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**SUGAR BEETS.**  
Twenty Thousand Farmers Supplied With Seeds.

CHICAGO, May 10.—A special to the Times-Herald from Washington says: A map of the United States, with a broad red stripe running across it from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will soon ornament the walls of the office of the secretary of agriculture. This map particularly interests two great classes of citizens of the United States—the farmers and the capitalists.

"Having distributed sugar beet seed to about 20,000 farmers," said Secretary Wilson, "I want to take up the practical end of this subject now and show to the capitalists as well as the farmers where they can afford to make such business investments as are likely to be a success financially and otherwise. We are going into the sugar business in this country in dead earnest."

"You still have faith, then, in the beet-sugar enterprise, from a practical standpoint?" "Undoubtedly, and it is evident that the people of the United States have faith in it. We have supplied in the last few weeks 20,000 farmers with sugar beet seed for experiments during the coming season. They are scattered through practically every state north of the extreme southern states. The people as far south as the Carolinas, Tennessee and Texas believe that they can grow sugar beets successfully. And we are quite willing to give them full opportunity to make that test everywhere. If they succeed in extending the beet-sugar territory down to the very line of the cane-sugar area, there ought to be no difficulty in producing in the United States all of the \$100,000,000 worth of sugar for which we are going abroad every year."

"The practical business end of the experiment," continued Secretary Wilson, "is the next thing to be taken up. We have supplied people in all parts of the country with sugar-beet seed, and they can now go on with their experiments in growing them."

"You think, then, that there is capital in the country ready to go into the beet-sugar manufacturing business?" "Undoubtedly, and plenty of it. A number of factors are ready to process, and people with capital are willing and ready to establish many more, as soon as they determine what sections of the country are best adapted for practical beet-sugar production. I hope to have a broad map extending above that map from the Atlantic to the Pacific in a comparatively short time, indicating the practical sugar-beet belt of the country, in which capitalists as well as farmers may safely enter upon the work of applying the people of the country with seed."

"Your other experiments in behalf of the farmers, Mr. Secretary, are making good progress?" "Yes, our first shipment of butter to Europe in the experimental form is going forward now. The butter has reached New York, several tons of it, from the best creameries in the United States, and in various forms as to size of package, method of production, salting, method of packing, etc. Every pound of butter is recorded as to its method of production and otherwise, that we know its history and will be able to judge by its reception and popularity what ought to be done in future shipments."

"There is now a gap between the point where refrigerator cars stop in New York and refrigerator vessels start from New York for Europe. We have men there now seeing that the shipments of butter are not exposed to the sun in their passage from one refrigerator car to the other, and have invited the railroad people the necessity of covering this gap in some way, which I feel assured they will do."

"Shipping our butter by American vessels, as we are doing, I have been able to arrange to have the refrigerator apartments set aside exclusively for the butter, so that it shall not absorb odors from meats, fruits or vegetables. In this way I hope to put into the market the best products of our best creameries in the best possible condition. We are going to have our fair share of the English butter market, or know the reason why."

**A STRANGE INDIAN TRIBE.**  
The Ava-Supis, Who Live at the Bottom of a Deep Canyon.

Several young men connected with the ethnological bureau of the Smithsonian have come into Los Angeles after a life of a few weeks among the Ava-Supi Indians in the extreme northeast part of Arizona territory. They were there after having spent several months in the Navajo and Mogon countries, and their purpose was to observe the life of the Ava-Supis and get their tribal legends and whatever of history they have.

"We are so glad we went out to see the Ava-Supis," said Prof. Horace Welling, of the party, while speaking of these Indians, while in Pomona the other day. "They are by long odds the most interesting savages we have in the union, even of the Zunis, from an ethnological point of view."

The home of the Ava-Supi tribe is between the deep defiles of Cataract Canyon, a tributary of the Little Colorado River, which has its rise in the Bill Williams mountains. The narrow valley lies from 100 to 600 yards wide, with walls of sandstone and granite rising perpendicularly on either side to a sheer height of 2000 to 4000 feet. The approach is by a narrow, twisting, tortuous trail, which descends from the broad mesa to the narrow valley, and then ascends to the towering walls and precipices. In some places it is so narrow that a single person with a burden finds it difficult to avoid pitching into the deep below. No tribe in the country occupies such an inaccessible locality as a home. White men never go there, unless on science bent.

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 the Arcadian people. At the lower end of the stream the water is diverted to an aqueduct, which carries it to the fertile fields. Irrigation is necessary for all crops, as the rain clouds seldom pour their contents into the hidden valley and the snow never falls. The soil is a rich, black loam, debris left by overflows of an adjacent delta. 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 the Arcadian people.

The Ava-Supis have no extensive flocks, neither herds of cattle nor horses, and many of their possessions, such as axes, for all their available lands is required in agricultural pursuits, but a profitable trade is carried on with the Mogon, Zunis and Navajos, fruits and meal being exchanged for dried meats and other goods. The tribe at the present time numbers about 300. They are carefully observant of law and order as prescribed by the authorities of the pueblo, and are courteous and hospitable to outsiders. Down in this canyon the climate is delightful, and the severity of winter is felt. While the chill winds are raging overhead this sequestered glen is all abloom with flowers and green with waving grass.

The Ava-Supis are monogamous, 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. Failure 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. Should there be a man at the bottom of the row, the chief has then the satisfaction of arranging him before the council, and it is then the duty of the council to assess the damages. The amount is usually based upon the ability of the defendant to pay and when a sun has been fixed upon it must be instantly liquidated, or the death penalty is the alternative.

This rigid justice is supposed to exercise a beneficial restraint upon the hotbloods of the Ava-Supis. The government of this primitive congregation is in the hands of a chief, who is elected by popular vote. The office is not hereditary, and it is seldom that a son succeeds the father. The disposition seems to favor passing the honors abroad, and thus maintaining a pure democracy.

There is a rather interesting tradition which the Ava-Supis tell concerning themselves. In the early days, ages ago, fathers dwelt in a great walled city on the mesas above. They were a contented and prosperous people, cultivating vast fields and raising enormous herds of power and riches. They became aggressive and dominating toward their weaker neighbors. For weeks at a time they would neglect their fields and herds while they raided some nearby tribe. The Great Spirit who dwelt in the sky was angry at them, for he was the father of all the tribes alike, and resolved to send some terrible visitation that they might know the strength of his hand. It came at noonday, when all the men and women were always 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 they had already opened and they were allowed 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 some of them were saved. In one place where the ground opened it had only partly closed again, leaving two separate mesas upon which the people had taken refuge. One upon the upper, and, moreover, opened out into the channel of a great stream, but the upper was cut off from approach either by ascent or from their brethren below. 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 pines in season. So the little band set about to begin life again. First of all they sought to build a path to their imprisoned brethren 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 patiently 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 leverlike ladders. Some-

times, 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 precipitous gulf for aid. At times the steady monotone would be broken by a shriek, and, glancing upward, they would see between them and the sun the body of some one of their denuded 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.

But the Ava-Supis were brave and patient, even in the shadow of despair. They set about and gathered large quantities of the fruits and nuts, storing them away for the winter season. The fish they caught in the narrow stream, they resolved to continue the road from the upper mesa still upward, with the hope that perhaps they might again reach their old homes. The work was slow. Almost a generation had passed before they reached the broad mesa, where once had been their homes. They saw nothing. The plains stretched away on every side in utter barrenness. Their only home, after all, was down in the deep canyon where the Great Spirit had sent them. So, sorrowfully they returned, and set with lighter hearts than they had known for many days. Most of them now had been born in the shadow of the mighty walls. There they would be contented to live, and perhaps, if they accepted the vengeance which had been visited upon their fathers and themselves in due meekness of spirit, it would not be counted against them when they died and reached their home behind the stars.

The tradition continues to relate how far from other tribes, generations afterward, found the pathway hewn with so much toil and care and came and settled on the Ava-Supis. Gradually intercourse sprang up with the outside world. From the Mogon 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 canyon 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 deposits, indicating a mighty earth disturbance at some time.

To Prove His Word.  
A big slab of redwood, a cross section cut from a log 14 feet 4 inches in diameter, with the bark peeled off, was lowered into the hold of the German ship Maria Hackenfield, at Long Bridge, San Francisco, for shipment to London. The big block is consigned to William Waldorf Astor, and is intended to decide a wager of a recent dinner party given in London to a select circle, some stories were told that men flavored with hyperbole. Astor was responsible for one, in which the big trees of California figured. A young English child doubted the existence of such trees. Thereupon Astor, to prove his assertion, offered to wager that a table big enough to accommodate 40 at dinner could be made from a cross-section of one of California's trees. The wager was accepted, and the shipment on the Maria Hackenfield is the result.

The piece of wood was cut from one of the giant trees of Humboldt county. There is not a knot or blemish in the whole piece. Heavy wire cables were bound around its center rim, and heavy blocks protected it from being split. It is three feet thick, and weighs about 19 tons. It was brought from the woods on the steamer National City, and the ship's hatchway just gave the slab a play of one inch as it was being lowered into the hold.

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