no doubt that this was the first permanent white settlement upon the land which now constitutes the United States of America.

There are upwards of 15,000 Virginians residing in the national capital, making their livings as federal office-holders. That is to say, that some 3,000 office-holders from Virginia support a colony of 15,000 people, all of them intensely loyal to their state, and proud of their lineage. Some 20 years ago there began an annual exodus from Washington to Jamestown to celebrate the anniversary; and there will be no hiatus in this procedure. The pilgrimages will begin two days before the anniversary, tens of thousands of Virginians will visit Jamestown, but the principal celebration this year will be in Richmond.

In order to describe this ancient locality the writer went to Jamestown island, the trip occupying only two



REBECCA ROLFE (POCAHONTAS) WORSHIPPING ON JAMESTOWN ISLAND.

days. It is situated 30 miles above Norfolk and Newport News, on the James river, and is about 70 miles below Richmond. Old inhabitants say that it has shrunk within a generation, but that it has now an area of 1,700 acres. It is two and a half miles long, and only little more than half a mile in width. From the main shore it is separated by a narrow stream and some marshy lowland, over which there is a low wooden bridge. The whole place looks "ok-timely."

The island is as barren of civilization as Palmyra of the desert, and the only evidences of its former teeming habitation are the walls of the Ambler mansion-house, and the pitiful piece of tower of the first Protestant church built of brick in the new world. These objects of interest were pointed out by a young colored woman from the mainland, who also directed the traveler to the screened little acreage surrounding the relics of the church and the long neglected cemetery. There are no pictures of these interesting objects, but the tower is like any ordinary old tower, and the mansion remains are composed of the small bricks imported in those early days; about half of the size of modern bricks. The mansion is said to have been built with bricks which were formerly used in official and ancient structures. Tradition has it that in this old mansion there resided a woman who declined the honor of marriage with George Washington.

If this be true she must have almost hated herself afterwards when George became "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

There is an association of ladies known as an association "For the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities," and it is this association which has surrounded these sole relics with wire fences and thick wire screens. These ladies took this step only six years ago; rather late in the day for the preservation of these antiquities, for hogs, wild and tame, and other cattle have browsed about the tower and the walls and over the graves of the cemetery for many, many years.

The ladies employ a custodian, but he was not on duty when the narrator called. He is said to reside in a little shanty there which is surrounded by heavy earthworks thrown up 40 odd years ago by confederate soldiers. By his absence he lost one fee of ten cents, which is allowed to charge as part of his compensation for living there in the midst of squalor, dirt, malaria and musty reminiscences.

On reaching the north end of this historic island, work done and being

done by the federal government was discovered. It seems that the island has been crumbling so rapidly of late years that the Virginia senators have secured appropriations for the purpose of preventing the entire destruction of the island by the swift current which sweeps unobstructed for eight miles, and fiercely carries away tons of clay and sand. Ripraps and jetties along shore may divert the channel a little, but if the island is to be fully protected it will prove to be a very costly proposition. The northern portion of the ruins of the town are said to be under water, and the covered foundations of former habitations can be seen from the side of rowboats. Alongside the north-east of the island there are big blocks of stone just beneath the surface of the water. They are held together by cement, and evidently formed the foundation of some big official building.

The biggest ships of the olden time used to come up the James and anchor at the wharves of Jamestown, but they could not do so now. Indeed, when the capital was moved to Williamsburg in 1723 the channel was becoming visibly more shallow. Thus was business affected in the beginning of the decline of Jamestown. There were big financial and political battles in those days, preceding the removal of the capital; and tradition hath it that several hot-blooded Virginians emptied their guns at and into the bodies of each other. However, the inevitable came, the capital was removed, Jamestown slowly fell into innocuous desuetude, and Williamsburg flourished. We have seen just such rivalries and battles between rival towns, far in the interior of the new world, within our own generation.

The brick church, of which only the tower is left, was built in 1838, when the colony was only 30 years old. Previously the people had worshipped in a large wigwam made of logs. The new brick church was 56 feet long and 28 feet wide, furnished lavishly with donations from England; everything in it being as rich and regal as the trappings and vestments of the best churches in the old country. Gov. Dale wrote: "There is some comfort in religion now;" as

THIEVES AND THUGS.

They Form a Community of Their Own in New York.

Head of Detective Bureau Says That "Get-Rich-Quick" Men Are the Most Dangerous of Conscience Men.

[Special New York Letter.]

WHEN Inspector McClusky, head of the detective bureau of New York, issued his warning to 400 thieves the other day to leave the city the question naturally arose: "Where will they go?" The police dragnets were spread and the men were arrested and arraigned in the police courts. They were told that the only condition of their freedom was that they were to leave the town. Every man arrested promised to do so and all were released.

The average citizen of New York who read this announcement in his newspaper the next morning, together with an interview with Inspector Mc-

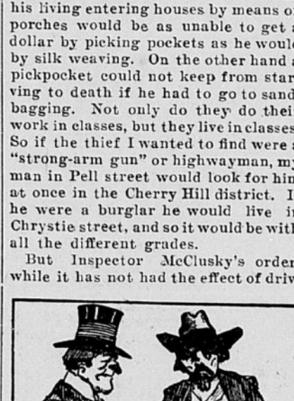


A GREEN GOODS MAN.

Clusky, said: "Well, that is a good thing." But the average citizen thinks no further of the incident. As a matter of fact the thieves that leave New York under such orders are comparatively few. It is likely that out of the 400 told to get out 25 or 30 will actually do so, but it will be only to move to some other large city. The professional thief, whether he be a pickpocket, a "strong-arm man," a porch climber, a forger, or one of the many other varieties, can only exist in the cities. He finds there is nothing for him to do in the country or the villages. As for the thieves who apparently obeyed the orders of the chief of detectives, they were undoubtedly intending to leave town anyway, as their business—if we may call it that—necessitates a rambling life. As for the rest, one who knows this class of "gentry" may take a stroll any pleasant afternoon down the Thieves' highway, known in the city directory as the Bowery, and there he will see nearly all the old-time faces that have decorated the "rogue's gallery,"—designated in the vernacular as "the Hall of Fame"—for many years.

If I wanted to find any particular New York thief, for instance, I know a certain person whom I could locate in a Pell street saloon and he would reach my man for me in short order. Thieves are classed according to the work they do, like tradesmen. A man who makes his living entering houses by means of porches would be as unable to get a dollar by picking pockets as he would by silk weaving. On the other hand a pickpocket could not keep from starving to death if he had to go to sand-bagging. Not only do they do their work in classes, but they live in classes. So if the thief I wanted to find were a "strong-arm gun" or highwayman, my man in Pell street would look for him at once in the Cherry Hill district. If he were a burglar he would live in Chrystie street, and so it would be with all the different grades.

But Inspector McClusky's order, while it has not had the effect of driv-



GOLD BRICK NEGOTIATIONS.

ing the thieves out of New York, has served to bring more prominently before the public the fact that this city is overrun with the worst types of criminals in the United States, and it is natural that they should all flock to the metropolis. Of course, when the "front office" (as the thieves call police headquarters) begins to agitate the question of cleaning up the city, it is policy on their part to remain quiet for a time, but they only do so for a few weeks and then the burglaries and robberies are as flagrant as ever.

Inspector McClusky, while recently appointed to his position, is an old-time thief catcher, and knows many of the criminals well. In talking with me he expressed the belief that the

"crook" of to-day was rapidly degenerating and that the profits in a criminal career were reduced to such small figures that it hardly paid men with brains to remain in the "profession." The revolution, he said, was caused by the advancement of modern police methods. The very individualities of specialties to which attention has already been called, like one man being an expert pickpocket, another a sand-bagger, another a housebreaker, and so on, leads to the detection of crime. The inspector explains it in this wise: "If a clever piece of forgery has been done we know a pickpocket didn't do it; so the first thing we inquire is: 'Who are the expert forgers out of the penitentiaries?' There are only a few of them in the country, and we easily locate those that were near the scene of the crime at the time it was committed. Then we fit in the clues. So it is with other kinds of crime. You see police methods have become a science and we are now in such close touch with the police forces of other cities that all the rogues are known, and it is pretty hard for them to escape. For instance, every counterfeiter has his own peculiar style of execution, just as an artist has, and the moment a bogus note gets into circulation the experts know who made it.

"If you will look over the criminal records you will find not only every crook's picture, but you will see a full report of his specialty and his methods of work. We know them all like books, and generally can put our hands on them when we want them. So, you see, under the circumstances it does not pay for good men to remain in the business. The kinds of crooks, however, who have not degenerated, are the wire tappers—that is, the men who tap the wires and get race information, so as to beat the poolrooms—and the steerer of the 'bruce' faro games. This crook is of a higher type than the old style confidence man. He must dress well and hang about the hotels so as to create the impression that he is a gentleman of leisure in order to ensnare the real gentlemen into a little 'private game.' But even he finds it necessary to keep on the move, for every large hotel keeps its own detective who soon knows all about the alleged gentleman.

"I will tell you of one class of swindler, though, that is on the increase and who is very difficult to dislodge, and that is the 'get-rich-quick' man. He establishes himself in fine offices in the business part of the city, either on lower Broadway or Wall street, and does a land-office business. His meth-



AT HOME WITH SAFE CRACKER.

ods are so apparently business-like that the police are practically powerless. This class of criminals is more to be feared than the burglar or pickpocket because of his security."

One of the oldest crooks in New York (he is an "ex-gun" now—that is, a retired thief) was reached by me through the man in Pell street. This man formerly earned his living as a "strong-arm" (highwayman or hold-up man) and did not agree with Inspector McClusky that the criminal types were degenerating.

"Of course, the business is changing," said he. "Take the green-goods man (one who pretends to deal in counterfeit money and gives sawdust in exchange for the real money to the dupe who deals with him) as an example. That is a type that has almost entirely disappeared. He has developed into the man who pretends to have the inside on Wall street, and gets money from out of town. The bank burglar in the cities has disappeared altogether for the reason that it is useless to fight against the safes they make nowadays; but the gold-brick man is simply the old type of the present 'get-rich-quick' individual who sells bogus mining stock and worthless securities to the confiding and greedy.

"They say there is no 'graft' among the policemen of New York at present. I am not in the business now and know nothing about it, but in the old days I know it was not an unusual thing to see the safe-blower and the policeman taking a social glass together at the safe blower's expense. When I was in the business there was no system of police graft. It was a case of individual police hold-up. Later on, I am told, if the pickpockets wanted to work a certain line of street cars, they had it fixed by their friend, the politician. If there was too strong a protest, which was bound to happen at times, word would be passed to them, and then there would suddenly be a lot of pickpockets who were not working under the friendship of a wise guy (politician). But I don't know how it is worked now. I am out of the business."

In the meantime, Inspector McClusky's order has given us an opportunity to look a little into that interesting sociological study, the Order of Thieves.

FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON.