

## AN INDIAN MEMORIAL

ERECTED BY SIOUX ON WOUNDED KNEE BATTLEFIELD.

Shaft to commemorate those who fell in that bloody fight—the last great stand of the Red Race Against the White.

On a little knoll overlooking Wounded Knee battlefield on the Pine Ridge agency, in South Dakota, 5,000 Sioux Indians recently gathered to dedicate a monument recently erected to the memory of their dead who fell at that place Dec. 29, 1900. Following the example of the whites who called the battle of the Little Big Horn the "Custer massacre," the Sioux have called the battle of Wounded Knee the "Big Foot massacre," because Big Foot was the chief under whom they fought in that last



THE MONUMENT. and most disastrous effort of the Indians to resist the march of civilization. Many of those warriors who rode in the whirlwind of death which engulfed Custer's men at the Little Big Horn went to their death at Wounded Knee, and this monument is to their memory. The celebration was the first of its kind observed by the Indians of this country and marks the progress which civilization is making among them.

The Wounded Knee fight was the last great stand of the red race against the white and was caused through the agency of Sitting Bull, who was to the northern Indians what Geronimo was to the southwestern tribes. He aroused their patriotism to the fighting spirit, and in addition he anointed each brave with "medicine," which he claimed made them invulnerable to bullets from the white man's pistol. And every Indian thoroughly believed this.

To accomplish his purpose, Sitting Bull originated the "ghost," or Messiah, dance, which soon spread through the Sioux nation like fire over the western prairie. This dance was only a preliminary to being anointed with the "medicine" and was a mixture of the war and squaw dance, except that the dancers circled around a tall pole on which was hung a skin containing the medicine. The eyes of the dancers were continually fixed on this spot, their eyes thrown upward. It is said the dancers, in time, became actually hypnotized and fell on the ground in a cataleptic fit. While in this state they had visions of what was to happen to the white men who opposed the Indian when anointed with the "medicine." These visions were all alike. Buffalo would return; white men be all killed, the Great Spirit had informed them that the white man's bullet could not injure them any more; and, above all, that Sitting Bull must be obeyed implicitly.

**Preparing for War.**  
After the Indians had danced all during the fall of 1890, about 80 per cent of the entire Sioux tribe became firm followers of Sitting Bull; had interviewed the Great Spirit, and had been anointed with "medicine" by their high priest or medicine man.

When the Indians got into the condition that Sitting Bull could be sure his every order would be obeyed, the "ghost" dancing ceased and preparations for war began. Then it was that the commanding officer of the United States troops at Fort Yates was ordered to arrest old Sitting Bull and confine him in prison at the agency of Standing Rock for the time being.

Sitting Bull was camped forty miles away from the agency, but a squad of fifty cavalrymen started after the old Indian early on Dec. 15.

The Indian police, commanded by Bull Head and Shave Head, were within striking distance of Sitting Bull's camp several days before the cavalry took leave of the fort.

Sitting Bull's cabin was almost surrounded by the fanatical "ghost dancers," but the Indian police managed to reach the house and arrest the old fellow. Sitting Bull's young son slipped from the house and aroused the "ghost dancers," who soon swarmed around the little party of police.

After the police mounted their horses to return with Sitting Bull, that old warrior called upon his followers to rescue him, and Strike-the-Kettle and Catch-the-Bear dashed up at full speed to the two police who guarded the prisoner, and shot them. Both guards were killed, but in falling Bull Head, a guard, wheeled, and instead of shooting his assailant, shot Sitting Bull dead.

The police then took refuge in Sitting Bull's cabin, which was immediately surrounded by hundreds of yelling, frantic Indians. The soldiers came up at that moment, and the ghost dancers fled to the timber, half a mile away.

An hour later an incident happened which showed the sublime faith his followers had in Sitting Bull, and which had a great bearing upon the future of the Indians and led directly to the battle fought two weeks later by the ghost dancers at Wounded Knee—the battle which the monument commemorates.

While the troopers were preparing to return to the fort, carrying the dead body of Sitting Bull with them, an Indian riding at full speed emerged from the woods into which they had gone when the soldiers appeared. Straight towards the assembled soldiers rode

## MISS HELEN BISHOP.



Miss Bishop was the minister's daughter, whose killing by a negro caused a mob at Wilmington, Del., to burn the miscreant at the stake.

the red man, until he halted on a small knoll about eighty yards away.

Dressed (or rather undressed) in full war paraphernalia, eagle war bonnet, war paint, war lance, etc., and war shirt which Sitting Bull had anointed, the warrior stood like a copper statue on the knoll, while every soldier and Indian police in the troop fired point blank at him again and again. For five minutes he sat on his horse, immovable, drawing the fire of the ninety men, most of whom were crack shots. Then the firing ceased and every soldier in the troop applauded the wonderful nerve of the warrior. He had been testing the efficiency of the "medicine" of Sitting Bull.

Apparently satisfied, he turned his back on the soldiers and rode again at full speed for the timber, never looking back. Two weeks later this same Indian started the fight at Wounded Knee by braining Captain Wallace in the presence of his entire company.

**Killing of Capt. Wallace.**  
Dec. 28 the Indians were camped on Wounded Knee creek, waiting for a conference the following day with Gen. Forsythe, commanding the troops. During the day the scouts Little Bat and Lone Star had been among the Sioux Indians, led by Big Foot, and had learned the serious condition of affairs. The following morning they reported to Gen. Forsythe that the Indians would probably resist unless an overwhelming force of soldiers was brought up. Forsythe did not agree with the scout and continued to advance.

But Capt. Wallace, who believed the report of the scout, together with "Little Bat" and "Lone Star," rode ahead of the troops, in order to pacify the Indians.

The three men drew in close to the troops of savages which had advanced to meet them, and then "Lone Star" recognized the daring warrior who had tried his medicine two weeks before that day. He, together with several other Indians, left the main body and advanced toward Capt. Wallace.

Suddenly, from within the crowd, arose the shrill death song of the Sioux. Both the scouts now saw the deadly danger in which all three stood, but Capt. Wallace did not understand, and before he could be warned, held out his hand to greet the advancing braves.

From their positions, neither of the scouts could fire and Capt. Wallace walked toward his death, oblivious of the terrible fate awaiting him.

The singing Indian grasped Capt. Wallace's outstretched hand, and suddenly drawing his other hand from beneath his blanket, struck the brave captain a terrible blow with a tomahawk, killing him instantly.

But the medicine shirt failed to protect the Indian from the bullet which left the pistol of "Lone Star" a moment later, and the savage fell dead with a bullet through his heart.

**The Bloody Gulch.**  
The two scouts backed away, firing as they went, and in turn received the fire of the entire band. Both escaped without a scratch. But not so the Indians. A number were killed by the scouts before the soldiers got into action. The Indians broke for cover and succeeded in reaching a ravine from which the soldiers could not drive them.

Gen. Forsythe wrote an order for reinforcements and handed it to Lone Star, who rode the fourteen miles to the agency in thirty-five minutes. In 1 hour and 28 minutes the reinforcements dashed up, the soldiers having left too hurriedly to place saddles on their horses.

But they had brought the gatling guns with them. These were new to the Indians, who did not understand the rapid fire. Three of these were placed in position to rake the ravine, and the slaughter began. The savages could not escape, and later in the day the ravine was found to be actually choked with dead Indians, more than two hundred lying within a space of a

few hundred feet. (The Indians still call this "Bloody Gulch.")

The soldiers that day lost Capt. Wallace and twenty-four men killed and thirty-four wounded.

But under the spot on which the Indian monument rests are the bones of more than two hundred and fifty Indians who were killed that day, and for many months it was nothing uncommon to discover the bleached skeleton of an Indian lying in the grass anywhere in the neighborhood of the battlefield. The exact number of killed was never known.

## "LUXURIES" ON BATTLESHIPS.

Modern Vessel Carries 350 Tons of Unnecessary Articles.

Rear Admiral Bowles, chief of the Bureau of Construction, has made a calculation based on investigations made by officers of his bureau of the weight of "luxuries" carried on a battleship of recent construction. In the preparation of plans and designs for war vessels there is almost a constant contention between the several bureaus in regard to the weights that should be carried, each branch contending for the installation of machinery and devices deemed essential. These controversies are usually settled by a compromise, in which something is yielded by each, but the result is often unsatisfactory, and not infrequently has proved detrimental to the efficiency of the vessel.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Construction Admiral Bowles declared that on each battleship there were 350 tons of luxuries, a statement which startled the members of the board. Included in these so-called luxuries are materials of every description that cannot be classified as necessities, such as furniture, ice machines, refrigerators, radiators and the machinery required for them.

It is pointed out that flagships are supplied with two bathrooms and appurtenances for the flag officer, while one bath tub is deemed sufficient for the ward room, in which fifteen or twenty officers live. There will be undoubtedly a protracted discussion as to what constitutes luxuries, but officers generally believe that much of the weights which Admiral Bowles described might be abolished and the space given to what may be called necessities.

There will be little discussion outside of the flag rank as to the necessity for two bath tubs in the elegant and spacious quarters set apart for the admiral. The additional bath is provided for the guest of the admiral in case he should have one, which seldom happens.—New York Times.

## Blue Stockings.

The term "blue stockings," as applied to women with literary tendencies, is not now considered either elegant or appropriate, although as first used there was some warrant for its employment. Its origin is traced to the days of Samuel Johnson, and was applied then as now to women who cultivated learned conversations and found enjoyment in the discussion of questions which had been monopolized by men. About 1750 it became quite the thing for ladies to form evening assemblies, when they might participate in talk with literary and ingenious men. One of the best known and most popular members of one of these assemblies was said to have been a Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore blue stockings, and when at any time he happened to be absent from these gatherings it was usually remarked that "we can do nothing without blue stockings," and by degrees the term "blue stockings" was applied to all gatherings of a literary nature, and eventually to the ladies who attended the meetings.

When a woman has poor luck with her cake, the family are allowed to have all they want.

The pugilist is frequently beaten at his own game.

## ADVENTURES OF YOUNG LADS SMITTEN WITH A DESIRE TO SEE THE WORLD.

A HEROIC attempt to have a vacation at all cost was made by a certain boy, whose experience is related in Chums. He joined a circus with the intention of becoming a lion-tamer; but there was no vacancy in that department, and before he made up his mind what else he would like to do, the circus people worked him in as "tent man." He had to help to put up and take down the great tents at each stopping place. Incidentally, he worked all the rest of the time at odd jobs. The circus men, in fact, found him so useful that they locked him up in an empty leopard cage each night, in order that, after having been kept at work all day by a rope's end, he might not have a chance to abandon his circus career after dark. Ultimately, the boy hid for twenty-four hours in a disused lime-kiln in one of the towns he visited, and finished his outing by giving himself up to the police authorities in order to be sent home.

Not long ago an American boy, thinking that a vacation spent on his uncle's farm was likely to be without adventure, stowed himself away and journeyed a long distance on the buffers of a freight train. He thought he had done a rather fine thing, but the railway people held a different opinion. "It's our turn now," they said.

Then they explained to him that to send him back again would cost three dollars, and he already owed them three dollars for the trip down. So he was taken to the machine shops and directed to earn six dollars by filing tubing smooth. A watchman was deputed to keep a fatherly eye on him after hours.

The new hand managed to write to his people; but, very wisely, they agreed that to "serve his time," might teach him a useful lesson, so they paid no ransom. It took the boy nearly three weeks to file his way to liberty.

At a harbor of Continental Europe, in which a submarine war vessel was undergoing tests, a third young adventurer was smitten with a desire to become a "stowaway." He was continually begging one of the crew, whom he knew, to smuggle him on board. At last, after a quiet little talk with the boy's father, the sailor consented.

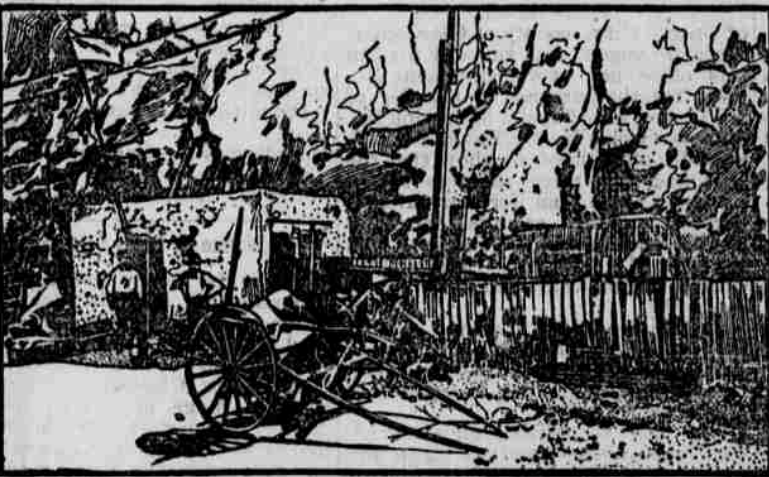
In the dusk of evening the boy arrived at the meeting place appointed, close to the sea. "We must blindfold you," said the sailor. This was done, and then the boy was led about here and there for some time, between two grinning mariners, and watched by a grinning parent. When he was thoroughly dazed, he was pushed into a narrow, cold metal apartment, and cautioned to keep perfectly still until some one came for him.

"And mind you keep that bandage on till you're told to take it off," added the sailor.

The boy waited—for hours, it seemed to him—hardly daring to breathe, but trying to think that he was having a great time. Then he took off the bandage, he was in total darkness. More hours went by, and no one came back for him. He was now not only hungry, and cold, but also frightened. No sound reached him. Was he really alone in the submarine boat in the depths of the sea?

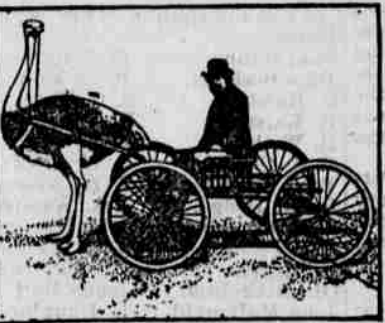
No he was not. At 1 o'clock in the morning his father, still smiling, rescued him from an old ship's iron cistern, in which he had been imprisoned on the beach. The submarine boat and her crew had, in the meantime, been towed away to another seaport; but the boy was no longer interested in a seafaring life.

## ODDEST COUNTY JAIL IN THE UNITED STATES.



Graham County Jail, at Clifton, Ariz., is probably the most unusual in America. It comprises four large apartments, hewn in the side of a hill of solid quartz rock. The entrance to the jail is through a boxlike vestibule, built of heavy masonry and equipped with three sets of gates of steel bars. Here and there in the rocky walls holes have been blasted for windows, and in these apertures a series of massive bars of steel have been fitted firmly in the rock. The floor of the rockbound jail is of cement, and the prisoners are confined wholly in the larger apartments. In some places the wall of quartz about the jail is fifteen feet thick. Some of the most desperate criminals on the southwest border have been confined in the Clifton jail, and so solid and heavy are the barriers to escape that no one there has ever attempted a break for freedom. The notorious Black Jack was there for months. Clifton is one of the great copper mining camps in Arizona, and has the reputation of being as depraved a community as yet exists on the frontier of civilization. In summer the mercury there frequently rises to 120 in the shade, and in the winter it never goes below 40 degrees.

## WITH THIS TRAINED OSTRICH HE HAS A WINGED STEED



Ethan Allen Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior, recently visited the Hot Springs ostrich farm, and had the experience of riding behind one of the largest ostriches in the country. The ostrich is known as "Black Diamond," who is big and fleet, and docile as a well-trained horse. Black Diamond was hitched to a runabout, and Secretary Hitchcock had the novel sensation of riding behind this bird that trotted as fast as a horse can run.

## MODESTY OF THE TRULY GREAT

How Gladstone and Darwin Regarded Themselves.

In "Studies in Contemporary Biography," which James Bryce has just published, are two stories which have caused some of the critics to express astonishment at the "modesty of the great," says an exchange. The stories are these:

Meeting Mr. Gladstone in the lobby, and seeing his face saddened by the troubles in Ireland, Mr. Bryce tried to divert his thoughts by mentioning a recent discovery—to wit: that Dante had been saved from want in his last years by a lectureship at Ravenna. Mr. Gladstone's face lit up at once, and he said: "How strange it is to think that these great souls, whose works are a beacon light to all the generations that have come after them, should have had cares and anxieties to vex them in their daily life, just like the rest of us common mortals."

"The words reminded me," adds the author, "that a few days before I had

heard Mr. Darwin, in dwelling upon the pleasure a visit paid by Mr. Gladstone had given him, say: 'And he talked just as if he had been an ordinary person like one of ourselves. The two men were alike unconscious of their greatness.'

It is only the little who think themselves great. They are like those who do not know much, and, therefore, imagine that there is not much to know. The great do not think themselves so, just as the learned are overwhelmed by their ignorance. In the same way, it is not the socially important who are affected and impertinent, but the unimportant.

## A Ball of Fire from the Sky.

One of the strangest freaks in electrical phenomena ever reported occurred in Northern California recently. During the day the thermometer had fallen, and about four o'clock there was a slight fall of snow. There had been no thunder or lightning during the day. Suddenly and without warning, from what appeared a clear spot in the heavy bank of clouds overhead, a brilliant ball of fire shot from the sky and struck the ground on a farm about two miles east of Anderson, a small hamlet. The illumination was plainly visible in Redding, thirteen miles distant. A few seconds after the descent of the fire ball there was a loud report, like a mighty explosion. The shock was felt in Redding, where windows rattled and houses shook. In the village of Anderson the people were panic-stricken. Glass in windows was broken, walls were cracked, houses rocked as though tossed by an earthquake, and telephone, telegraph and electric light wires were put out of action for a time.

## Rid of an Aching Limb.

"Railroad took off his leg?" "Yes, and so providential?" "Providential?" "That's what. It was the leg with the rheumatism in it."—Atlanta Constitution.

There is no earthly hope for a man who is too lazy to wage his enemies.

## ISTHMUS OF TEHUANTEPEC

Short Route for Shipments to the Far East.

The completion of the extensive port works at Coatzacoalcas, on the gulf, and Salina Cruz on the Pacific side, connected by a well-equipped railroad across the narrow Isthmus of Tehuantepec, promises to provide a short route for shipments to Pacific coast ports and the far East that will be an important factor long before the question of an isthmian canal is settled, says Modern Mexico. The co-operation of the Mexican government in the building of this transcontinental line is a satisfactory guaranty that the extensive undertaking will be carried to a successful end. The location of a connection between the great oceans is a question that does not affect to any great degree shipping between North Atlantic and Southern Pacific ports, but when the saving in time between Atlantic and gulf points and Central and North American coast cities and in shipments to Asia are considered, the advantages of the northern route are striking.

From Panama to Salina Cruz the distance is 1,303 miles, which is a clear saving for freight to northern ports shipped via Tehuantepec. The saving will be made upon all shipments to Central American ports, varying in importance from 454 miles to Junta Arenas, Costa Rica, to 1,002 miles to San Jose de Guatemala. From Salina Cruz to San Francisco the distance is only 2,170 miles, and shipments to the Orient will save over 1,000 miles by the use of the Mexican rail transfer to the Pacific in preference to going through a Panama canal. It is a fact not generally known that from New Orleans to San Francisco by the Mexican isthmus it is 100 miles shorter than by the line of the Southern Pacific Railway. With such shipping facilities as it is intended to establish the Mexican short cut across the backbone of the continent will doubtless divert much commerce from all-rail lines. It will from the start furnish an attractive route for the growing export cotton trade of the Southern American States to the Orient, and it will at once become a powerful factor in the development of Mexico's rich west coast.

## UNCLE BEN'S NEPHEW.

"Uncle Ben"—the good-natured bachelor brother of the family—had been smoking silently while the other men were swapping stories. At last he took his pipe out of his mouth and drawled:

"You married men think you know it all. But your experiences pale in contrast to mine with that kid nephew in the other room."

"I rashly offered to stay with him the other night while all you folks went out, and actually the things that kid did in the hour I was with him would make a list a mile long, more or less."

"He yelled twenty minutes without stopping for breath. I'm willing to swear on that."

"Pulled enough hair from my head and whiskers to stuff a sofa pillow. Decorated the wall paper as high as he could reach with the poker."

"Broke a vase by sitting down on it. Swallowed several buttons and a lot of bread."

"Emptied his mother's work-basket things into the fireplace."

"Punched the head of the cat into a cup, and was scratched badly in the attempt."

"Knocked the head off a fine wax doll belonging to his sister by trying to drive a tack with it."

"Fell off the sofa and howled."

"Broke three panes of window glass with my cane."

"Fell into the coal scuttle and spoiled his white dress."

"Set fire to the carpet while I was out of the room hunting up something to amuse him."

"Crawled under the sofa and refused to come out until I gave him candy."

"Got twisted in the legs of a chair; they had to be broken to get him out. Poured water into his mother's slippers."

"Finally when he saw his mother coming, he ran to the door, tumbled off the steps, cut his nose and tore a hole in his dress."

"Pretty swift record, isn't it? Still, the kid'll come out all right. He's the proper stuff."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Indians Know a Coward.

An Oklahoma man once told an Indian that a desperate white man was after his scalp. He smiled and shook his head. "A few days later," continues the narrator, "we were talking to the white man, when the Indian came up to the group. He had spotted the stranger and knew him by sight. Without saying a word to him he walked up within arm's reach and struck the white man in the face with a rough, heavy glove. He paused for a few seconds and hit him again. 'Ugh!' he exclaimed as he wheeled around and walked away. The white man looked at the Indian in amazement, but made no show of resentment. Later in the day, when we asked the Indian why he didn't follow up the insult with blows, he told us the white man was a coward. In explaining how he knew it he said the man's 'jaw dropped' when he struck him in the face the second time with the glove, and that this, with the Indian, was an unfailing sign of cowardice."—Kansas City Journal.

It is hard to tell who is borrowing money.