

CHAROG,

THE BANDIT OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The following tale, written by Father Strecker, O.M.I., of the German Scholasticate, near Fulda, is founded upon fact. The historical substance of the story was supplied by the Right Rev. Dr. Legal, O.M.I., Co-adjutor Bishop for St. Albert, N. W. T., Canada, when he was in Rome in 1898. The "Missionary Record of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate" publishes this translation of the interesting tale:

Charog was of the Blackfoot Indian tribe. A large bony man, he was a typical savage, proud of his muscular strength and of his skill in fight and in hunting, above all fond of boundless liberty, and a mortal enemy of every foreign power, and of the white man, and his civilization. To the blackrobe alone, he bore no anger; the life of deprivation, led by the Catholic missionary had won his esteem. He agreed also with the Catholic teaching, but it seemed too high and stern for himself. The other whites were in his eyes, very different persons. Impudent adventurers, from beyond the sea, they had taken the country from the Indians without begging any leave, had stripped them of their possessions, and expelled them from the prairies. They had nearly exterminated the buffalo, and finally given laws to the Indians, previously the only masters of the land. Charog's father, chief of the blackfeet, had been mortally wounded in a fight against the white men. His son had fought at his side and had solemnly promised his dying father that his death would be avenged on the invaders.

The agent of the British Government soon got acquainted with the hostile feelings of young Charog, and kept a sharp eye on him. In time the constant secret persecution became quite intolerable to Charog, and he resolved to clear out of his way the hateful Englishman.

One day he went away far from the camp, nobody knowing about his design. He ambushed behind a rock where the public official was to pass by on his monthly visit of the reserves. There he resolved to accomplish the promise made to his dying father. The agent approached unsuspecting of any danger, and a gleam of joy appeared on the gloomy face of the Indian. Charog missed his aim, from his earliest youth, he was well exercised in the use and managing of arms. When there were still the larger herds of buffaloes, he had been always known as the best hunter. As soon as the unsuspecting rider had come near, all at once the savage uttered a shrill cry such as he used to do in the night; immediately after a shot was heard and the officer fell dead from his horse.

This bloody and frightful deed provoked the greatest tumult in the camp. Heavily all rejoiced at the death of the white man; but they feared the Government's revenge. Externally, Charog manifested nothing, only that a close observer might have perceived perhaps that he had become yet more gloomy and morose. The principal men of the tribe consulted together as to what was to be done. The women lamented for fear of punishment to come. All were in a state of terror and despondency. Charog could no longer support the sight. In order to save his tribe from misfortune, he declared openly before some of his fellow countrymen that he was the murderer, and killed the white man to revenge his father's death. An hour later, he had left the camp with his wife and children. A whole week elapsed and no man knew whether he had directed his steps. Then a woodcutter complained at the police office that he had been robbed of his cloak and victuals by a Blackfoot Indian who passed with wife and children, and disappeared immediately in the forest. The public authority till now had searched in vain for Charog, and so this message was received gladly. A large number of soldiers or policemen surrounded the forest, and a few of the bravest men searched it through. They arrived at a half-built cottage. "That must be Charog's," said one of the soldiers. Courageously they entered and found his wife and three little children. These were seized, but question and search for himself was vain. He had succeeded in escaping from the circle drawn around him.

Poor Charog! Abandoned by his tribesmen, even by his best friends, he was hunted like the wild beasts of the forest. Tenderly attached to wife and children, he had dared every danger to save them, and now! This last support, his last solace in misfortune had been taken from him. Who had deprived him of all that was dear? The accursed whitemen! His heart boiled in rage; his hatred against the pale faces grew more and more. What had he yet to gain or what to risk? Thus he gave free course to his passions: from this moment, plunder and murder became his profession and delight, and in every white he saw a mortal enemy. A cavern in the Rocky Mountains, closed with large stones, was his lodging; from this point, he made incursions all over the land, and no place was safe against him. Day after day new atrocious crimes were perpetrated. Here a house was burned to the ground; there a farm was plundered. Now a man was robbed, now another was found strangled or stabbed. The policemen were at their wits' end. Daily complaints were made to them, but every attempt to discover the bandit had been frustrated.

Charog was another Rinaldo, of the same craft and audacity, equally cool and despising, like him, danger and death. Children and women he spared. Once he supplied poor Indian families with provisions, and

gave them horses which he had taken from white farmers. To little white girls he often gave presents, and with white boys he conversed quite paternally, asking them if their fathers liked the savages. On one such occasion, he gave a little boy a revolver, and charged him to kill his father thereafter.

Two officers had made it a point of honor to surprise the so long sought for bandit. After some days searching they thought they were at his heels. As they expected there would be a fierce struggle before the surrender of the robber, they wished to refresh themselves before the attack. So they dismounted at a little inn, took their horses to the stable, and then installed themselves comfortably in the dining room. Meanwhile the robber had followed with attention all the investigations of the Holy Hermudad, as justice is called in Spain. He knew perfectly well that at this same moment she was refreshing herself with a cool draught of ale. Cautiously he approached the house and entered the stable. The two splendid goes pleased him well. He saddled them up, took the officers' caps and cloaks from the wall; then after a shrill whistle to announce his presence, he jumped on horseback and was gone.

With these horses, Charog was enabled to continue his robberies on a still larger scale. Literally he was everywhere and nowhere, and nobody could guess where precisely he had his quarters. No one was so well acquainted as he with every path of the mountains and thus he scoffed at pursuit. The men of the law shook their heads sorrowfully, and knew not which way to turn.

Week after week passed, and Charog continued robbing, plundering and killing. Suddenly the affair seemed to be near a favorable issue. Three policemen followed the Indian very closely. Separately and still at a considerable distance one from the other, they surrounded the fugitive and approached closer and closer from three opposite points. At length one of the policemen had come within rifle range, and Charog thought it best to stop. Dismounted from his horse, he made as if he would surrender. The pursuer advanced at full speed, threatening to shoot if the outlaw moved. Charog did not stir hand or foot until the policeman was quite near. In a trice he drew a revolver from his cloak, three reports resounded, and the rider fell dead from his horse. The Indian took the dead man's revolver, cloak and other valuables, mounted his horse and swift as lightning he was off. The two others had heard the shots but they came too late, and found only their comrade stretched out bathed in his blood. The robber himself was already far out of reach. The Government had lost much prestige by these events. A price was set on the head of Charog, but without result. So 200 men were ordered out to find the robber. After a long search, they found that Charog was hidden in a large forest. This they surrounded and some of them advanced into the thick of it. Charog by no means gave himself up for lost. During the first night, he went by a hidden path-way and arrived safe and sound in the Blackfoot camp, distant only some miles from the forest. He knocked at the door of his friend and asked for some tobacco. The Indians could scarcely believe their own eyes, especially when they noticed Charog's tranquillity in face of the danger. He on his part did not at all mean to remain long in the camp. He intended to set off immediately in another direction, and to go further on into the mountains. But impurged by his friends to remain with them for one night, he at length consented. This resolution was to be fatal to him. Early in the morning the soldiers perceived the footsteps, which led out of the forest. Following them, they arrived at the cottage where Charog sat quite cheerfully playing at cards. A desperate struggle began, but at last Charog was overwhelmed by superior numbers. He was manacled and fettered and carried off. Some days after he was sentenced to death on the gallows.

The Catholic missionary, Fr. Legal, O.M.I., had not forgotten Charog and even at this moment had not lost all hope of gaining for heaven this misguided soul. He knew there were still good qualities slumbering within him spite of a thousand atrocities, and by their aid he hoped to overcome the evil element. Therefore he asked leave to speak to the prisoner. Charog did not object. In

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the first visit he remained silent, and afterwards he said only some few words. However after several visits the missionary, by his gentleness succeeded in melting the stubbornness of the Indian, who at last began to look with pleasure for Father Legal's coming. His wife and children were also allowed to visit him. Seeing them he wept bitterly and embraced them with tenderness. On this occasion there was no longer any trace of savagery upon his features. He looked exceedingly grave. He thought what should become of his family, and when the missionary offered to be a father to the orphans, Charog through emotion could not find words to thank the blackrobe. From this hour he listened with still greater attention to the teaching of the missionary, and after some days he asked for Holy Baptism. He repented and wept for his sins and accepted the death warrant with patience and resignation as a penance for his numerous crimes. He never ceased praying and preparing himself at death. The missionary was ever at his side. He administered to him the sacrament of baptism, and on his last day upon earth gave him his first Holy Communion. Thereafter he remained with him, at length accompanying him to the gallows. "Father," said Charog, "Father, I hope God will pardon me much, because I love Him much, and because he promised paradise to the robber on the cross." The rope was already round the neck of the bandit, whose last glances spoke gratitude to the priest, and joyful hope in a world beyond the sky.

gratified, which might not be lost if properly gathered up and given to God's own, the poor. The lesson is the same for us all, whether we are rich or poor; all the blessings, we receive come from God, they are His and we are only His stewards. In the day of our prosperity, whether that be great or small, we should avoid all wilful, criminal waste, or should learn to gather up the fragments that remain after ordinary and necessary wants are supplied; gather them up carefully lest they be lost. Then, if we have lived honestly, and demands on our generosity are made, we shall be able to meet them out of the fragments we have gathered up; and if poverty through hard times overtake us, we shall have the consolation to know in our distress that we have not wasted or squandered the blessings God gave us in the day of our prosperity.—Sacred Heart Review.

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE THINGS.—A man was once asked why he took so much pains to oblige others in trifles. His answer was in substance, "I have neither the wealth, nor the intellect, nor the position to do big things for God or man, and so I take delight in doing any little thing to promote another's interest or enjoyment. In this way I may add to the sum of human happiness." So act that your deeds, though small, may be as so many counters and paraboles if you wish others to draw from your conduct rules by which they may be able to follow.

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A LEGEND.

There is an ancient legend which tells of an old man who was in the habit of travelling from place to place, with a sack hanging behind his back, and another in front of him.

What do you think these sacks were for? Well, I will tell you. In the one behind him he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, when they were quite hid from view; and he soon forgot all about them.

In the one hanging round his neck, under his chin, he popped all the sins which the people he knew committed; and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along, day by day.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man wearing, just like himself, a sack in front and one behind. He went up to him, and began feeling his sack.

"What have you got there, my friend?" he asked, giving the sack in front a good poke.

"Stop, don't do that!" cried the other. "You'll spoil my good things."

"What things?" asked Number One.

"Why, my good deeds," answered Number Two. "I keep them all in front of me, where I can always see them. See, here is the half-crown I put in the plate last Sunday; and the shawl I gave to the beggar girl; and the mittens I gave to the crippled boy; and the penny I gave to the organ-grinder; and here is even the benevolent smile I bestowed on the crossing-sweeper at my door; and—"

"And what's in the sack behind you?" asked the first traveller, who thought his companion's good deeds would never come to an end.

"Put, tut," said Number Two; "there is nothing I care to look at in there. That sack holds what I call my little mistakes."

"It seems to me that your sack of mistakes is fuller than the other," said Number One.

THE PARSON'S FEE. Relating his experiences as "A Missionary in the Great West," the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady tells of two weddings in the same town on the same day—one in the morning and one in the afternoon—at which he officiated: "The first wedding fee I received was ten dollars—a very large remuneration for the place and people. After the second wedding the best man called me into a private room and thus addressed me: 'What's the tax, parson? Anything you like, or nothing at all.' I answered, 'I have frequently received nothing.' 'Now,' said he, 'we want to do this thing up in proper shape, but I have had no experience in this business, and do not know what is proper. You name your figure.' I suggested that the legal charge was \$2.

such as sails are to a ship, or wings are to an eagle. It helps me onward." "Well, your sack behind can be of little good to you," said Number Two, "for it appears to be empty; and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it." "I did it on purpose," said the stranger, "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through, and is lost. So you see I have no weight to drag me down or backward."

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RUMORS OF WAR. The Sebastopol correspondent of the London "Daily Graphic" says: "War alarms fill the naval headquarters here. The Royal Naval Squadron is fully equipped for constant service. Troops with their kits are daily arriving from the interior. The garrison will soon be a powerful army corps."

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CLEVELAND AND BRYAN.

In a recent interview, ex-President Cleveland gave the impression that he would not support Bryan in the coming campaign. He said: Relative to reports that have been circulated that he had announced his intention of supporting William J. Bryan for the presidency in the coming campaign, Mr. Cleveland said: "I do not think that these reports are worthy of denial, but I will simply say I have not in any way signified to anyone what course I shall take in the next campaign. "The statements accredited to me are absolutely false; in fact, I have not given any considerable attention to the approaching elections. You may say that I have not indicated my probable attitude in any way, shape or manner."

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From the Star, St. Catharines, Ont.

In the village of Chippewa, and along the Niagara frontier, there is probably no better known or respected residents than Mr. and Mrs. David Schabel. Both are of German descent and display much of that old-fashioned hospitality so often found in the fatherland. To a correspondent of the St. Catharines "Star," who recently called at Mr. Schabel's home, Mrs. Schabel related the following story:—"Years ago my physician told me I had heart disease. I have been troubled at intervals with palpitation and severe pains, and sometimes my heart would almost cease to beat. I would become dizzy, restless and frightened. At other times I slept badly and had troublesome dreams. I lingered in this state until last winter when exposure to cold affected my kidneys and completely prostrated me. The spring came when my complaints were further aggravated by stomach trouble. I loathed food and could realize that I was daily growing weaker. My physician's treatment would sometimes slightly benefit me, then again I was worse than ever. Finally, after all hope was apparently gone and a large sum of money had been thrown away for medicines that did me no good, a friend strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, two boxes of which were brought me at the beginning of the summer of 1899. I used them, and to my joy noticed improvement. I continued the use of the pills faithfully until I had taken eight boxes. I am now able to attend to all my house-work, feeling entirely cured. I have never had better health than I am now enjoying, and since discontinuing the pills have had no symptoms of the old complaints. I feel that I am under lifelong obligations for the benefit I have derived from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will continue to praise them when opportunity offers."

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