

DIED IN THEIR BOOTS

TERRIBLE DAY IN MEDICINE LODGE, KANS.

Four Men Had a Bank Shooting the President and Cashier and Are Themselves Captured and Lynched—It Occurred Back in '84.

The biggest day we ever had in Medicine Lodge, says a cattleman, was in 1884, when we had six dead men on our hands, all killed with their boots on. Medicine Lodge was then an old town, as towns go in Kansas, and had a bank of deposits for cattlemen and the usual number of dance halls and saloons, though the latter had degenerated into "joints" under the prohibition reform. Well, on May 1, Wiley Payne, president of the bank, and a man named Gehhart, cashier, opened the bank that morning a little earlier than usual. I was on the way to the bank myself and was about a block away when I saw four men ride up and tie their horses. Three went into the bank. There was an old woman crossing the street, and all of a sudden she yelled "bank robbers" at the top of her voice and began to run. With that the shooting began in the bank. Both the president and cashier were shot to death by the robbers. Every man in town who had a gun, and we all carried 'em, got ready to shoot. There was a lot of cowboys at the hotel and in the joints. They had ridden their horses into town and had left them at the livery stable with saddles on. When the shooting began to get hot the robbers ran for their horses, climbed on and started up Medicine creek. The cowboys were right behind them, riding and shooting. They couldn't get in range so it would be convenient to drop, so they quit shooting and made the branches climb. They never once lost sight of them robbers. I don't know whether they'd have caught them very soon if the robbers hadn't made a blunder.

Harry Brown, the city marshal of Caldwell, and Ben Wheeler, his deputy, were the head robbers. Ben was a big



WILEY PAYNE.

fellow, more than six feet high, and weighed 225. He was too heavy for his horse, and the horse was losing his wind. So what do they do but turn up into one of the deep canyons, thinking they could ride somewhere, I reckon. Anyhow, they started up the canyon, with the cowboys after them. It was a deep one without any outlet at the upper end. First thing they knew we had 'em penned in by the steep banks of the canyon on three sides and the cowboys on the other. It was a tight place, and it did not take them long to agree to surrender and go back to jail. I guess we did promise 'em protection, leastwise we said it they would go back with us we wouldn't hang them on the way to jail. But we declined to be responsible for accidents. That's natural enough. How could we help it if something did happen to them after they got back to jail?

Course, something did happen. They knewed and we knowed that it was going to. They had been caught in the act of killing bankers and in the next days bankers were held in great respect, so they had nothing else to expect. We put 'em in jail safe enough and put handcuffs on them. Along toward evening the boys began to ride in from all over the county. They had heard about the killing, and after mature deliberation it was decided that the jail was no safe place now, and the state had expenses enough of its own. So, for the good of the community, it was thought best to make a short, sure job of them and relieve ourselves from further anxiety.

Along in the evening some of the boys went up to the jail to see how the prisoners were. As I told you, they were all in irons when we left 'em in the morning, but when we got up there that night they had got the irons off. How they done it I never did know, and they didn't have time to explain. When the door was opened they broke to get away. Brown got such a start that it was necessary to perforate him then and there. He died without a kick. His deputy, Ben Wheeler, had to be winged. They shot him so he couldn't run and held him for the final ceremonies. The other two robbers, Billy Smith and John Wesley, were cowboys, but being poor runners, and having been previously relieved of their Winchester and side arms, they was easy to handle. Besides, the boys knowed 'em and did not want to disgrace them. They rounded up the prisoners and took 'em to the river. Then the three were strung up on one tree. Of course, as Brown had already departed this life, there wasn't no need of stringing him up. It was a big funeral we had the next day, six men dead, and all died with their boots on. It was the biggest day we ever had in Medicine Lodge.

Too Rustic.—Why on earth did Miss Pechis reject Mr. Boomer? He's making lots of money in the advertising business. Bella—Yes, and he proposed to her by mail in this fashion: "I can place in a few good papers of guaranteed circulation at a minimum cost the following notice (pure reading, top column): 'Engaged, Miss Birdie Pechis to Mr. Howlett Bloomer.' If this proposition meets your approval, kindly sign and return by first mail."—Philadelphia Press.

ROYAL SUPERSTITIONS.

Fears of Wilhelm, Franz Joseph and Other Monarchs.

No sovereign is more superstitious or more careful not to infringe on any of the old mythical adages than William II. First, there is the white lady. Then the fear of a seventh son, for when the present kaiser was quite a lad a sorceress predicted that three emperors would occupy the throne of his ancestors in the course of one year; that one of these three, who should have seven sons, would bring bad luck to the German empire and allow it to slip forever from the Hohenzollern grasp. The kaiser always assures himself before going on horseback that he has a pierced 5-penny piece in his pocket, supposing it will ward off danger. He inherits these scruples from his father, the late Emperor Frederick, who rather shocked the strong-minded Princess Royal of England by bringing a sprig of white heather, emblem of good luck, when he proposed to her.

Remembering all the senseless forms connected with the Russian court and custom, it is not surprising that Nicolas is superstitious, and very much so. A ring which good Muscovites zealously affirm contains a portion of the true cross is handed down from one autocrat to the other, and nothing in the world would induce the czar to perform the most trivial act without it.

Empress Alex has no patience with her husband's whims of this stamp. The phantom of the Hohenzoerns, like that of the Hapsburgs, is a lady, and her appearance presages death or other misfortune. "Every tragic event—and goodness knows there have been enough of them—which has yet happened at the Austrian court," a well-known archduchess declares, "has been announced by a woman of rare beauty who wanders in the corridors of Schonbrunn castle." Different Austrian notables avow they saw this inauspicious creature shortly before Archduke Radolph's death, and again before his mother's assassination.

The "white lady" of the Tuileries was an ugly dwarf, whose appearance predicted an unnatural death to some member of the royalty. Though the Italian court has no such visitor, King Humbert is just a trifle superstitious, and no matter where he is or under what circumstances, he makes it a point to change his linen three times a day.

A PERILOUS CALLING.

Grave Danger Always Attends the Trainers of Wild Beasts.

When you see an animal trainer performing with ferocious beasts you may be quite right if you imagine the man as a fearless master of them; but if you think for an instant that there is no danger, you are wholly wrong. A trainer never confronts the beasts and compels them to do his bidding without literally taking his life in his hands. He is so used to the danger that he does not think of it each time, and he holds his mastery of them by a sort of power that becomes habit, second nature, as it were, just as he eats his meals or performs any other common employments. Or, to make the case more plain, he forgets the dangers that surround him, just as men in any other dangerous calling do—a painter, for instance, who stands upon a narrow platform hundreds of feet above the ground. Nevertheless, the danger is ever present, and all the more terrible because of the uncertainty of it. A trainer must inspire constant fear in the brutes. What a power for harm there is in the elephant, for instance! One swing of that powerful trunk, and he could crush out the life of the man; but he is possessed of an ungovernable fear. Some animal trainers live to a good age and never have an accident. They are absolutely fearless in their work, and yet they may be no braver than you or I when other animals are in question.

There was one trainer who gave a wonderful performance with a number of animals in one cage. He would take all manner of liberties with the ferocious brutes, compelling them to do his bidding, making them form pyramids and lying down on them. When you consider how a cat or dog will sometimes turn on you if not handled just so, you must realize what a tremendous power the trainer must exert over such huge, savage beasts. There were always a dozen other keepers about when this performance was being enacted, and they were armed with pistols, hot irons and rawhide whips. One of the lions turned upon his trainer once, and his arm was badly lacerated before he could be rescued. Of all animals, keepers say the tiger is the worst, and the most treacherous. It is necessary to keep an eye fixed pretty constantly upon it, or it may revolt at any moment.

Mouse Nest.

The officials of the redemption division of the treasury department recently received from an Illinois farmer a cigar box full of what appeared to be the material used on the stage to represent snow. Instead of being pure white, however, the hundreds of pieces of paper were tinted with green. A letter in the same mail that brought the box explained the mystery. The bits of paper were all that remained of the fortune of an old couple, living on an Illinois farm. The man was a veteran of the civil war, and by dint of great economy had managed to save in recent years a few hundred dollars. The board was kept in a trunk, and the latter stated that the last time it had been counted there were \$275 in the treasury. The next time the couple went to inspect the money they found a big mass of finely chewed paper, and in the midst of the whole was a nest of young mice. The pieces were gathered up and sent to the treasury department, where they were turned over to Mrs. Brown, the woman expert. She pieced them together with great care, and after several days' work found that the claim of the farmer was correct, and that all of the \$275 was contained in the fragments. New bills to this amount, fresh from the bureau of engraving and printing, and without a single crease or fold, were promptly forwarded to the old couple. —Washington Special to the Brooklyn Eagle.

THE WOMAN HE LOVED

THE HE BEING CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.,

And the Woman Grace Wilson Vanderbilt, Now His Wife—One of the Few Love Matches Among the Wealthy Set.

(New York Letter.)
In all probability no woman in New York has been so constantly before the eyes of the public during the last two years as Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Event after event occurred which concerned her and those near her, events which were of great interest to all who have known of the Vanderbilt affairs. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., was born Grace Wilson, one of the three daughters of Richard T. Wilson of New York. Her mother has been called the Napoleon of matchmakers by those who are envious of her success; it is doubtful if four children of one family have ever married more brilliantly than her children. Before Mrs. Vanderbilt was married she received more than her share of the attentions of prominent men. Col. John Jacob Astor was one of the first to admire her at her debut, and at one time rumor, which is so precipitate to jump at conclusions, reported that they would become engaged. This rumor received its quietus when her engagement was announced to the Hon. Cecil Baring of the famous family of London bankers. This was looked upon as a brilliant match, and great surprise was felt when the engagement was broken off. The host of admirers never deserted her and the Marquis of Ava, eldest son of the Earl



MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

of Dufferin, British ambassador to France, became very devoted, and her friends expected a betrothal. About this time Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., began to assume prominence in the college world. An upper class man at Yale, prominent socially, unpretentious with all the great wealth to which he was to be the heir, he was one of the most popular young men in New York. He became attentive to Miss Wilson, and when he was graduated he announced to his father that he intended to marry. The late Cornelius was opposed to the match and ordered his heir presumptive to forget the girl of his choice. Obediently, young Cornelius went to Paris. After six months the Wilson family also went to Paris in the course of their yearly visit to the continent. Upon hearing the news Mr. Vanderbilt, Sr., sent for his son, asking him to return. His request was not complied with for some time, and when he finally came to New York he told his father that the idea of being disinherited could not keep him from the woman he loved. Without his parent's consent he was married to Miss Wilson. Not one of the Vanderbilt family was present at the ceremony. The solicitations of his brother and sisters in his behalf were unavailing; his father would not yield. When a little child was born to them it was thought that his tiny hands and bright little face would soften the grandfather's heart, but he, too, was powerless.

Several times it was said that Cornelius Vanderbilt had forgiven his son for his love marriage, but when the will of the manager of the Vanderbilt interests was probated it was found young Cornelius had been left but one one-hundredth part of the vast estate. There is considerable difference between one and six million dollars, but Alfred, his brother, came forward generously and gave him enough to equal the share of the other children. Mrs. Cornelius, Jr., had remained neutral throughout the whole affair; unwilling to give up the man she loved and yet not wishing to do anything prejudicial to his interests. A dignified silence, not trying to influence her fiancé in any way, created great respect for her, and her friends were very happy when she was finally married. These two young people disregarded everything but love in their choice of a partner for life, and there are few men or women in the world who do not approve of the course they chose.

Trust.—She—I suppose she has a perfect trust in you? He—Trust? That was a monopoly of me, that's what you mean.

INDIANS GOOD WITNESSES.

Judge Shiras Says They Are Generally More Truthful than Whites.

"Indians make good witnesses and they stick closer to facts than white people." This statement was made the other evening by Judge O. P. Shiras of the United States district court of northern Iowa. Speaking of his interesting experience in coming in contact with the Indians in court he says the red man or woman is generally accurate. He says: "Ask a white man if he was drunk on a certain occasion and he will try to wiggle out of it, but the Indian will come out with a 'Yes' if he was. On one occasion a lawyer asked a squaw if she understood the nature of her obligation in giving testimony. She answered that she had taken a 'strong word' to tell the truth and she would do so. She was asked to define the difference between the truth and a lie, whereupon she said: 'The truth is the truth, and a lie is a lie; they are different and you can't make them alike.'"

Judge Shiras says the Indian makes a good juror, in which capacity he may sit after relinquishing tribal relations and complying with government severally laws. He says, too, that he has come in contact with some good Indian lawyers. "I think," said he, "there's a mistaken idea about the red man having been mistreated by the government. The facts show that they are the richest people per capita in the whole country. The trouble is that they have a poor idea of the value of money, and spend it recklessly. Indians will walk clear across one state into another to draw their annuities, and in twenty-four hours after getting the money they will have gambled every cent of it away before they leave

COL. ALEX. MAJORS,

ORIGINATOR OF PONY EXPRESS

IN '48 AND DID A REMARKABLE BUSINESS—EMPLOYED 5,000 MEN AND 40,000 OXEN.

He Began Freight Service on the Plains in '48 and Did a Remarkable Business—Employed 5,000 Men and 40,000 OXEN.

(Chicago Letter.)

The man to whom was due more than any other the advance of civilization across the plains of the great west and who became world-famous as the originator of an overland freight line and pony express was Col. Alexander Majors, who died in Chicago last week. At the time of his death Col. Majors was 86 years old. Seventy years of his life he had spent on the plains, and into this time had been crowded events which are history. It was in 1848 that Col. Majors began his freighting on the old Santa Fe trail, running a line of wagons between Independence, Mo., and Santa Fe, N. M. Majors' Overland Freight soon became famous all over the world. He was not the first man to carry freight over the trail, but he was the first man to develop overland freighting as an industry and to insure to any degree the safety of his goods. His beginning was made auspiciously on the edge of the gold fever, and soon he and the partners he afterward associated with him, has established lines to Mexico, California, Colorado and Utah, and in one year the profits of the firm of Majors, Russell & Waddell amounted to \$500,000. Nearly all of the freight carried over the Rocky mountains by contract at that time was carried in Majors' wagons, and the government contracts were all entrusted to him. When Col. Majors began operations the eastern terminus of the freighting trails was Independence, Mo. He started in business with a little outfit of six wagons and 40 oxen, for it took six oxen to draw one of the wagons. His first trip was made to Santa Fe and the run of 800 miles and back was made in 92 days. This was unprecedented at the time, and the fact that Majors brought his oxen in as fat and sleek as when they started out gave him a reputation among the traders. Up to that time it had been conceded that no man could manage a yoke of oxen without swearing. A teamster was hired more on his reputation for swearing and shooting than for driving. Col. Majors was a religious man and for a long time conscientious scruples stood in the way of his going into the freighting business. He would not employ men who swore, and he would not haul freight on Sundays. As traffic increased it fell gradually into the hands of Majors' overland freight, and he took in two partners and changed the name to Majors, Russell & Waddell. They soon increased their teaming outfit to 40,000 oxen and 4,000 wagons, dividing them into "outfits" or "trains," moving out of Independence, Mo., on a certain date, and scheduled to reach Santa Fe or Salt Lake or Denver, as the case might be, on a certain date. The organization of a freight train for crossing the plains consisted of 25 wagons carrying from three to three and one-half tons each, the merchandise being protected by sheets of ducking. Each wagon was drawn by 12 oxen, and the train was provided with 30 or 40 extra animals, in case some of those drawing the wagons went lame. The whole train consisted of from 320 to 350 cattle, and a half-dozen mules, for herding and riding. The force of men consisted of a wagonmaster, his assistants, the teamsters, a man to look after the extra cattle, and three or four reserves. Oxen almost altogether were used in freighting, because they were more reliable for long trips, and because they foraged for their own food, and, with proper care, could travel 2,000 miles between April and November, and still be sleek and salable.

The business done by the freight line



COL. ALEXANDER MAJORS.

established by the colonel was enormous. In one year he carried 16,000,000 pounds of government supplies to United States troops in Utah. Forty thousand oxen, a thousand mules and over 5,000 men, under his supervision, once carried freight and mail from the Missouri river across the Rocky mountains. Col. Majors' greatest enterprise, from a spectacular point of view, was the establishing of the "pony express." In the days of the California gold fever this was to the coast what the flying mail trains are to the people today. From the terminus of the eastern telegraph lines there was a stretch of 2,000 miles to the coast. Majors had already established an overland stage line, operated by the firm of Majors, Russell & Waddell. But up to 1859 mail from the Atlantic seaboard was carried by steamer to the isthmus of Panama and then by steamer again up the western coast, and at the least the trip required 22 days. Senator Gwin of California believed that the establishment of an overland express would lead to increased immigration, and finally lead to the building of railroad and telegraph lines, which it did. He persuaded Col. Majors and his partners to start the pony express, and Col. Majors at that time became the virtual head of the overland freight, overland stage line and pony express. Up to that period the fastest time ever made

CHILDREN WHO WORK.

An Increase in the Number in This Country.

Between 1870 and 1890 the amount of child labor in this country decidedly increased. In 1870, out of 5,604,000 children between 10 and 15 years old, 739,000 were wage-earners; in 1880, out of 6,649,000 children of these ages, 1,118,000 were wage-earners. The last census changed the classification of children, so that exact comparisons are impossible. It reported that of 7,032,000 children between 10 and 14 years old but 603,000 were at work, and on the basis of this report Commissioner Wright claims that a great gain had been made, says the Chautauquan. This, however, is doubtful, as 14 is precisely the age at which children are most likely to leave the grammar schools and go to work. The employment of over 500,000 children under 14 in factories, shops and mines demands serious national attention. In the mining regions of Pennsylvania boys of 12 are taken out of school and put to work for ten hours a day at the breakers, picking slate from coal; and in the south boys and girls are taken from school before they are 10 and set to work for twelve hours a day in the cotton mills that are being scattered over the country. The argument often made that child labor deprives parents of employment is not usually a valid one. It is true that in cotton-factory towns hardly any man over 40 is at work, and his little children are in factories while he "totes" the meals. But this is largely due to the fact that the fingers of the father are no longer nimble and that there is rarely much employment in the neighborhood of a cotton factory to which he can turn his hand. While industry is diversified, the labor of a factory worker's children no more keeps him from working than the labor of children on the farm keeps the farmer from working. Wages the children earn cannot be spent without paying for the labor of some one else. This labor, therefore, is not the embarrassment to the employment of parents it is often asserted to be. As a rule, its worst effect upon the labor of adults is by increasing the number of those seeking jobs, without increasing the number of those giving them, and thus slightly reducing the level of wages. These material conditions, however, are of minor importance. The ground upon which child labor is to be prohibited is not the right of adults to be protected against competition, but the right of the child to be fitted for competition which he must meet in life.

MARYLAND FOLKLORE.

Superstitions as to Hunting, Witches and Selling One's Self to the Devil.

(From the Baltimore Sun.)

Interesting stories drawn from the folklore of Maryland, particularly that of the western part of the state, were told recently by members of the Folklore Society at their meeting in Donovan Room of Johns Hopkins University. Mr. Crum, who is a native of Frederick county and a graduate student of Johns Hopkins University under Prof. Newcomb, in the department of mathematics, contributed a paper on "Witch Stories and Conjuring." Some of the superstitions he told of were as follows: "A Hunting Charm—Whenever you kill a bear, deer or turkey dip a number of bullet patches in the fresh blood of the animal. You must on no account give any of these patches away. When you are out hunting again for the same kind of game load as follows: Take a bloody patch, well greased, place your bullet on it, then cross yourself, and, as you push the bullet home, repeat: 'Father, Son and Holy Ghost.' You will certainly bring home game of the same kind as that whose blood was on the patch. Do not keep the patches near your bed or in your sleeping room. The spirits make a noise in the box where the patches are and will not let you sleep. The sound is like a watch ticking, but it gets louder and louder, until you cannot sleep. Witch Killing—If horses are so badly bewitched that one dies the following will deprive the witch of her power. Take the dead horse out into a field and burn the carcass beside a tree. First cut a cross in the tree, then drive a nail in at the cross. Now take your rifle which must be loaded with a silver bullet, choose a position so that the fire is between you and the tree and shoot over the fire at the nail. When you hit the nail the witch will lose her power, and you cannot miss with the silver bullet. Too Sell One's Self to the Devil—Go to the crossroads at midnight alone and play on the banjo. If you really want to sell yourself to black dogs will appear and will dance as you play. Then you promise something fearful. Any one who thus sold himself was said to be able to outplay and outdance any competitors. A Method for a Girl to Try Her Fortune—Put an egg to the fire and sit an hour. The wind will howl and the dogs bark and the man you are to marry will come in and turn the egg around. If the egg bursts you will die (or, possibly, my informant adds, you will never marry!)"

AMID BONES OF CAPUCHINS.

One of the Unusual Sights of the City Nestling on Seven Hills.

The labors of the Capuchin monks in the Catholic church are well known. The order was one of the strongest of the auxiliary branches of the church, though its field lay in a different direction from that of the Jesuits. The latter were the aggressive arm in battling the world; the former was given to the quiet of monastic life far from the turmoil of men. The Capuchins were very largely recruited from the families of the rich and well-to-do, and found in retirement the opportunity they craved for, giving themselves entirely over to saving their souls. The Capuchin church in Rome has been served by this order for centuries. In its chambers are the bones of 6,000 monks fastened to the walls and ceiling to make effective and striking groups of death. Skulls are employed in the chamber almost entirely, while the cross-bones and other imperishable parts of the anatomy make up the receiving rooms given over to this extraordinary collection. The entrance to this basement is on a level with the ground and at no place are the chambers more than two feet below the surface of the earth. The spectacle of skulls by the thousands suddenly confronting the visitor does not produce that gruesome feeling that one would imagine, and no one shortens an inspection of the anatomical array because he is in a consecrated charnel house. The surroundings of this old church and repository for the bones of its goodly friars are squalid and unattractive. The entrance to the chamber of the dead is through the yard of a livery stable, dirty to the last degree, but that does not deter visitors from witnessing this unique collection.

Speaking for History.

Generations of schoolboys learn the dramatic speeches ascribed to famous commanders just before famous battles, but unfortunately many of these fine, high-sounding addresses were never heard of till after the event. We read, for instance, in ancient history of generals addressing whole armies, when a few companies of soldiers at most could have heard them. To show the difference between genuine speeches and manufactured ones, a contemporary reports an authentic address of the captain of a British ship as the feet was approaching the enemy. He wished to encourage his gallant tars, and hoped perhaps that a few heroic words might forever be associated with his memory. "Send all hands aft!" he cried, and when the order was carried out he said: "My lads, there's the enemy, no doubt about it. And now, my lads, if you don't take the enemy, my lads, why then, my lads, the enemy will take you. Pipe down, boatswain." After all, the speech was to the point, and the men cheered it to the echo.

Supplies in Philippines.

Handling rapidly large quantities of supplies is, therefore, a very important part of military duties. A steady procession of government transports hurries across the Pacific loaded with necessities for the troops. When the supplies reach Manila, they must be hurried over the island of Luzon. Many men are required for this work, but men cannot be spared from the firing lines or garrison duty. Besides, the handling of supplies is not very dignified or pleasant work for the American soldier. The Chinese coolies have therefore been employed for this labor, and very hard working and stripped little fellows they are, too. Unfitted to the scantiest attire possible, they put their shoulders to heavy bundles and, busy as ants, make up in numbers what they lack in size.