

A Remarkable Hanging.

Thirty-eight men standing on the drop at one time and on one gallows, thirty-eight white caps in a row, thirty-eight ropes around as many necks and thirty-eight souls going to eternity together. That was the greatest legal hanging that occurred to the United States, and was the conviction of murder of 303 persons, all of whom were reprieved except the thirty-eight. This great execution occurred on Friday, Feb. 26, 1863, in the town of Mankato, Minn., thirty-eight years ago, and the reason it is so completely forgotten is because it occurred at a time when the North and South were engaged in a deadly conflict of arms; at a time when thirty-eight was but a drop compared with the thousands who were daily losing their lives on the field of battle.

The origin of the trouble which culminated in these executions was in 1862. Every officer of the government at Washington had his hands full at the time. On the border, particularly in Minnesota, the same obtained. The Sioux declared war against the Chippewas, but they were not allowed to carry out plans which appeared to be tyrannical. At this time several large bodies of land were purchased by the Indians. The agents and traders took advantage of this, and large quantities of goods were sold at enormous prices to the Indians. At one time over \$400,000 due to the Sioux was paid by some traders on old indebtedness, bolstered up claims and bills for goods which were doubled for the occasion.

A famous old chief, Red Iron, said: "Council, we will receive our next annuity, but we will sign no papers for anything else. The snow is on the ground, and we have been waiting a long time to get our money. We are poor; white Father has plenty. His fires are warm; his tepees keep out the cold. We have nothing to eat. We have been waiting a long time for our money. Our hunting season is past. A great many of our people are sick for being hungry. We may die because you will not pay us. We may die but if we do will leave our bones on the ground where our great father may see where his Dakota children died. We are very poor. We have sold our hunting grounds and the graves of our fathers. We have sold our own graves. We have no place to bury our dead, and you will not pay us the money for our lands."

For making this brave, eloquent and pathetic speech old Red Iron was locked up in the guardhouse for twenty-four hours. The Indians led by Iron Bear, departed sullenly from the council. Lion Bear was a large, sinewy, resolute man and of great influence with his people. When Red Iron was imprisoned for telling the truth Lion Bear made the following speech:

Dakotas, the big men are here; they have got Red Iron in a pen like a wolf. They mean to kill him for saying the big men cheat us out of our hands and the money the great Father has sent us. Dakotas must we starve like buffaloes in the snow? Shall we let our blood freeze like the little stream? Or shall we make the snow red with the blood of the white braves? Dakotas, the blood of your fathers talks to you from the graves where we stand. Their spirits come up into your arms and makes them strong. Tonight the blood of the white man shall run like water in the rain, and Red Iron shall be with his people. Dakotas when the moon goes down behind the hills be ready, and I will lead you against the long knives and the big men who have come to cheat us and take away our lands and put us in a pen for not helping to rob over our women and children."

But Red Iron was released, and the outbreak for a time was prevented. The robbery of the Indians continued, however, and their sufferings during the winter and spring were intense. Some 1,500 of the old men, women and children died of exposure, and those who survived were obliged to eat their horses and dogs. The dissatisfaction thus engendered was fearfully augmented by the failure of the government to make the annual payment which had before taken place in June, and by the traders refusing any more credit. The Indians were also informed by the traders that in consequence of the war in the south it was doubtful if they received more than half pay, and that in all probability that would be the last.

In the South the Northern army had met with great reverses and rumors of disastrous battles reached the Indians. Their faith in the great father was shaken. Exaggerated stories were told by the half-

breeds and others interested in stirring up strife. The negro was an important factor in all these stories. The basis of all the stories was to the effect that the great father loved the black man more than he did the red, and as he was about whipped anyway he was going to forsake the latter and devote all his attention to the former. The enlistment of all the young men on the frontier, of all the government employees not absolutely necessary and of halfbreeds, strengthened the Indians' belief that the great father was in desperate straits.

The head chief of the Sioux was at this time Little Crow. He had been in Washington, was an Indian of unusual intelligence and highly skilled in the art of war as conducted by the savage. His counsel was against war, but he burned to avenge the wrongs of his race. For months he argued with his people and successfully held in check, against fearful odds, the almost daily councils of the young bucks, who could see nothing but honor and glory of battle.

The outbreak came on Aug. 15, when some young braves were hunting. They quarrelled with some white men, shot them murdered their families, plundered their homes and fled. The whites pursued. The next day the Indians armed themselves and swarmed about Little Crow's Wigwam. The exigency of the decision demanded of him was startling, and he was fully alive to the perils to which a decision either way would expose him. The hope of success and love for his people decided his action. Turning his face to the rising sun he said: "Trouble with the whites must come; it is here. It may as well make place now as later. I am with you. Let us go to the agency kill the traders and take their goods."

And they went. Blood flowed freely on the Northwestern frontier, and on every hand could be seen by day the smoke from the settlers' cabins, and at night the flames lit up the horizon. Over 700 persons, mostly women and children, fell under the deadly tomahawk. For three months this continued, when finally the Indians were dispersed and 303 of them convicted by frontier court martial and sentenced to death. President Lincoln gave considerable attention to the papers, and would only sign the death warrants of thirty-eight. The date set for the execution was Friday, Feb. 26, 1863.

On the Monday previous to this date the death warrants were read, and those whose names were called were separated from their companions. The reading of this important document did not produce the result the officers anticipated, as it was only greeted with grunts. Some of the condemned smoked their pipes calmly, and the information that they were to be hanged did not seem to have depressing effect.

The few days were spent in singing death songs and parting with relatives. On Wednesday each of the condemned was permitted to send for two or three relatives or friends. The Indians were fastened in pairs and chained to the floor. Their ages ranged from 16 to 70 years, although the majority were young men. All but three halfbreeds were dressed in breech-clout, leggings and blankets. A Catholic priest spent the night before the execution with them. Several were baptized during the night, and many more professed the belief that they would be saved.

Early on Friday morning the irons were knocked off the condemned and their arms tied behind with cords, at the elbows and at the wrists. After all had been pinioned, about 9 o'clock, they stood in a row and chanted a death song. Chains and cords had not moved them, but when the rolled up white caps, made of goods that had formed a portion of their plunder from the settlers' cabins, were placed on their heads they were free in their expressions of disapproval.

At 10 o'clock began the march to the scaffold. The Indians are described as having gone eagerly and cheerfully, even crowding and jostling each other to get ahead. As they ascended the steps the death song was started, and when they got upon the platform the noise of their deep, swelling voices was truly hideous.

The ropes were adjusted about their necks, the white caps pulled down, and a signal followed three slow but distinct taps on a drum. The rope holding the scaffold was cut by a man named Duffy, whose family had been murdered. Thirty-eight bodies dropped. The rope around the neck of Rattling Runner broke, and he

fell to the ground. In a moment a new rope was about his neck, and he dangled with his companions.

The lifeless bodies were cut down, placed in four army waggons and taken to a trench prepared for their reception. They were all deposited in one grave, thirty feet in length by twelve in width, four feet deep. They were laid in the bottom in two rows, with their heads together and their heads to the outside. They were simply covered with blankets and the earth thrown over them. There they lie to this day.

The others of the condemned, but not executed, were taken down the Mississippi to an island near Davenport, Ia., where they were closely confined for a year. They were taken then to a reservation, and it is probable that not one of them lives to this day.

JOSLIN'S TAME MOOSE.

The Animal a Source of Profit Till He Fell in Love.

Everybody who has hunted in northern Somerset county, Maine, in the last six years has become more or less acquainted with Baring, the tame bull moose that has lived at Dave Joslin's camp. Since the passage of the new code of game laws it has required a good deal of diplomacy for a Maine man to keep a moose in captivity without coming into conflict with the wardens. Under the revised regulations no cow moose may be killed at any time, no bull may be slain except for two months in the fall, and no moose of any kind may be held in restraint under penalty of \$100 fine and two months in jail for every offence.

Joslin found his moose when it was a calf. The moose was stuck in a bog and would have perished in a few days if he had not been rescued. He grew up among the cattle on the farm, going and coming as he pleased. Joslin was arrested three times for having a moose in his possession contrary to law.

"I jess wish you'd send a Sheriff up and drive Baring off ter th' woods," he told the Judge. "He's expensive to keep, an' I'm too poor to hev him loafin' 'round doin' nothin' but eat up good hay. I'd a shot him long ago if it hadn't been ter th' law, which will fine me fer it."

The sheriff and a posse of men went to Joslin's place three times in two years to take the moose out of captivity. They led the animal over hills and across rivers, taking him fifty miles or more from his old haunts before turning him loose. In spite of their labors Baring turned up safe and sound in Joslin's barnyard the next morning; so when the wardens found they could not dog the moose away they let Joslin alone.

The turning point in Baring's career came when he was two years of age. He would go to the pasture with the cattle every morning, but soon after reaching the enclosure he would jump out and go to the fields where there was better feed. If the moose had made his calls on the fields in the neighborhood, and kept out of Joslin's garden, there would have been no trouble; but when Baring began to crop the string beans that were growing for the purpose of feeding boarders at Joslin's camp, it was a serious matter.

In the middle of September Baring found himself tied by a long line to a crow bar in the middle of a clover field on a back lot near the woods. This was a state of affairs for which Baring had not bargained. He pulled at his tether until he was weary, and then he lifted his voice and sent it ringing through the woods.

Before he had called a dozen times a wild moose made answer, giving an angry challenge to all comers. Baring returned the compliment with vigor, and as he could not get to the wild moose the wild moose came out and gave battle.

When Joslin reached the field he found two moose tangled up in thirty feet of line and fighting so earnestly that neither paid any attention to his approach. He liberated the wild animal and led Baring home for needed repairs.

While his tame beast was terribly gored and nearly dead from loss of blood Joslin did not mind the misfortune. By the time open season for moose was on Baring was fully recovered, and Joslin went about among his guests telling them he had discovered a way by which all of them could secure a moose without much effort.

For four seasons Baring was tied on barren spots among the woods, where he moaned in his most lovesick tones for something to eat, making sounds to which the wild moose interpreted to mean a defiance to combat. How many big moose were shot by the means of Baring's alluring voice Joslin will not tell. His camp was filled with satisfied moose hunters for four seasons, and last year he built a tenement house in the city of Auburn, paying for it from the earnings of his tame moose.

It sometimes happened that no hunter was near when a moose came forth to fight in which case Baring was obliged to settle

the battle without help, which he did by winding the line around the antlers of his adversary and throwing him to the ground where Baring could gore and trample upon him at leisure.

Last season ended with twenty seven bull moose to Baring's credit, every one of which was as good as \$50 clear to Joslin. As soon as the snow fell and the cattle were housed for the winter Baring was set free to go to the woods and get fat on mosses and white maple bark, two kinds of food of which moose are very fond.

For three or four weeks the moose came to his pen at night and was shut up and got his accustomed rations of hay and raw potatoes. One night after the big snow in January Baring did not come home. Joslin waited two weeks hoping that he would turn up. Then he hunted a few days on snowshoes without result.

Along in the middle of February he collected a crew of men and went on a determined search. The second day from home the men found a large moose yard, holding one male and eight females. On the approach of the party the cows fled in terror but the bull stood his ground, coming up and playfully greeting the men with awkward flourishes of head and heels. Joslin at once recognized the head of the harem as Baring.

On investigation he found the body of a large bull that had been slain in battle. Joslin concluded that Baring had killed the head of the moose family in a fair fight, and then, seeing the mischief he had wrought, had chivalrously remained to protect the helpless females.

Baring, who was now too valuable an animal to lose, was taken back to camp and locked inside his old quarters, but he broke down the log walls and escaped on the second night of his captivity, and is now deep in the forest caring for the widows of the enemy he had slain.

When Joslin started to get up a new hunting party the game wardens informed him that he would be arrested and fined if he undertook the quest. Not wishing to lie in jail for two months when maple sap was flowing at its best he has reluctantly consented to stay at home, though he still has hopes that Baring will come back as soon as the cows are able to care for themselves. Otherwise Joslin will have to cancel a score or more of profitable orders from sportsmen who are coming for moose next fall.

Nothing Hunts Out Corns

Like tight boots. Nothing removes corns with such certainty as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Beware of poisonous substitutes. Ask for and get Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor at druggists. For if you get it—you've got a dead sure thing. All druggists sell it, or by mail post paid on receipt of twenty five cents. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

New Ideas.

The Kaffirs have had an opportunity to learn something of the art of surgery since the soldiers and the military doctors have overrun Africa. Possibly advanced methods will not altogether supersede primitive surgery among these people, however, for they are not fond of change.

Time was when a Kaffir with a broken leg submitted to peculiar treatment. It was customary to place the limb in a hole dug in the earth, and keep it there till the bones were knit together again.

The Leisure Hour tells of a case in which the bones of a Kaffir lad, having been set by European aid, the Kaffir father dissented from the method employed. He had the splints removed, carried the boy home on horseback, and then took the usual course of setting the limb in the earth. The consequence was that it took six months to effect a cure.

Kaffir doctors are hereditary, the cleverest son in the doctor's family being usually chosen to succeed his father.

There are other modern things that a Kaffir has to learn besides the newest methods in surgery. In his language there is no such term as 'Thank you.' He is beginning to learn it, however, although he does not think it becoming to show any emotion—whether of gratitude or anything else.

When two Kaffirs meet, one says, 'I see you,' which is answered by 'Yes.' More poetical is his parting word, 'May peace go with you,' to which comes the response, 'May peace stay with you.'

Madagascar Hedgehogs.

At the Regents Park menagerie in London several living specimens of the 'tenrec' the hedgehog of Madagascar, were recently received. It is said that stuffed specimens in museums give no adequate idea of the form of these strange animals. Their resemblance to hedgehogs rests only upon their possession of a spiny covering. The shape of their bodies resembles that of inflated globefish. They are insectivorous, and are said to be restricted to the island of Madagascar. The specimens in London, at any rate, are remarkable for their habit of yawning.

CLEVER WOMEN DETECTIVES.

They are Employed in the Shops and Hotels and as Customs Inspectors.

There has been a recent discussion as to the employment of women as detectives in hotels, in shops and in police cases.

Women have been employed as private detectives for years by the various agencies in cases requiring specially fine work. For procuring evidence in divorce cases they are often employed, and their aptness has been proved. There is one licensed woman detective in New York, a young mulatto woman, who has many customers among the men and women that make the gay life of uptown New York. She travels everywhere at all hours unattended, and her services are frequently employed in cases concerning crimes committed by people of her own race.

The woman detective can change her identity with her costume far more easily than a man. If she is tactful she can win confidence and will arouse no suspicion. These advantages fit her peculiarly for the work.

Women have in recent years made records in the big department stores, where they detect shoplifter and pickpockets. These women dress as though on a shopping tour and are known to the sales women. They pass about from counter to counter examining goods, but manage to keep an eye on people they suspect and follow them about until they see them actually taking goods from the tables.

In the customs service about a dozen women are employed as customs inspectors. They look out for women smugglers and have been very successful in detecting these fair swindlers of the Government.

It is not the amateur smuggler or the immigrant that these women look after, but the women who of late years have made a profession of smuggling, [acting in collusion with men and apparently making the trade pay well. They are always good looking, well dressed and liberally supplied with money, which they dispense in generous tips to the stewardesses and boys.

Women take naturally to smuggling; so the professionals are adepts at the game. Even the average woman likes the idea of getting in lace or jewels or clothes in this way and proudly displays her smuggled goods and tells the story of her feat when ever an occasion offers.

It was not until women began to make a business of smuggling that it was thought necessary to employ detectives of their own sex to apprehend them. Evidence is usually obtained against them by one of the women inspectors who travels from the other side as a passenger and observes or makes the acquaintance of the suspected person on the trip across.

If evidence has been secured the word is quietly passed to the inspector on the pier, and when the smuggler prepares to go ashore she is asked to submit to a search. Every know device is resorted to by the women smugglers in their efforts to conceal gems and lace. Frequently the contraband articles are securely sewn between the lining and the material of a gown. Diamonds are hidden in the hair and in pads and bustles, and some women have been found with yards of costly lace rolled about their bodies.

The women detectives in the employ of the Custom House pass through a civil service examination and receive \$3 a day. The work, while exacting, is not heavy, the working day usually ending at noon. Sometimes an immigrant woman is discovered in an attempt to smuggle, but the effort is always a clumsy one, easily detected.

But the professional smuggler is always cool, collected, plausible, with plenty of nerve and many excuses when detected. She always affects to make light of the matter. Even when subjected to a most humiliating search by the women detectives, she never gets angry or loses her smooth, easy manner.

Light or dark blue cottons or silks can be dyed black. Magnetic dye black gives a handsome permanent color. Price 10 cents.

Rob—The girl I'm engaged to says I'm a brick.
Roy—H'm. Probably that's because you threw yourself at her feet.

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Chas. O. Browa, journalist, of Duluth, Minn., writes: "I have been a sufferer from Throat and Nasal Catarrh for over twenty years, during which time my head has been stopped up and my condition truly miserable. Within fifteen minutes after using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder I obtained relief. Three bottles have almost, if not entirely, cured me." 50 cents.