HAS LIVED 145 YEARS

A QUINTET OF CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

The Youngest Member of the Party 98 —Famous Pow-Wow Hut That Was Built 130 Years Ago, and Is Historic —Tragedies of the Frontier.

On the high table land of El Dorado county, between the north and middle forks of the Cosumnes river and among the lofty Sierra peaks, lives a remnant of the oldest of old Californian Indian tribes. Once, ages before California knew the face of white man, the race was 3,000 strong—tall, straight and powerful. Their tribal name was Tanche (the cat)—one feared and respected throughout the mountains. Now but five are left. Civilization and time have all but exterminated the race; still the wonderful vitality of the old stock remains, for these five are not only tribally the most ancient of North American natives, but individually are oldest in the world. With these five will die the name of Tanche, for the youngest is 98, and the old grandmother, Unchupus, has already seen 145 Californian winters. When Sutter was first heard of by Indians, Unchupus' great great granddaughter was married and had three children almost grown. Of the present survivors, Oc, the daughter, is 120 years old; Unchup, the son, is 102; Elomia,the niece, is 98; while Burnt Jim, the grandson, is 104. Burnt Jim once had an Indian name, but upon the advent of the whites he acquired the fire water habit and during a celebration had a sudden burst of conviviality which landed him face down in the camp fire. This second christening dubbed him "Burnt Jim" on the spot. The quintet are in good health, and, with the exception of old Unchupus, wait on themselves and work for their living of game, roots and acorns. They have no legal standing, no property and no agency. Under the law they are but treapassers upon the unimproved land of the whites—ignored but unmolested. The old grandmother is sleeping out her second century. She wakens merely to take nourishment. Her hair is as white as carded wool and her flesh has wasted away from inactivity until naught but skin and bones remain. They have to lead her like a baby—or an animated wrinkle—when she walks. These old Indians having no children of their own have persuaded two families of young Indians, from another tribe, to camp on their grounds. Towards them they display the greatest affection, but to strangers they are invariably taciturn and cold. Their habits and crude hovels resemble those of the wild animals among whom they have lived; still they have their own ideas of law, and to these and the ancient rites of the Tanche they cling with tribal fanaticism. One of these customs as a tribe has been the privilege of the daughters, between the ages of 13 and 20, to sell themselves in marriage, the proceeds going to the parents and no dowry to the wigwams of their lords. On a small knoll in the center of the camp stands the oldest pow-wow wi'wam in all America. It is circular, 78 feet in diameter, and the walls are of upright slabs four feet high. It was built 130 years ago from crude cedar carried twelve miles on the backs of the braves and chopped out with stone axes. Originally the walls were seven feet high, but the structure has been moved three times and made smaller as the Tanches were gradually striken down. Four huge logs fourteen feet high support the center of the cone-shaped pow-wow hut, between these was built the pow-wow fire on state occasions, when the chiefs sat in council and watched the smoke curl up through the opening at the top.

Here are kept their dancing gear—bright caps of crow and yellow-hammer feathers and queer rattles of split

UNCHUPUS, 145 YEARS OLD.

sticks. At a celebration the drum seems to have been the main part of the entertainmeent, for it is a colossal affair of resonant boards built over a hole in the ground and operated by the stamping feet of the biggest buck in the tribe. During a dance the squaws were kept busy cooking, and the rule was eat and dance, dance and eat, until in their fanatical excitement the bucks, rolling like swine at a trough, shrieked, yelled and gorged themselves until they fell senseless—or dead.

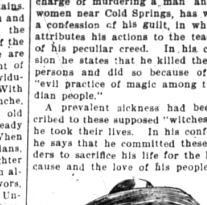
A Necklace of Human Fingers.

There is in the National Museum at Washington the strangest, most curious necklace which the United States government owns. It is composed of thirty human fingers, sewed on the strip of buckskin, elaborately beaded. It came from a tepee belonging to a Yaqui Indian chief in the Sierra Madre mountains in Mexico, and was an heirloom of his family. The bits of anatomy which go to make up this necklace once belonged to the enemies and other persons slain by a famous Yaqui chief, and are supposed to have been placed in the position they now occupy upon the buckskin more than a century ago. Owing to their present blackened condition, it is impossible to decide definitely whether in the original they belonged to Indians, Mexicans or white people. From their appearance, however, it is judged that they were the property of men, women and children, the Indian slaughterer evidently having made up his grue- some trophy from those who for some special reason were worthy of undying remembrance. The habit of finger collecting existed half a century ago among nearly all the southern tribes of Indians. There might be disputes about scalps, the red men argued, but no one could question the evidence of a finger. Some Indian tribes combined the hand and finger trophy, or rather the use of them, had possessed both. In the early days of the invasion of the western section of America by the white, the story is told of the mysterious disappearance of a wagon train, of which nothing was ever heard until a white man who had escaped from the Apaches, by whom he had been taken prisoner, reported that the chief of a neighboring tribe had, about the time the caravan vanished, suddenly appeared one day with a necklace composed entirely of white human fingers, which had not long parted company with their owners.

ATROCIOUS CHOCTAW.

Solomon E. Hotema, the full-blooded Choctaw Indian, who was arrested at Antlers, I. T., a month ago, on the charge of murdering a man and two women near Cold Springs, has written a confession of his guilt, in which he attributes his actions to the teachings of his peculiar creed. In his confession he states that he killed the three persons and did so because of their "evil practice of magic among the Indian people."

A prevalent sickness had been ascribed to these supposed "witches," and he took their lives. In his confession he says that he committed these murders to sacrifice his life for the Lord's cause and the love of his people. It



SOLOMON HOTEMA

is thought that religion unbalanced his mind.

From Miner to M. P.

An interesting chapter in the autobiography of Mr. Sam Woods, the member for Walthamstow, in the British House of Commons, appears in a recent number of M. A. P. Referring to his early days, Mr. Woods says: "For twenty years I worked in the mine, filling almost every position from pony driving up to the position of a colliery official, and, as a natural result, during many years of my early life, in consequence of the long hours worked, it often happened that I never saw daylight during winter time from one Sunday evening to the following Sunday morning. From my earlier years, however, down to the present time, I have been a consistent attendant of a Sunday school, and it was there I had some slender opportunities of learning to read. At the age of 16, however, in the wise dispensation of Providence a young Baptist minister, who was only four years older than myself, came to reside in the neighborhood where I was living. This gentleman took a deep interest in the young miners of the locality. I remember he took a special interest in me, and for two years I was placed under his direct influence. At the age of 18 I had made so much progress in my studies that an application was made to the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon for my admission into his college, in order that I might study for the ministry, and a promise of the next vacancy in the college was given; but on full consideration, my father, for whom I was at the time working in the mine—I suppose he considered it would be a financial loss to the family—raised an objection to it; consequently I had to turn my attention to something else."

Ancient Inkstands.

An inkstand that was probably in use 3,400 years ago has been lately acquired by a museum in Berlin. It is of Egyptian make, and is supposed to belong to the eighteenth or nineteenth dynasty, or somewhere about 1500 B. C., although its real age can only be judged of approximately. It is made of wood, and has two compartments, an upper one provided with two holes, one for black and one for red ink, and a lower one for holding reed pens. The black and the red ink are certainties, for some still remains in a dry condition within the receptacles. Another ancient inkstand is supposed to have been intended for the use of a schoolboy. It would certainly hold ink enough for a schoolboy's needs, for it has no fewer than four ink holes. Both inkstands were found at Thebes.

Hair Turned from White to Black.

There have been several instances of a man's hair turning from white to black. One of the most notable, perhaps, was that of an engineer in the fire department of Louisville, Ky. His age was 65, and he was on duty during a tremendous fire for fifteen consecutive hours. The spray was constantly flying from the hose, and he became, in consequence of the low temperature of the atmosphere, covered from head to foot with ice. He wore a skull cap and a helmet on top of that,so that his head was the warmest part of his body and not at all exposed, though his eyebrows and whiskers became wet and were frozen stiff. The afternoon after the exposure his hair, which had become gray eight years before, and for three years had been white, turned perfectly black.

Held Under a Hypnotic Spell.

Mrs. R. Price has instituted suit against Dr. H. Cox of Huntington, W. Va., to compel him to liberate her from a hypnotic influence which, she says, he has exerted over her for two years. Cox treated Mrs. Price for some chronic trouble by the hypnotic influence method. She alleges that he is able to direct her every movement at will, though hundreds of miles distant, and that he is torturing her because of some prejudice. She says he has separated her from her husband, and the latter has filed suit for $25,000 damages against him.

MARRIAGE OF BABY PRINCESS.

PRINCESS ISABEL.

The little Princess Isabel of Orleans is the prettiest princess in Europe. She is so pretty that she is like a realization of the princess in the old fairy tales. Advices from Vienna say that she is the lovely victim picked out to be the bride of the old emperor of Austria when his state period of mourning is over. That will be next September. Pity this poor little princess.

When the present emperor of Austria and Hungary married Elizabeth of Bavaria forty or odd years ago, she, too, was the most beautiful princess in Europe. Her teeth dazzled people when she smiled, and she could stand on her own hair when she let it down. Since then her brother-in-law was murdered in Mexico while trying to be a real king, and his wife is now the "Mad Carlotta," sister of the famous and infamous king of the Belgians; her only son, Prince Rudolph, killed himself—or was shot—in disgrace; her sister, Marie of Naples, was deposed from her throne and is still in exile, and her sister, the Duchesse d'Alencon, was burned to death in the Paris charity bazaar.

One of her cousins was the mad Louis of Bavaria, who drowned himself and his keeper in the Sternberg Lake thirteen years ago, and another is the present Bavarian king, who crawls around naked on all fours, mad. She herself was killed by an enemy of kings and princes—Luccheni—and he has gone mad, too.

But the throne of Hungary and Austria is without a queen and the emperor has no son. So this little pretty princess who has to live on English soil because France is disgusted with kings, etc., and especially disgusted with her disgraceful brother, the Duke of Orleans, who pretends to be a pretender, must marry the old emperor of Austria to see if that tottering, worn-out and utterly dissatisfied dynasty can be kept together by a baby.

ENSLAVED WOMEN.

A MOST HIDEOUS TRAFFIC IN HUMAN FLESH.

Japanese and Chinese Beauties the Victims—Sold to Highest Bidders to Be Kept in Vile Dens for Immoral Purposes.

Locked in vile dens with only barred windows for peep-holes; abused and beaten by cruel masters; compelled to submit to gross indignities; bartered like beasts—this is the horrible fate of hundreds of Japanese and Chinese girls who are sold into slavery in San Francisco and other Pa-

A CHINESE SLAVE.

cific coast cities. This traffic in slave girls forms one of the most hideous callings that history has ever recorded, and the vile men and women who make it their sole vocation are creatures so low that murderers cannot be classed in their category. It is a calling that reaches across the Pacific ocean into the homes of the poor people of Japan and China, for professional procurers and procuresses are regularly employed. These are thieves and abductors, for many of the girls are stolen from their homes when their parents refuse to sell them. These men and women of the slave trade journey through the interior districts of China and Japan seeking the most beautiful girls, marking them as victims for their hideous business. Sometimes the parents of these girls, if they be burdened with large families, will sell for a price, but if they refuse the girls are made captives and carried away. As a usual thing a procurer or procuress who makes a journey across the ocean for recruits returns with eight or ten girls. Various schemes are resorted to in order to land the young women in America, but it is very infrequent that they are sent back. A pretty slave girl often brings as high as $3,000, so that the business of procuring recruits is a profitable one. A bunch of new arrivals is made the object of an animated bargain sale by the ugly keepers of dives, who visit the house where the new girls are kept and bid for them as a stock raiser would bid on a herd of cattle. The poor girls are bartered away, and soon after their arrival in America they have become prisoners in some gilded den where ugly Orientals and vile white men compel them to submit to the most shocking indignities. An invariable rule, in the transfer of a slave girl from her procuress to the man who has bought her, is to fill her hand with bright coins, this for the purpose of soothing the young one ture's mind. But the coin remains in her possession only until she has been safely installed in her master's dive, when not only the money is taken from her, but she is compelled to array herself in a peculiar garment, and there is placed on her head a flimsy coronet, which signifies her character. And this hideous traffic is made more horrible by the fact that many of the slave victims are mere children. In recent raids made by the 'Frisco authorities children not yet 12 years of age have been found arrayed in the characteristic garb. The movement being made to crush out the business of selling girls into slavery is receiving material assistance from missionaries who have virtually taken their lives in their hands and gone among the Highbinders and other Chinamen in order to break up this awful traffic in human souls. They have rescued a number of the slaves. From these some of the secrets of the slave business have been learned. And from these girls have been obtained details which show the hideousness of their lives in the Chinese resorts.

STOLE SIXTY THOUSAND.

This is said to be the first picture ever published of the notorious robber Charles A. Beeler, who stole $60,000 from the Wells-Fargo Express company on December 28 last and fled to Mexico. Beeler was captured on March 8 at Bustamente, Mexico, and is now in jail at San Antonio, Tex., awaiting trial. Beler was a messenger for the San Antonio office of the express company, and on March 28 was intrusted with a number of money packages for delivery. In one was $50,000 to pay employes of the Southern Pacific company, and in others were sums aggregating $10,000. With this fortune Beeler escaped to Mexico, leaving his horse and wagon standing five miles from the city. At first it was thought he had been murdered, but it was soon discovered that he had made arrangements for a relay of horses for his flight. The Wells-Fargo company offerred $5,000 reward for his capture and 10 per cent of the money recovered. The most expert detectives in the country vainly sought for Beeler until March 8th, when he was found at a little village in Mexico by Deputy United States marshals who had been trailing him for weeks. After spending eight days in a Mexican jail he was induced to return to San Antonio without ex-

C. A. BEELER.

tradition papers. Most of the money was found buried near McDonna, 25 miles west of San Antonio.

New York's Expenses.

The gross expenses of the state of New York in the year 1899 will, it is computed, amount to $25,000,000, of which nearly 10 per cent will be necessary to pay the deficits of departments which exceeded in 1898 or in previous years the appropriations made for them.

If delays are dangerous lawyers must be a brave lot.

A FEMALE SAMPSON.

STRENGTH SURPASSES A DOZEN ORDINARY MEN.

Knocked a Big Bear Stiff with One Blow—Carried a Bucking Mustang Across a Bridge—Drags Bulls About by the Horns.

Jennie Robinson of Burleson county, Tex., does not know how old she is, but she thinks, as she says, that she is yet in her "teens." She looks a little older than she would have us believe, for in using that expression she lays claim to being a little miss under 20. She knows that she is much stouter than any man she ever saw, and, if several of her acquaintances are worthy of credit, she very recently demonstrated that she possesses in her arms the strength of five field hands. The overseer of the Bird Song plantation says five big, brawny negroes were making an effort to raise a heavy piece of machinery from the ground high enough for an engineer to slip a block under it, when Jennie happened to appear among them, and they asked her to help them. She pushed them aside and lifted the piece of machinery high enough to suit the purpose of the engineer, apparently without any very great effort. The astounded negroes tried with their united strength to equal the feat that had just been performed by the young girl, and the owner says that they were unable to do it. She weighs 447 pounds, and there is no surplus flesh on her body. Her muscles are as hard as a tough piece of wood. She is good-natured, very bright and well liked by the white people of the neighborhood in which she lives. Last fall Jennis attended a traveling show, where a prize of $10 was offered to any one who could either knock down or throw to the ground a black bear that had been trained to wrestle and box with man or brute. Jennie is a dear lover of coin, and when she saw that bright $10 gold piece in the hand of the man who was leading brute around the ring, boastingly challenging any man, woman, dog or pack of dogs to enter the arena and wrestle, box or fight Sampson, her black eyes glittered and the smile that is always on her face broadened into a triumphant grin, that expressed a whole handful of very white teeth. "Man," she said, as she walked up to the ropes, "does you mean that you will give me that $10 if I can make that thing tuck his tail and crawl under de wagin?" "I will certainly give you the prize if you succeed in throwing Sampson on his back, or knocking him out in a single round," he replied. "Well, gib de money to some 'sponsible pusson. You see, I doesn't knows you; and turn your varmint loose."

After some parleying Col. Dick Perdue held the prize, and Jennie sprang over the ropes. The bear instantly assumed an erect attitude, and began to dance around his antagonist, very much after the manner of an accomplished pugilist. The fun did not last long. Sampson made a rush toward Jennie, and she sprang aside like a panther and landed a blow behind the bear's foreshoulder which sent him sprawling to the earth, and he lay there. The people were so much surprised that they did not begin to roar until they saw the showman lift up one of the bear's limp forelegs, and realized that the triumphant glantess had ended the earthly career of the showman's pet with a single blow of one of her powerful arms. When Col. Perdue handed Jennie the gold piece she turned to the crestfallen and abashed showman and said: "Is you got any mo' varmints? If you is, jes' trot 'em out. 'Spec I could pull your elephant's snout off, 'ef you gime bout $20 mo'." Upon one occasion in a prankish mood she picked up one end of an ox yoke and helped a four-year-old steer to pull a big plow across a ten-acre field, and upon another occasion she dismounted from an obstinate and recalcitrant mustang, and after tying his legs she lifted him up on her shoulder and carried the ani-

JENNIE ROBINSON.

mal over a bridge, which he had refused to cross. She thinks nothing of catching a big, unruly Mexican cow or bull, either, by the horns and dragging it through a gate. A local physician says that she is the most powerful human that he ever saw, and that such bones, muscles and sinews are rarely found under the skin of modern people. Jennie is of old-time slave stock, and consequently very polite and trustworthy. She claims that her strength is constantly increasing, though she does not gain much in weight.

Terrible Deeds of Insane Men.

On the Courthouse square at Columbia City, Ind., recently, William Mason, who had become insane, cut his throat and stabbed himself in the presence of several hundred people. He had come into the world without his consent and was going out of it without consulting anybody. A score of people tried to interfere, but he fought them off.

A Suggestion.

"What is the—what is the name of those things with wings on their heads?" asked Mr. Bopps, who couldn't think of the word "cherub" to save him. "Mules?" suggested Mrs. Bopps, in all innocence.—Indianapolis Journal.

The less important a man really is the more important he thinks he is.

Tomorrow—The happiest day in the average man's life.

Prof. Greene and His Wireless Telegraphy

Prof. Jerome J. Greene, head of the department of physics and electrical engineering at Notre Dame University, who has been making successful tests of wireless telegraphy at Chicago, is an Ohio man, and is still more youthful in appearance than in years, although he is barely 30. He was graduated as an electrical engineer from the Ohio State University at Columbus in 1893, and served as an expert with the Edison Electrical Company in Chicago. He was identified with the Atlanta Exposition, and afterward became instructor in the National School of Electricity. For four years he has been at Notre Dame. The instruments which he has used in his tests have been made by himself and his pupils in his laboratory, and at first he found difficulty in securing fine gradations and nice differentiation with his improvised appliances, but with each test he improved them until the signals came sharply and distinctly.

Foreign Residents in the West.

Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota and California were the four states of the country which by the federal census of 1890 had a larger foreign-born than native-born male population of voting age. The percentages were 53, 59, 65 and 50½ respectively. Wisconsin, Minnesota and North Dakota have a large Scandinavian population; California has many Chinese residents of voting age.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 46,970]

"I had female complaints so bad that it caused me to have hysterical fits; have had as many as nine in one day.

"Five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me, and it has been a year since I had an attack.

Mrs. Edna Jackson, Pearl, La.

If Mrs. Pinkham's Compound will cure such severe cases as this surely it must be a great medicine—is there any sufferer foolish enough not to give it a trial?

The Maid and the Miracle

Miss Luey Tucker, the daughter of a prominent farmer of Versailles, Ind., was the victim of nervous prostration. Most of the time she was confined to bed, and was on the verge of St. Vitus' dance. It was a pitiful case which medical science failed to conquer. Finally a doctor prescribed Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Her father said:

"We began giving the pills at once, and the first visible result see a change for the better in her. We gave her one pill after each meal until she was entirely well. She has not been sick a day since. We think the cure almost miraculous.

"FRANK TUCKER, Mrs. F. TUCKER."

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tucker, being duly sworn, state that the foregoing is true in every particular.

HUGH JOHNSON, *Justice of the Peace.*

From the Republican, Versailles, Ind.

Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, 6 boxes $2.50.

Ranches, Mines and Orchards

Are the basis of productive wealth in

New Mexico, Arizona, California

Cattle and sheep on the plains. Gold, silver, copper, iron and coal in the mountains. Luscious fruits and golden grains in the valleys. Abundant sunshine and pure air everywhere. A place to

Make Money In.

Write for free pamphlets and information about homeseekers' excursion rates.

Address General Passenger Office,
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CHEAP FARMS

DO YOU WANT A HOME?

100,000 ACRES improved and unimproved farming lands for sale on long time and easy payments, a little each year. Come and see it or write THE TRUMAN MOSS STATE BANK, Santiago Center, Mich., or

THE TRUMAN MOSS ESTATE,
Croswell, Sanilac Co., Mich.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and **10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.**

WANTED—Case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. Send 5 cents to Ripans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials.

PATENTS. U. S. and FOREIGN. Stanton Weaver, Washington, D. C.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm for coughs, colds, and throat disease

Don't Stand in Your Own Light.

Perhaps you intend to buy a binder or a mower this summer, and it may be that you have concluded that a cheap machine will answer your purpose. This means that you are **standing in your own light.**

It's better to investigate. There are some things that you should think about before putting your dollars into so expensive a machine as a binder or a mower.

Here are Some Pertinent Facts. Think About Them.

Last season the sales of Deering harvesting machines were 50,000 greater than in any previous year.

The area of ground covered by the Deering works is 62 acres—twice as large as that of any other reaper plant.

6500 employes are engaged in turning out the Deering product for 1899—more than three times the number at work in any other reaper plant.

During the busy part of last season Deering machines were built at the rate of one **every 17 seconds.**

Don't stand in your own light. Think about these things; they mean something. They mean that Deering machines are the lightest in draft, the easiest to operate and the most reliable and durable grain and grass harvesters manufactured.

DEERING HARVESTER CO., - - Chicago.

"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED," TRY

SAPOLIO

Why He Prepared It.

"A bad excuse is better than none," remarked the first philosophic hobo. "If like it better dan a good one," observed the other; "it's more gentlemanly, 'cause gener'ly don't work."

Try Grain-o! Try Grain-o!

Ask your grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. One-fourth of the price of coffee. 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Fools—A class of people that wise men work for a living.

Hunger—A necessary evil for the promotion of industry.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Confidence—A tender plant nourished by bunko men.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

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TOURIST SLEEPERS TO CALIFORNIA VIA WABASH

You will practice good economy in writing C. S. CRANE, C. P. & T. A., St. Louis, for particulars.

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"Nothing but wheat; what you might call a sea of wheat," is what was said by a lecturer speaking of Western Canada. For particulars as to routes, railway fares, etc., apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Department Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or to M. V. McInnes, No. 1 Merrill Block, Detroit, Mich.; James Grieve, Mt. Pleasant, Mich., or D. L. Caven, Bad Axe, Mich.

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