

Peculiar Fate of Mexican Indians.

One tribe of Indians totally exterminated and another rapidly dying out through the use of civilized clothing, is the mournful report brought back to the Bureau of Ethnology in Washington, by Prof. W. J. McGee, who has recently completed an extended tour through northwest Mexico in the interests of ethnological research. The party from the bureau consisted of Prof. McGee, Mr. Delancey W. McGill, two cow-punchers and an Indian interpreter. The party left Washington about three months ago, outfitted at Phoenix, Ariz., where the Indians and stock rustlers were recruited, and then proceeded into Sonora, the most northwestern of the Mexican States, a region which has been a terra incognita to science, up to half a dozen years ago, when the Bureau of Ethnology first began to prosecute its inquiries into the life history of the Seri Indians, that tribe of reputed cannibals inhabiting Tiburón Islands in the Gulf of California.

The object of the present expedition was to locate and study the Topokaw Indians on the western coast of Mexico. The tribe corresponds to the Digger Indians of Arizona and Nevada, being one of the lowest order of all the aboriginal tribes of this country. They differ from the Diggers, however in the fact that they live upon the barren coast of the Gulf of California and bring a scanty subsistence from the sandy beaches by digging mollusks, catching turtles and fishing in the teeming subtropical waters of the gulf. Like several of the Mexican Indian tribes, they have been on the wane for the past hundred years, but their primitive arts were of considerable interest to science, as were also their tribal customs and their vocabulary, by which the Bureau of Ethnology has managed to build up a fairly comprehensive life history of the various Indian tribes of the continent. Some of the discoveries in this line have been exceedingly interesting and promised in time to settle the much disputed question of the origin of the American Indian tribes and the population of the Western hemisphere. It came to the knowledge of the Bureau of Ethnology, that the Topokaws were nearly extinct. They had been squeezed to the limit of endurance between the savage Apaches on the north and more savage Seris on the south. It was evident that if anything was to be learned of their history as a tribe it would be done promptly, but to the surprise of the party from Washington when they had covered the hard overland trip from Phoenix to the gulf coast, they found that Fate had been before them with the Topokaw, and the last remnant of the tribe had vanished off the face of the earth.

Just what led to the final undoing of this primitive tribe of Indians it is difficult to say, but the fact that several prosperous cattle ranches have been planted in this region during the last few years probably furnishes the explanation. The Topokaw, like the Seri, would sooner eat white man's cattle than delve rations in the briny waters of the Gulf. Ranch owners, especially Mexican ranch owners, object to this free and easy mode of existence for Indian tribes, and do their best to increase the four-footed population of the ranges at the expense of their biped inhabitants. The owners of the Devoka ranch were rather hazy as to what had become of the beach digger Indians, but the fact that the Costa Rica ranch in the Seri country to the southward had a flourishing graveyard of Seris on its outskirts led to the very logical conclusion that the Topokaws who are a more peaceful though perhaps no more honest tribe, had been forced to give up in the struggle for existence with the Mexican cattle and their Mexican owners.

There is perhaps no more mysterious and picturesque region for the lovers of the fantastic in history than this same Sonora country, Caborea, the most populous Mexican town of the region, has a romance all its own, owing to the fact that it was here, more than fifty years ago, that the American Crabbe and his little band of a hundred filibusters were wiped out by the Mexican Government, with the exception of two men. It was a story that is well known in the Southwest, but which has scarcely found its way into either American history or literature. Caborea was the spot to which McGee and his outfit returned as a base, after failing to find any remnant of the Topokaw Indians. From an ethnological standpoint the trip has been a water haul up to that point. Caborea is almost the western limit of civilization, even as it is understood in that part of Mexico. To the north and west, how-

ever, there are a few villages of the Papage Indians, the semi-nomadic agricultural tribes of the desert, and beyond them lies the land of the Cocopaw, who have never as yet been the subject of scientific investigation.

The party struck out across the desert from Caborea and landed at Quito vi Quito, which is one of the oldest Indian settlements in the country, and supposed to be the last outpost settlement before one strikes the mouth of the Colorado. What was the surprise of the party, therefore when they found a railroad running west from the desolate Indian settlement. To be sure it was only a narrow gauge railroad, seventeen miles in length, and its traffic is perhaps the most remarkable of any railroad in the country. It was built solely to carry water to a Mexican gold mine in the hills, and incidentally to bring back the product of the stamp mill, which is located in this almost inaccessible and unheard of mountaineerie. The mine is known as the Picada, and lies in a region which a decade from now may witness a rush of gold seekers almost as impetuous as that which has flowed to the Klondike in the last two seasons. It is a region of rotten quartz ledges, bearing gold in good paying quantities, but one which has never felt the stimulus of American enterprise and capital. The washings from these mountain ledges carried down by the storm water every year have created great placer fields all along the West coast, which are worked in a primitive way by the Mexicans, and which are due in time to be much more thoroughly exploited and developed by capital from the States. But this has nothing to do with the sad fate of the Cocopaw Indians, who are dying from the adoption of trousers and undershirts.

"They are the only Indians," said Prof. McGee, "that I have ever known to be exterminated without the intervention of the missionary. The fact is, they are dying from civilization, or perhaps it would be more proper to say from the fact that their civilization has not kept pace with their ambition. They are a tribe of agricultural Indians, living in the bottom lands of the Colorado River, just above the point where the fresh water of the stream is polluted by the salt tide from the gulf. They are an interesting people from the fact that they are the lowest, most primitive and thoroughly degraded of all the Indian tribes in the Southwest. They carry on their farming much as it is done in the overflow region of the Nile.

"The floodwaters of the Colorado clear their fields for them in the spring by washing off the native grasses and fertilizing them by a deposit of silt from the river. They scratch the mud in the most primitive fashion with sharpened sticks, and put in a crop which consists of corn, two varieties of beans and squashes. The nearest of their settlements are full seventy-five miles from Yuma, but here they go to taste the luxuries of civilization, and here it was that the trouser habit caught them in its dread embrace.

"Either from aesthetic or prudential reasons these guileless savages adopted trousers when they were in town. Going back to their settlements on the river they continued to wear these masculine luxuries, and added to them the enervating luxury of an undershirt. This would have been bad enough, for trousers are not good for the untutored savage, but the Cocopaws went further and denied themselves even a sufficiency of food for the sake of buying what they esteemed to be civilized garments. After each harvest the head man of the family puts 75 or 100 pounds of corn into a couple of small sacks and makes the seventy-five mile journey to Yuma. Here his corn is sold to the traders for about \$1.50, which is full 50 cents under the market value, and he invariably invests all of the proceeds in shirts and overalls for himself and calico for his wives."

Prof. McGee says that the Indians actually stint themselves in their rations for the sake of selling part of their corn produce in town where they can buy clothes. This saps their vitality and leaves them more open to the attacks of disease. The ethnologist adds that during his explorations he found many of the Indians suffering from all kinds of internal complaints. He endeavored to discover the cause of so many congestive chills, and ascertain that it was the practice of the Indians to bathe in the Gulf without removing their clothes and then permit the clothing to dry while they attended to their daily occupations. Moreover, while the Indians

were in their primitive dress, and bathed every day in a nude state, they retained their health. Now, as they never remove their trousers and undershirts until they rot, the bodies of the Indians are constantly covered with great sores and stings. All these things, says Prof. McGee, have so sapped the vitality of the Indians that now there are only 500 members of the tribe, whereas, ten years ago there were more than 1,000.

EDGAR'S HOUSEHOLD RULES.

Strange Code a Rich Man Drew Up to Run His Home.

"Notice—No trespassing under penalty of the law. I mean this to apply especially to Dr. Knauer, Mrs. Knauer and their daughter, George S. Edgar. This is no bluff I mean it. George S. Edgar." Such was the notice put upon the door of the residence of George S. Edgar in Pittsburgh, Pa., when his wife left him. The parties referred to are his wife and her parents. She is now suing him for her share of his \$250,000, most of which was inherited from his uncle, D. B. Sutton, a millionaire, who died four years ago. The couple and their families belong to the Pittsburgh Four Hundred. Mrs. Edgar was related to Count Von Roemer of Darmstadt, who died in this country several years ago. An aunt, Mrs. Bienhour, who lives in Pittsburgh, received a gold medal from Emperor William of Germany for an oil painting of herself. Mrs. Edgar's father, Dr. J. C. Knauer, is one of the leading physicians in the fashionable East End.

George S. Edgar and Lottie E. Knauer were married on Sept. 30, 1897. Two children have been born to them; both now with the mother. Edgar was a little late in making his appearance at the wedding and forgot to bring his bride a bouquet. She pulled down some of the flowers used as decorations, but the absence of the bridal bouquet was noticed. He is 35 years old and she is a year younger. For twenty-two years he was in the employ of one firm and left of his own accord.

Edgar is now in a peck of trouble. There are suits and counter-suits in such number, that it is almost impossible to keep track of them. So far as known the suits are:

Divorce proceedings brought by Mrs. Edgar for separation from bed and board; replevin suit by Mrs. Edgar to recover furniture, &c., alleged to be hers; rule for alimony and counsel fees refused, but \$15 a week alimony allowed pending litigation; suit charging Edgar with pointing firearms, brought by his mother in law, Mrs. D. J. C. Knauer, rule for attachment brought by Mrs. Edgar; charge of habitual drunkenness, brought by Mrs. Edgar asking for a receivership and tying up all his goods. This has been allowed and Edgar cannot get a dollar from the banks. Edgar was also sued for assault by Mrs. Boilenberg, a friend of his wife, because he put her out of the house. He paid the costs and a small fine before an alderman.

The charge of habitual drunkenness is the one now being heard. One witness testified that Edgar told him that he moved from Allegheny, across the river, because when he wanted to come to town in the morning the cars were too full, and when he wanted to go home at night he was always too full. Later Mr. Edgar denied this conversation. But Mr. Edgar's denial of the rules and regulations for the management of his home were not denied so vigorously. These rules are as follows:

"Rules and regulations of George S. Edgar, which must be obeyed:

"First—I am to be boss of the house. I am to be the master and head of the house, and must be obeyed.

"Second—I am to handle all money.

"Third—No servants shall be employed without consulting me. No servants shall be dismissed without consulting me. My wife shall not speak to servants unless it is extremely necessary. My wife shall not dismiss help without my consent, unless under extreme provocation, when she can dismiss them during my absence or without my consent.

"Fourth—All purchases, such as vegetables, groceries, clothing for wife and children, are to be bought with my consent or by written order.

"Fifth—My children shall be taught to respect me.

"Sixth—In correcting my children no pick handles, rolling pins or sad iron shall be used.

"Seventh—No presents shall be given to any one or old clothing disposed of without my consent.

"Eighth—Nothing whatever shall be bought without consulting me.

"Ninth—All parties whose names appear on the card on the hall rack shall be excluded from my house.

"Tenth—All other parties that I mention hereafter shall be excluded, namely, Dr. J. C. Knauer, for having me come to R. B. Scandrett's office, and an old schoolmate of mine who lived about a square from my

Dr. Chase Endorsed By Leading Divines.

Great Suffering Ended—Painful Operations Avoided—Chronic and Aggravated Diseases Cured—Grateful Testimony from Well Known Ministers.

The daily habits of ministers are conducive to constipation and itching piles. More clergymen have endorsed Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills and Ointment than probably any remedies on the market. The following extracts are from letters of leading ministers of the Gospel, who speak for the benefit of fellow sufferers. For more particulars regarding these surprising cures write to these parties. They will gladly make known to you the virtues of Dr. Chase's Remedies.

Rev. S. A. Dupran, Methodist minister, Connecon, Ont., writes: "Dr. Chase's Ointment saved me from a very dangerous and painful operation, and thoroughly cured me of a very severe and aggravated form of itching, bleeding piles. The large lumps and abscesses have entirely disappeared."

Rev. J. J. Johnston, Evangelist, Wiar-ton, Ont., writes: "I believe Dr. Chase's

Kidney Liver Pills to be an A1 preparation for constipation and liver troubles. I speak from experience."

Rev. J. A. Baldwin, Baptist minister, Arkona, Ont., writes: "For over twenty years I was a great sufferer from itching, protruding piles. I underwent three very painful surgical operations, and without obtaining any permanent relief. Dr. Chase's Ointment has cured me, and I believe it will cure any case of piles."

Rev. Chas. Fish, 192 Dnnn avenue, Toronto, states that Dr. Chase's Ointment cured him of eczema on the head and hands, from which he had been a great sufferer for ten years, and from which even specialists on skin diseases could give him no relief.

Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box. Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanon, Bates & Co., Toronto.

mother's home, thereby humiliating me; Mrs. J. C. Knauer, for going to Joe Waltz, a friend of mine, and Walter Shiep, and saying I was drunk all of the time; Mrs. Mary Bollenberg, for having me arrested for calling her a brazen hussy; Mr. Fred Bollenberg, for writing me a challenge to fight a duel; Mrs. Maggie Hopkins, for saying I lived in Millionaire's Row, which I consider is between Ridge and Western, on Irwin avenue, while I live at 1506 Chartiers street, so I cannot live in Millionaire's Row, and for saying that my wife was not living with me because I was always drunk."

At one of the hearings Mrs. Edgar testified that she never knew Edgar to be sober except for two months the first part of this year when he was under treatment for the liquor habit. He himself testified that there was one month about that same time when he did not take one drink. He is now selling agent for a distillery, in which he has a large interest, and says he can sell whiskey just as well without drinking as he can by drinking.

Mrs. Edgar further testified that her husband's condition is such that she cannot tell when he has been drinking and when he has not. He says he heard nothing at home but talk of his being drunk. He says he got it for breakfast, dinner and supper. Mrs. Edgar says he did not get it for dinner as she could not induce him to come home for that meal.

The reference to the duel has set the attorneys in the case to investigating. Bollenberg who is mentioned, is a friend of the wife's family and also Edgar's brother-in-law. It is said that Edgar threatened Bollenberg one day at the home of the Knauer family, and that Edgar was told to leave the house. Later there was correspondence between Edgar and Bollenberg. The latter threatened to fight Edgar the first time he met him.

The Only Real Cure for Catarrh.

Royan, Que.—"I have tried a great many remedies for Catarrh, but none of them ever helped me. In my opinion, Catarrh is the only real cure for Catarrh." F. G. Fadden.

Minden, Ont.—"I am delighted with the results from the use of Catarrh. I think it is the best remedy in the world for Catarrh." Thomas Cox.

Brief extracts only, but convincing. Not claims but proof. That's what the people want before spending their money. We can supply over two thousand similar testimonials and your money back if you are not benefited. We will send you a twenty-five cent trial outfit for 10 cents in stamps or the complete treatment for \$1.00. At all druggists. N. C. Polson, Kingston, Ont., Hartford, Conn.

Lives Comfortably In a Hollow Stump.

Near Pere Marquette, Wis., an old man named Stears has lived several years in a tree home. Stears was a first class cabinet maker, and during the greater part of his vigorous manhood lived in Detroit and worked at his trade, commanding the best wages of any artisan in his line.

Several years ago Stears went to Pere Marquette and took up his residence in the hollow trunk of a tree near that town, and has lived there ever since. The tree was a great linden that had been sawed off about fifteen feet from its base, and in it the occupant has brought to bear his accomplishments as a workman to decorate his queer abode artistically. A door and window, seen from the outside, bear witness to this. The inner walls of the strange domicile are ceiled and papered and are covered with pictures. One circular seat extends around the room from door to window; there is on the other side a comfortable pile of furs that make the bed of the old man, and the place is warmed, when warmth is needed, by an oil stove.

Mr. Stears plays fifteen different musical instruments by note, and with these and

books entertains himself and frequent visitors, for he is by no means a hermit. He has nearly or quite reached the allotted age of man, but seems much younger, and he is in perfect health, or was a few months ago.

DEER JACKING WITH A TUGBOAT.

The Unique Chance that Came to a Maine Lad Who was Out for Seals.

So far as is known the first instance on record of a deer being jacked by an ocean-tugboat happened on the last day of open time this year on the shore of Fort Point Cove at the mouth of the Penobscot River. The cove is a general exchange for shipping bound up or out of the river. It is here that the ocean tugs drop their tows for the river boats to take to Bangor and here they come for the ice barges ready for sea. The country in the vicinity of the cove is sparsely settled and on the western side begins the vast range of forests which extend for miles across Hancock and Washington counties. Deer are plentiful farther back but are rarely seen near the shore.

It was not for a deer that young Judson Perkins loaded up his father's old musket with a handful of slugs and went down to the shore after school. It was a seal upon which Judson had intentions. The small river or bay seals are plentiful in the cove and are a great pest to the fishermen in robbing their nets and weirs of the choicest of the catch. A boy is considered to have won his spurs when he has shot a seal, for its shyness is remarkable. The crew is dull in discovering the presence of danger compared with a bay seal. And so it happened that Judson was down on the shore with a gun that afternoon. After waiting and watching in vain for his quarry, he started for home in the darkness.

He was only a few steps from the shore when a big tug shot in by the point and played her searchlight upon the fleet of schooners and barges at anchor then. Then the big ray searched along the shore until it caught Judson full in the face. Turning about to avoid the blinding ray, he looked toward the woods and saw a sight which rooted him to the spot for an instant. There in the path of the big white ray, with head and antlers above a small bush stood the finest buck deer seen in those parts for years.

The deer seemed fascinated, standing with gleaming eyeballs and quivering nostrils, trembling, Judson quickly recovered his wits, raised his gun and fired. At that moment the light went out but at the report back it came and flickered back and forth like a dog looking for a lost scent.

Had the men on the boat been a little nearer they might have seen a boy standing over a big deer gazing at it as if he could hardly believe his senses. As soon as he was assured that the deer was really dead he ran to the house as fast as his legs could carry him, but had despatched work to make the hired man understand that it was a load for the steers and drag. Judson is probably the only hunter in Maine who ever shot a deer with the aid of a 500 ton steel ocean going tugboat.

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