

## The Brutal Bender Family.

Twenty eight years ago Kansas, indeed the whole country, was shocked by the discovery of the Bender murders. The Bender murders have few if any parallels in history.

The series of monstrous crimes was committed in the midst of a peaceful, happy and prosperous country neighborhood. Human blood was spilled like water for a few paltry dollars or even for so small a price as the poor clothing worn by the murdered travellers.

The Benders drifted into Labette county, from whither no one ever knew, early in the spring of 1872 and at once sought and entered a government homestead a few miles out from the town of Cherryvale. They chose a level bit of prairie land in a narrow valley, along which ran the main traveled road leading from Fort Scott. Osage Mission and other points to Independence, the seat of the United States land office.

This house was divided by a thin board partition, and underneath the rear part was dug a cellar about four feet deep, which had no stairway, but which could be entered by a trapdoor in the floor of the rear room. The front room was fitted with rough shelves and contained a small stock of supplies, while across the front of the outside a straggling sign announced that groceries were for sale within and that entertainment could be had for man or beast. The road ran within a few feet of the front door, and it was understood that the Benders did quite a thriving business with the many wayfarers who were constantly passing to and fro.

There were four persons in the family of murderers, two men and two women. Old man Bender was a German and could not speak a word of English. He was a morose and savage visaged man, who seldom spoke, even in his own tongue. His wife was also German, but she had mastered enough of English to attend the store. Next came Kate Bender, the only daughter of the old couple. She spoke fairly good English, which indicated that the family had long been residents of America despite the inability of the parents to talk English. Kate was anywhere from 25 to 30 and in appearance was not unattractive. She had good features, steel gray eyes, a full head of wavy, yellow hair and stood about 5 feet 6 inches in height.

The circumstances which resulted in the discovery of these crimes were:

In April, 1873, Dr. York, a prominent physician of Fort Scott, started to visit his brother, Hon. A. M. York, at Independence. Dr. York reached Osage Mission in the afternoon, called on some acquaintances and then rode out three miles and spent the night with a farmer friend. The next morning he was met on the road not a great way from the Bender farm, and that was the last seen of him alive. When his brother was reported missing, Senator York commenced to move heaven and earth to find him. Day after day he searched for a clue, but learned no more of him than the fact that his brother had been seen at a certain spot in the road and that he had then disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him.

About this time four people, two men and two women, drove into Thayer, Neosho county, with a two horse wagon. They unhitched the team, tied the horses to the back of the wagon, in which there was some hay, and then went to the depot and took a north bound train, buying tickets for Humboldt. No further notice was taken of the event until the team was nearly starved, when it was taken care of.

A week or more after this occurrence a neighbor noticed the deserted appearance of the Bender farm. He made an examination of the premises and found a dead calf in the barn tied with a rope, and it was evident that the animal had perished from hunger.

The dead calf aroused curiosity, then suspicion, and finally Senator York was notified. He came at once, and a crowd of more than 200 people quickly assembled about the Bender house. A farmer happened to be walking about the small plot of plowed ground at the rear of the house with the red from the end gate of a wagon in his hand, which he was using as a walking stick. It struck a soft spot and sank in easily. Spades were at once procured, and a short time spent in rapid digging opened a deep grave and revealed the body of Dr. York. A thorough search of the plowed and harrowed ground revealed other soft spots, and be-

fore the work ceased nine bodies were taken from the wet and sticky clay. The surface soil was black loam, and it was evident that the murderers had removed this before digging in the clay and then carefully replaced the soil upon the grave. There was nothing upon Dr. York but an undershirt.

John R. Brunt, then a deputy sheriff in Labette county, was an eyewitness of the scene, and he thus described it:

'A great stench arose from the cellar, so the house was pried up and rolled from over it, but no bodies were found. The stench arose from the blood that had accumulated during the winter. With but two exceptions the description of the wounds on the bodies was the same. All were naked except an undershirt. A hole about an inch in diameter was crushed through into the brain on the right temple, and the throat was cut two-thirds around and to the neck bone. In the back room was found a small hammer with an octagon face and a long, tough hickory handle. This had been the instrument of death. Everything indicated that the manner of killing had been about as follows:

'When a victim entered the front room, he was invited to take a seat. A chair was placed for him at the back of the stove. Thus he was facing north with the back of his head against the thin partition, and flush with the west side of the door in the partition. Then the murderer would step to the back door and look up and down the road a mile either way. Finding the coast clear, he would step back, take the hammer and from behind the partition administer through the doorway a terrible blow on the victim's temple a little above and in front of the right ear. As the victim sank in a heap the body was pulled back until the head came over the aperture; then the throat was cut, the blood flowing into the cellar hole.'

Many of the immediate neighbors and residents of adjacent towns had almost miraculous escapes from death at the hands of this fiendish family, but perhaps the most remarkable escape was that of a young man named Reed, or, more familiarly, 'Happy Jack,' who lived in Cherryvale. Passing the Bender place one day, he caught a vision of the handsome Kate in dressableness, and after a moment's pause he turned back and entered. She soon engaged him in conversation and enticed him to a seat on the fatal bench. A few moments later he heard a shrill, peculiar cough from the doorstep, and two travelers rode up and dismounted. Simultaneously he felt a peculiar, undulous motion as of something lightly and swiftly brushing past behind the curtain. This was the fatal hammer already started on its murderous mission when arrested by the old woman's signal.

Reed accompanied the two men on their way, promising to stop and spend the night on his return. He arrived at Bender place the following evening, and soon after two of his friends en route to Independence drew up to the door. He announced that he wished to send a message home by them, which Kate by every means in her power endeavored to prevent him from doing. He insisted, however, and thus again his life was saved. Soon after Kate became strangely cold and distant, and he retired to sleep in the rear room. About midnight a wagon drove up to the door. The old man went out and conducted the owner and his team to the barn, and soon after Reed heard a heavy blow followed by a scream, then a rain of blows in rapid succession. Kate arose and came to his bedside, but he feigned sleep. At breakfast next morning she asked him if he had slept well, and he replied in the affirmative, saying he had not awakened once during the night. A moment later he heard the noise of some heavy instrument striking the floor, and old man Bender came from behind the screen and joined him at table. Thus a third time his life was saved by his prudent replies.

What became of the Benders was never discovered, but it is probable that they returned to Germany or went to some South American country.

### A Monkey Ceremonial.

The author of 'Sands of Sahara,' when visiting the Gorge of Chiffa, came upon a strange ceremonial which, a native assured him, was an unusual one. The gorge itself is like a grand sanctuary, canopied by trees and lighted delicately by the sun filtering through foliage. A remarkable assemblage was there that day, a congregation of monkeys apparently holding some

kind of service to which the birds of the forest gave music.

The monkeys sat in rows upon the broad, outreaching branches of the virgin trees. They were in parties of two, three or four, although one fellow sat alone, like a decorous bachelor. While most of them remained stationary, certain patriarchal fellows passed about the area of assemblage, sitting down for a few minutes on the branches beside different families of the parish, seeming to give them counsel.

The ceremonies were conducted with the greatest propriety. The monkeys seemed to be taking part in a service in which they were deeply interested. When it was over, and they were about to go out into the world, the rulers could be seen running about, passing from tree to tree on the interlacing branches; nor did the assembly break up until those evidently respected officials had visited and saluted the entire convocation. Even their departure was made most decorously.

Then, after that serious council had adjourned, the monkeys fell to enjoying themselves. They scampered from tree to tree. They swung from branch to branch. Some hung by their tails, and others, in little coteries, hand in hand enjoyed their mid-air frolic. But the old bachelor did not clasp hands with anybody.

### WHITE LADY OF BERLIN.

Specter That Foretells Disaster to the Royal House of Germany.

Rumor in Berlin says that the 'white lady,' the mysterious ghost that foretells disaster to the house of Hohenzollern, has once again walked in the long halls of the imperial palace in Berlin. What does the appearance portend? ask the people.

There are nods, winks, mutterings, significant looks, eloquent silences, when the apparition is mentioned.

'She has walked, poor lady? Ah, I say nothing—nothing—you understand! And yet—what hearest thou of the Empress Frederick today?'

The Empress Frederick! The dowager lady of the dead Kaiser Fritz! The English mother of the German emperor.

Is it she whom the 'white lady' menaces? Does the ghost mean that Victoria's eldest daughter, the mother of the German emperor, must follow so soon to the grave the Queen of Great Britain?

The members of the royal family are said to have themselves too much faith in the authority of the 'white lady's' messages to be quite comfortable after her reported appearance.

And who is or who was the 'white lady'? All sorts of stories are told of her, one of the latest and most curious coming from Dr. Theodore Hansman of Washington.

Dr. Hansman is famous as the taker of so called 'spirit photographs.' He avers that the 'white lady' appeared to him and stood for a picture probably the only one of its kind in the world.

Dr. Hansman says the 'white lady' told him she was the sweetheart of a noble by whom she had several children, though his real wife was living. At the death of the wife the woman, angered that the margrave would not marry her, killed her children, thinking that they stood in her way. She was buried alive, in the pleasing manner of those days, and swore to haunt the deathbeds of all generations of Hohenzollerns, an oath she is believed by many to have kept.

The royal house of Prussia dates from the tenth century, when a baron of Wurtemberg fortified 'High Zollern,' a hill from which comes the Hohenzollern name.

From Conrad of that ilk has descended the long line of electors of Brandenburg, of one of whom the more usual legend of the 'white lady' is related.

It was Joachim I who, wishing to enlarge his castle, found himself blocked by the giny hut of a widow which stood just where one of the walls of his keep was planned to rise. So he gave orders to tear down the cottage.

The widow did not believe that the injustice was done by Joachim's order, so she went to throw herself at his feet to ask justice.

But when he saw her he directed that she be thrown out by his guards, and this was done with unnecessary brutality. Then the widow turned upon the elector.

'Prince Joachim,' she said, 'you have taken all that I possess, and now you refuse me justice and order your people to drive me away.'

'But, remember, you must die as other men, and in thy last hour thou shalt see me again to announce my fate, and not thine only, but that of all thy successors to the remotest posterity.'

And the story goes that she has done it. The great Elector William saw the ghost. His son Frederick, first king of Prussia, saw the 'white lady' in very truth, though in his case it was his young wife, his third, wandering about the palace in her night robes two days before her death.

There are many famous cases where the

## Dr. Chase's Help To the Workers.

When the Brain Lags the Body Weakens and Physical Bankruptcy Threatens, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Seeks Out the Weak Spots and Builds Them Up.

Canadians are workers. Some from necessity, others from ambition. Some to provide for self, others for the daily bread of those dependent on them. All alike fail when the system weakens and health gives way to disease. The strain of work is on the minds of some on the bodies of others, but the nourishing of both is in the nerves and blood.

When the mind refuses to concentrate in thought, when the brain tires and aches, when sleepless nights are followed by days of languor and discouragement, when the heart palpitates, the stomach weakens and there are pains and aches of heart and body, Dr. Chase will help you by means of his Nerve Food, the greatest blood builder and nerve restorative of the age.

Without deadening the nerves, without stimulating the heart to over-action, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food gradually and certainly reconstructs the tissues wasted by over-work and disease. The quality of the blood is enriched, the nerves are revitalized, and the new and strengthening tide communicates itself to every muscle of the body.

Mrs. D. W. Cronsberry, 198 Richmond street west, Toronto, Ont., states: 'My daughter, who sews in a white goods manufactory, got completely run down by the steady confinement and close attention required at her work. Her nerves were so exhausted, and she was so weak and debilitated that she had to give up work entirely, and was almost a victim of nervous prostration.'

'Hearing of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, she began to use it, and was benefited from the very first. It proved an excellent remedy in restoring her to health and strength. After having used four boxes, she is now at work again, healthy and happy, and attributes her recovery to the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.'

The strengthening and building power of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is now extraordinary. From week to week new vigor and energy are added to the system, until health and vitality is again fully restored. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, of Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

'white lady' is said to have pertended misfortune. On the night before Asafield Prince Louis of Prussia and his adjutant, Count Nostitz, were chatting in the Schloss Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt when a white robed figure glided before them.

The prince turned pale. He had been confidently talking of victory, but after that he despaired.

Neither he nor Nostitz was surprised when next day the 'white lady' again appeared just as the Germans fell back defeated.

Nostitz's own son told this story to Unser Fritz, father of the present emperor. Curiously enough, Unser Fritz's death also was foretold by the specter.

When the French officers of Napoleon were quartered in the castle at Baireuth, the 'white lady' appeared to them, and General Espagne cried out that he was doomed. Shortly afterward he died.

Napoleon, who had all a Corsican's superstition, wouldn't sleep in the castle. Later, when he was to build in Paris a splendid palace for the king of Rome, a poor man's house stood in the way. Napoleon did not demolish it, like Count Joachim, or even apply to it the right of eminent domain, but bought it, though the owner raised his price several times and in the end got about ten times its value.

He then expected to found through the Eaglet a dynasty of long renown, and he didn't want his successors pestered by ghosts.

### In the Grasp of a Tiger.

The Wide World Magazine prints the experiences of a hunter who had a most unpleasant encounter with a man-eating tiger in Assam. He and his companions were watching upon the veranda of their bungalow for this same tiger, and had grown sleepy. The hunter, in despair of a visit from the tiger that night, leaned his rifle against the wall, and put hand and arm, as far as the elbow, round the veranda wall in order to bend forward and take a final look outside.

At that moment he felt his wrist seized in the jaws of the tiger with such a grip that he was powerless to resist. With a shout, 'Help! The tiger has got me!' he stepped backward off the veranda to the ground, yielding himself to the animal, as he knew that a struggle would result in instant death. The pain was excruciating, for the great teeth of the tiger were crushing through the flesh and bones of the wrist.

As for the rest of the party, they had been dozing in long cane chairs, with their guns beside them. In the confusion of their hasty awakening fear seized them, and they rushed into the bungalow, closing the doors.

Meanwhile the victim of the tiger's cunning was walking at the side of the man-eater, every depression in the ground causing him intense pain as the brute's teeth jarred and wrenched the bones of his wrist. He says:

'We had proceeded in this manner for some fifty yards when we neared a nullah, or dry water-course, which formed a boundary between the bungalow compound and the tea bushes on the other side. In a moment I realized that if the monster got me into his nullah, I was doomed. I gave one great, heartrending shout for help.'

'This was enough for young Radcliffe. Without a moment's hesitation he burst through the back door, rifle in hand,—to which, by the way, he had affixed the bayonet,—and hurried to my rescue.'

'The tiger had brought me to the brink of the nullah, and I, knowing that help was at hand,—for Radcliffe had shouted, 'Hold on! I'm coming!'—drew back as my strength would permit. Upon this

the tiger turned deliberately round, facing me, and rising on his hind legs, placed his enormous front paws on my shoulders, never for one instant losing the grip he had on my wrist.

'I exerted my whole strength—and I am a powerful man—to withstand the forward pressure of this heavy beast, throwing one leg back to act as a stay, and wondering how soon I should be overcome by the tiger's superior weight.'

'Then came a flash and a loud report, and the tiger fell over backward, loosening his grip on me as he fell. 'Run for your life, man!' shouted Radcliffe, and I needed no second warning.'

'I was weak from pain and loss of blood and Radcliffe had gained the bungalow some seconds before I reached it. The tiger, meanwhile, had partially recovered himself and was on his legs again, and once more chasing me. As I placed my foot on the step I was hurried forward into the center of the room, the door giving way with my weight, and the tiger fell across my body, dead.'

### Tender Corns.

Soft corns, corns of all kinds removed without pain or sore spots by Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Thousands testify that it is certain, painless, and prompt. Beware of substitutes offered for the genuine 'Putnam's' Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless. At all druggists or sent by mail upon receipt of twenty-five cents. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

### In the Palace of the Czar.

'Is my suit of armor ready, Ivan?'

'I would advise you against going out to get a breath of fresh air this morning, your majesty. I will turn on the electric fans.'

'And my mail, Ivan?'

'I would not open it, your highness. The nihilists are saturating letters to high officials with deadly poison, a touch of which means instant death.'

'Was that a bomb that just exploded, Ivan?'

'Three bombs, your majesty. Will you have your breakfast, your highness?'

'Has the food been analyzed to determine whether or not it was poisoned, Ivan?'

'It has been found to contain no poison, your majesty.'

'Can you vouch for the loyalty of the chemist who analyzed it, Ivan?'

'I can, your majesty.'

'And can anyone vouch for you, Ivan?'

'You must judge for yourself, your majesty.'

'And you will not assassinate me, Ivan?'

'No, your highness.'

### They Never Get Disheartened.

'I have just graduated from a school of journalism!' quoth the young man, with pardonable hauteur.

The editor laughed mockingly in his face.

'Only graduates of divinity schools know how to run a newspaper!' he said.

But the young man was by no means disheartened. He was far from being the first to have started wrong.

## FOUL, LOATHSOME, DISGUSTING CATARRH!

Secure Relief in 10 Minutes

And a Radical Cure.

Does your head ache? Have you pains over your eyes? Is there a constant dropping in the throat? Is the breath offensive? These are certain symptoms of Catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will cure most stubborn cases in a marvellously short time. If you've had catarrh a week it's a sure cure. If it's of fifty years' standing it's just as effective. 6