

RED SHIRT'S GUILT OBTAIN.

Means Used to Satisfy the Scruples of a Vigilance Committee.

There is no doubt the man was righteously hanged, for it was on his own confession that we strung him up, but the way he was got to make that confession was questionable,' said the old timer who had come into the territory at the time of the Mexican war to a new York man for whom he was acting as a guide in a fishing trip on the Mora River in New Mexico. It was early in the fifties, when there was a great wagon freighting business over the Santa Fe trail, and Mora and Las Vegas were the only towns of any size east of the Rio Grande Valley. Mora in those days was a tough place. Being, as it was, an outpost on the plains, exposed to the attacks of Navajos and Picarilla Apaches from the west, with the Pawnees and Comanches sweeping the plains clear to the plaza wall on the east, the Mexican inhabitants, brought up to the use of weapons and fighting, were as hard as the territory could show, and the tough white men drifting in from everywhere made things worse. The few decent Americans there who had come into New Mexico for legitimate business were in to much of a minority to count in the deal until in self-defense we organized a Vigilance Committee. It was few in numbers, but every man in it had seen service, and was it for life or death. At the time we went into the thing no man's life was safe in Mora if he had an enemy or owned valuables. We changed things in short order, but we had to make some wholesale killings to do it, hanging Mexicans and Americans alike to show that there was no race question in the matter.

'After a few months things got to running smoothly and there was not much for us to do. The best Mexicans were with us, though they took no open part, and white desperadoes got a fashion of staying away from Mora, thinking the climate might disagree with their health. But we kept up our organization and let it be understood that we were always at the old stand and ready for business when business was to be done. There had been six months of peace, and some of the boys in the committee were getting fretful, complaining of the monotony and saying we might as well turn the thing into a debating society, when there came a murder as bad as any that had called us together. It was an old man that was killed, a harmless old fellow who earned a good deal of money at his trade of blacksmith, and whose only fault was love for too much liquor. He was found dead and rot-bitten—stabbed to the heart in the outskirts of the town at daybreak one morning. The use of the knife looked like Mexican work but it came out on inquiry that he had been drinking at the saloons the evening before with a red-shirted man, a stranger in the town, and was last seen in his company. The stranger had no money then, but the next day he was spending money freely about the town. There were other suspicious circumstances against him, so we arrested him and held his trial in full committee that evening.

'He was beyond doubt a bad customer, and we were all pretty certain he was the guilty man; but the evidence was all circumstantial and some of the committee did not feel like hanging him on no more proof than was offered.

'If we could only get a confession out of him we could arrange for his obsequies with a cheerful mind,' they said. But we are a deliberate body—would not it be more judicious to string him up and let him down a few times and see what he'll say after that?

'I move that the chaplain take the floor and advise, some one said, and the motion was seconded and made unanimous for we all knew that the chaplain's opinion was apt to be good. It wasn't for his piety that

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The chaplain got his title—he had been a variety actor in the States—but from his being the only man in Mora outside the priesthood who had a black frock coat. He thought the matter over and then said: 'Appoint me a committee of one to make further investigation. And I will request that you suspend proceedings for an hour or until I report to you.'

'This was agreed to and he went out. The prisoner was waiting under guard in another part of the building, where he had been taken to stay while the committee arrived at a verdict. We smoked and chatted, played seven-up, and generally passed the time the best we could while the chaplain was gone. He came back at last, and he had his black coat on.

'Gentlemen, we can proceed with the hanging,' he said. The prisoner is guilty beyond a doubt.'

'Having left the matter now to the chaplain, we were bound to abide by his decision, and we accordingly hanged Red Shirt to the cotton-wood tree that we habitually used for such purposes. With the rope round his neck he refused to confess the crime charged against him or to admit that he deserved his fate. What puzzled us all was how the chaplain came to be so cocksure of the prisoner's guilt. He would not tell except that he had visited him, and the guards who had stood outside the door could only say that the chaplain talked a long time with the prisoner in an undertone that they could not overhear. Five years afterwards I met the chaplain in Santa Fe he had left Mora years before—and I put the question to him straight:

'Now that the committee's debanded and everything is settled and done for, tell me how you found out that Red Shirt was guilty that night at Mora?

'Why, I had his own word for it, he said. When I went in to see him. I told him the truth, that he was to be hanged in an hour, and asked if I should confess to him—that he had no time to lose. But I did not tell him, that I was not a priest, and that Father Xavier, whom he had met in the town, was over at Toots that day, and he made a full confession to me. He was a bad one, if he had as many lives as a cat they would not of been enough to atone for his crimes. There was no mistake about hanging him.

TURKEYS NEEDS ITS HEAD OFF.

Scotchman's Snuff Killed the Bird When the Gang Failed to Hit It.

'It was during the time that the Santa Fe was being built through Kansas. I was with a track-laying outfit as boss, but bosses and men all had to sleep in the same box car boarding house. There was an old Scotchman in the gang who used snuff, and I'll tell you without getting far from the truth that, if there was an engine on the road that did not draw well, one pinch of that snuff would clear out her flues so well that she would draw chunks of coal right up through the stack. You can laugh, but what I am telling you is Gospel truth, yes, sir.

'That old son of Bobby Burneland would spit some of that snuff every time he took a pinch, and there was snuff scattered all around the track. Why, one day a poor fellow lying in one of those two by two bunks got a whiff of that snuff and sneezed so hard that he nearly beat his brains out on the bottom of the bunk over him. We finally got used to sneezing.

'That's not the story I was going to tell. It was a Christmas story I had in mind. We were working out in the short grass country twenty, yes, thirty miles from even a place that would be called a town. We had a handcar and the day before Christmas we sent four of the boys into the town to get a turkey. They got the turkey, and what's more they got several jugs of whiskey. Back they came singing 'The Wearing of the Green' as only a lot of whiskey-soaked Irishmen can. Old Scotchy was not far behind in the so-called business when the stuff arrived, and he took his share along with his snuff. A drink of whiskey and 'kerchew' he would go as soon as he could take some snuff.

'That was the drunkest song I ever saw. They kept it up all night and even the cook

was loaded. The next morning they brought the turkey out to be slaughtered. The crowd was so full of whiskey they walked all over the right of way, and the turkey was the only sober one in the crowd. One big Irishman got the axe out and sharpened it, ready to do the bird's head on a tin and the man raised the axe to strike. Just as the axe came down the turkey got a whiff of Scotchie's snuff and sneezed so hard that the axe was buried several inches in the tie, but never touched him. The crowd thought that was pretty good, and all took a drink on the strength of the turkey's lucky sneeze.

'The turkey kept sneezing and they kept drinking and kept missing the turkey's head. Every time the axe was raised to strike, the turkey sneezed and the crowd took another drink, and the turkey's life was saved. There wasn't one in that crowd sober enough to hit that sneezing turkey's head, for it bobbed all over the tie when the turkey sneezed. The snuff that had been scattered by the four winds of heaven saved its head from that axe. We didn't have any Christmas dinner that day. The last man to drink that night was the old Scotchman. All the rest were fast asleep and he wandered over to the jug and took a long pull. Then he opened his box for a pinch of snuff. He was too drunk to close the box and had it open in his hand when he dropped off to sleep.

'The next morning when the crowd came to, there lay the turkey dead. Its head could not be found.' The old man stopped and moved away.

'What became of the head?' asked one.

'Why, it got its beak in the snuff box and sneezed its head off.'

A Thrilling Experience

A STORY TOLD BY A WELL-KNOWN SALVATION ARMY CAPTAIN.

His Body Racked From Head to Foot with Rheumatic and Neuralgic Pains—Would Prefer Death to Undergoing Such Suffering Again.

From the Post, Lindsay, Ont.

It is the lot of but a limited number of people to enjoy the confidence of such an exceedingly large circle of friends and comrades as does Capt. John A. Brokenshire who was recently interviewed by a Post reporter at the home of his parents at Rosedale, a pretty hamlet situated at the head of Balsam river in Victoria county, where the elder Mr. Brokenshire, who has reached the three-score years and ten, has held the position of lockmaster for the past twenty-two years. Capt. Brokenshire, the subject of this article, is 34 years of age, is well-known and highly respected throughout many of the leading cities and towns of Ontario, where, during his seven years service in Salvation Army work he has come in contact with a large number of people. He has been stationed at Toronto, Montreal, Peterboro, Ottawa, Morrisburg and minor places, and at once was a member of a travelling S. A. string band. The following is Capt. Brokenshire's own statement: I had been slightly troubled with rheumatic pains for several years and to give had up the Army work on different occasions on account of my trouble. When stationed in Morrisburg, four years ago, I became completely unfitted for work, as I suffered terribly with pains in the back of my neck down my shoulders and arms and through my body. In fact I had pains of a stinging muscular nature from the back of my head to my toes. I could not bend my head forward if I got the whole of Canada to do so, and when in bed the only slight rest I got was with a large pillow under my shoulder, thus letting my head hang backwards. I could not get up, but had to roll or twist myself out of bed, as my spine seemed to be affected. My medical adviser pronounced my trouble neuralgia and rheumatism combined, which he said had gone through my whole system. He prescribed for me, but the medicine gave me no relief. I tried various other remedies but they were of no avail. Believing my case to be hopeless I determined to start for my home in Rosedale, but the jarring of the train caused such terrible agony I was compelled to abandon the trip at Peterboro, where I was laid up for three weeks, when I finally made a herculean effort and reached home. As my mother says, I looked like an old man of 90 years of age when she saw me struggling with the aid of two heavy canes to walk from the carriage to the house. At home I received every possible attention and all the treatments that kind friends suggested, but I was constantly going from bad to worse. In January, 1896, after many months of untold agony, I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, having read so much in the newspapers of the great benefits received by others from their use. To make sure of getting the genuine article I sent direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., at Brockville, for the pills. After taking two boxes I noticed a slight improvement in my condition which gave me some encouragement and I kept on until I had

EASY QUICK WORK
SHINY WHITE CLOTHES.

SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

taken twelve boxes, although before I got through with the sixth I could go to bed and enjoy a good night's rest such as I had not done for years. I never at any time enjoyed better health than I am doing at present. Since my recovery I have induced several friends to take Pink Pills for various troubles and in each case they have effected cures.

The above is a voluntary and correct statement of the facts of my case and I trust that many others may be ridding their souls, receive the blessing that I have. If necessary I would make an affidavit to the above facts at any time.

COCK-FIGHTING IN PORTO RICO.

Gaffs of the Birds are Scrapped to Needle-like Sharpness.

The first fight has been arranged, and the referee claps his hands as a signal for all gathered in the ring to move outside, as only the "handlers" are allowed within the enclosure, writes a correspondent of Harper's Weekly, from Porto Rico, in describing a cock fight. The birds are fought with their own gaffs, instead of with the metal-edged blade which is strapped to the legs of cocks in the United States, and a great deal of preparatory scraping and polishing of the bone gaffs takes place, until they become needlelike in sharpness. Then all the crest or neck feathers are cut off with scissors, and sometimes the comb is trimmed low—but not often, as all the minor details of handling, so rigorously observed among our own gambling fraternity, seem here to be dispensed with.

The birds are teased into fighting humor while held in the hand, and viciously pluck at each other's head; and now they are dropped on the ground with quick movement, and at the order of the referee they are at it. High up in the air they strike the first few plunges, and one dodges under, and the uppermost bird lands over his enemy with a surprised look, but whirls and grabs his opponent on the red comb with a strong beak, and plants his gaffs fairly on the side of the other's head. A roar of approval goes up from the crowd who have backed the bird, and a counter set of suppressed his of fear rises from those wishing the success of the other favorite. The fight is fast and furious.

Time is called. In the centre of the ring lies a small square outlined with sunken wooden sticks, and on its opposite edges the birds are set. The mongrel potted birds goes for his game colored enemy immediately, and strikes him three times to the other's onset. Poor fellow! his light is over; he turns and runs away, followed by his fierce tantalizer. Once more gaffs are rubbed into shape. One vicious gaff as they come together, and the red bird sinks dead, the bone lance going into his eye and brain.

The crowd surges into the ring and the money changes hands, while the owner of the dead bird gathers up the bundle of bloody feathers with some show of tenderness.

Quinine in India.

There was a time when the government of India had to import annually \$250,000 worth of quinine and did not get enough of it even then. After a great many experiments the cultivation of the cinchona tree was made successful in India, and now there are 4,000,000 trees in Bengal and every rural postoffice in India sells a five-grain packet of the drug for a half a cent, while the government makes from \$3,000 to \$3,500 a year out of the profits.

And Apologized.

It was a famous fighting night in the House of Commons, and rhetorical and argumentative blows were being delivered with force and returned with interest. Eventually a noted Irish member rose to denounce a damaging speech which had just been delivered from the Treasury benches. He desired to say that the statements made by the representative of the Government were not altogether accurate, but he had scarcely begun to speak when his impetuosity led him to phrase the accusation rather strongly. 'Order, order,' said the speaker warningly. Again did the dauntless son of Erin return to his charge of wilful misstatement. 'It was,

undoubtedly, a critical moment. His colleagues did not by any means wish him to be 'suspended' for the rest of the debate, and they hinted so by tugging vigorously at his coat-tails. Now, it is dangerous to trifle with the tail of an Irishman's coat, save in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good-humored member recognized his party's command and sat down, delivering this Partisan dart:

'Very well, sir; I obey your ruling, and I beg to retract what I was about to observe.'

That one touch of Irish oratory took the whole House by storm.

Banking in Switzerland.

Some of the methods are sufficiently antiquated, according to our standards. For instance, it requires fifteen minutes in which to make a deposit at a bank. Every banking-house has numerous chairs outside the railing, and the visitors are expected to sit quietly and cultivate a spirit of patience while the machinery is getting under way. A customer who wishes to make a deposit goes to a window and hands in his money, together with a memorandum of the amount. The employee behind the railing counts the money and prepares a receipt for it, adding his signature by way of preliminary. Then a small boy takes the receipt upstairs and submits it to an official who studies it and then ponders for a while as to whether it will be safe to take the money. If he decides that the bank can undertake the risk he prepares a duplicate and makes several entries and finally signs his name. Then, as soon as another man has examined the receipt and added his name, it is taken downstairs and turned over to the depositor. There is one satisfaction—the money is thoroughly secured. An American residing in Zurich went to the bank the other day with a check which had been given him by a business man in a large town near. He handed in the check, and twenty minutes later received his money, less fourteen cents charges. The American was well known at the bank having been a depositor for about two years. He had endorsed the check. A busy and nervous Chicago man would have torn down the railing before the twenty minutes expired.

Not a Loser.

Not long ago a lady in the Midlands engaged a new servant, and, having views on the question of 'followers,' on the girl's arrival she expressed them.

'Mind you, Jane,' she said seriously, 'I will have no loaters about the place. You quite understand?'

'Yes, mum!'

Within the short period of a week however, the lady had grounds for suspecting that her orders had been disobeyed, and Jane promptly interposed:

'Did I not make it a stipulation of your engagement that there were to be no followers allowed?'

'No, mum; you said loaters!'

'Well, you may have it that way if you wish. You were talking to a man for ten minutes at the area-gate last night.'

'Yes, mum! That's my chap, said Jane unblushingly.

'How dare you disobey my express orders in this way?'

'I ain't disobeyd 'em, mum,' protested Jane. 'George, that's my young man, is a baker sure enough, but he ain't a loater, he's a biscuit-hand, is he?'

She was the Life of the Water.

Tim Murphy's Irish servant girl, who had asked leave to attend the wake of her cousin. The desired permission was granted, and Norah greeted the melancholy maid, clad in her Sunday best. A few words later she announced to Mr. Murphy that she must leave within a month. 'Are you dissatisfied with your work or your wages, Norah?' asked the master taken by surprise and sorry to lose a faithful servant. 'Oh, no, sir,' said Norah, quickly, 'but I am going to be married to my cousin's son-in-law. It is not rather sudden, Norah?' asked Mr. Murphy. 'It's sudden to me, sir, and Norah,' twisting the corners of her apron, 'but I ain't to him. He says I was the life of the wake—sir and he married me whilst he was in mourning!'

Scarcely Not up to the Standard.

'It looks kinder queer, Ma'am,' said the new millionaire to his wife after the guest had departed. 'What the Count wouldn't take his coat off at dinner, like the rest of us, don't it?'

'Maybe he didn't have no skin,' suggested the lady. 'He was kinder kind up that way in the snow.'



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