

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1901.

A Maharajah's Odd Show.

From the intermingling of the white and the red blood in the Indian Territory there has grown up a race notable for the beauty and grace of its women. The girls of the Indian Territory are no more the wild untamable dusky beauties of early Indian fiction than they are the wretched creatures found among some of the tribes today. They are to all intents and purposes on the same plane with white women of education and refinement, except that the strain of wild, strong Indian blood in their veins gives them a tinge of richer color, a brighter eye, a more lithesome grace than their white sisters possess.

Reckoned in fractions of blood, these Indian beauties are more Caucasian than aboriginal American. All of them, however, are Indians, politically and socially; they hold firmly to their membership in the tribes. Many of them are one-quarter or one-eighth or even one-sixteenth or one-thirty-second Indian; but the red strain is the stronger and shows, if not in some lingering richness of color or in the moulding of the face, at least in an all but indefinable fascination and grace, the heritage of a forest people.

Among them one may find perfect blondes, with the Indian strain still salient and palpable. And although they have succumbed to the corset of civilization, in almost all cases they have their less trammelled ancestresses to thank for the blessing of well-nigh perfect figures. And one other of woman's best gifts they possess; clear and low voices, with not a trace of the guttural intonation which is common to original Indian tongues. Raised amid scenes of the bloodless conquest of their race by the whites, they look without concern upon the destruction of tribal customs and the thinning and dying out of the old blood. To this last they even contribute, for so seldom does one of them marry an Indian that such an event is commented upon in the Territory as remarkable.

Before the middle of the last century a Cherokee woman one day met a hunter in the forest. She was frightened at his white skin and fled, thinking him an evil spirit. But he was fascinated by her beauty and pursued her into camp, where he learned that she was the daughter of a friendly chief. The hunter laid siege to the heart of the dusky belle and finally gained her consent to marry him according to tribal customs then in vogue. This hunter and his squaw raised a half-bred child who was a great curiosity to the red-skins. As years sped by other hunters invaded the domain of the Five Tribes of the Indian Territory and married other dark-skinned beauties. Inter-marriage in the Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, Chickasaw and Seminole tribes has flourished to such an extent within the last quarter century that the full-blood element is now on the verge of extinction. The old men of the tribes are becoming alarmed and have passed laws against inter-marriage. Some of these laws are very severe, almost prohibitive, in fact. The young Indian women object to these laws, because they do not want, as a rule, to marry the men of their own tribes.

The Chickasaws are the strictest regarding inter-marriage. A law recently placed on their statute books requires any white man applying for a license to marry a Chickasaw girl, first, to produce evidence that he has resided in the Chickasaw nation two years, next to furnish credentials as to his good character, and third, to pay \$1,000 for the marriage licence. Of course, the girl has and sometimes takes the privilege of eloping, at the cost of losing her right in the tribal lands and money, and of disgracing herself in the eyes of her relatives. Her head-right is something worth considering. A right in the Chickasaw nation is valued at from five to ten thousand dollars, and in the Cherokee, Creek and Choctaw nation at from five to eight thousand dollars. The inter-marriage laws of all the four nations named are about the same, excepting that the Chickasaw nation charges \$1,000 for a license while the others only ask \$10.

There is good reason for these laws. Many fortune hunters, attracted by the wealth of the Indian maidens, have in the

past married into the tribes and gained control of large tracts of land, fostered outlaws and raised bad families. There were few happy marriages, and not until the wise men of the tribes met and passed an act making every white man show his credentials before he was admitted. For several years thereafter respectable and industrious white men married into the tribes and their children married whites. It was so on down the line until today the eighth, sixteenth and thirty-second part Indian predominates. Of pure bloods there will be none in a few years.

Still this open door marriage policy, while it admitted no bad characters, was fraught with many evils. Any well-appearing man, with a gift of love-making, could go there and win a bride and a handsome fortune at the same time, provided his record was reasonably good. The women there were not so highly educated as they are now. But they possessed a desire to marry white men hence it was easy sailing for fortune hunters. This class of men fenced in large tracts of the public domain, or land belonging to the redskins in common, used the land for cattle ranches, and converted the minerals into cash. Many men became millionaires at the expense of the tribes. They were known as galvanized Indians or squaw men.

Five years ago the evil was partly remedied by the action of the tribal councils in disfranchising all squaw men who there after married into the tribes. This checked the influx of money seekers for a time, and then it became as bad as ever. Early this year the Chickasaws raised the marriage licenses to \$1,000 each. They now expect only true love marriages to occur.

The average Indian girl of to day possesses an excellent education. All the shrewdness of the Indian, combined with the thirst for knowledge belonging to the whites, has filled these girls with a desire to advance. The Federal government spends nearly \$400,000 annually in educating the youths of the five tribes. The Cherokees and Creeks have the best schools, while the Chickasaws spend the most money with least results.

It is difficult at this time to make a correct estimate of the wealth of these girls, but the opinion of government officials on the subject is that \$5,000 is an underestimate for the tribal right alone, while many of the girls have property besides. The Indian girl has generally selected her vocation before she is 20. She marries early and settles down easily to the duties of domestic life. Or if she is going on the stage, and many of them do, she has completed arrangements for it while still in her teens. Others enter special fields where they believe that their talent will win them fame. All are ambitious. None is sluggish.

The wedding of an Indian girl is the crowning glory of her life. She makes much of it and her friends for hundreds of miles around are certain to attend. The ceremony is made as striking as possible.

The Indian maiden who has the reputation of being the belle of the territory is Miss Tookah Turner, whose Indian name is Pretty Whirling Water. She has not only beauty, but also accomplishments. In another sense she is the greatest catch in the Indian matrimonial market, for she will come in for a large slice of the fortune of her father. W. C. Turner of Muskogee, a millionaire cattle man. Miss Turner is a Cherokee.

Another Cherokee belle is Mrs. Rachl Davis Brady of the Georgia Cherokee branch. She came to the territory only ten years ago, but she belongs there by ancestry, as she is of the famous Ross family, the head of which, Joshua Ross, was for forty years chief of the tribe. The Ross family is said to be the richest Indian family in the country, and aggregate of its wealth mounts up into the millions. Another of the Ross family who is notable for beauty is Mrs. Dr. Thompson.

Of the Greek beauties, the young granddaughter of Pleasant Porter, the present chief, is an excellent sample. She is also heiress to considerable wealth besides what her tribal right and land inheritance will give her. Miss Leota Crabtree, Chitto Mekko in the Indian nomenclature of her

tribe, is another pretty Indian girl. Though she is tribally a Chickasaw, she has Greek blood in her veins, being a granddaughter of Iparbecher, called the grand old man of the Greeks, who has for years been chief of the Greek council and is still one of the most influential members of the tribe. All of this family have noted for prowess in war, wisdom in council and beauty of person. Miss Crabtree is highly educated. She shows less trace of her aboriginal blood than almost any of her compeers.

The Indian girl of this type when she is visiting in the east, where every one is of the opinion that there are no Indians but those who wear blankets and live in tepees is sensitive about her blood. A member of the Cherokee tribe not long ago expressed herself thus:

"I am not ashamed of my blood, but when I am surrounded by those who do not understand that I am an Indian, I never disclose my race. It only leads to notoriety and half of the people I meet would not believe that I was Indian if I were to tell them so."

ONE MAN RUNS THE RAILROAD.
He is the Whole Thing Back of the Locomotive, and the Road is Prosperous.

"One of the most unique railroads in the country," said a man, "was encountered by me on a recent trip through southern Maryland.

"The road is twenty miles long and runs from Brandywine, on the Pope's Creek branch of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad, in Charles county, to Mechanicsville, in St. Mary's county. Its corporate name is the Washington and Potomac Railroad Company. The single train which runs each way daily is made up of the engine, one freight car, and one combination baggage and passenger car. The schedule seems to be liberal and no hurry is manifested in train movements.

"The conductor of the train, who also acts as baggage-master upon occasion, is general manager of the road. He issues orders as general manager and obeys them as conductor. When, as conductor, he thinks the schedule should be changed, he notifies the general manager (himself), who, if he thinks it advisable, makes up a new schedule and issues running orders accordingly to the conductor (also himself), and the latter obeys. There are no ticket agents along the route that I could learn of and the conductor collects fares as on a street railway here, punching a hole for each fare in a slip of cardboard. Then he goes into the baggage car, sees that the trunks are properly delivered, and looks after express and mail packages.

"I was obliged to take a long drive in the country from one of the stations and was anxious to get back in time to catch the train on its return trip. I told my driver of my wish.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "If you are pushed for time we will stop the train four or five miles up the track."

"But will it stop? There is no station there."

"That makes no difference," the driver replied. "All you have to do is to appear on the track at any road crossing and hail the engineer."

"Although the road cannot boast the accommodations of trunk lines," continued the speaker. "It is really a great convenience to the country through which it passes. People down there tell me it has been kept going several years almost entirely through the efforts of the young manager-conductor, who is hard working, untiring and popular. He has been busy improving the roadbed recently.

Valuable Almanac Free.

We have received a copy of the new almanac for 1901 published by the Royal Baking Powder Co. It is an artistic and useful book and will be of interest to housekeepers. A noteworthy feature of the almanac is a prediction of the weather for every day of the year, by Prof. DeVoe, who correctly prophesied the great Galveston cyclone and other more important meteorological events. We are authorized to say that any woman reader of this paper can secure a copy without cost by sending a request to the Company, at 100 William St., New York.

Not Funny—Pathetic.

"I never lied to my wife in my life," said a man in the crowd this morning, and there was at once a big laugh. "You did not hear me out?" the man continued. "What I intended to say was that I never lied to my wife that I did not get caught at it."

Indian Girls of Beauty.

Gen. Palmer, the commander-in chief of the British forces in India, came to Jey-pore a short time ago. He is making a tour of the northern cities, chiefly for the purpose of inspecting the garrisons. Wherever the commanding general goes he not only receives an official welcome from the British resident and the army, but is also entertained by distinguished native citizens. The Maharajah of Jey-pore arranged in the afternoon an exceedingly novel entertainment for him.

It was a combat of various kinds of wild and domestic animals and birds. There are vast stables attached to the Maharajah's city palace which accommodate more than 100 fine horses. These stables inclose a great arena, at one end of which is a handsome platform constructed mainly of polished marble. The battles of the beasts and birds began at 4 o'clock in the afternoon in the arena in front of the platform.

Gen. Palmer and his party arrived at that hour and occupied the platform facing the arena. All around the great field were gathered thousands of natives gayly dressed in their brightest garments. Then two Indians wearing the olive-colored turbans of the Maharajah's household brought out in front of the spectators cages containing brilliant plumaged birds as large as American quails.

The birds were released and instantly flew at each other and began a fierce contest. This combat lasted only a few minutes and then other attendants brought out the chickens for a cockfight. After that about twenty deer of the species called blackbucks in India were led into the field.

The blackbucks are not so large as the common deer found in the mountains of the New York State, but they are armed with a pair of great antlers twisted like a huge corkscrew. The antlers are usually two feet long on an average deer. Each buck was led by two men who walked on either side of it. Ropes thirty feet long were fastened to the deer's head and in this way the men were able to prevent the animals escaping the crowd of spectators.

The bucks were paired off and soon ten separate battles were hotly raging. Before locking their black antlers the wily antagonists would, as a prizefighter would say, spar for an opening. Then suddenly they would lunge forward in terrible collision. The bucks were full of pluck and fought for ten minutes, when they were pulled apart by the attendants.

After that about a pair of immense rams, with great curling horns, were driven before the stand from opposite sides of the arena. When sixty feet apart, the moment they saw each other, they rushed forward and their iron heads met in such terrific impact that both rams fell backward.

Immediately they backed off in opposite directions, as a college high jumper might do before making his leap, until they were fifty feet apart. When they again shot forward, each at his living target. The ram that ran the swiftest and the farthest would always succeed in throwing back his foe. In these fights it happens some times that a ram's head is split open and he is killed in the first onslaught.

There were three or four ram fights and then a dozen large deer were led out. After them came a score of wild boars, some large and some small. Each boar was securely held with ropes. They surprised all the spectators who had not previously seen such a contest by the comparative tameness of their battle. The biggest boar seemed bent more upon charging the keepers and the crowd than upon fighting their selected antagonists. When fighting they stand upon their rear legs and endeavor to tear each other's throat with their huge tusks.

By far the most spirited battles were those that followed between elk. Ten men handled each of the half dozen big fellows. The points of the elk's horns had been sawed off. They would approach each other very slowly and their heads would almost touch before either would seem to be in earnest. Then like a flash both would drop upon their knees and struggle for an advantageous hold with their strong horns. They fought most viciously and the atten-

dants had the greatest trouble to separate them. Occasionally an elk would make a dash for the crowd, but was always checked.

Two gigantic black buffaloes, sleek and fat, with their mighty horns painted a bright red, then came upon the field. They walked in stately and decorous fashion until they caught sight of each other and then they trotted bellowing for the fray. They fought wickedly for ten minutes and were then dragged apart by a score of men.

The entertainment ended with a lance contest between two natives, who rode a pair of splendid horses belonging to the Maharajah. The extraordinary feature of this bout was that no matter how frequently or quickly their horses were circled about, the points of the combatants lances were always kept pointing towards each other.

The Maharajah of Jey-pore is one of a type of the native Indian rulers. He maintains an immense establishment in the heart of the pink and white city. The palace itself is seven stories high, but is not especially imposing. But the grounds about it comprise many acres of gardens. The Maharajah has five wives and some two hundred concubines. He is a wealthy man.

In his stables are scores of fine Arabian horses, mostly white or grey. Formerly this princely ruler had a great herd of well trained elephants but many of them were killed by a disease not long ago and only a score of them remain.

The Maharajah, like all native men of consequence, has been fond of hunting and has shot many a tiger and leopard. On the floor of the billiard hall in his palace are more than a dozen tiger skins, while couches are covered with the finest leopard skins. The animals, the attendant said were all slain by the Maharajah himself. When asked about tiger hunting, an English sportsman here said: "You can kill a tiger for 500 rupees." He meant that it would cost that sum to engage native hunters, guides and elephants for the chase. The same gentleman said:

"Only Viceroys, Maharajah, princes, and Generals hunt tigers in these days and with elephants. The sport is too expensive. The professional hunter that is, the man who kills tigers to secure their skins for the market has an easier and safer method. Such hunters tie a goat or a dog to a tree in a jungle where tigers are supposed to live. Climb up into the branches above the living bait and wait for the royal game.

"The tiger scents the goat and comes at night to catch him and the hunter, all safe from harm, sees the shining eyes of his unsuspecting victim and shoots him. Oh no, we don't consider this a very high order of sportsmanship, but it is quicker than riding an elephant through a hot jungle in pursuit of the game."

A local newspaper a few days ago told about a tiger that had killed thirty-five human beings near a small town in Central India. The last victim was a man who was working in a field. The tiger crept through the tall grass until quite near and then sprang upon the human prey. After killing the man the tiger ran away. A native hunter secured a gun, went and sat down by the body and waited. At 5 o'clock in the evening the tiger, returning for his victim, was killed.

All hunters here say that the man eaters are always old tigers that are no longer active enough to catch wild animals for food. Hunger drives them toward the settlements, where they find an easy prey in goats, sheep and cattle and also human beings.

The natives' fear of these fierce monsters of the jungle is clearly expressed in an old saying. "A tiger's bite is as bad as eighteen diseases." Tigers still kill hundreds of people in India every year, but the number is small in comparison to that of the victims of snakes. The official reports published by the British government show that for the year ending Dec. 1, 1900, snake bites had caused the death of 24,624 persons in India.

The best physicians say that there is no known antidote for the poison of a cobra is fatal in every case. The natives wear no shoes and are frequently bitten when wading about the swampy fields. There is a standing reward of 10,000 rupees (\$3,338) for the person who shall discover an antidote for the cobra's deadly poison.