

HOW SITTING BULL MET DEATH

By EDWARD B. CLARK
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Deriding the Bachelors.
The bachelor is punished already not only in losing the joys of a home but in being an object of contumely. So long as bachelors are willing to put up with all the losses they sustain in celibacy far be it from the majesty of the law to impose further penalties. I was Cicero or a man of his day who remarked that it was onerous for a man to get along with a wife, but impossible to get along without one. The bachelor is not a man—only a mors or less imitation of one—sometimes a very poor one. He thinks he has a good time in escaping all the major responsibilities of life, but he is deceiving no one but himself. As an example and a warning he has his uses in society. As an individual he is apt to find that he is eating only apples of Sodom. The man who deliberately remains a bachelor is already punished enough. Let him alone in his misery, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, until some nice girl comes along and carries him off. And we may remark that no man is a bachelor of his own initiative—no matter how much he may think so. He is simply a human derelict whom the women have examined, and passed by. The bachelors are the disjecta membra of society whom no woman will have. That is awful and it is enough.

President Taft cannot break away all at once from the habits of a lifetime. The announcement is made that he will go to Alaska on his summer vacation, stopping on the way to open the Seattle exposition. It is lucky that this country began expanding some time ago just for such an emergency. A traveler like the president, who knows the world much as the average man knows the path to the corner grocery, would be cramped within the boundaries of the United States. An ordinary man might roam around in Texas for a week or two and not feel crowded, but Mr. Taft is used to larger ranges. The country is so big now that even a restless president can have a good deal of leeway within its borders, says the Chicago Daily News. If Mr. Roosevelt had succeeded in annexing Central America the opportunities for a presidential traveler would have been still greater.

The refusal of John Binns, the wireless telegraph operator on the sunken Republic, to be treated as a hero, on the ground that he simply did his duty naturally provokes the inquiry, What then, is a hero? Leonidas and his Spartans did only their duty when they held the pass of Thermopylae against the Persians. As it is the duty of a soldier to die for his country, Arnolet von Winkelried did no more when he broke the Austrian phalanx at Sem-pach by seizing a bunch of the enemy's spears and thrusting them into his own breast, letting the Swiss through the line and winning the victory. When the world plus the badge of heroism or a man's breast, it pays a tribute to that duty which one knows one ought to do, but in which it fears that one might fail.

All the good things seem to gravitate naturally to this country. The American consul at Amoy, China, has sent to the United States an invoice of grape-fruit trees which will be set out at the farm of the University of California and the government experimental station in southern California. The Amoy pomelo, or grape fruit, are said to be the best in the world, and the idea is to domesticate them here. As California has soil and climate believed to be favorable there is hope that the experiment may be successful. Some time ago an attempt was made to grow tea in the Carolinas, but the result was not encouraging. Still, that object may yet be attained. This country has taken in and naturalized a great many products of other parts of the world.

It is an old saying and, within reasonable limits, a true one, that a man has a right to do as he likes with his own. But when the owner of a lake shore lot digs sand from it and gives the waters a chance to eat away the land of his neighbors—what then? In that case, says the supreme court of Wisconsin, in a decision announced recently, there are other rights than his affected, and he must respect those other rights. That's fair. It is in line with the law which makes it a crime for a man to set fire to a building, though he be the owner thereof. There are reasonable limitations to the right of a man to do as he likes with his own.

Matrimony may be a failure in some ways, but statistics show that it is a great aid to good behavior and consequently, of saving to the state, for in the figures of crime just published in New York the vast majority of criminals are unmarried, and this despite the fact that crime there is largely on the increase.

An English preacher declares that London is the wickedest city on earth. This news will be a sad blow to Chicago, says the Cleveland Leader.

WASHINGTON.—Memories of Indian wars fade rapidly from the minds of all persons who were not actively engaged in the hostilities. In the east the troubles in the past on the frontier held the attention and the interest but for the moment. No easterner ever gave full credit to the officers and the men of the United States army who faced danger after danger and withstood hardship after hardship with precious little hope of any reward save the consciousness of duty well done. It is probable that not one person in a hundred can name the battle fought only 18 years ago and in which the casualties to the small force of the regular army engaged amounted to 90 men killed and wounded. That battle was the battle of Wounded Knee, and to-day it is nearly lost to the recollection of the masses. There are several officers now stationed in Washington who had a part in that Dakota fight. The fight between Col. Forsythe's men of the Seventh cavalry and the band of Big Foot, the Sioux, was the result of the ghost-dance craze which had been started and fostered by the great chief Sitting Bull, on whose hand was the blood of Custer and his men. Sitting Bull was shot and killed by Indian police while resisting arrest, but he was killed too late to prevent the spread of the doctrine which he preached and which had run like prairie fire among the men of his nation. There were all sorts of stories circulated concerning



THE DEATH OF SITTING BULL.

the death of the great Sioux chief. Philanthropists in the east who never had seen an Indian tepee insisted that Sitting Bull was murdered and that the blood of the savage was upon the head of the nation.

It was left to Col. Edward G. Fecet, now professor of military science at the University of Illinois, to learn the truth of the shooting of Sitting Bull and to give knowledge of it to the people. Col. (then captain) Fecet made one of the hardest rides known to the troops of the plains before he secured the facts in the case of the passing of the great Sioux chief to the happy hunting grounds.

Sitting Bull's home was in a log hut on the Standing Rock Indian reservation of North Dakota. In the summer of 1890 he gathered many of his braves about him and told them in picturesque Sioux language that a Messiah was to come who would lead the Sioux nation to victory; that the whites would be annihilated; that the buffalo would come back, and that the red man would once more take possession of the earth.

Through the medicine men Sitting Bull worked so upon the feelings and the superstitions of his warriors that they came to believe that by wearing certain garments which were called ghost shirts their bodies would be safe from the bullets of the soldiers.

When Gen. Miles learned of the teachings of Sitting Bull and of their rapid spread, the chief's arrest was ordered. Accordingly Indian police led by Lieut. Bull Head and Sergt. Shave Head were dispatched from Fort Yates to arrest the chief at his log hut miles away. Capt. Fecet of the Eighth cavalry was ordered with his command, consisting of two troops, and, if memory serves, two light field pieces, to make a night march to Oak Creek, about 18 miles from Sitting Bull's house, there to receive the prisoner when he was turned over by Lieut. Bull Head.

Capt. Fecet and his men reached the rendezvous at 4:30 a. m. on one of the coldest mornings of a Dakota December day. There was no sign of the Indian police, nor yet of the scout which Bull Head was to send in advance to inform the cavalry officer of his coming.

Fecet's soldier instinct told him at once that there must be trouble. His men had had the hardest kind of a night ride, but they were willing, and he pushed forward rapidly. After he had made several miles he was met by a scout who was riding like mad. The runner told Fecet that all the Indian police who had gone to arrest Sitting Bull had been killed by the ghost dancers, and that there were thousands upon thousands of them fully armed and in their war paint ready for battle.

Fecet looked over his small command and went ahead at full gallop, his only thought being to save such of the policemen as might be alive, and giving no heed to the other thought that ahead of him might be overwhelming numbers of the savages and the fate of Custer. It was a terrible ride from that time on.

When the morning was a little advanced the men of the command heard firing, which seemed to come from different points. On they went until they came to the brow of the hill. Below



FECET LED HIS LITTLE COMMAND IN A WILD DASH ON THE INDIANS.

them at a distance was the house of Sitting Bull, and in front of it, some hundreds of yards away, was a horde of ghost dancers engaged in emptying their rifles into the log building, from which came a feeble return fire.

Capt. Fecet had his Hotchkiss thrown into action and he dropped a shell in front of the ghost dancers, and then the command charged down the hill.

The shell had its frightening effect on the savages, who held aloof though still pouring in their fire, which was answered by the soldiers as Fecet himself took a rapid course to the log house, with his life in his hands every step of the way.

Inside the hut were found three of the Indian policemen dead and three mortally wounded. The wounded, resolved on exacting a price for their coming death, were still using their rifles against the besieging foe. The soldiers finally drove the savages to flight.

The few that were left living of the little force of Indian police told this story. Lieut. Bull Head had arrested Sitting Bull and had led the chief from his cabin only to be confronted by hundreds of crazed savages. Catch-the-Bear and Strike-the-Kettle, two of Sitting Bull's men, strode through the Indian ranks, raised their rifles and fired. Bull Head was shot through the body. Dying, he turned quickly and killed Sitting Bull. Strike-the-Kettle killed Sergt. Shave Head. Instantly Policeman Lone Man killed Catch-the-Bear. Then the surviving policemen sought shelter in the cabin and held off the ghost dancers as has been told.

With the Rosebud, Standing Rock and Pine Ridge Sioux, who went on the warpath in December, 1890, were a few stalwart warriors of the tribe of the Northern Cheyennes. That the Cheyennes braves were so limited in number was due to the fact that 12 years before the nation, exiled and longing for its old home, had met with practical annihilation in the attempt to regain it.

The Northern Cheyennes had been sent to a reservation in the Indian territory following one of the uprisings against the whites. Their hearts they left behind them in their old home and the warriors yearned to return.

Late in the fall of the year 1878 the Cheyenne braves, taking advantage of the temporary absence of their soldier guardians, gathered together their women and their children and dashed northward in the direction of the land where their fathers had lived from the time back of the beginning of tradition.

They had been told by the Indian agents and by the soldiers, who acted under orders, that they never could take the trail back to the north, but they paid no heed to what was told them, but gathering their possessions they set out.

The Cheyennes' love of home, natural and sympathy-compelling to everyone except to those who thought that an Indian should have naught to do with home-sickness, was the cause of the destruc-

WHAT COLORS SHALL I USE?

This Question is Important in Painting a House or Other Building.

A proper color scheme is extremely important in painting a house. It makes all the difference between a really attractive home and one at which you wouldn't take a second glance. And it makes a big difference in the price the property will bring on the market.

As to the exterior, a good deal depends upon the size and architecture of the house, and upon its surroundings. For a good interior effect you must consider the size of the rooms, the light, etc.

You can avoid disappointment by studying the books of color schemes for both exterior and interior painting, which can be had free by writing National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Building, New York, and asking for Houseowner's Painting Outfit No. 49. The outfit also includes specifications, and a simple instrument for testing the purity of paint materials. Pure White Lead which will stand the test in this outfit will stand the weather test. National Lead Company's famous Dutch Boy Painter trademark on the keg is a guarantee of that kind of white lead.

COUNTRY IN MOVEMENT.

Meeting of National Association for Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis Will Be Largely Attended.

The fifth annual meeting of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis will be held in Washington, D. C., at the New Willard hotel, on May 13, 14 and 15. Owing to the present interest in the campaign against tuberculosis, the meeting will be of unusual interest and importance. The membership of the national association now numbers nearly 2,000, and is distributed in almost every state in the United States. The national association has also a considerable membership in Canada, Cuba, Porto Rico, Philippine islands, and in several of the European countries. Ex-President Roosevelt and Dr. William Osler are honorary vice-presidents of the national association. Dr. Vincent Y. Bowditch of Boston is the president; Mr. Homer Folks of New York city, and Dr. Charles L. Minor of Asheville, N. C., are the vice-presidents; Gen. George M. Sternberg of Washington, D. C., is treasurer; Dr. Henry Barton Jacobs of Baltimore, is secretary, and Dr. Livingston Farrand of New York is the executive secretary of the association.

ANOTHER BORING QUESTION.



"I say, pa, is a man from Poland called a Pole?"
"Yes, my son."
"Then, pa, why isn't a man from Holland called a Hole?"

A Natural Mistake.

A teacher in a Pennsylvania primary school instructed her pupils one "composition day" that they might each write her a letter making excuse for not inviting her to an imaginary birthday party.

The following effort of one little girl was decided to be the best:

"My Dear Miss Alice: It becomes my duty to apologize for not inviting you to my birthday party last week. I had fully intended to do so, but—as I always do in everything—I postponed it till the last minute. When I at last started and reached your gate, I saw the doctor's carriage standing there, and thinking some one was ill, I did not think it best to go in. What was my mortification and consternation to learn the next day that the doctor was courting your sister!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

FOOD FACTS
What an M. D. Learned.

A prominent Georgia physician went through a food experience which he makes public:

"It was my own experience that first led me to advocate Grape-Nuts food and I also know, from having prescribed it to convalescents and other weak patients, that the food is a wonderful builder and restorer of nerve and brain tissue, as well as muscle. It improves the digestion and sick patients always gain just as I did in strength and weight very rapidly.

"I was in such a low state that I had to give up my work entirely, and went to the mountains of this state, but two months there did not improve me; in fact I was not quite as well as when I left home.

"My food did not sustain me and it became plain that I must change. Then I began to use Grape-Nuts food and in two weeks I could walk a mile without fatigue, and in five weeks returned to my home and practice, taking up hard work again. Since that time I have felt as well and strong as I ever did in my life.

"As a physician who seeks to help all sufferers, I consider it a duty to make these facts public."

Trial 10 days on Grape-Nuts, when the regular food does not seem to sustain the body, will work miracles.

"There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.