

DELIRIOUS RITES.

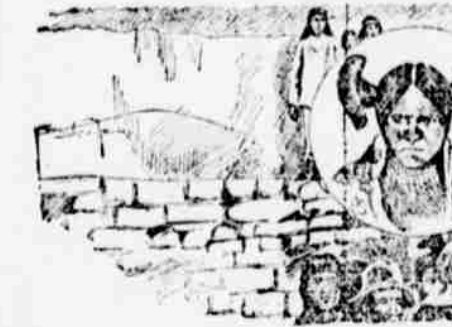
WEIRD ARIZONA SNAKE DANCE FOR PENANCE.

Horrible Rite of the Moki Indians Who Dance with Live Rattlesnakes Dangling from Their Hands and Mouths—Snake Biting Indians.

WAY off in Northern Arizona, in one of the most desolate regions of North America, live the primitive Hopi or Moquis, a most interesting tribe of Indians, who have a religious ceremony that has been handed down unchanged for centuries. This is the "snake dance," which occurs usually at about the last of August, on some one of the three mesas on which their villages are built. In this dance, which is an invocation or propitiation of the rain gods, the performers carry living rattlesnakes in their mouths as they circle about in step with the songs. The Moki is an agricultural people, and Arizona is one of the most arid countries in the world. Naturally, their sacred dances are intended to bring a plentiful supply of rain or moisture upon the crops. The rain gods are always symbolized as serpents. To the Moki the rattlesnake is the God of water. The lightning is the snake's tail in the clouds, and the thunder is his rattle.

The approach of the biennial performance of the rattlesnake dance ceremony and its meaning to the Moki nation is announced on a certain afternoon, some two weeks previous to the dance itself, by the chief priest, Hol-ka-ka, of the tribe, from the round sacred rock in the little plaza at Walpi, where such announcements have no doubt been made every alternate summer season for fully five hundred years. From the time of the official announcement the whole Moki population at Hano and Walpi makes ready for the ceremonies. There are two classes of warriors who take part in the ceremonies. One is known as the antelope men. They are young and middle-aged men, who number sixty, and the others are the nu-mi-pi-kong, the snake priests, who number twenty, and who are selected from the antelope men for their age and experience in tribal wisdom. On the day following the official announcement by the chief priest, the antelope men set out on foot (for there is not a beast of burden within one hundred miles of the Moki nation) across the desert to hunt for rattlesnakes. They go singly and in every direction.

THE SNAKE-BITING INDIANS OF ARIZONA DOING THE RATTLESNAKE DANCE.



Each Indian carries a bag made of animal skins in one hand, and a short brush of gaudy eagle feathers in the other. When a rattlesnake is found the Indian waves his eagle feathers over the coiling and hissing serpent for a few seconds. Then by a sudden and adroit movement, which his ancestors learned long ago, he snatches the venomous reptile immediately back of the head, and thrusts him in the bag before one can barely see the operation. In the course of a week several hundred serpents are caught and the antelope men bring them to Walpi in their bags of skin, and turn the reptiles into a very old receptacle in the sacred stone chamber known as the kiva.

Meanwhile there are a dozen bucks who have traveled on foot across the burning desert sands for miles to the San Miguel Mountains and have brought back bundles of herbs, which are the chief components of a broth-like decoction that the snake dancers drink in preparation for handling the deadly reptiles. The day of the snake dance has come. The old wrinkled broth-squaw—He-ne-mi-gog—who has held this important office for over half a century, sits on the floor of the kiva at a cauldron of steaming and bubbling broth made from the herbs as an anti-venom decoction known only to the Moki Indians. She slowly stirs and stirs the mass. Meanwhile others of the Moki are preparing the scene of the snake dances. The rattlesnakes, usually about two hundred and fifty in number, are sprinkled with cornmeal that has been blessed as sacred meal while a company of squaws chant a weird air. The serpents are in earthen jars. At exactly sunset the antelope men, twenty-nine in number, issue in single file from the estufa (prayer house). They dance and croon, weave their bodies backward and forward in unison one with another and in perfect time to their rude songs and the sound of tom-toms beaten by a company of young squaws. The antelope men are dressed in all finery that savage taste may conceive. They have a huge head arrangement of eagle feathers. They wear a sort of red kilt from the waist to the knees, but otherwise their legs are bare. They have bracelets of shells and silver by the dozen about their wrists and ankles. Their faces are painted a ghastly white set off by jet black painted ears and chins. Indeed, the distinguishing mark of the antelope

men and the snake men among the Moki on their tribal fete days is simply the coloring of their faces. Elaborate mocassins with beaded tassels are on the feet of each of the antelope men.

Frenzied Men and Writhing Snakes. Next following come a half dozen Indian boys, entirely nude except for a breech cloth of red fabric. Each boy bears small earthen bowls of the steaming broth from the cauldron. The antelope men circle past the boys and drain the bowls at a swallow, only to renew their chants and gurgles. Seven times the antelope men circle the little plaza at Walpi, and as they pass the struggling hissing serpents the chief priest, an old man painted hideously in red and white from head to foot, blows upon a cattle horn instrument that produces a sound like distant thunder, followed by a sound similar to those of growling bears and roaring pumas.

Another harsh blast from the horn in the chief priest's hand, and the priests suddenly thrusting in their bare hands and arms draw out two or three writhing and squirming snakes at a time. The serpents are snatched eagerly by each of the antelope men, and the snake dance begins. The antelope men and the priests sing a wild piercing song, and while the tom-toms beat fiercer and faster, each of the antelope men bears three and sometimes six rattlesnakes, while he dances about the plaza. In a moment the little plaza of hard, sunbaked earth becomes a scene of yelling, dancing and hideously painted, half nude savages, while rattlesnakes, that are carelessly let fall, wriggle and squirm across the earth in their efforts to escape. The snake priests keep sharp eyes on the serpents and permit none to get away from the hands of the wild and excited antelope men. The serpents shake their rattles and twist convulsively in the hands and even in the mouths of the antelope men. When they fall to the ground they coil in an instant, and very often strike their fangs deep into the naked

A Star Snake Chewer.



One dancer carries a venomous snake in each hand, and has two more tucked in a belt at his waist, while he holds two squirming and rattling snakes between his teeth. All of the serpents are deadly. A little old Moki Indian, who has evidently participated in many snake dances from his early manhood and means to silence dispute as to his prowess, is practically naked, and is apparently mad with excitement. He carries a very large rattlesnake in his mouth, and lets the tail trail on the ground, while he hops about. The reptile is fully seven feet long, and as large around as a boy's arm. It is of the bull snake species. His fangs are thrust far out towards the face of an Indian, who has at least six serpents dangling from his brown hands and coiled about his wrists. As the performance goes on you see snakes engaged in fierce combat upon the stone surface of the court. When the snakes fight among themselves the Moki spectators regard their actions with superstitious terror. As the Indians hop around in this terpsichorean devilry the maidens and old women throw little handfuls of cornmeal upon them and croon dismally all the while. A feeble old warrior hobbles about on a heavy cane. A snake has bitten him upon the hand, but he hops about unconcernedly as the blood slowly trickles from the wound. Another man's cheek is crimsoned with blood from the sting of a snake, yet on he goes until the signal is given for the repulsive yet fascinating finale.

A priest advances to the side of the dance rock. There he draws a circle with the sacred meal and makes mystic symbols in its center. Then there is a grand rush towards this circle. Every antelope man hurries there with a bunch of snakes, which he throws into the circle. It is a blood-chilling sight—that mass of writhing, hissing snakes. A signal is given by the high priest, and the antelope men and priests rush in among the squirming and maddened serpents, and each man snatches up as many snakes as he can carry, and then runs with his horrid burden to the east and south side of the little mesa, pueblo of Walpi, where the reptiles are liberated with parting shouts to the effect that they shall go home and tell the great rain god serpent how the Moki have done honor to his offspring to intercede for blessings upon the Moki lands and crops.

In a few minutes more the savages come running at full speed back to the kiva or sacred chamber. A dozen women go there, and bowls of the anti-venom broth are served to the perspiring and panting men. Those who have been bitten by the serpents are bathed by the women and their bleeding wounds are anointed with a salve that the Moki make annually made for sev-

eral centuries. Often a Moki Indian may be severely ill for several days following the barbarous rites, but seldom does one die from the effects of the snake poison.

IRVING'S HOME BARREL. A Thoroughfare Used for Nearly 300 Years Now Closed.

The community of Tarrytown are figuratively up in arms. Sunnyside lane has been fenced off. Washington Irving's historic old mansion has been closed to the public. Isn't that enough? The famous old house is midway between Irvington and Tarrytown. There Irving lived and died. There he wrote about Tom O'Shanter and Sleepy Hollow and Rip Van Winkle. There he wrote his life of Mahomet and his vivid descriptions of the Alhambra. And when he died Sunnyside went to two of his nieces, the Misses Irving. None loved Irving more than they. His memory was everything to them, as it was to the village he made famous. Sunnyside was to be kept just as he left it—stuccoed, ivy-grown and romantic. The room he lived in was to be kept just as he left it forever. And the public were to have free access to it all. Sunnyside became a visiting place for hundreds of pilgrims. Some walked off with relics, to be sure, but more flowers grew and more grass came up. The old ladies were getting along in life. Both passed eighty last year and the burden of the historic place became too much for them. So when Mr. Irving, their cousin, offered a good sum they were glad to take it. That was in June last. Mr. Irving started at once to change things. One day Howard Jaffray, whose extensive grounds and fine house reach up the hill above Sunnyside, started to go down to his boat house on the river through old Sunnyside lane made famous by Irving. It wasn't there. The ancient highway, tread by thousands of feet on their way to Irving's house, was barred off, raked up and seeded over with grass to form a part of the new Mr. Irving's lawn.

Worse yet, down at the foot and skirting the railroad track was a high board fence. Sunnyside lane was gone. Tarrytown and Irvington heard it that night. Scores besieged the town authorities. Something must be done to keep that old lane ever open. Next day insult was added to injury. Across the entrance to the lane where the Irving property began was an unsightly three-barred fence, on which was posted this legend: "No Trespassing on These Premises Under Penalty of the Law," and a little farther in, "Beware of the Dog."



Esquires in England. Esquires follow the younger sons of the knights of the various orders and are themselves succeeded by gentlemen entitled to bear arms.

EDUCATIONAL.

Wellesley college, Mass., has registered 722 students. The freshman class numbers 181. The preachers of the Pittsburg conference subscribed, at the last session, \$3,755 to the American university. Prof. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Cornell university, declines the call to the presidency of Rochester university, New York. The Modern Language Association of America holds its annual meeting with Western Reserve university at the Christmas holidays. Prof. T. F. Crane has presented to Cornell university, Ithaca, N. Y., a valuable collection of 230 books relating to the society of France and Italy. Bowdoin college, Brunswick, Me., has entered upon its one hundred and second year with a larger attendance of students than at any time in its history. At a meeting of the regents of the college year, President Angell, of Ann Arbor, in reviewing the work of the past year, said: "If we are really to prepare men and women for conspicuous positions, we must carry them beyond the boundaries of the undergraduate curriculum. Especially is this true of those who are aiming to occupy prominent places as teachers." Mt. Holyoke college, at South Hadley, Mass., the pioneer institution for the higher education of women, received a severe blow Sept. 27, in the burning of the main building, with a probable loss of \$150,000. The building had cost over \$300,000, and could not be replaced to-day for less than \$300,000. Fortunately, none of the 400 students or faculty were injured, there being ample time for their escape with part of their personal effects.

IS A FAIR AMERICAN.

MRS. PAGET, IS A LONDON SOCIETY LEADER.

Her Home One of the Finest in the Town. Fine Jewels, Exquisite Gowns, Liberal Charities, Favorite Sports and Interesting Family.



MRS. ARTHUR PAGET is undoubtedly one of the most brilliant and original leaders of society; her magnificent home in Belgrave square is frequented by all who are celebrated in the world of fashion, literature and art, says the London Madame. She is a great patron of all who are clever; genius especially appeals to her artistic temperament and she delights to surround herself with cultured people. "I like to talk to clever men or women; they are so large minded and view life from such a different standpoint to people who never think for themselves but let their friends form their opinions for them. Narrow mindedness is akin to snobbishness and I have no sympathy for either. Yes, I am a great reader; it is one thing I always manage to find time for. One must refresh one's self with the bright thoughts of great thinkers. Dull books are not my favorites; I like brilliancy and wit. True, the combination is not always to be met with. French literature is more fascinating on this account," she said, as we sat in her luxurious room, in which were all the best editions of celebrated writers, she looking like a beautiful picture, her wondrous eyes responding to her thoughts. Mrs. Paget is the only child of the late Mrs. Paran Stevens, who was remarkable for being the only American who had a salon. It is from her that she inherits her keen sense of humor, splendid vivacity and appreciation of talent. Her conversation sparkles with epigrams; she surprises with her rapid flights from grave to gay; she is always original and at times daring in her outspoken frankness against pretense of any kind. "I am very fond of society and enjoy all the pleasures of life. The opera is one of my most cherished amusements; music I delight in. Oh, yes! I am fond of dancing," she added, gayly, as I referred to the surprise party she and Lord Charles Montagu organized at the duchess of Devonshire's ball. Mrs. Paget's box at the opera is the rendezvous of the elite of London. She holds quite a little court and few can compare with her in looks or dress. Her gowns come from Paris. She is chic, without exaggeration. Her collection of gems is quite unique; her pearls are extremely fine, both as to shape and color. A string three yards long forms three ropes wound around her neck; but she also has three separate ropes of very large pearls. Her jewelry is so renowned that it has on several occasions tempted the cupid of burglars. Once a man was discovered concealed in her bedroom in the middle of the night. Col. Paget went for him, but he escaped over roofs of houses. Her fine suite of reception rooms is admirably suited for entertaining. The furniture is chiefly of Louis XV. and XVI. periods, upholstered in costly brocade. Scattered on beautiful cabinets and tables are rare specimens of china, antique silver and old ivories; and each piece has some historical interest to enhance its value. In one drawing-room the chairs are in tapestry and the decorations are more severe in style, though not less handsome. On an Angelica Kauffmann writing table is a beautiful portrait of the Princess of Wales and the duke and duchess of Connaught are close by it. Among the paintings I noticed a group of sheep by Rosa Bonheur, a Meissonier and a head by Rubens; a large painting of Mrs. Paget, which scarcely Gerome; several by Cuvelhouse, does her justice; an Albanian chief by chiefly domestic scenes; a wonderful painting of the Last Judgment, by Isabey, etc.; caskets in capo di Monti; miniatures. Everything that is choice and dainty is to be found in this luxurious home. Mrs. Paget's bedroom is like the palace of a fairy princess. All the toilet accessories are in beaten gold. The beautifully carved white enameled furniture, upholstered in pale-pink satin, looks too delicate for use. This scheme of coloring is carried out in all the details, the bedspread of white satin being exquisitely embroidered in bouquets and festoons of flowers, pink being the prevailing color. Two rooms have been thrown into one, so that there is ample space for the display of these pretty things. A well-filled workaday-looking writing table attracted my attention, for it was in such serious contrast to the other surroundings. She said: "I do all my hard work here, for I am certain to be undisturbed. There is so much to be thought of. I have a great amount of correspondence to keep up in France and other countries, where I have many friends, and I have my properties in America to manage." Successful as Mrs. Paget is socially, she also excels in her business capacities. She is very practical, as well as very learned; and, having a great share of shrewdness, a person must be very sharp to impose on her. One of her most generous enterprises is the system she has organized for looking after the wives of the non-commissioned officers in her husband's regiment, who marry without permission. These poor women have no accommodation in the barracks, and when the regiment is sent away there is no provision made for them by the military authorities. Mrs. Paget sees that they want for nothing; her large-hearted sympathy

is greatly appreciated, not only by reason of the help she gives, but the way in which she gives it. A liberal supporter of the charities in the land of her adoption, Mrs. Paget does not forget those in the land of her birth, her interest in which is both practical and generous. You want to know my favorite pursuits? Golf and fishing I care most for, but I love all outdoor sports, and have, as you suggest, become a victim to the cycle. You know that I skate and swim and ride, and that is all. I really do not think there is anything left to tell you," she said smilingly.

Her pretty, clever girl promises to be a worthy daughter to her brilliant, gifted mother. The oldest boy is at Eaton; two small boys—twins—complete the family. Col. Paget, who is first cousin of the marquis of Anglesey, is colonel of the first battalion of the Scots guards and has served through six campaigns.

THE USEFUL PEANUT.

Once Phebean, It Is Now Exalted by Dietists and Cooks.

The humble phebean peanut is in a fair way to be wrested from its obscure sphere and to be placed in the front ranks of popular and pleasing eatables. Physicians have declared that the nut is "rich in albumen, containing 50 per cent of it, and that it also contains 20 per cent of fat and non-nitrogenous extractive matters." All kinds of dishes are now being prepared of peanuts, soup being especially recommended. It is made as split pea soup is made, soaking the peanuts over night. Peanut sandwiches are said to be excellent, made by pounding the skinned nuts and spreading thickly on slices of buttered bread. Mayonnaise dressing may be mixed with the nuts or grated cheese. Baked in salted water, roasted and salted, pounded, or grated, the peanut is becoming a staple food.

Bonnets of Glass.

Science is ever adapting materials from the vast laboratories of nature to practical use. We have almost arrived at a rediscovery of malleable glass. At all events, glass is now ranked among our textile fabrics. In Venice a manufacturer is turning out bonnets by the thousand from glass cloth. They have the shimmer and brilliancy of silk and are of nearly any color. They are impervious to water. For a long time in Russia had existed a tissue manufacture from the fiber of a peculiar filamentous stone from Siberia. By some process it is shredded and spun into a fabric, soft to the touch and of exquisite pliability, durable in the extreme. When soiled, as it is indestructible by fire, it is simply subjected to heat sufficient to drive out all the dirt. In the case of the glass silk, however, it will not stand such extreme heat. It may be made clean again by simply brushing with a hard brush and soap and water, when it is none the worse for being either stained or soiled. The material is now to be had in white, green, lilac, pink, and yellow. It bids fair to become fashionable for evening dresses. The new fabric is rather costly. It is also made for use as table-cloths, napkins, and window curtains. It is even claimed that glass is capable of being made into fabric which may be worn next to the skin without the slightest discomfort. An Austrian is the inventor of this new textile.—London Inventor.

When Women Play Whist.

Bacon: "Did you know there were over 753,013,600 different whist hands in a pack of cards?" Egbert: "Yes; my wife tells me about each one every time we play."—Yonkers Statesman.

WELL-TO-DO ACTRESSES.

The following are a few of the women singers and actresses who will settle into a comfortable old age surrounded with every luxury that the sybarite flesh is heir to: Mrs. Langtry owns property in the United States alone that is worth \$500,000. Mme. Materna acquired valuable real estate in London, one of the largest Australian cities. Fanny Davenport has a sufficient real estate in New York vicinity to live in ease and elegance. Lolo Fuller is said to have as "thrifty a mind" as John Gilpin's wife, and to have banked thousands a month. Emma Eames owns fine property in Paris and Mme. Albani has invested the income from her dulcet tones in Canadian real estate. Clara Louise Kellogg's fortune is safely invested in real estate and bonds and she is her own business manager in her financial enterprises. Sarah Bernhardt's bank account never loses its portly outlines, and her pictures and bric-a-brac are so well selected that she could more than get her money back on a sale. Lotta is deemed one of the wealthiest women in the dramatic profession. In spite of her vast income, she lives with her mother in a style that is humble rather than pretentious. Lillian Russell owns several fine houses in New York, besides a good voice, a magnificent collection of jewels and more confidence in herself than any other two women in the United States. Besides the beautiful property which Mme. Calve owns in the provence of France she has at least \$100,000 in stocks and bonds. Calve started out "to get rich" and she has kept faith with herself. The delights of Mme. Patti's castle at Craig-y-nos do not need further exploitation. That she saved money for its purchase, as well as for various other investments in New York, France and England, is well known.

TOO SOLID FLESH.

How It Can Be Reduced Without Any Danger to Health.

A great many women, convinced that flesh is inimical to beauty—is the "deathblow of grace," as an arbitrary critic puts it—injure health in the endeavor to reduce weight. They put themselves to great trouble and inconvenience, swallow all sorts of preventives and remedies in order to get thin, and then stand aghast at the spectacle of their wrinkled, bumpy faces and throats, the result of the falling away of flesh under the elastic skin. As a matter of fact, a number of the notable women of the world, famous not only for their beauty, but for the rare charms of intellect and subtle fascination, women who have helped to make history and been a power in their day, were of distinctly generous proportions.

Cleopatra, whose "infinite variety" of charm and temper could win stern-hearted warriors to forget their ambitions, was small and stout. Maria Antonette was of the plump order, though tall and of fine bearing, and, to come down to the present day, view the widowed Queen Victoria, sovereign of the "United Queenom," the increasing proportions of Queen Margherita of Italy and the generous outlines of Queen Isabella of Spain. It is worthy of note that most of the great interpreters of song are stout, or bordering on that condition, and there have been lights in the literary world decidedly fat, whether tall of stature or the reverse. "George Sand" was fat and small, and likewise Mme. De Staël. Fashion's votaries will doubtless continue to strive after the slenderness which seems so desirable. For those willing to sacrifice the prompting of appetite for the desired aim, an authority recommends that they should regulate their days as follows: A tumblerful of hot water must be taken on waking in the morning. Rise early and have a tepid bath, with vigorous rubbing afterward with a flesh brush. Avoid drinking at meals and only have three meals a day. Take one small cup of tea at breakfast, some dry toast, boiled fish or a small cutlet and baked apple or a little fresh fruit. At dinner, which should be at midday, take white fish or meat, dry toast or stale bread, vegetables and fruit, either fresh or stewed. For supper, toast, salad, fruit and six ounces of wine or water. Hot water with lemon juice in it is good for supper.—Philadelphia Times.

A PRETTY THEATER BAG.

Dainty to Look at and Very Useful to Carry.

A pretty bag intended to be carried to the theater to hold opera-glasses, vinaigrette, handkerchief, purse, and bonbonniere, was a pale green. The bottom was a circle of pale green brocade, about five inches in diameter. The sides, of velvet, measured about 13 inches in depth and about 21 in width. These were pleated on the circles, the two ends joined up, and the top was turned over three inches to form a flit. Below this was a casing, through which was run velvet ribbon one inch in width, to draw up the bag. Decorating the sides and concealing the openings, where the drawing strings came out, were two bows of wider ribbon, and over the velvet point d'esprit lace was arranged, in double box pleats, the upper edge tacked to the velvet flit to keep it an upright position. The bag was lined with pale green China silk, and the Frenchy decoration put on as a finishing touch was a spray of pink silk chrysanthemums.

Your Neighbors at Dinner.

To avoid the embarrassment and discomfort of finding oneself seated next a stranger, with no common interests, at a dinner party, the ingenious French have hit upon a plan of leaving by each diner's plate, instead of a menu card, a list of the company, with hints set down after each name. Thus you are able to learn directly, and without dangerous questioning, that Madame X has been twice divorced, that there is a fierce family quarrel between the A's and the Z's, and that you had better avoid the question of their relation in conversing with either; that no satisfactory explanation has ever been given of how Monsieur L. came by his fortune, etc. Some French commentators think this innovation will take all the spice out of these social adventures.

Sat on Eggs.

Offenders of high rank at the Russian court were punished in a singular way by Peter the Great. It was the duty of everybody else at court to consider and treat the delinquent as a fool. When Anne, the daughter of Peter's elder brother, Ivan, came to the throne she originated an even queerer form of punishment. She decreed that a certain prince should become a hen, and for this purpose she had made a large basket, stuffed with straw, and hollowed into a nest, with a quantity of eggs in it. This was placed in a conspicuous place in the queen's palace, and there under pain of death, the unfortunate prince was obliged to set day after day, imitating the cackling of the fowl he was supposed to represent.

Rainfalls That Never Reach the Earth.

In the Colorado desert they have rainstorms during which not a single drop of water touches the earth. The rain can be seen falling from the clouds high above the desert, but when the water reaches the strata of hot, dry air beneath the clouds it is entirely absorbed before falling half the distance to the ground. It is a singular sight to witness a heavy downpour of rain, not a drop of which touches the ground. These strange rainstorms occur in regions where the shade temperature often ranges as high as 128 degrees Fahrenheit.