

A BANKRUPT TRIBE.

Their Unbroken Run of Ill Luck at a Game of Chance.

How the Black River Indians were Cleaned Out by the Puyallup in the Great Twenty-Six Day "Sing Gamble" Near Tacoma.

Capt. Jack had to walk from the Puyallup reservation way over to the Black River reservation, says the Tacoma correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner. He had nothing with him except his clothes and his temper, both of which were very much worn, from the results of the recent protracted "sing gamble." The "sing gamble" is the great contest between two tribes of the Puget Sound Indians for the trophies of the year and for such blankets, wearing apparel, vehicles and horses as can be spared to be used for stakes, and sometimes more than should be spared. This year the "pot" at the beginning of the gamble consisted of twelve Winchester rifles of the latest pattern, eleven sound horses, seven buggies, one hundred blankets, forty-three shawls, an uncounted pile of mats, clothing, for men and women, some badly worn and some in good condition, but mostly worn, and forty-nine dollars in money.

This year the "sing gamble" was held in the barn of Jake Tai-ugh, commonly known as Charley Jacobs, whose place is four miles from Tacoma. At the beginning of the "sing gamble" there were about thirty men and women, many of them wrinkled, many of them gray-headed, gathered at Jake's big barn, which had been cleared of all hay, grain and other stores.

On the ground, which serves as a floor, were laid two mats woven from straw and weeds and flags. Each of these mats was three feet wide and six feet long. Between the mats was the space of about three feet. Around the mats, clothing, for men and women, some badly worn and some in good condition, but mostly worn, and forty-nine dollars in money.

As a necessary preparation to the game, the drummers, one for each tribe, took positions in front of their drums, made of horse hide drawn over one end of a stout frame two feet and six inches deep. Beating steadily on these drums with sticks, the sound is similar to that from a bass drum, save that it is more sonorous and is readily heard a distance of half a mile. As the drums beat the Indians begin their chants or wails, the men shouting: "Hi-ah, hi-ah, hi-ah," and the women moaning an accompaniment between the shouts of their husbands, sounding something like this: "Man-uh, man-uh, man-uh."

The players gather around the mats, seven being permitted on each side. One mat is for the Puyallups, the other for the Black Rivers. The dealer for each side sits at the head of his mat, fingering deftly ten wooden chips about two inches in diameter and a quarter of an inch thick. Nine of these are of the same color, but the tenth is different in color, though similar in shape and dimensions. The shuffler handles the chips rapidly, like an experienced faro dealer playing to a big board. He transfers them from one hand to another, hides them under a pile of shavings made from the cedar bark growing close to the sap, resembling much the product called excelsior. He divides the chips into two piles of five each, and conceals each pile under the shavings. Mysteriously he waves his hands forward and backward, crosswise and over and over, making passes like the manipulations of a three-card monte dealer. The drum keeps up its constant beat, the Indians at the mats and those looking on with interest clap their hands and stamp and chant in time to the drum.

Now is the time for the Indian assigned to guess to point to one of the two piles. The game is entirely one of chance, there being no possible means for the closest observer to detect in which pile the dealer places the odd colored chip. It is the custom of the game, however, for the guessman to ponder for some time before deciding which pile to select. This adds interest and excitement to the speculation. Finally he decides, and with his finger points to one of the two piles. The dealer rolls the chips across the mat to the farther end. If the guess is right the side for which the guesser is acting scores one point. If the guess is wrong the tribe to which the dealer belongs scores a point, and the other side takes the innings—that is to say, the deal.

John Towalls was captain of the Puyallup team, and now is the most popular man in the tribe because of the remarkable victory of his side after the session of nearly a month, and also on account of the quantity and value of the pot. Capt. Jack, the leader of the unsuccessful Black River team, proved a thorough sport, for, in addition to his contribution to the stake of his tribe, he staked and lost his greatest treasure, a big knife, his principal decoration, shiny brass rings, all his money (sixty dollars), his watch, his rifle and his harness, his buggy and his horse. He advised his companions on the team to bet everything they had except their canoes. He insisted that they should keep those, in order that they might have some way to get home. He was not so careful of himself as of them, for he had to walk when the time came. Some of the men and the squaws who paddled home in their canoes felt the sharpness of the weather, for shirts and trousers were exceedingly scarce when the sixtieth stick had gone to the Puyallup end of the board.

At the last part of the gamble the Black Rivers plunged wildly. The run of luck of the Puyallups had been constant, and Capt. Jack announced to his followers that this could not continue. Luck must turn, and here was a chance for them to get every movable thing, except that which belongs to the government, transferred from the Puyallup reservation over to the Black River reservation. His men were quick to follow his suggestion, and the result is that poverty is intense this year at Black River, and the Puyallups are having a boom.

Left His Fortune to Science. Count Victor Blorowsky, an eccentric Polish nobleman, has left his entire estate to be administered by trustees in the interest of science, art and literature. The estate is described as amounting at present to "several million dollars," but as it is to accumulate until the total amounts to twenty mil-

lions, the count had evidently some fear that the government of Omaha would refuse to act; in which case the entire property will pass to the British museum. The count had been afflicted with blindness for many years, and a fortnight ago committed suicide at Leuburg.

Lightning Draws a Picture. Another one of those rare instances in which the "forked fury" has drawn a photograph upon glass is reported from the observatory situated on Mount Arle, near the summer resort of West Baden. One of the astronomers of that institution on making an examination of the object glass of one of the telescopes was surprised to find a perfect photograph of a flower upon both lenses of the instrument. It is believed that the photograph was drawn by lightning, the glass having been left exposed during a storm on one of the upper platforms of the observatory.

POOR BOB WHITE. A Plea for the Stry Game Bird when the Weather is Bad.

When snow covers the ground and sleet envelops trees and shrubs many birds of various kinds seek the farm-house and its vicinity. They seem to know that in their extremity man is their friend. Their confidence is not misplaced; they are liberally fed by different members of the household until the emergency has passed and they are again able to make their own living. These birds come to man's abode for protection as well as for food, and after the cravings of hunger are appeased they stay around the dwelling, feeling that the predatory hawk, fox, owl and the heartless, murderous gunner of this season will not recklessly venture to assault them. Frequently these birds return season after season to the same home-ward. By reason of their appeal to mankind birds of this class seldom die from the effects of hard winters, says the Baltimore Sun.

That the great game bird, the partridge, excessively wild and timid, does not, when privation comes, seek man's homestead like the birds mentioned above, though in extremes of weather a covey of partridges may be seen about the strawstacks where cattle are housed and fed. Their presence about such places is proof of their sufferings, for they only leave their accustomed haunts and fastnesses when sorely pressed for want of food. These birds have been found dead in severe weather, poisoned from eating laurel to satisfy their hunger. Clothed in beautiful plumage of hues in accord with the ground, they escape fairly well from the hawk in ordinary times, but they stand out in bold relief on the snow and fall an easy prey to the tireless, insatiate hawk, as well as the fox and owl. It is against the law to either shoot or trap this noble bird at this season, and farmers and others should see that no marauding in this line is done. In addition to preserving this gallinaceous bird, the agriculturist knows that the partridge is the farmer's friend, and that he destroys myriads of injurious insects, thus protecting the grain crops and the fruit from much injury. Everyone, whether resident of the city or country, loves to hear the call "Bob White" on bright summer days through harvest time and early in the fall, when the young ones are nearly grown, and to watch the male partridge perched on the fence as he gives out the note. It is impossible to look at him there without feeling love and admiration stir the heart. He is in trouble now. Let everyone who can help him. Bait the haunts of the partridges in your vicinity daily with corn and wheat. Use your gun on the hawks and owls and put your pack of hounds on the foxes.

A BRAVE GIRL. Heroism of a Waitress in a Burning Hotel. It does not require either mature years or an exalted position in life to develop the qualities that make a hero or heroine. One of the bravest and most resolute deeds that we have ever read of was performed only recently by a girl of sixteen who was serving as a dining-room girl in a hotel at Harper, Kan., says Youth's Companion.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 16th of November a fire broke out at this hotel. In its rooms slept thirty-seven guests. A strong wind was blowing, and the fire spread rapidly. In one of the rooms two dining-room girls were asleep. One of them, whose name is Maud Sehermerhorn, woke half-suffocated by smoke. Her companion was insensible; and Maud, though herself half-suffocated, helped the other out of the window, and herself leaped out, cutting her flesh badly on the glass as she did so. She dragged her companion to a place where she would be safe.

Then she saw that the flames were enveloping the house, and that the guests had not been alarmed. The task of doing this she took upon herself. Breaking through a fastened lower window, and again cutting herself severely, she crept back into the hotel, the halls of which were thick with choking smoke. She could not walk upright against the smoldering and getting down on her hands and knees, she ran to the floor, she crept through the corridors, from room to room, alarming all in the house.

Everywhere she left a trail of blood behind her from her bleeding flesh. When the last guest had opened the door of his room in response to her call, he found her lying helpless in a pool of her own blood.

Though her limself was half-suffocated, this great pluck up the girl, groping his way, reached the street with her in safety. No life was lost in the fire but it is said that several people would undoubtedly have perished but for this heroic girl's efforts.

A Spring That Runs Up Hill. One of the few instances of a stream running up hill can be found in White County, Ga., says the Cincinnati Enquirer. Near the top of a mountain is a spring, evidently a siphon, and the water rushes from it with sufficient force to carry it up the side of a very steep hill for nearly half a mile. Reaching the crest, the water flows on to the east, and eventually finds its way into the Atlantic ocean. Of course, it is of the same nature as a geyser, but the spectacle of a stream of water flowing up a steep incline can probably be found nowhere else in the country, and appears even more remarkable than the geysers of the Yellowstone.

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