

Noted Criminals of the State of Maine.

If some student in criminology and human degeneracy is looking for a record-breaking case, he might find a deal to interest him in the records of Col. E. C. Stevens, who is trial justice in the town of Chelsea, in Kennebec county, Maine. These records refer to the Carson family. For years the family has been one of the most notorious on that thoroughfare of notorious haunts, 'Hayseed Avenue,' located near the United States Soldiers' Home at Togus. Hayseed Avenue is made up of a colony of dives—webs to catch the unweary old veteran and his pension money. The Carsons are easily the top notchers of the avenue.

There are father, mother, two daughters and several sons. The records show that for the last 15 years or more there has never been a time when some member of the family has not been either in jail or prison or under indictment. The crimes range all the way from murder down. In the ordinarily quiet surroundings of Chelsea, such a record sticks out in very ugly fashion.

On at least one occasion the entire family was behind bars charged with various crimes, with the exception of one of the sons. That one had skipped his bail bonds and was a fugitive with the police of half a dozen states looking for him. The Carson family, not content with its own inherent naughtiness, has been careful to take unto itself in marriage only such as would assist in maintaining the general average of misdemeanor. It will be neither pleasant nor profitable to chronicle the crimes of the entire aggregation, but I can assure the reader that Maine has never furnished anything like it.

Until a few weeks ago two of the Carson sisters were in state prison together. Recently the elder sister finished her sentence and was released. A state prison term reforms some people.

Not so in the case of the Carson woman. She picked up one Smith, an exconvict, as soon as she had been released from prison. In company they arrived in Chelsea. Both were intoxicated. After making trouble in various resorts along Hayseed Avenue, they visited the house of one of the relatives of the Carson woman and attempted to gain an entrance forcibly. The man of the house brought out a shot gun and fired through the window at the intruders. The woman's scalp was shot away and the man was dangerously wounded. They are now being brought back to life in an Augusta hospital.

The sister who is still in state prison is nearing the end of a seven years' sentence. She shot and killed her husband, but owing to some of the circumstances connected with the case, escaped with a sentence on the charge of manslaughter. Some letters of hers that are extant indicate that as soon as she gets out of prison she meditates an assault on society that will eclipse all her previous performances.

This woman will enjoy the unique reputation of being the only female that ever escaped from the Maine state prison. She not only got away herself, but she also took one of the male prisoners with her. She had taken a fancy to the man and lugged him along—and it is a matter of record that he was not willing to go. This feat indicates the self-reliance and ability of the young woman who has so determinedly chosen a life of crime.

After she had planned and executed the escape—which, by the way, occurred two years ago—she took her companion and started out. The entire state of Maine was searched for them. The prison officials spent money regardless. The weather was very severe and for some days the impression prevailed that the man and woman had taken to the woods and perished.

But one morning a Waldoboro farmer, while pitching down the early fodder for his stock, uncovered a rather good looking young woman on his haymow. He took her into the house and gave her some breakfast, and recognized in her the missing female convict. There was no sign of the man, however, and the woman would not or could not say in what direction he had gone.

He was captured some months afterward, and his story showed that he had travelled over the most of Maine and into other states as well. He arrived back at the prison in a very bitter frame of mind. He explained that he really didn't want to run away, for he preferred to stay in prison and complete his sentence and receive the usual deduction for good behavior, which had been forfeited by his act.

It may interest the reader to learn that

the name of this crime-incarnated female is 'Rose White.' It remains to be seen whether on her release she will excel the record of her elder sister.

Speaking of degenerate families, one Maine town, Brighton, in Somerset county, has been forced to take a step backward, abandon its town charter and go back to the plantation form of government on account of its paupers. Two families there married and intermarried until they evolved such characteristics as made them in reality 'a tribe.' There was a score of them and more, and there are as many today. They live in a lonely part of the town, and resent all intrusion with great fury. Some time ago the writer visited the place with an officer, and though this officer knew them well and they feared him, we were obliged at last to retreat precipitately in order to avoid an attack. As the most of them are chretins of a most lamentable type, the law could give victims of their assault but little satisfaction. He who goes among them does so at his own peril.

The support of these paupers became so onerous that Brighton's purse could not stand the drain.

Residents were abandoning their farms and moving away because they were taxed so much to support these persons who evinced a truly aboriginal carelessness as to whether they worked or not. The state law provides that paupers living on a plantation shall be supported by the nearest town, and that the town shall in return be reimbursed by the state. So Brighton appealed to the legislature of Maine and was able to present such a good case that it was allowed to go back to a plantation. Maine is now supporting the tribe.

Some time ago several of the men committed such depredations on the Brighton sheep that were pastured in back lots that officers arrested them, after farmers had repeatedly tried to shoot them in the act of carrying of sheep. They were photographed in the jail as veritable 'wild men.' One of the chretins was a man of 40 years

of age or more, and in his native fastness wore no clothes except of the most rudimentary nature. His body was entirely covered with thick, black hair, that afforded protection from the weather. He had no language except unintelligible sounds. His strength was herculean. The other members of the community frequently yoked him in with a steer or a cow, even, and worked him at the plow when they scratched the soil for their scanty gardens. He worked willingly, and for that matter does now, for he is still alive and hearty. Any museum manager who wants a first-class article of wild man can find him in the plantation of Brighton in northern Somerset.

It was the custom of some of the younger members of the tribe to take 'Jed' along with them when they went on a sheep-hunting expedition. Jed was pushed ahead into the danger that he couldn't appreciate. The others teased the bullets of the farmers, who, after a time, got to be remarkably on the alert, and usually took turns in watching the sheep. The head of the foraging party would hide behind a stone wall, point to the sheep and say to Jed: 'Ma wants one. Go bring.' Anything that 'Ma' wanted Jed would take without fear or scruple. He didn't realize that it was stealing. He was so agile that no farmer ever hit him, even when Jed had a spear in his arms.

The only creature that Jed really fears is a woman—a strange woman. Forty years old and a giant in stature, he will run from a woman as though she were the arch fiend. His mother told me that many times the man would run for miles, crying and blubbering, till he could find her and hide behind her after he had met a woman.

This trait makes Jed an uncertain beast of burden to take down into Brighton village. The men of the tribe oblige the women to come into town and ask for supplies. There are no horses in the community and frequently when bags of flour or other heavy commodities are to be conveyed Jed is hitched to a little cart and utilized as motive power. I have seen one of the old women come riding placidly into the village perched in the cart and driving Jed, who 'played horse' with a great deal of enjoyment. But if a woman attempted to come near him there was trouble for the driver.

He never has been willing to come in-

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Mrs. Pevsley, 130 Lipbincott street, Toronto, says: 'I may say that Dr. Chase's Receipt Book has been the consulting physician in our house for years, as I have always been able to control any sickness amongst our children by using the receipts given in its pages. For the past few years I have suffered much with my kidneys, accompanied with severe pains in the back almost unbearable at times. After using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for a time I am entirely restored to health, the pains in my back have left and I feel better in every respect. It is a pleasure for me to add one more

testimony to the grand reputation of Dr. Chase's remedies.'

Mr. James Clark, Consecow, Prince Edward Co., Ont., states: 'Eleven years ago I was taken with pains in my back, settling in my hips and extending up my spine. The pain was very severe, and at times almost unendurable, and many days I was not able to do an hour's work. Though I had consulted many first-class physicians and tried several advertised medicines, I could get no relief.'

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A new Kind of Savages.

The peculiarities of the Cocopas, a queer tribe of savages living in the valley of the Colorado River in Lower California and Mexico, have been brought to light by Professor McGee of Washington, who has returned from a visit to that part of the country. He describes them to Washington Star:

I supposed they were a fishing people, living so near the gulf. I found them essentially agricultural, cultivating corn, beans, peas and squashes, and locating their farms according to the caprice of the floods. They professed to be inimical to the Mexican government, and to be anxious to move to the United States.

The Cocopas are of fine physique, and the men are tall and robust. I measured one, and found him to stand six feet three inches. Their skins are dark. They have very large feet, notable for the fact that the middle toes are invariably the longest. I saw the big fellow I measured run bare-footed over a patch of sharp stubble left by stalks of the cattail flag which had been burned. His feet were not hurt in the least.

It was common to see the men come to our camp fire and poke the coals with their naked toes. One fellow had thus burned all his toe-nails black, although his feet were otherwise uninjured.

The toes of these people are remarkable for their nimbleness. I saw one man pick up a red-hot coal with his foot to light his cigarette. Another, walking along the road, thus clutched a stick which he wished to use for a cane. I gave a child a lump of sugar. He dropped it, but the nimble toes caught it and brought it to his hand.

Upon the death of one of the tribe his kinsmen all cut their hair to a shortness proportionate to the relationship of each to the deceased. The property of the dead man is given to different members of the tribe never to the relatives. This is to prevent disputes as to ownership. The house having been deprived of the valuables the corpse is permitted to remain within while fuel is collected and a fire kindled underneath. Thus each man's house becomes his funeral pyre.

All the Cocopas paint their faces and are or less tattooed. The foreheads of the men are tattooed with circles or zigzag marks. Upon marrying the women must be tattooed with various designs.

When a Cocopa girl is ready to take a husband a hole is dug in the ground and in it is built a fire, kept burning until its surrounding earth is thoroughly warmed. The fire is then extinguished and the bride elect placed in the pit. She is buried to the neck and in this condition is left standing until morning. After being dug out the next morning she is supposed to be ready for the duties and trials of matrimony. This would seem to be a reasonable supposition.

His Trip Awheel.

A devotee of the bicycle started southward on his wheel at the beginning of winter. Several weeks afterward he reached Florida, none the worse for his journey.

'Do you mean to tell me,' exclaimed the friend whom he had gone to visit, 'that you made the entire distance by wheel?'

'Certainly,' he replied. 'When I couldn't ride the machine I got off and walked by it.'

The reader will perceive that there is more than one way to travel 'by wheel.'

Mrs. Jason—What is that you are tryin' to sing for the land's sake? Mr. Jason—'The Lighthouse by the Sea.' Mrs. Jason—Well if you expect me to git the washin' ever done you'd better be thinkin' of the wood-house by the saw.



FRESH FLOWERS.