FAMOUS SIOUX CHIEF.

PASSING OF RED CLOUD, TERROR OF THE PLAINS.

Notorious Old Ogallalla Indian Who Was the Leader in Many Massacres —He Is Now Stricken with the Infirmities of Age.

Once the recognized chief of a numerous tribe, now stricken with the infirmities of his 85 years, broken in health and spirit, scarcely able to see or hear, Red Cloud, the famous Ogallalla Sioux Indian, is dying in a tepee in the corner of the yard surrounding the little wooden house which the government built for him many years ago on the Pine Ridge agency near the Black Hills in South Dakota.

His mind, once so powerful, has become greatly enfeebled with the weight of his years. His speech, which once rang through the council house of his people in impassioned utterances, inciting to action that horde of dusky and bepainted braves whose well planned attacks made many a soldier or hardy borderer tremble for the safety of himself and the helpless ones entrusted to his charge, is now but a hoarse, whisper scarcely conveying to an attentive ear the nature of his simple wants. His sight, once so keen that with piercing gaze he detected from afar those who were hot upon his trail, spurred to their utmost by the grim purpose to avenge some outrage, is now so clouded by the mists of time that he recognizes with difficulty those who attend at his bedside. His sense of hearing, once so quick to note the stealthy approach of his enemies when darkness hid their movements from his vision, is now dulled to all sounds except the call of the Great Spirit.

Gone is his strength! Those sinews of steel, which once so easily bore his powerful frame over rough mountain trails where even the hardy Indian pony could not pass and which gave to him the victory when engaged in deadly conflict with his foes, are now shrunken with age. No more can his once powerful arm deliver the fatal knife-thrust or sever the much coveted scalp lock from the head of a quivering victim, no more can its important force send the tomahawk

RED CLOUD.

crashing through the skull of a foe. With life's energies nearly spent the old chieftain must await the final struggle with a foe which knows not a conqueror's power.

True to his name the famous chief has been a red cloud of terror on the western horizon, whose tornado-like course has swept to destruction many a person and devastated many a hearth. Does he think of this now, as the end draws nigh? With the senility of age does his mind revert to the stirring scenes of his earlier life? Does a tottering memory now recall his many triumphs on the gory field or by the smouldering embers of some stricken home and give to his last thoughts a sense of pleasure? Or can it be that his departing soul, pausing upon the brink of that dread chasm which separates the known from the unknown before taking flight, wavering between doubts and fears, view with remorse any action of the past wherein his hand was raised in Cain-like attitude?

It would be more in accordance with the traditions and teachings of his race to believe that he will go hence with a conscience free from all self-accusation for wrongdoing. No doubt he justifies all his acts of violence by the same process of reasoning that has served to pacify the minds of thousands who in all ages have ever deemed it just and proper to repell with armed force any whom they honestly considered as usurping invaders.

Bloody Deed Brought Fame.

As was the case with many before him, Red Cloud secured fame by the shedding of human blood. Prior to the Fetterman or Fort Phil Kearney massacre he was but little known. That dire tragedy, swift and terrible in its execution, brought him into sudden prominence; although for some time previous he had been wining for himself a name among the Ogallalla Sioux, to which tribe he belonged, for bravery and wise planning when on the war path. The massacre at Fort Phil Kearney was one of the principal events in a war which broke out between the Indians of the northwest and the government in 1863, and lasted almost continuously until 1868.

Red Cloud took an active part in this struggle, and although not a chief by hereditary law his prowess soon gained him that honor. One may easily believe this if credence is given to the statement of the old chief himself, who boasts that in his warrior days he "counted coup" 80 times, and that any one of these deeds of valor against the enemy entitled him to some distinguishing badge of honor. His most notable encounter was an engagement with the Crows, in which he is said to have killed 14 of the enemy.

The discovery of gold in Montana, in the early '60s, created a demand for a new route across the northwestern plains, and it was in trying to open a trail across the hunting grounds of the Sioux in northwestern Wyoming that the government had its greatest trouble with the Indians. In the summer of 1866, Col. H. B. Carrington with a force of troops began building Fort Phil Kearney on the headwaters of Tongue river, near the Big Horn mountains and on territory over which the Sioux claimed jurisdiction, no treaty for a right of way having yet been completed. The soldiers were continually harassed by the savages, but not until December 21, 1866, did the trouble culminate in one of the bloodiest massacres on record.

About 11 o'clock that day a force of some 80 men, who were two miles away preparing pine timbers with which to complete the fort, were attacked by a band of Indians. A lookout stationed on a hill near the fort gave the alarm and a relief party was at once started out in command of Brevet Lieut. Col. William J. Fetterman. The detachment numbered 84 men. Ignorant of the fact that 2,000 Indians were skulking in the ravines, waiting for a favorable moment in which to strike, Fetterman led his men over a ridge, thinking to cut off the retreat of the band which had attacked the party in the pine grove.

Arapaho watchmen at the fort saw Fetterman's command disappear over the crest of the ridge and soon heard the firing. It became more rapid, and they grew fearful of results. Reinforcements were sent out after a little and the only story of the fight is the one which they read on the bloody field and sadly reported on their return to the fort, for not one of Fetterman's men was left to tell the awful tale. Clustered on a space less than 40 feet square were found the bodies of Capt. Brown, Col. Fetterman and 62 of the men. A more horrible sight could not be imagined. They were stripped naked, scalped, and so terribly gashed and mangled as to be almost unrecognizable. Years afterward the Sioux showed a rough knotty war club of burr oak, driven full of nails and spikes, which had been used to beat their brains out. It was still covered with brains and hair, glued to it in clotted blood.

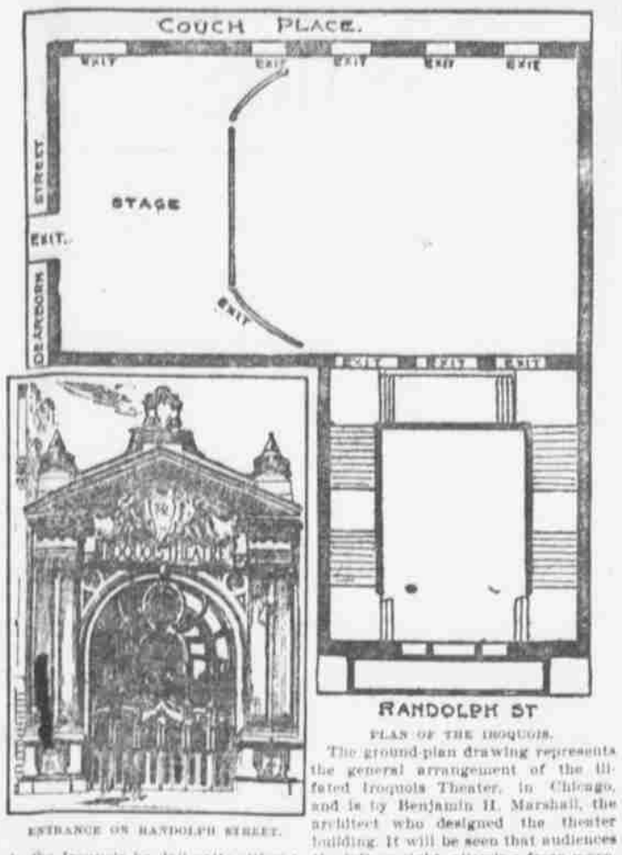
No empty cartridge shells were found around the bodies, and there were no signs of a struggle. Instead every bit of evidence seemed to show that after their ammunition became exhausted these men had started for the fort and been surrounded and struck down on the way. It was also evident that rather than endure torture, Fetterman and Brown had each used his last charge to end his own life.

The bodies of the others who made up Fetterman's command were found further on, and here the empty shells denoted that a last brave stand had been made and a strong effort on the part of the heroic remnant of the force to hold the savage foe at bay until their friends could escape to the fort. The bodies here were shockingly mutilated.

The Indians say that Red Cloud was not present at the Fetterman massacre. Be that as it may, he certainly got the credit of having planned it, a circumstance which he did not hesitate to fully make use of in gaining absolute control over his tribe. He continued fighting against the government until about 25 years ago, when he signed a peace treaty.

He then buried his tomahawk and has never since then broken his compact with the government. When he fought the whites he did so with terrible earnestness and ferocity. Descending like a whirlwind of death upon a settlement, he always left a gory path behind him; but when he signed the treaty of peace he did it in good faith, and for 23 years he has lived in amity with his white brethren.

PLAN OF THE IROQUOIS THEATER.



ENTRANCE ON RANDOLPH STREET.

PLAN OF THE IROQUOIS.

The ground-plan drawing represents the general arrangement of the ill-fated Iroquois Theater, in Chicago, and is by Benjamin H. Marshall, the architect who designed the theater building. It will be seen that audiences in the Iroquois ha dall exits either to the left or right, allowing freer movement in case of a panic. The architect declares that ordinarily the theater could be cleared of its inmates within five minutes without any rush or hurry. The exits to the fire escapes lead from the north side of the theater into the alley, called Couch court. There are fourteen of these exits. The largest number of dead in one place was, odd as it may seem, in the southeastern corner of the first balcony, directly in front of the broad doorway from which the marble stairway leads down into the foyer. Heaped up in front of this doorway—the one place in the theater which would be picked out as a perfect point for the easy withdrawal of a large audience—were probably 200 dead. The trouble here lay first in the darkness, and second in the fact that three little steps downward lead from the balcony to the broad landing. Few recalled these steps. The result was that, while many stumbled and recovered, the later ones to leave pitched forward on their faces. The pressure of the frantic crowd behind obstructed the passageway.

HEALTH AND LONGER LIFE.

The Failing Birth Rate Is Offset by the Gain in Health.

While statistics of this country and of most of the countries of Europe report a falling off in the birth rate, there is a marked improvement in the health rate and in longevity. Beyond question, in spite of much that seems to militate against progress in this direction, other factors are at work which more than balance certain baneful influences of the times.

Athletics deserve no small credit for the new life in the community. Athletics may be shortlived, but their influence in the country has been to raise the standard of health and strength and to promote the temperance and self-control which tend to longer life. Much is due to medical discoveries and to a better knowledge of sanitary conditions. Although the germ theory of disease has been acted upon scarcely more than twenty years, the results are beyond calculation, both in saving life and warding off sickness.

Perhaps the best showing in the direction of health is the great decrease in infant mortality. It has been the disgrace of civilization that the number of deaths of children under 5 years of age was out of all proportion to the progress of the race. Last year this proportion was greatly reduced in Chicago, New York and London, not to mention cities of lesser size, and it is one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

Aside from any human and humane sentiments, the enormous waste to a country where years are spent in rearing and caring for children only to have them die before making the slightest economic return is incalculable.

Anything, then, which tends to increase health and longevity is of vastly more importance than a large birth rate merely. The latter alone may mean the poverty and weakness of a country. The former is the real strength of a nation.—Los Angeles Times.

ICE AT THE EQUATOR

It Is to Be Seen if One Will Risk the Ascent of Mountains.

It must be almost inconceivable, even to many people who have been to the equator, that within the sweltering barbarism of the tropics there are places where there is any quantity of ice and snow. Natural ice, moreover, and not the dirty apology for it which is manufactured, and regarded now as a necessity by the white people, who are gradually crowding into the languid warmth perennially filling the equatorial portions of the earth.

Right on the equator there are both ice and snow covering wide districts, where, as in an English January midnight, "the air bites shrewdly and it is very cold." The law that as we ascend the air gets cooler and cooler about a degree for every hundred feet holds good in the tropics as well as in temperate climates, and thus it is merely a question of the existence of sufficient high land anywhere to insure the presence of both frost and snow.

As a matter of act, if we look at a spherical map of the earth, or a globe, the line where snow lies perpetually rises in a great curve, which begins at the sea level within the arctic circles and rises and rises over the equator to a height of between 13,000 and 14,000 feet. In the British Isles this line passes but a few hundred feet above the tops of the Scotch Mountains, and it strikes the Alps about 7,000 feet above the sea.

The Alps and the Caucasus, the Pyrenees and the Himalayas and the desolate arctic wastes are always covered with ice and snow above certain heights and above certain latitudes; but all in these extra tropical regions the snow and the ice shrink and expand as the seasons wax and wane, the snow of the arctic extending the winters over wide areas in the temperate regions, while from the high mountains the snow fields invade the deep forests and the cultivated areas in the valleys every time the winter sets in.—Pearson's Magazine.

Painting on Cobwebs.

Through the New York postoffice, the other day, came a package of some size, which, on being opened by the customs officers in the presence of the person addressed, was found to contain a picture set in a frame and painted on a spider's web. It came from Norway, where, as was ascertained, this peculiar art of making pictures on cobwebs is understood by a few individuals who enjoy a monopoly of it. The webs employed, which are of a remarkably dense weave, occur only in a few localities difficult of access, and the supply of them is very limited.

Presumably the arachnid that spins them is a species of ground spider. There are plenty of ground spiders in this country, of course, and on any dewy morning early one may observe their webs spread here and there like tiny blankets on the grass. These webs are of different construction from ordinary "aerial" cobwebs, and densely woven, but one would not like to try to paint pictures on them.

Spider silk is the finest and most beautiful in the world, and exquisite fabrics have been spun from it. There was a handkerchief made of it a while ago in the museum of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, but it has disappeared. Unfortunately the material cannot be obtained in large quantities, because spiders, when kept together in numbers (as has been found by trial) eat each other up. So, pretty soon, instead of a colony of spiders, there is only one large, fat arichnid left.—New York Post.

Not the Gown, but—

Tess—I'm afraid this gown doesn't become my complexion at all.

Jess—Well, why don't you change it?

Tess—How can I? It's made up now and they won't exchange———

Jess—But you can wash it off and make up differently.—Philadelphia Press.

Giving It a New Reading.

Gregory Gigglesby—I don't know what the governor would say if I told him I was going to get married.

Polly Parquette—Why, let me see. Couldn't you persuade him that two can burn less money than one?—Puck.

TERRITORIAL DIVISIONS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

The four grand divisions are indicated by the heavy crossed lines. The departmental divisions are indicated by the solid heavy black lines, and the crossed black lines. The headquarters of the divisions are as follows: Atlantic division, New York; northern division, St. Louis; southwestern division, Oklahoma City; Pacific division, San Francisco. The headquarters of the departments are as follows: Of the East, New York; of the Gulf, Atlanta; of the Lakes, Chicago; of the Missouri, Omaha; of Texas, San Antonio; of the Colorado, Denver; of California, San Francisco; of the Columbia, Columbia.

THE THREADBARE THEME.

'Tis love they've fluted, luted, sung;
'Tis unto Love they've crept and clung;
And e'er round Love new garlands hung.

'Tis Love, Love, Love, the livelong day,
Until it seems quite thumbed away,
The old, worn string whereon they play.

Some long ago are dead and cold,
Earth, sun, and stars are growing old,
But still the tale is far from told.

Nor shall it e'er be told, in truth,
While April knows not autumn's ruth,
While Youth looks in the eyes of Youth.

Nor shall the string once hang outworn,
Since Life itself of Love is born,
And as Life wanes must sing its morn.
—The Bookman.

TWO ORPHANS.

SHE was seated on a rustic bench beneath the trees, and he paced moodily up and down before her.

"I can't understand it," he said, pausing at last. "You refuse me flatly, and yet you say you love me."

"I'm sorry, John—awfully sorry—but you must understand now that it's final. I have told you my reasons for the refusal, and you must see they are good reasons. And, as for the love, I don't feel any of that hysteric and overpowering passion that the story books tell about, but I love you."

"Humph!"

"Indeed I do. But just look. Neither you nor I have a dollar, and we are both orphans, without prospects."

"I can make money, Kate."

"I don't believe it."

"You ought to give me a chance, Kitty. It's not fair. Wait a year and only give me a grain of hope, and I'll prove to you what I can do."

"It's no use whatever," said the girl, firmly. "You can't make money. You haven't got the gift. You're not thrifty. No, I won't wait at all. I won't delude you with even a grain of hope. In fact, I have decided to put a speedy end to this nonsense. I am going away—off to the city to seek my fortune, John, and if I'm lucky"—and she laughed a little sadly—"I shouldn't mind to send for you to come and share my fortune with me."

The young man flushed.

"You've got a very poor opinion of me, Kitty."

"How hard you make it for both of us!" she exclaimed. "But listen, John, if I should marry you and hard times came upon us, as they would surely come, poverty and humiliation and grim and grimy want and desolation, I should hate you, John. And you would perhaps take to drink or commit suicide. Oh, it's too tragic!"

"I didn't think of all that," he said, brokenly. "I only knew that I loved you."

"And now, John, dear, dear John, good-bye," she said, rising. "Let us part friends."

He turned and caught her passionately in his arms and covered her face with kisses, swearing that he would never let her go. For a moment she drank in his caresses. Then, more angry with herself than with him, she pushed him back.

"Leave me," said she. "I will never speak to you again."

* * * * * * *

It was late in the afternoon of a summer Sunday and the park was filled with gay ladies, toil-worn workingmen with their wives, babies rolling under the trees, troops of bicycles whirling along the graveled ways, maidens shy and sweet, lovers whispering divine nonsense into eager ears—all the breath and blood and brain and bone of the great city stretching itself out for an hours rest and enjoyment.

A young maiden, standing alone by the shore of the lake, looking wearily at the stream of life that flowed by her. What did it matter to one of all that the throng if she hungered for sympathy and companionship? How much alone and how lonesome she felt! A little further down a young man stood and he gazed, not at the boats, not at the water, but at the girl who seemed so forlorn.

"It looks like her," he murmured; "older and whiter and thinner, yet so much like her—as she might have looked after sickness."

He came closer and the girl turned about, facing him

"John!"

"Kitty!"

It seemed a lame greeting. They clasped hands. Each looked at the other, thinking of the day they parted beneath the trees, uncertain as to how their friendship should be renewed.

"Have you been sick, Kitty?"

"No; do I looked dilapidated?"

"You look pale," he said gravely. "Has the city treated you unkindly?"

"It has given me my fortune, John."

"I am glad to hear it, glad indeed."

"Yes," she said with a nervous little laugh, "look at this dress, John, and at this last year's hat and at these shabby boots. They tell the story I might be only too glad to conceal."

"Why, I thought you were in the very height of the style," he exclaimed. "I am sure I never saw you so handsome."

There was a look of glad pleasure in her eyes at this praise, but she shook her head.

"I'm a failure in this big town, John, and that's the fortune I found."

"Mine is no better. I have been here a year now and my career has proved the truth of your prediction. When you refused me that time, Kitty, you were a fortunate girl."

"Do I look fortunate, John?" she asked softly.

"You look like an angel," he said, and looked as if he believed it.

"But you, you," and with critical gayety she surveyed him from head to foot, "you are well dressed, sir. You have a watch and a diamond and patent leather shoes. Why, John, I declare, you are a regular swell."

"I get $12 a week," he said laughing.

"Think of it, and I only get $5. Twelve dollars a week! Why, John, I tell you that's riches."

"You wouldn't advise a man to marry on it, would you, Kate?" he asked, trying to look in her eyes.

But she turned her head away and pretended not to hear.

"You wouldn't advise that, Kate?" he insisted.

"I know two young people, who live in luxury on $10," she said, shyly.

"Suppose we try it, Kate," he whispered.

"I don't deserve it," she said. "I have been a proud girl," and there were tears in her eyes, "but I have found out how well I love you, John, and have been so lonely."—Indianapolis Sun.

SHIFTING SANDS OF PERU.

They Always Awaken the Interest of the Foreign Traveler.

Ernest C. Rost tells of the curious traveling sand crescents of Peru, which move across the desert, says Harper's Magazine. "After passing another 'town' of three or four mud huts we enter the famous desert of Islay, on which are what I consider the most remarkable natural curiosities to be seen on this globe," says Mr. Rost, "for we are now among hundreds—nay, thousands—of pure white sand crescents, on a plateau of 4,500 feet above the level of the sea and fifty-four miles from the coast, where all else is of a dark red or chocolate color. Whence comes this sand and why always in a crescent shape? Professor Bailey, whom I afterward met at Arequipa, in charge of the Harvard University Observatory, told me that scientific men do not agree as to the reason why the sand always forms the same crescent shape, although it is generally believed that the whirling eddies hereabouts are responsible. Some, however, argue that such is not the case, since each one of these crescents has an opening toward the northeast.

"At any rate, the inner circle is an almost perpendicular wall of the finest pure white sand, and from the upper edges the crescents slope gradually away on the outside. They average about twenty feet in height, the inner circle having a diameter of some fifty feet, although I have seen one at least a mile and a half in diameter which was, however, not much higher than the average. These crescents move, it is estimated, at the rate of three inches every twenty-four hours, and when, on the slow journey, one comes near the railroad, it becomes necessary to shovel the sand across the tracks, after which it travels on, forming new crescents or mingling with some of the others."

More Room on London Bridge.

The work of widening and improving London bridge is now nearing completion. The old bridge will be considerably beautified by the alteration.

Practiacily Sir John Rennie's bridge, built over seventy years ago at a cost of £2,000,000, still stands, for the main improvements are the widening of the roadway and footpaths, and the substitution for the solid parapet of an artistically designed open balustrade parapet, worked in Dartmoor granite.

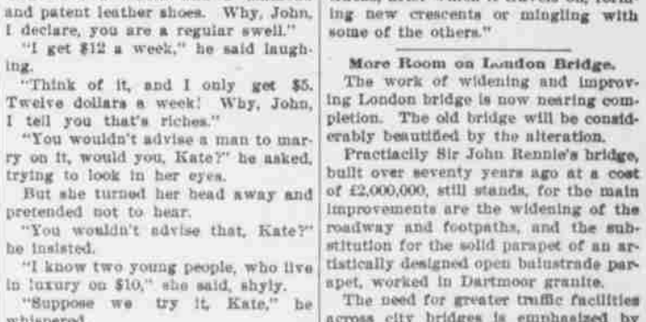
The need for greater traffic facilities across city bridges is emphasized by the fact that the high-level footways of the Tower bridge are now practically useless. They have lost their charm of novelty. The hydraulic lifts stand idle, passengers realizing that little time is gained by using the high level while the low level bridge is raised for shipping traffic. The city corporation has applied to parliament for power to close the high footways. —London Express.

Still in Doubt.

"How did that fellow Spendthrift strike you when you met him the first time?"

"That's what I've been asking myself every day since then. The hard-luck story he told caused me to lend him a five."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

BRIDGE WHICH IS GREATER THAN THE FAMOUS BROOKLYN STRUCTURE



The new Williamsburg bridge is the second and greater bridge across the East River at New York. The new bridge, construction on which was begun Oct. 28, 1896, is about a mile above the Brooklyn bridge, which it greatly resembles in type and appearance, though much larger. Its length between terminals is 7,200 feet and its width 118 feet, the Brooklyn bridge being only 85 feet wide. The bridge proper cost about $11,000,000, and the condemning of land for approaches brought the total cost to about $21,000,000.

The length of the bridge between its terminals is 7,200 feet, or over one and one-third miles. The main span, from the center of one tower to that of the other, is 1,600 feet long. The width of the structure is 118 feet, as compared with 85 feet, the width of the old Brooklyn bridge. The minimum height above high water at pier head lines is 122 feet and its minimum height for 200 feet on either side of the center of the main span is 135 feet. The height of the cable on the top of the towers is 333 feet at their center.

Three thousand and forty-eight tons of steel have been used in constructing each of the towers, while nearly 17,000 tons have been put into the great approaches. In each of the suspension cables, which are 18¾ inches in diameter, there are 7,696 separate wires, these wires being 3,500 feet long and 3-16 of an inch in thickness. Six and one-half million feet of timber were required to construct the bridge, and the steel employed amounted to 40,000 tons. It was necessary to excavate 125,000 cubic feet of earth and to tear down several hundred buildings and houses.

Both of the towers are planted on solid rock foundations. For the Manhattan anchorage 3,500 piles were driven through clay and sand until they reached a solid foundation. The anchorage on the Williamsburg side is said to rest on natural sandstone. The bridge is provided with two drives for carriages, four trolley tracks, two elevated tracks, two footwalks and two bicycle tracks.

SORROWING FRIENDS SEARCHING THE CHICAGO MORGUES FOR LOVED ONES LOST IN THE IROQUOIS THEATER HORROR