

# REPORTS AND PREDICTIONS

## of the Press in general throughout OUR COUNTRY

**ARE:** That we are soon to see the country in a more prosperous condition.

We may lack confidence to believe now, but after we are "shown" then all will be very plain.

We have been telling you, (through our local press) of some suits we are selling at a reduction.

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# SIDWELL'S

### QUEER TYPE OF INDIAN.

**A Mexican Tribe With Fair Skins, Blue Eyes and Light Hair.**

Does the word Indian convey to you the picture of a person with black hair, black eyes and dark skin? Then change your opinion at once.

In Mexico there are many Indians who possess none of the aforementioned characteristics that are so often associated with the Indian. The Mexican Indians that are not dark are called the Mayas. They have fair skins, blue eyes and light hair. The only Indian characteristics that they possess are their high cheek bones, their wide mouth slanting forehead and straight, Indian-like hair and shape of nose.

The Mayas inhabit the Sierra Madre mountains in the lower part of Sonora.

They differ in many ways from all other tribes of Indians. They are supposed to be the descendants of the crew and passengers of a Swedish vessel wrecked on the Mexican coast long before the birth of Columbus.

Although quite primitive, their morality is high. They cultivate some corn and garden truck in the valleys and are beginning to raise many times for export. The men are large and well formed, and some of the women are quite handsome. They all retain some traces of their Swedish ancestry, and some are really fair haired and fair skinned. All are fairer than the average Indian.—Buffalo Express

### Wasted Mustard.

It is stated that a member of a firm of famous mustard manufacturers once remarked that it was not the mustard

used, but the quantity that is wasted, which makes their trade a successful business. Usually more of this condiment is mixed than will be wanted and, as it soon turns discolored, dries and loses its pungency, the mustard is thrown away. This waste may to a great extent be saved if care is taken to gauge more accurately than is common the quantity of mustard likely to be wanted for a meal. To prevent unsightly discoloration if kept longer, mix with milk. It is always disagreeable to see a mustard pot clogged round the mouth with stale mustard.—New York Mail

### Welcome Color.

"A streak of yellow is all right some times."

"How's that?"

"In a gold mine, for instance."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## THE YAQUIS' REVENGE

By M. QUAD

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Every American of us at the silver mines had turned out with the Mexican soldiery to help drive the Yaquis back to their hiding places in the mountains. It was a case of self preservation with us. When the Yaqui was on a raid he made no difference between the property or scalp of an American and a Mexican. He owned the land before Cortez appeared. The process of wedding him out is still going on.

And so when the news came in that the Yaquis had taken the warpath and killed or driven off the men at the Salto mine above us we turned out with the 300 soldiers sent up to meet the war party and drive it back.

For three days we fought the Yaquis before we got them on the retreat. It was not enough, however, that we had saved the big mines and 500 almost defenseless people. Orders came to the colonel to push on after the retreating Indians and hold them up if possible and exterminate them. We went with them to see the thing through and because they had need of our rifles and of our sharpshooting. Once among the mountains the soldiers could no longer move in a body. There was constant fighting, but the Indians were continually forced back. By and by they had reached the women and children and their stronghold, and the Mexican colonel rubbed his hands and laughed and said:

"We have got them penned up at last, and not one shall escape. It is the best show we have had for half a century to exterminate them."

The stronghold of the Indians was a series of rifts and caves in the face of the mountain. There was but one path leading to it. That wound over a number of ridges and then dipped down into a basin which had a circumference of about half a mile. The colonel's plan was to advance the whole force into this basin when night fell, and, taking cover behind the bowlers lying thickly beneath the caves, we should be ready at daylight to begin the work of extermination. While a portion of the troopers kept up a fire to prevent the Yaquis from leaving their caves another portion would collect fuel and smoke them to death. We were not averse to dealing the Indians a hard blow and one to be remembered, but we did not go in for the extermination of a thousand souls at once, more than half of whom were women and children.

"Gentlemen, you are not under my command," said the colonel as he rubbed his hands and smiled, "and you will therefore decide for yourselves. When darkness comes my command will march down into the basin. For fifteen years I have been hunting the Yaquis. For fifteen years I have been hoping for just this chance."

They could not charge us with cowardice, but when our decision not to support them in a massacre was made known there were smiles and expressions of contempt.

An hour after dark the soldiers left us and went marching in single file down into the basin. I do not believe the first man had yet descended into the basin when we suddenly caught sight of a signal fire to the right.

The Yaquis were not to be surprised. During the next hour the whole side of the mountain showed signals at intervals, and then there was an interval of three hours, during which not a light was to be seen. At midnight from the center of the mountain a signal fire suddenly blazed out. It did not last more than a minute and was followed by a noise none of us could make out. It was like the roaring of a gale in a narrow gorge of the mountains, and we had been listening to it for perhaps ten minutes when from the dark basin beneath us arose such a cry as few men ever heard.

"In the name of God, what can it be?" asked each man of his comrade, but no one could answer. Down there in the midnight blackness some terrible tragedy was being enacted, but we must wait for daylight to solve it. The roaring, rushing sound came to us after the scream died away, but more softly than at first. From that hour till dawn came there was no signaling, no noise, nothing to prove that there was life in the mountains beyond our little band. The peaks of the mountains stood out first. Then we followed the dawn down till our eyes rested on the caves. In front of them were hundreds of people, but they were standing quiet and peering down into the basin. In another minute daylight had crept down there, and we looked and cried aloud in horror. The bottom of the basin, as we saw it the evening before, had been covered with scrub and grass. It was a basin still, but the bottom was hidden under ten, twenty, thirty feet of water. There was no outlet, and we could see the waters rushing and swirling round and round as if to find one. And borne on the rush were the bodies of the dead—of the 251 men who had left us a few hours before. Not one had escaped. High up on their side of the mountain the Yaquis had dammed a spring or rivulet and stood up the waters for just such an emergency. At midnight they had let the flood loose, and it had come tearing down at right angles to overwhelm the enemy, caught like rats in a trap. As we turned away in our horror to make our way down the mountain the Yaquis seized their rifles in one long shout of exultation and then were silent. They had reaped their vengeance and were called to sit for dinner in peace.

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