

THE SAD FATE OF THE BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN

True Story of the Massacre of an Immigrant Train by Indians at "Bloody Point," Tule Lake, Klamath County, Oregon, in 1852

THE late Isaac Constant, who was captain of the train, is authority for the enclosed story. Mr. Constant came to Rogue River valley in September, 1852, and took up a donation claim near the present site of Central Point. He was one of the best and most prominent farmers in the valley. A man of stern integrity and unbending will, his word was as good as his bond. He lived continuously on his claim up to the date of his death in January, 1890. He was uncompromising in matters of principle, a man of much influence and had the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. The writer, with his parents, was about 150 miles behind the murdered train, and passed around the same noted trail, our train being under the leadership of Wright's men. The story in all respects is substantially true and has never been published.

W. J. PLYMALE.

Early in the spring of 1852 a party of immigrants arrived at Weston, Mo., bound for the "Golden West." They were people from the middle states who had sold valuable farms and were all well-to-do. They bought outfits here consisting of horses, wagons, oxen, provisions, ammunition and everything necessary for the long and arduous journey of which they had been fully advised. This was the second or third train that of the great immigration of that year. At Weston two young men made application to accompany the train, promising to perform such duties as might be required of them, and in all things to be faithful and devoted to the best interests and most speedy progress of the train. Their names were such as to inspire confidence, and they were allowed to join the company.

When everything was in readiness the train pulled out, and crossing the Missouri river, camped about five miles from the Indian territory. It must be remembered that at that time Kansas was not settled, and that when the Missouri river was crossed the Indian territory was at once encountered. Here the company organized by electing Isaac Constant captain. Mr. Constant was a man of self-poise, strong personality, good judgment, fine executive ability and had the confidence of every member of the train.

And though many of the company were anxious to reach the gold fields on the Pacific at the earliest date possible the captain decided that no traveling should be done on Sundays. He believed the journey would be made as quickly and with less wear and fatigue by resting one day in seven. The train was well supplied with reading matter and musical instruments, and when Sunday came it was soon found to be a

great relief and source of satisfaction to rest and read and collect in groups and listen to vocal and instrumental music. After the company had become weary and travel-worn, Sundays were looked forward to as so many happy oases in the desert of a toilsome journey which seemed more disheartening with each succeeding day.

It is not the intent of this paper to relate the more graphic and interesting incidents that transpired along the way, as these are common to all trains and would only be a repetition of what in some measure all experienced in crossing the plains. The narrative will therefore be confined mainly to the "unknown" and the two young men.

In pursuing its way westward the company occasionally came to a trading post where some adventurous spirits had reached the country by means of the Indians and were trading their goods and cheap variety notions for furs, pelts and other articles of commerce. These posts generally carried in stock sugar, coffee, tobacco, etc., and were supplied by fast mule teams which placed them in direct and reasonably speedy communication with their sources of supply in the east. It was natural for trains to stop at these posts to inquire the news and make such small purchases as they chanced to need. As each successive post was reached the company was informed that there were two small trains ahead. It was represented that there were a number of women and children with these trains, and special mention was made of a handsome young woman, tall and willowy, with a wealth of auburn hair, dark hazel eyes and truly fascinating to all who came in contact with her. It was said of her that she had a happy greeting and pleasant smile for all and that her reassuring and cheerful disposition was a constant inspiration to the weary and disheartened. Her words of cheer and encouragement were as a grateful balm to the worn and spiritless and all such turned instinctively to her for that confidence and renewal of hope which she alone seemed able to impart. At every station on the train advanced the young woman was the chief subject of conversation. Inquiry failed to elicit anything concerning her name, antecedents, where she came from or whether her parents were with the train. The post traders seem to have been too much absorbed in her beauty and engaging manners to make any inquiries concerning her. From all reports she appears to have been of charming personality, refined and cultivated, and fitted alike to be the companion of common people or to adorn with all the graces of superior womanhood the most advanced society. She was at once the pride and pet of the whole company.

Contrary to the opinion of the young men, the train they left was gaining on those ahead and was only a short distance behind them when they left. When the train was approaching Tule Lake, the captain, as was his custom, went ahead to look out a camping place. Con-

dition were unfavorable for grass and water, and the train traveled later than usual before reaching camp. A number of times during the day members of the train thought they saw the dust of another train three or four miles ahead. It was nearing sundown when the wagons reached camp and were run into a circle for protection.

The tracks of the last train ahead followed the main road to the left around the point near the lake. The captain took a trail leading up to a flat on a spur that extended down to the lake and soon came to a spring where there was good camping ground. The company had been camped and turned in to sleep when a fire was heard from the direction of the lake. Then another and another in quick succession, and soon the firing became rapid and general, indicating that a battle was being fought at the point of rocks below. The firing lasted but a short time and all again was quiet. The train was quickly aroused, the stock gathered up, arms and ammunition placed ready at hand, and every precaution taken to protect life and property should an attack be made on the train. While all hands were keeping a close watch from inside the circle, three horsemen were seen approaching from the point at a swift gallop. The anxiety and excitement upon this discovery were intense, but all preserved silence and prepared for the worst. When the horsemen came close enough to be recognized as white men, the captain stepped out from the circle and greeting them as they rode up, invited them to dismount, take supper, and remain over night with them. They accepted the invitation and were soon surrounded by anxious members of the company, who hailed them as thrice welcome protectors. Soon supper was served and during the conversation which ensued it was learned that the men were volunteers under Ben Wright, who had been sent out from Yreka to protect the immigrants. They informed the captain, with many regrets, that their arrival was too late to save a train which had just been murdered at the point of rocks below. Upon inquiry as to the firing the volunteers said they came upon the Indians while they were robbing the wagons and stripping the dead, and succeeded in killing a few, but that most of them escaped in the rocks and tules. The captain was then informed that it was the intention of the volunteers to bury the dead the next morning, and he and two other men from the train decided to go with the volunteers and assist in the work and search for the body of the young woman of whom they had heard so much during their journey. The volunteers assured the immigrants that there was no danger of Indians as long as they

were in the vicinity, and that all could rest in safety. When ready to leave for the scene of the massacre, the party took the back track down the incline and soon reached the main road that wound around the point of the lake. They had gone but a short distance when two bodies were discovered lying near the road. On approaching them the captain and his companions were horrified to recognize the remains of the two young men who had left the train but a few days before. They were stripped of clothing, but their bones had not been mutilated. A short distance from these lay the victims of the massacre. The ground was strewn with blood and presented a spectacle sickening beyond description. The dead were lying in all shapes. Some entirely nude, others partially stripped as though the Indians had been interrupted before their work was completed. A number were hacked and mutilated in the most shocking manner.

While collecting the bodies for burial, the volunteers were informed of the circumstances of the beautiful young woman and requested to make a special search for her remains. When the bodies had all been collected, it was found that none of them answered to the description of the young woman. Upon the burial of those found, careful search was made among the rocks and in the tules, but without avail. Her body was never found.

After 20 years had passed away and the Indians had been gathered on reservations, Captain Jack and his braves left the Klamath reservation and took up their home in the Lava Beds. They were insolent and annoying to settlers and many complaints were made against them. The Indian agent had repeatedly ordered them to return to the agency but they refused to do so, alleging that this was their land and country, that they had never sold or ceded it to the whites, and that they intended to remain there. Complaint was finally made to the government and an order came from the war department to compel Captain Jack and his men to return to the reservation. This brought on the Modoc war. During the war a small scouting party came across the skeleton of a person at the foot of a rocky precipice in one of the deep defiles of the lava beds. The guide who for many years had been intimate with the Indians, assured the party that the skeleton was not that of an Indian. After

consultation it was decided to take it to camp. They did so. The company's surgeon was called, and after careful examination of the bones pronounced them to be those of a young person, presumably a woman. After the close of the war and Captain Jack and his confederates had been hanged for the murder of the peace commissioners, an old Indian who remained on the reservation, hearing of the skeleton and where it was found, told the following story: He said the Indians were opposed to the whites coming into or passing through their country. That they had inherited the land from their ancestors, and that it had descended from one generation to another for ages before the great Crater mountain whose snowy summit once pierced the clouds dissolved in flame and smoke and was blown away and left a deep, dangerous lake inhabited by a monster serpent, eye, long before the white man was, the Modocs possessed this goodly land, and it was theirs by every right of inheritance and prior occupancy. That when the Indians learned that many whites were on the road with intent to pass through their country, preparations were made to surprise and kill the invaders that others might be warned against trespassing upon their territory, consuming their grasses and killing their game. They selected the point of rocks below the tules, and secreted themselves in the rocks and tules, when the train approached, shot and disabled the teams and killed or wounded those in sight with bows and arrows, and rushing upon them with their knives, clubs and spears, they were thrown into confusion and murdered before they had time to collect for defense. But one escaped. After completing the work of death, a sub-chief who had discovered some loose horses in the night, rode a short distance away, went to draw them in as individual spoil. In passing around them he came across the young woman who had escaped the massacre and secreted herself in the tules. He seized her and returned with her to the agency. Captor and captive were quickly surrounded by the desperate and excited pillagers whose hands were yet wet with the blood of the slain. A scene of the wildest confusion ensued. Angry protests and threats were hurled at the sub-chief, defiant imprecations and yells of "kill her" in the Modoc tongue rang in their ears and echoed through the rocks, and the life of the young woman trembled for a moment on the balance and hanging by the tenderest thread. When the fury had somewhat abated, a consultation was called and while in progress, the captor fled with the young woman into the tules and was soon in the lava beds within the sacred precincts of his own

wiki-up where none dared molest him. The sub-chief already had two wives who looked upon the pale face as a vile intruder and regarded her with the utmost abhorrence. They were not willing to share their lives with the dusky-faced alien and their jealousy, inflamed by the marked attention of the chief to the new arrival, was soon intensified into a flame of frenzy. The sullen gloom and desperation into which the two wives had been plunged by the hated rival made the chief's life a burden, yet he refused to hear their appeals to drive her from the camp, trusting that time would smooth or modify the bitter resentment and his wives began in a measure reconciled. The young woman had been there but a short time when it became necessary for the chief to leave the wiki-up and go in search of food. This afforded an opportunity for the outraged wives to wreak revenge on the young woman, and accordingly when the chief was well out of sight, they fell upon her with rocks and clubs and beat her in the most shocking manner, and but for her screams which brought to her relief a passing Indian, they would have killed her. The Indian remained for her protection until the chief returned. When the chief got back he understood at a glance what had happened. The face and head of the beautiful young woman had been beaten and bruised almost into a jelly, and were so swollen and disfigured as to be unrecognizable. With a look of disgust at the repulsive transformation, he rolled himself in his blankets and went to sleep. When he awoke next morning, he aroused the young woman, who had spent a night of pain and terror, without sleep, and taking his gun beckoned her to follow him. Bruised and bleeding and wretched from the beating and agony of the night, she was barely able to drag herself along after him as he took his way to a high point of rocks overlooking a deep defile. Arriving at the edge of the precipice, he bade her kneel down facing the gorge below and stepping back a couple of paces sent a bullet crashing through her heart. Her body pitched forward and bounding from crag to crag crashed on the rocks below a mangled and shapeless mass.

For more than 20 years the bones of the unfortunate young woman had lain and bleached in the sun, and but for the Modoc war, the absence of her body at the scene of the massacre would always have remained a mystery. An effort was made to learn something of her history and parentage by without avail. She must therefore ever be characterized as "The Unknown." The party of 13 who discovered Crater lake were out prospecting and searching for this young woman who was supposed to be a captive among the Indians.

There were no common people in those days," said Mrs. O'Neill, who still lives in the historic house on the old homestead, distinctly remembers the details of the first inaugural ball. She states that the costumes worn were becoming to the dignity of the function. The people of those early times wore good clothes on festive occasions, for they had brought their dress suits across the plains, and there was no difficulty in getting good articles of clothing at the stores.

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The Fine Old Home at Oregon City in Which the First Inaugural Ball Was Held

(By Keeler K. Gabbart.) THE first inaugural ball in Oregon was a notable function of historic interest. General Joseph Lane, who had served with distinction in the war with Mexico, was wounded in one of the engagements under General Taylor. Soon after his return from the war he was appointed the first territorial governor of Oregon, and was commissioned on August 18, 1848. Governor Lane and his staff reached Oregon City March 3, 1849, making the trip from Portland to the falls in a bateau, or flatboat. The new executive and his party were received at Oregon City, then the capital of the newly organized territory, with great pomp. It was the beginning of a new epoch in the history of the northwest, for it was the transition from the provisional government organized in 1845, to that of an organized territory of the United States. The reception to the governor and his staff took place at the home of William Livingstone Holmes, now known as "Rose Farm," just outside of the present corporate limits of Oregon City. Many prominent persons were present, including Dr. John McLoughlin; George Abernethy, who had been governor under the provisional government, and Supreme Judge A. J. Lovejoy. Almost the entire population of the territory was present, including residents of Portland. The dinner or banquet was served in the afternoon on the long porch in front of the dwelling, and appropriate toasts and responses enlivened the festive occasion. The meats for the ban-



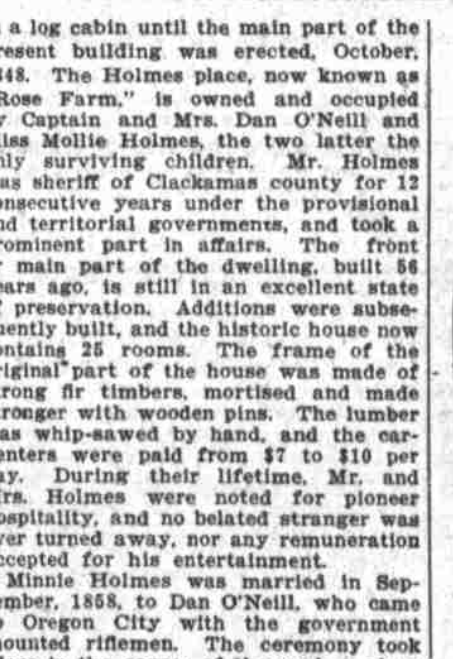
WILLIAM LIVINGSTONE HOLMES. quiet, including beef, venison and bear, were roasted over live coals in a pit dug in the ground, in barbecue style. After the banquet followed the inaugural ball, which lasted until daylight the next morning, closing the festivities in honor of Oregon's first executive.

Mrs. Dan O'Neill, the oldest daughter of Mr. Holmes, who still lives in the historic house on the old homestead, distinctly remembers the details of the first inaugural ball. She states that the costumes worn were becoming to the dignity of the function. The people of those early times wore good clothes on festive occasions, for they had brought their dress suits across the plains, and there was no difficulty in getting good articles of clothing at the stores. There were no common people in those days," said Mrs. O'Neill, who still lives in the historic house on the old homestead, distinctly remembers the details of the first inaugural ball. She states that the costumes worn were becoming to the dignity of the function. The people of those early times wore good clothes on festive occasions, for they had brought their dress suits across the plains, and there was no difficulty in getting good articles of clothing at the stores.



ROSE FARM. Mrs. O'Neill deems Dr. McLoughlin the greatest man that ever lived in Oregon, and has suggested that it would be but a tardy recognition of his services to erect a monument in his honor. William Livingstone Holmes, wife, and three children arrived in Oregon City from Missouri in 1843, and lived

in a log cabin until the main part of the present building was erected, October, 1848. The Holmes place, now known as "Rose Farm," is owned and occupied by Captain and Mrs. Dan O'Neill and Miss Mollie Holmes, the two latter the only surviving children. Mr. Holmes was sheriff of Clackamas county for 12 consecutive years under the provisional and territorial governments, and took a prominent part in affairs. The front or main part of the dwelling, built 54 years ago, is still in an excellent state of preservation. Additions were subsequently built, and the historic house now contains 25 rooms. The frame of the original part of the house was made of strong fir timbers, mortised and made stronger with wooden pins. The lumber was whip-sawed by hand, and the carpenters were paid from \$7 to \$10 per day. During their lifetime, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes were noted for pioneer hospitality, and no stranger ever turned away, nor any remuneration accepted for his entertainment. Minnie Holmes was married in September, 1858, to Dan O'Neill, who came to Oregon City with the government mounted riflemen. The ceremony took place in the corner of the house where now stands the upright piano brought around the horn in 1852. Later, Captain O'Neill became prominent in steamboat circles. "Rose Farm" is still an attractive and interesting place with its historic relics, some of great value; furnishings, libraries of books, and a dwelling that was noted for the entertainment of early-day



GEN. JOSEPH LANE. celebrities, is still the scene of some delightful social occasions. The house can be reached in a shorter way from the city limits by a pathway that passes through a natural park, which extends to a short distance from the front yard.

CASTE IS SLOWLY DYING OUT IN INDIA

W. E. Curtis in Chicago Record-Herald. Everybody who keeps in touch with the slowly changing social conditions in India is convinced that the caste, the most important fetich of the Hindus, is gradually losing its hold, particularly upon the upper classes, because they cannot adjust it to the requirements of modern civilization and to the foreign customs they imitate and value so much. Very high authorities have predicted in my hearing that caste will be practically obsolete within the next 20 years, and entirely disappear before the end of the century, provided the missionaries and other reformers will let it alone and not keep it alive by controversy. It is a good fetich, and when it attacked the loyal Hindu is compelled to defend and justify it, no matter what his private opinion of its practicability and advantages may be, but, if foreigners will ignore it, the progressive, cultured Hindus will themselves discard it. The influence of travel, official and commercial relations, and social intercourse with foreigners, personal ambition for preferment in the military and civil service, the adoption of modern customs and other agencies are at work undermining the institution, and when a Hindu finds that it interferes with his very comfort or convenience, he is very certain to ignore them. The experience of the Maharaja of Jeypore, of whom I wrote you yesterday, is not unusual. His case is only one of thousands, and nearly every native prince and wealthy Hindu has broken caste again and again without suffering the slightest disadvantage, which has naturally make them indifferent.

Krishna, and a red circle means Siva—the two greatest gods—or vice versa, I have forgotten which, and Hindus who are inclined to let their light shine before men spread on these symbols with great care and regularity. At every temple, every market place, at the places where Hindus go to bathe, at the railway stations, public buildings, in the bazaars, and wherever else multitudes are accustomed to gather, you will find Brahmans squatting on a piece of matting behind trays covered with ochers and other paints. These people know the distinctive marks of all the castes, and for small fees paint the proper signs upon the foreheads of their patrons, who wear them with great pride, and on holidays and religious anniversaries, when the people come out for pleasure, or during special ceremonies at their temples, nearly everybody wears a "god mark," just as he would wear a badge denoting his regiment and corps at a Grand Army reunion.

The more you study the question of caste the more confusing it becomes, but it is interesting and important because it is the peculiar institution of India and is not found in any other caste in the world. The number of castes is almost infinite. The 200,000,000 or more Hindus in the empire are divided into a vast number of independent, well-organized and unchangeable groups, which are separated by wide differences, which cannot set together or drink from the same vessel or sit at the same table or intermarry. There have been, and still are, eminent and learned philosophers and social scientists who admire caste as one of the highest agencies of social perfection, and they agree that it alone has prevented the people of India from relapsing into barbarism, but foreigners in general and Christian missionaries in particular take a different view, and many thoughtful and patriotic Hindus publicly declare that it is the real and only cause of the wretched condition of their people and the greatest obstacle to their progress.

learned Hindu and author of a standard book entitled "India, Past and Present," declares that "civilization has been brought to a standstill by its miscellaneous restrictions, and there is no hope of its being remedied until those restrictions are removed." It is curious to learn that the word "caste" is not Hindu at all, but Portuguese, and that the ignorant and ancient feature of the Hindu religion, it is comparatively a modern idea. The first form of religion in India was the worship of nature, and the chief gods of the people were the sun, fire, and other natural phenomena, which were interpreted to the ignorant masses of priests, who gradually developed what is now called Brahminism, and, in course of time, for social reasons, divided the people into four classes: First, the Brahmans, which include the priests, the literary and the ruling portions of the population; second, the Kshatriyas, or warriors, who were like the knights of Europe in the middle ages; then the Vaisyas, or landowners, the farming population, and those engaged in mercantile and manufacturing industries; and finally the Sudras, or servants, who were the lowest caste, toiled in the fields and did the heavy labor of the community. Gradually these grand divisions became divided into sections or social groups.

Trades, professions, tribes and clans, and particularly those who worshipped the same god, naturally drifted together and were watchful of their mutual interests, as there are as many gods in the Hindu pantheon as there are inhabitants in India, these religious associations are very numerous. Occupation is not a sign of caste. Every caste, and particularly the Brahmans, have members in every possible occupation. Nearly every cook in India is a Brahmin, which is a matter of almost imperative necessity, because no man can partake of food cooked or even touched by persons of lower caste. The Brahmans are also more numerous than any other caste, according to the recent census they number 14,888,000, adult men only being counted. The soldier caste numbers more than 10,000,000, the farmer caste and the leather workers have nearly as many. Nearly 20 per cent of the population of India is included in these four castes; and there are 40 or 50 others, each having more than 1,000,000 members. There are more than 1,800 groups of Brahmans, who have become so numerous and so influential that they are found everywhere. The number in the entire country is very large, representing about 35 per cent of the entire mass of employes of the government in every capacity and station, and they have the largest proportion of educated

men. It is a popular delusion that every Brahmin is a priest, when the fact is that they are so numerous that not more than a small percentage is employed in religious functions. But for more than 3,000 years they have maintained their superiority unchallenged. This is not only due to their pretensions, but to their intellectual force. They have been the priests, the writers, the rulers, the legislators of all India, because of their force of character and mental attainments, and will always preserve their supremacy through the same forces that enabled them to accede to power. The laws of caste, as explained by Mr. Shoshoo Chunder Dutt, the Hindu writer referred to above, provide that: 1. That individuals cannot be married who do not belong to the same caste. 2. That a man may not sit down to eat with another who is not of his own caste. 3. That his meals must be cooked either by persons of his own caste or a Brahmin. 4. That no man of an inferior caste is to touch his cooked rations, or the dishes in which they are served, or even to enter his cook room. 5. That no water or any other liquid contaminated by the touch of a man of inferior caste can be made use of—rivers, tanks and other large sheets of water

being, however, held to be incapable of defilement. 6. That articles of dry food, excepting rice, wheat, etc., do not become impure by passing through the hands of a man of inferior caste so long as they remain dry, but cannot be taken if they get wet or greased. 7. That certain prohibited articles, such as cows' flesh, pork, fowls, etc., are not to be eaten. 8. That the ocean or any other of the boundaries of India cannot be crossed over. The only acts which now lead to exclusion of caste are the following: 1. Embracing Christianity or Mohammedanism. 2. Going to Europe, America or any other foreign country. 3. Marrying a widow. 4. Throwing away the sacred thread. 5. Eating beef, pork or fowl. 6. Eating food cooked by a Mohammedan, Christian or a low caste Hindu. 7. Officiating as priest in the house of a low caste Sudra. 8. By a female going away from her home for an immoral purpose. 9. By a widow becoming pregnant. 10. When a man is excluded from caste his friends, relatives and fellow towns men refuse to partake of his hospitality; he is not invited to entertainments in their houses; he cannot obtain wives or husbands for his children; even his own married daughters cannot visit him without running the risk of being excluded from caste; his priest and even his barber and washerman refuse to serve him; his fellow caste men ostracise him so completely that they refuse to assist him even in sickness or at the funeral of a member of his household. In some cases the male excluded from caste is debased from the public temples. To deprive a man of the service of his barber and his washerman is becoming more difficult these days, but the other penalties are enforced with more or less rigor. They tell us that foreigners cannot appreciate the importance of caste. Murray's guide book warns the traveler to remember that fact, and says that

the religion of the Hindu amounts to little more than the fear of demons, of the loss of caste and of the priests. Demons have to be propitiated, the caste rules are strictly kept, and the priests presented with gifts. Great care has to be taken not to eat food cooked by a man of inferior caste; food cooked in water must not be eaten together by people of different castes, and castes are entirely separated with regard to marriage and parentage. A sacred thread of cotton is worn by the higher castes, washing in the sacred rivers, particularly the Ganges, and especially at Allahabad, Benares, Harwar and other exceptionally holy spots, is of efficacy in preserving caste and cleansing the soul of impurities. "The traveler should remember," says the guide book, "that all who are not Hindus are outcasts, contact with whom may cause the loss of caste to a Hindu. He should not touch any cooking or water holding utensil belonging to a Hindu, nor eat the food of a Hindu, nor shoot any sacred animal, and should not pollute holy places by his presence if any objection is made. The most sacred of all animals is the cow, then the serpent, and then the monkey. The eagle is the attendant of Vishnu, the bull of Siva, the goose of Brahma, the crocodile of Indra, the tiger of Durga, the buffalo of Rama, the rat of Ganesh, the ram of Agni, the peacock of Kartikdeya, the parrot of Rama (the god of love), the lion, the tortoise and bear are incarnations of Vishnu, the crocodile, cat, dog, cow, man, trees, plants, tones, rivers and tanks are sacred." Nevertheless, Brahmans are very clever in dodging an issue when it is necessary for their convenience. For example, when a modern water supply was introduced for the first time into a city of India the problem arose, how could the Hindus use water that came from hydrants, in face of the law which prohibited them drinking it from vessels which may have been touched by people of another caste? After much reflection and discussion the pundits decided that the payment of water rates should be considered an atonement for violating the ordinances of their religion.

KILLER TILLMAN FOR CONGRESS

Travelers see very little of this peculiar institution, but it is so complicated that they cannot comprehend it without months of study. They notice that half the men they meet on the streets have odd looking signs upon their foreheads. Eyes, our bearer, calls them "god marks," but they are entirely artificial, and indicate the particular deity which the wearer is in the habit of worshipping, as well as the caste to which he belongs. A white triangle means

From the Chicago Record-Herald. James H. Tillman has announced his intention of trying to break into congress. Tillman, while lieutenant-governor of South Carolina, shot and killed Editor N. G. Gonzales, a political rival. Notwithstanding the fact that Gonzales was unarmed at the time of his death, and in spite of the fact that Tillman had boasted that he would shoot the editor down "like a dog," a South Carolina jury acquitted the slayer of the charge of murder. Not satisfied merely to be a free

man, Tillman now wishes to have further political honors. Congressman G. W. Croft defended Tillman in his trial for the killing of Gonzales. Croft died recently, and it is his seat in the national house of representatives that Tillman wants to occupy. Whether the people of South Carolina will desire to add to what was done by the jury which acquitted Tillman remains to be seen. The testimony presented at Tillman's trial for murder showed that the killing was done in cold blood. Furthermore, Tillman's rec-

ord, aside from his reputation as a man-killer, is far from inspiring. It may be said that the South Carolina voters will consider him a fitting successor to the man who was his former law partner, who secured his acquittal in court and who was always his friend. It would be a national shame and a public misfortune if this member of the Tillman family were elected to congress, but South Carolina has a way of doing unfortunate things, and it should not be surprising if Tillman's present ambition were gratified.

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