

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

DREW OPULENT, THEN FORGOT THE GREAT SPIRIT.

Great Disaster Overtook Them, and the Little Band of Survivors Had to Begin Life Over Again, and Wearily Fled for a Meager Existence.

(Special Letter.) THE Ava-Supi Indians in the extreme northeast part of Arizona territory are by long odds the most interesting savages in the Union, excepting the Zunis, from an ethnological point of view.

The home of the Ava-Supi tribe is between the deep defiles of Cataract canon, a tributary of the Little Colorado river, which has its rise in the Bill Williams mountains. The narrow valley is from 100 to 500 yards wide, with walls of sandstone and granite rising perpendicularly on either side to a sheer height of 2,000 to 4,000 feet. The approach is by a narrow, twisting, tortuous trail, which descends from the broad plateau above, winding in and out beneath the towering walls and precipices. Through the center of the little valley flows a cold, clear stream, fed by the mountain snows of the distant Bill Williams peak. The current is rapid and the power is utilized in a crude way for grinding the grain, which is one of the principal crops of this Arcadian people. At the lower end of the stream the water is diverted into acequias, which carry it to the fertile fields. The Ava-Supis have but one wife at a time, with the exception of the head chief, to whom is granted a special dispensation permitting him to take as many wives as he can secure and support. Future to provide justifies a wife in securing a divorce, which is done in the simplest possible manner, by leaving the lodge of her husband and refusing thereafter to recognize him in any manner. There is a rather interesting tradition which the Ava-Supis tell concerning themselves. In the early days, ages and ages ago, the legend runs, their forefathers dwelt in a great walled city on the mesa above. They were a contented and prosperous people, cultivating vast fields and raising enormous herds of stock. In the course of time, exalted by power and riches, they became aggressive and domineering toward their weaker neighbors. For weeks at a time they would neglect their fields and herds while they raided some near-by tribe. The Great Spirit whom they had always worshiped grew angry at them, and resolved to send some terrible visitation that they might know the strength of his hand. It came at noon, when all the men and women were in the fields. Suddenly out of a clear sky a bright light burst and a great wind, followed by a trembling of the whole earth. The frightened people turned to run for their homes, but before they could reach the walls of the pueblo the ground opened and they were all swallowed up. Then darkness covered the sky and for many hours the shrieks of those who had been left within the city walls were heard above the sound of the falling of their homes. When light came again there was not a sign of habitation left upon all the wide mesa. The whole tribe had been swept away. But where the ground opened it had only partly closed again, leaving two separate mesas upon its sides. The lower was broader than the upper, and, moreover, opened out into the channel of a great stream, but the upper was cut off from the approach either by ascent or from their brethren below.



IN CATARACT CANYON.

low. At the bottom life might be supported on fish and stray fowl, and on the sides of their rocky prison grew bushes and stunted trees which yielded an abundance of berries and pinoles in season. So the little band set about to begin life again. First of all they sought to build a path to their imprisoned brothers on the upper mesa. Their numbers were few, and they had only such rude implements at hand as might be made from the tough young saplings. Each day saw them painfully and slowly advancing upward, but each day told upon the hungry and suffering people in the aerial prison. As the days passed by the workers made feverish haste. Sometimes, when the winds were still, they could hear the cries of anguish and distress floating out upon the still air. Then they would see the glaring eager eyes, as the despairing creatures hung over the precipice and shouted for aid. At times the steady monotone of the workers would be broken by a shriek, and, glancing upward, they would see between them

and the sun the body of some one of their demented kindred, who had hurled himself into the abyss. At last the workers reached the summit, but to their horror not one of their kinsmen was left. Strewed about in all manner of shapes were the remains of their loved ones and friends. Their famine stricken faces would have told the story of their death if it had not already been known. Sadly, and after the barbaric rites of their people, the remains were committed to their final rest and their companions returned to what seemed hopeless lives below. The tradition continues to relate how men from other tribes, generations afterward, found the pathway hewn with so much toil and care and came and settled among the Ava-Supis. Gradually intercourse sprang up with the outside world. From the Moqui villages they obtained seeds of many kinds and grew from year to year into semi-civilized pursuits. All traditions have more or less foundation, though sometimes, and, indeed, often, it is very meager. It is possible that the narrow defile which is now the happy home of the Ava-Supis was the result of one of those fearful earthquakes which in times past were not at all uncommon in these latitudes. The mesa above is covered for miles around with debris and volcanic deposit, indicating a mighty earth disturbance at some time.

THE GREAT EAGLE-OWL.

Far and Away the Largest and Noblest of Its Kind. Eagle-owls are far and away the largest and noblest of the owl kind. Their soft, fluffy feathers, which add to their apparent size and give them their noiseless flight, are mottled brown and barred with a clean, creamy white; their large, round eyes showing a magnificent orange iris, would give the birds a solemn look were it not for the jaunty, coquetish horns that rise from the crown of the head. They were



THE GREAT EAGLE-OWL.

once abundant in Europe, but their insatiable poaching proclivities made the gamekeeper such an inveterate foe that in many places they are now extinct. Capercaillie, grouse, partridges, rabbits, and hares came equally welcome to their clutches. They still thrive in the wooded and mountainous regions of Norway and Sweden, where their wiled, gruff hoot, "Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!" scares the night traveler and gives rise to many a hunting myth. Owls have always been regarded as birds of bad omen, except among the Red Indians of this country—a reputation owing, probably, to their being birds of darkness.

The Massacre of Scio.

The worst massacre of recent times took place on the island of Scio on April 22, 1822. When the Greek war of independence broke out in 1822 the Turks, to secure the obedience of Scio, sent a strong garrison into the island, and seized ninety-five of the principal Greek merchants as hostages. At the end of March a body of Salmians landed in Scio, and supported by the peasantry, drove the Turkish garrison into the castle, but on the 11th of April the Captain Pasha arrived with 9,000 troops, and the insurrection collapsed. Then commenced the most horrible massacre recorded in modern history. The island was given up to the tender mercies of the Turkish soldiery, and its inhabitants were practically exterminated, the men and boys were slaughtered on the spot, and the women sent into slavery. Early in May the Greek hostages were hanged in spite of the vigorous protests of the British ambassador at Stamboul, and at the same time 800 prisoners, who had been detained in the castle, were strangled. When the Turkish troops had finished their fiendish work only 900 of the original 40,000 or 50,000 inhabitants of Scio were left in the island, from which almost every trace of civilization had been effaced.

A Piano Sounded by Electricity.

A piano on an entirely new principle is announced from Germany. The strings are stretched across the sounding board as in the ordinary piano but the entire hammer mechanism is absent. Instead, the depressing of the key puts in action a magnet which automatically attracts and releases the wire, thus producing vibrations without the metallic stroke which accompanies the sound in the common type. The resulting effect upon the tones is said to be very remarkable. The high notes resemble those of an aeolian harp. The middle and lower notes are like a cello or an organ. It responds readily to every variation in power and expression. A note can be sounded for several minutes without varying in quality. So radically different from all existing instruments are the effects that a new style of music is needed to bring out its capabilities.—George B. Waldron in The Illustrated American.

A speck of gold weighing the millionth part of a grain can be easily seen by the naked eye.

THIS AIR SHIP FLIES.

ASCENDS AND THEN OBEYS ITS PROPELLER.

Professor Flew 12 Miles. Despite Winds and Currents Prof. Barnard Never Lost Control of the Machine That Has Solved Problem of Aerial Navigation.



THE actual flight of the real air ship, invented, constructed and propelled by Prof. Arthur Wallace Barnard of Nashville, Tenn., is the topic of the day. The successful voyage in midair taken a few days ago by the daring young aeronaut has developed into a bigger sensation than even the directors of the Centennial exposition had expected. Prof. Barnard, who is the physical director of the Y. M. C. A. of Nashville, took his flight from the grounds of the Exposition. He alighted in a grove twelve miles away, breaking a spar of his ship in the process, but while in the air circled round and round, and declares that he demonstrated beyond a doubt that his machine is a success—that under normal conditions its progress can be regulated and controlled by its operator. The air ship is now in a house on the Exposition grounds. It is carefully guarded, and nobody is allowed to go near it except Prof. Barnard, and he is repairing the damage done when he alighted, preparatory to a second and more ambitious flight, probably next Monday if conditions are favorable. The inventor experienced no little trouble in getting the ship ready for the trip. After the machine had been taken out of the house, which stands on a little hill west of the Exposition grounds, into the open air, the balloon connected with it was charged with hydrogen gas. When this work had been finished Prof. Barnard seated himself on the bicycle part of the ship, placed his feet on the pedals and his hands on the bars and informed the attendants that he was ready to take his departure. Those in charge of the "opes let them out a little at a time, and

They saw Prof. Barnard turn the machine in various directions, as he had told the people who were present when he left the grounds he would do. There was a good wind from the east at this time, but the navigator of the ship seemed to be able to do what he pleased with the machine. As stated by Prof. Barnard, the ship attained a great height and sailed on until it was landed at a point twelve miles from town. During almost the entire journey Prof. Barnard was busy propelling the machine. Stopping while in a calm to ascertain how the ship would work without his aid, he found that it was about to drift into a current, and he was obliged to resume propelling in order to get out of it. The ship has an air chamber shaped like a cigar and 46 feet long by 18 feet in diameter. It is made of silk and cotton and filled with hydrogen gas. This chamber is confined in a network of small rope which holds the metallic framework and aeroplanes underneath. The seat is made on the order of a bicycle frame, and from this the operator controls the wings or aeroplanes, on either side. The two propellers, or screws, extend in front of the operator, acting on the principle of an auger. In guiding the air ship the operator moves the screw from right to left in the direction he wishes to go and ascends or descends by raising or lowering the side wings. Prof. Barnard does not claim all the credit for his invention, as he is using, by permission, several features employed by other experimenters in aeronautics. The aeroplanes are frames of a light wood and covered with a cotton fabric. The other frame work is of metal and the parts were made in Nashville, New York and Connecticut and shipped to Nashville, where they were put together by Prof. Barnard. The greater part of the air ship he made himself without any assistance and during his spare time. Prof. Barnard drew the plans of the present ship about ten years ago, and they have been changed only in a few respects, the alterations being in the supports and mechanism.

Prof. A. W. Barnard was born in Massachusetts in 1865. He attended the common schools then the military academy at Albany, N. Y. He has a good record as an amateur athlete. His first formal engagement in Y. M. C. A. work was at Tonawanda, N. Y., as physical director. For two years he was physical director and general sec-

A NEW MAJOR GENERAL.



Brigadier-General Zenas R. Bliss, who has been promoted by President McKinley to a major-generalship, is one of the most popular officers of the army. He has been a soldier from his earliest boyhood. He entered West Point academy in 1850 and came out of it four years later a second lieutenant. His first assignment was with the Sixteenth Infantry. He saw some army post life in Texas, and in 1861 joined the command of Colonel Reeve near San Antonio. His first year in the war was spent as a prisoner. Colonel Reeve's men were overcome by a superior force of rebels. Released in 1862, he was made a colonel of the Tenth Rhode Island Volunteers and later a colonel of the Seventh Volun-

teers of the same state. He served with that regiment until the close of the war. He was recommended for a brigadier-generalship, but the promotion was refused because he had been present at Colonel Reeve's surrender. Of course no one held him responsible for that action on account of his lowly position in the command. He saw service in Kentucky and Tennessee. He was brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of the Wilderness. Since the close of the war he has been advanced regularly. No officer in the army is more familiar with the southeastern frontier than he. His last command as colonel was that of the Twenty-fourth Infantry.

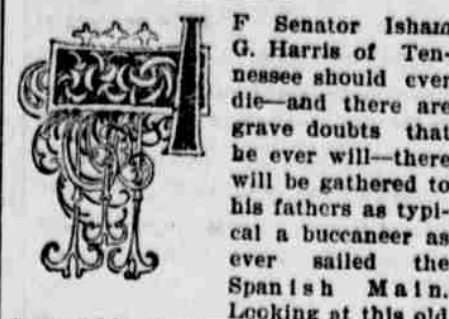


retary for the Auburn, N. Y., association. He went to Pawtucket, R. I., in 1891, and later to Nashville, Tenn.

AN ANTIQUE SENATOR

HARRIS, CURIO OF THE MIL-LIONAIRE CLUB.

Over Eighty. Still Gay—Bulldozer, Fervent, Silver-tongued, Democrat, Looks Like a Buccaneer, but is Honest as the Day.



F Senator Isham G. Harris of Tennessee should ever die—and there are grave doubts that he ever will—there will be gathered to his fathers as typical a buccaneer as ever sailed the Spanish Main. Looking at this old man, with his heavy figure, beetling brows and ferocious mustache, observing his constant pugnacity of manner, and listening to the free, raucous voice of him, it is easy to picture him upon the forward deck of some black long-lying schooner, while the half-gale hums in the booming canvas and the skull and crossbones whip over his head. No one knows how old he is. For many a year he has refused to state his age to the compilers of the Congressional Directory—that remarkable work wherein congressmen write their own biographies and say warmly praiseworthy things of themselves. No doubt some member of his family knows, but the secret is carefully guarded. He has seen, however, more than eighty summers and a corresponding number of winters. He is unique. His eye still gleams kindly for a pretty woman. He still preserves and uses the most wonderful swear-word vocabulary east of the Rocky Mountains. He is still game for a twenty-four-hour sitting when it takes jacks or better to "open" and the limit is the ceiling. He still contends that the pharmacopoeia holds no medicine like eight-year-old Bourbon, and gives daily proof of his belief in its virtues. His long, long term in the legislative service of his country has taught him one thing: He does not make speeches. He has no time to give to set orations. Occasionally he has his secretary write one and prints it in the Congressional Record, but he does not waste his voice on it. He saves that organ for harassing and browbeating his opponents. His influence—which is great—is reserved for work in the committee rooms. He knows the inner ways of legislation thoroughly. His mark is upon many of our statutes with which his name was never publicly connected. He is an acute manager of debates, and his advice is always listened to and frequently taken by his party associates. Many times, when the fate of a motion is in doubt, he will take the floor and attempt to carry it or defeat it by aggressiveness. "Bulldozing" is the common name for it. He is ingrainedly honest. His word is as good as his bond. He is not popular even in his own state, but he is respected and largely feared. Free coinage of silver is his shibboleth. He has been a steadfast champion of the white metal since it got into difficulties more than twenty years ago.

For his honesty: When the Federals got possession of Tennessee, Harris, who was governor, disappeared with \$60,000 belonging to the state. Parson Brownlow put a price on his head. More than a year after the war ended Harris walked into Brownlow's office. The "Parson," who was near to death's door, was stretched on a sofa. "Hello, Harris," said Brownlow. "Hello, Brownlow," said Harris. "Where's that \$60,000?" said Brownlow. "Here it is," said Harris, laying the money in bills on the table. "I was determined that you d—d Yankees shouldn't get it." "All right," said Brownlow, and turning his face to the wall went to sleep. Harris had carried the sum on his person for a long time and then had taken it with him to the City of Mexico. Not a cent was missing. More than once he had lacked food, but the state's funds were sacred. Joe Shelby of Missouri came to Washington in 1893 to press his claims to the United States marshalship of the western district of his state. The two men had not met since 1866, when they were members of the "Carliotta" colony near the City of Mexico. Shelby ran across Harris in the "marble room" of the capitol and spoke to him effusively. "D—n you, sub, I didn't know you," growled Harris. "Why, I'm Shelby—Joe Shelby." "Ah, how do you, Shelby," he responded without enthusiasm. They talked awhile of old times and the Missourian went away. "D—n that Shelby," old Harris said, as the tall form of the soldier disappeared through the door. "I don't see where he got the impudence to speak to me at all. Me an' Pap Price an' Governor Allen of Louisiana were down at Carliotta when that rebel chicken stealer came along. We had fixed up a little distillery an' I had made fo' bottles of the finest liquor, sub, you evah tasted. This Shelby drank one bottle of it the first day. Next mornin' we had to ride ova' the plantations. We let him at the house an' he drank two mo' bottles of it, sub."

RESOURCEFUL AT LUNCHEONS.

The Culinary Triumphs of One New York Woman.

There is an excellent lady uptown in whose family boards a young man in whose domestic tastes and unassailable appetite, says the New York Mail and Express. She puts up a lunch for him every day, and he carries it with him to his business. In so far this story does not differ in anywise from the experience of thousands of other young men who board in excellent families and carry their lunches. But this young man claims that for an infinite variety of luncheons that custom cannot stale his landlady has the call. Now, a luncheon, in the parlance of the life of him who boards, is a sandwich, or several of them. It takes considerable art to conceal the fact that he is eating something that he had yesterday and expects to get again tomorrow. To vary the ration taxes all the resources of the commissary of subsistence, but it can be done. The young man in question has kept a journal or commonplace book, in which he jots down, among other things, what he had to eat each day. From these items he has made a partial list of sandwiches, including those which had the following ingredients: Fig paste, fried egg, grape butter, roast goose, honey, Hoboken rabbit, gooseberry, chicken, jelly, roast beef, lemoa marmalade, wstenerwurst, sugar, ham, tongue, turkey, sausage, deviled ham and caviare. It is always a moment of suspense with him when he sits down before his lunch, for he knows not what pleasant surprise it may have in store for him. Just now he is taking a course of preserved ginger sandwiches with the best of results. The daily meal has its entrees of pie, pudding or fruit, but it is the composition of the material lying between the two lids of the sandwich that most concerns him who discusses it.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

A Foreigner's Opinion of Our Strikes and Prize-Fights.

Col. George R. Waring, Jr., New York's street cleaning commissioner, contributes to the Century an article describing his experience while "Bicycling Through the Dolomites." Col. Waring says: "The driver of our carriage had been in the United States for three or four years. He was vastly taken with the machine, and especially with the smooth working of the 'health-pull,' which he watched as it stretched and closed up in response to changes of grade or of speed or of surreptitious back pedaling. He was glad to talk of his American experiences, which had led him to this opinion: 'Melican people got no sense; work hard, make a lot of money, drink whiskey, fighten, strikes, lose it all—got no sense.' He had worked for good wages and had twice accumulated a good sum—once as much as \$500—and had then seen it all swept away by strikes ordered by walking delegates and the whole communities reduced to the verge of starvation. His verdict was: 'Melican workin' men is fools.' When he had again accumulated a little money he came back to Cortina with 500 gulden, got married and bought a carriage and a pair of horses, with which he learns a living income by carrying summer tourists over the road between Cortina and Toblach or Belluno and by hauling wood in winter. He has no thought of going again to a country whose people 'got no sense.' He was most impressed with the stupidity of boxing. He saw the fight in New Orleans between Corbett and Sullivan, which was to him the most conclusive evidence of our lack of sense. Wrestling he thought a manly exercise; and he was fond of it and an adept at it; but hammering with the fists was 'fool work.'

The Wonderful Career of the Great Trotter Dexter.

Mr. Jonas Hawkins, of Orange County, obtained from a strolling gypsy band a brown mare, 15.2 hands, with four white feet. He used her for a family nag, and by Seely's American Star got a black filly, foaled in 1848, which was named Clara. The filly became the property of his son, Jonathan Hawkins, and she grew into a mare of 14.3 hands. She had a star, snip and three white feet, and was driven pretty hard on the country roads by her young master. In 1857, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, she had the paragon, Dexter. The brown gelding, with blaze and four white feet, was purchased by Mr. George B. Alley for \$400, and he subsequently became the property of Mr. A. F. Fawcett, Dexter, under the tutelage of Miram Woodruff, made his first public appearance at Fashion Course, May 4, 1864. He met and defeated, during his short but brilliant turf career, such horses as General Butler, George M. Patchen, Jr., Lady Thorne and Goldsmith Maid, and he probably was in the enjoyment of more world-wide fame than any horse foaled on American soil. He brought Bud Doble into public notice, and the sight of the white-faced gelding coming with tremendous force down the homestretch inspired the loftiest dreams. The people swung their hats and shouted: "Hurrah for Dexter! Long live the horse of the century!"

RENEED HAS GIVEN UP THE WHEEL.

Speaker Reed has abandoned the use of the bicycle while in Washington. He would like to ride his wheel, for he enjoys the exercise. And it is the marvel of all who wheeled over the matchless roads of the national capital that he refrains. He does so, however, on the ground of the attention he would attract astride of his pneumatic steed and his natural modesty.—Washington Dispatch to Chicago Chronicle