

AMERICAN SUN WORSHIPERS

Curious Pagan Thanksgiving Day Among the Pueblo Indians.

WITH A SUN DANCE AND A SACRED RACE

Friends of the Sun as Comedians—An Isolated Corner of New Mexico Where Sixteenth Century Life Still Prevails.

If any globe trotter with a hostile contempt for the new and the commonplace in America is pining for curious antiquities and a broad new sensation, he can be accommodated without sailing angry seas or running the gauntlet of hungry hordes of foreigners.

When Mark Twain wrote the story of a modern Yankee at the court of King Arthur his ingenuity and the fancifulness of the idea were thought quite worthy the inventive powers of a genius, but Mark's romance is not in it, to use a street phrase, with the realities of life in the southwestern territory.

Nominally Christians, Really Pagans.

When those Spanish conquistadors were lured by fabulous tales of the golden wealth of the seven cities of Cibola they came with a sword in one hand and the cross in the other.

And why not? The red men already had gods enough of their own. There was the Sun Father, who each day drove away the demon of darkness, who every year fought and defeated the evil spirit that sent winter, and did not bless his children when good with beautiful harvests.

But those old fighting dons were quite as pious as the friars, if we are to believe their own statements, and so they religiously slaughtered the weak aborigines until the remnants were induced through these ministrations and the grace of a loving God to go through the forms of being Christianized.

Nominally the Pueblos are Catholics, but their Christianity is scarcely skin deep, and many a priest, if you can catch him in the mood, will frankly admit it. These Indians are sun worshipers and their ancient rites and ceremonies. Many of these are performed secretly in the chambers known as estufas, which are guarded from intrusion at such times.

Going to the Sun Festival.

One of the best places for studying the interesting customs of this ancient and wonderful people is at Taos, N. M., a town located in a little, out-of-the-way valley, hidden among the Rocky mountains in northern New Mexico. A short time ago it was seventy-five miles from a railway, and was accessible by tedious trails through winding canyons and over rugged mountains.

Just beyond is a creek disused under the name of the Rio Grande. Farther down country it so far forgets itself as to get lost in the sands, but up here it braves a bold, over a bottom paved with blocks of black basalt, and it flows on as everlastingly as the eternal hills whose rains and snows feed it.

New Mexico Impressions.

At the door of the postoffice stands a light platform wagon attached to two of those diminutive bronco horses whose names are so many surprises. That is the stage of Ramon Griego & Co. Curiously enough, the firm with the imposing name is composed of Mexican boys, brothers and cousins, who have star route into the mountains, gathering and delivering mail pouches at a number of little settlements.

The first turn of the road around a jutting rock hides the railroad from view, and he has plunged 100 years into antiquity. At two or three points the canyon widens out enough to permit a few acres of river bottom, and here several Mexican families manage to keep their patch of corn together in some mysterious manner that betrays a north-south understanding. One of these patches is watered by a community irrigating ditch which wanders along the base of the cliff. It is a desultory sort of way for three miles. It is a crude affair, but twenty weary years were needed to construct it, and the men who did it were not without their life from it would make an insignificant farm in one of the prairie states.

The men from the two big community buildings in separate groups, shoulder by shoulder, and in an open space, begin to dance. They are dressed in their best, and their black rawhide drum as big as a barrel, and their feet are busy with a curious and ponderous drumstick.

of a tenderfoot accustomed only to the pop guns carried in the east. Ever and anon the swarthy young fellow turns his bright, black eyes on the passenger in the rear seat, and his lips begin to quiver as he brings the revolver within ready reach of his right hand, and if the traveler has taken much stock in the conventional greater of the stage his pastime is altogether too frequent and suggestive for the comfort of his thinking apparatus. As a matter of fact the boy is only concerned for the safety of his mail, and his doubtless has his suspicions of some of the innocent actions of his passengers.

Clean and store cigarettes he will accept with a soft graces (thanks), and when these give out he will fold bits of brown paper or corn husks for cigarettes of his own manufacture, but all this he tempts into a talkative mood. The solitude of the hills and the messes has fallen on him.

By all the traditions of the north a Mexican family should swear as volubly and as picturesquely as a trooper or a pirate (assuming that that overworked simile has some meaning left in it), but this proverbial family does nothing of the sort. He whistles to his steeds with a little chirp that would make a catbird think it was in the neighborhood, and every whistle is timed with a swish of the whip, which flirts a fleck of dust from one of the horses. Not a blasphemous word is heard in all that forty miles, but a careful calculation indicates that the horses have switched 1,500 times without gaining a foot on their normal speed.

After monotonous leagues up the narrow canyon of the Rio Grande and weary miles across great mesas in the Rockies the wanderer arrives at Taos at 9 o'clock at night. When he wakes up in the morning he is in a new world and beholds the aboriginal life of the sixteenth century. He finds the natives are Indians, though somewhat smaller than those of the north. The strongest and strangest impression is made by their houses, two great community buildings. At a distance they look like pyramids, and nearer by they are seen to be terraced. There are no doors and the entrances are through the tops of the terraces, which are reached by ladders. These strange buildings are built of mud, one of them six and the other four stories high, and in their mysterious depths live the people.

Fortunate is the stranger who is present on San Geronimo (Saint Jerome) day, for then he may witness the sun festival, the great event of all the year at the Pueblo of Taos. He will see the public ceremonies in the sun worship of these people, and he will be forcibly impressed with the fact that the sun is the center of their religion, and that the sun is the center of their life. The Christian says thanks and sings praises to an unseen Father. The pagan sings and dances and offers thanks to the sun, who smiles benignly upon his children from his seat in the heavens, because the sun is the Father of all spirits and gives light and warmth, and because without his favor vegetation would die and his people suffer. The Christian relieves the solemnity of his festival by eating a big dinner. The pagan eats a big dinner for the amusement of the entire community. When you compare to compare them, the heathen and the civilized thanksgiving days are not so very far apart.

Christian Preliminaries.

As already explained, Catholicism has a nominal hold on the Pueblos. We see one evidence of this in the naming of the annual festival after the Catholic saint. The shrewd padres have aimed to gratify christianity on the pagan stock. On the morning of San Geronimo day mass is said in the little whitewashed adobe chapel, but it is noticeable that almost all of the attendants are Mexican women, who have come in from the surrounding country.

Outside the door stands a poor idiot, an object of reverential respect among Indians, and suspended from his neck is a battered boy's drum, a proud possession. When the priest arrives the idiot beats the drum and the Pueblo salute, bending low over the father's hand and gently breathing upon it. At frequent intervals during the service the drums away lustily at his old drum and he awakes an echo from the roof of the building, where another Indian hammers out a discord by striking the bell with a stick.

Meanwhile the Pueblos for whose benefit this mass is said are busy elsewhere with preparations for the religious ceremony which follows. The men are not permitted to enter the estufa, and the women are not permitted to enter the estufa, and the women are not permitted to enter the estufa.

Dressing for Sun Worship.

By 10 o'clock the male Pueblos are seen emerging from holes in the ground, the openings of their subterranean council chambers, and the children, decked out in their brightest Sunday best, in robes and displaying sheepskin leggings as white as paper, look to the terraces of their pyramid homes to witness the ceremony. The men went through mysterious incantations in their underground estufas, took off their ordinary clothing and arrayed themselves in their best, and then they came to the terrace to witness the ceremony.

A striking feature of the decoration of the watered by a community irrigating ditch which wanders along the base of the cliff. It is a desultory sort of way for three miles. It is a crude affair, but twenty weary years were needed to construct it, and the men who did it were not without their life from it would make an insignificant farm in one of the prairie states.

The men from the two big community buildings in separate groups, shoulder by shoulder, and in an open space, begin to dance. They are dressed in their best, and their black rawhide drum as big as a barrel, and their feet are busy with a curious and ponderous drumstick.

the same time the dancers move along side-by-side, one group to the right and the other to the left, as in time bring the two lines face to face. As they dance they sing a Pueblo anthem.

To the uninitiated it sounds like a meaningless repetition of such simple syllables as hi-yo-ta-hu, but it is in fact a song of praise and glorifying to the Sun Father and a supplication for the continuance of His favor. It is not the hoarse and discordant yelling of the northern Indian, but rises and falls in rhythmic cadences and with an exactness as to time that is surprising. There are no cruel tortures or wild orgies in the sun worship of these enlightened "savages," and when this mannered significance of their actions he will observe much of natural beauty in the sentiments which inspire them.

Each of the big buildings at Taos is represented by an equal number of runners, usually about sixty. After short speeches by the governor and the judges, these parties are so divided and stationed that each building will have one runner at each end of the track and the rest at the opposite end.

The Religious Race.

This race is a bit peculiar. Two men, one from each building, start from the saint's tower at the signal, run to the other end and stop. As they reach the other end they are marked by a bush lying on the ground, two runners in the lower group, who have been swaying and straining in impotent nervousness, take up the race, and the race is on. When one side gets a considerable lead the other the latter calls on its fastest runners, and it sometimes occurs that one man is put in repeatedly to regain lost ground.

The contestants at each end stand in a row watching the track. In the middle are the two runners who are to take up the race next, and behind each stands one of the old men of the tribe with a long staff. The ancient one touches the calves of the young man repeatedly with this pinon and mutters a charm praying the Father to give the runner the help of that superior deity. At the ankles and wrists of the young men are bound feathers from the wing of the eagle to give the wearer some of the powers of flight possessed by the bird. He also sees that the pagans of the new world draw inspirations from nature just as the pagans of the old world drew theirs from their evolved Mercury and his wings.

The simplicity of this people has a striking example in the race. Runners often take up the race with the color of their hair, and in the case of the latter, the color of their hair, and in the case of the latter, the color of their hair.

Sun Priests as Mirth Makers.

This ends the morning exercises, and the afternoon is given to the religious exercises, which offer a pantomimic performance that affords the natives great amusement. The chief-funetes fill the dual role of merry makers and priests, and the boys of the village on the growing season it is their duty to propitiate the Father with supplications and incantations, and at the great harvest festival they entertain the people with their antics, for the Pueblos think it their duty to make merry, to give their God visible evidence of their joyous appreciation of his goodness.

These pagan priests are also named except for a broomstick. Their bodies are circled in black and white stripes, and their faces are marked in similar circles, which have the nose for their common center. Braided in the hair above the ears are bunches of feathers, and the boys of the village carry on a jabbering conversation like the minstrel men of the stage and strike the bell with a stick.

All this is very rude comedy, but the man who said the Indian never laughed ought to see him at this pantomime, which is as intelligent as the most of our "artistic" When the merry-makers get off particularly good hits the women on the terraces shower them with cakes.

Great Event for All Classes.

San Geronimo day is a great event for Americans and Mexicans alike in northern New Mexico and southern Colorado as well as the Pueblos. It is like a popular circus in the north and the cowboys and miners and farmers for miles around. The number of delegates of Apaches and Utes come 300 miles, pitch their tents a mile away and trade with the visitors, selling their best and their best and their best.

When pain and anguish weigh the brow A ministering angel thou"—Bromo-Seltzer.

They were sleighriding and the circumstances led her to inquire: "George, what makes you look at your watch so often?" "Susie," he answered, "do you remember the time we went sleighriding and had to walk seven miles back home through a thaw?" "Yes," she replied. "Well, Susie, this isn't any watch. It's a thermometer."

BLACK HILLS INDIAN SCARE

How a Tenderfoot Farmer Stamped Waits Settlers in Terror.

MISUNDERSTOOD INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE

Thought it a Warning of Impending Massacre—An Unfold Story of Dakota Life—Humorous and Pathetic Incidents.

When the cowboys attached to the Humphrey & Stenger outfit, which has the beef contract for the Pine Ridge Indian agency, celebrated Ground Hog day by going over to one of the towns bordering on the reservation, and after accumulating jags of the typical cowboy kind, returning home, and in the excess of their bibulous exuberance undertaking to induce the dignified Two Sticks to go to a ghost dance while the cheerful crack of the revolver did service in lieu of an orchestra, they were making history, but they didn't know it. So far as their immediate existence was concerned, they were having a good time, and that was their main object. But Two Sticks, dressed in his Indian name, and wearing a half of his sun and friends, and who was the frontier whiskey which once induced Colonel Coley ("Buffalo Bill") to steal his own saddle, they opened fire on the festive cowboys with such deadly effect that they were all killed. Then Two Sticks was making history. On the next day, when Captain Brown, in charge of the Pine Ridge agency, sent Sergeant Joe Bush and a squad of twenty Indian police after Two Sticks and his little band of avengers, some more history was made. Two of the sons were killed, and were also two others of the party, and Two Sticks was badly wounded. The official announcement from the agency that Two Sticks was dead, closed the interesting chapter of borderland annals. Others of like import will be added in time.

But the affair brought up memories of one of the most humorous episodes in the various Indian stampedes that are chronicled in the unwritten history of the Black Hills country. It was not without its tragic side, though, as the Indian told Ward of his comrade, the one sad incident connected with it is all but overshadowed in the general fun that has been poked at the Hat Creek stampede of the old world.

One morning in June, 1888, a new settler, a tenderfoot farmer, Hempstead by name, was cheerfully plowing the little patch of land he had bought on the reservation. His plow was in the furrow, and he was in the act of turning it, when he saw a man on horseback, who he took to be an Indian, who was one of the big men in the Wounded Knee lodge of the Farmers Alliance, and therefore something of a name. The man was not well up in the work of the order as exemplified on the reservation, and when the Indian gave the grand hallooing sign, the pale face interpreted it to mean some sort of threat and governed himself accordingly.

The more the Indian undertook in the sign language of the plains to tell his white neighbor that he was a member of the Farmers Alliance, and what sort of corn did the best, with an occasional side remark about the prevailing low prices and the inordinate prices of the crops, the more the white man was friendly after all, and his errand was friendly after all, and his errand was friendly after all.

That settled it. When the Indian rode along, unconscious of the havoc he had sown, he was in the act of turning it, when he saw a man on horseback, who he took to be an Indian, who was one of the big men in the Wounded Knee lodge of the Farmers Alliance, and therefore something of a name.

That settled it. When the Indian rode along, unconscious of the havoc he had sown, he was in the act of turning it, when he saw a man on horseback, who he took to be an Indian, who was one of the big men in the Wounded Knee lodge of the Farmers Alliance, and therefore something of a name.

That settled it. When the Indian rode along, unconscious of the havoc he had sown, he was in the act of turning it, when he saw a man on horseback, who he took to be an Indian, who was one of the big men in the Wounded Knee lodge of the Farmers Alliance, and therefore something of a name.

That settled it. When the Indian rode along, unconscious of the havoc he had sown, he was in the act of turning it, when he saw a man on horseback, who he took to be an Indian, who was one of the big men in the Wounded Knee lodge of the Farmers Alliance, and therefore something of a name.

That settled it. When the Indian rode along, unconscious of the havoc he had sown, he was in the act of turning it, when he saw a man on horseback, who he took to be an Indian, who was one of the big men in the Wounded Knee lodge of the Farmers Alliance, and therefore something of a name.

That settled it. When the Indian rode along, unconscious of the havoc he had sown, he was in the act of turning it, when he saw a man on horseback, who he took to be an Indian, who was one of the big men in the Wounded Knee lodge of the Farmers Alliance, and therefore something of a name.

That settled it. When the Indian rode along, unconscious of the havoc he had sown, he was in the act of turning it, when he saw a man on horseback, who he took to be an Indian, who was one of the big men in the Wounded Knee lodge of the Farmers Alliance, and therefore something of a name.

ULCERS SCROFULA RHEUMATISM BLOOD POISON

And every kindred disease arising from impure blood, such as itching, scaling, and blot of all medicines.

TRADE MARK

Book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Short Lived Shams

Are those ignorant pretenders who, without any qualifications, any ability, any experience, any skill, claim to possess the power to cure all the ills of the human race. But their want of worth soon becomes apparent to their would-be dupes, and these conscienceless quacks are soon consigned to the oblivion they so richly merit.

In strange and strong contrast with these miserable boasters is the quiet, dignified yet courteous demeanor of those noted leaders of their profession, who, during the past 27 years, have abundantly demonstrated their ability to effect speedy, perfect and permanent cures in all the worst forms of those delicate sexual maladies embraced within the general terms of

NERVOUS, CHRONIC AND PRIVATE DISEASES.

Send 2 cents for their illustrated new book of 120 pages, "Know Thyself." Consultation free. Call upon or address, with stamp,

Dr. Betts & Betts, 119 S. 14th Street, OMAHA, - NEB.

Complete Manhood AND HOW TO ATTAIN IT.

Dr. R. W. Bailey, Teeth Filled With Gold, Teeth Extracted Without Pain or Danger.

Dr. R. W. Bailey, Teeth Filled With Gold, Teeth Extracted Without Pain or Danger.

Dr. R. W. Bailey, Teeth Filled With Gold, Teeth Extracted Without Pain or Danger.

Dr. R. W. Bailey, Teeth Filled With Gold, Teeth Extracted Without Pain or Danger.

Dr. R. W. Bailey, Teeth Filled With Gold, Teeth Extracted Without Pain or Danger.

Dr. R. W. Bailey, Teeth Filled With Gold, Teeth Extracted Without Pain or Danger.

We're Selling Out, too!

Yes, we are, we're selling out. That is, we're selling out our winter goods, including all our winter overcoats and winter suits at prices far below the regular winter price.

We're selling out these winter goods at these prices because the season is now late and we'd rather sacrifice a bit on them than to carry any over. We quote no prices here, but rest assured you won't find as good bargains in Omaha as at the

Columbia Clothing Company, 13th and Farnam Streets.

The Mercer, Omaha's Newest Hotel. COR. 12TH AND HOWARD STS.

Murray Hotel. The only hotel in the city with hot and cold water, and steam heat in every room.

G. M. Nattinger, Room 11, Chamber of Commerce, Omaha.

Delay is Dangerous. DO YOU VALUE YOUR EYESIGHT? If so, call and consult

Prof. Hirschberg, Who will be at the store of MAX MEYER & BRO., CO. in OMAHA, N. B., FEBRUARY 12, 13, and 14, and have them fitted with a pair of his Nonchangeable Spectacles.

Complete Manhood AND HOW TO ATTAIN IT. A medical work that tells the causes, describes the effects, points the remedy, scientifically explains the value of, and artistically illustrates the most beautiful medical book ever published.

Novelty Works. Most complete assortment of the west for light manufacturing.

Farrell & Co. Carter White Lead Co. Corroded and gutters neatly painted white lead.

Corroded and gutters neatly painted white lead.