

## TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

**Fate of Custer's Last Officer.**  
GAIN have the awful particulars of the massacre of the little Big Horn in 1876, which cost the lives of General Custer and his devoted followers, been told by one of the Indians who participated in the slaughter, writes the Fort Yates (N. D.) correspondent of the New York Herald. This time light is shed upon the fate of Lieutenant Henry M. Harrington, which has heretofore been shrouded with mystery.

Lieutenant Harrington's body was the only one not found on the battlefield, and for years there was a persistent rumor in existence that he was still alive, having been carried into captivity, in spite of the assertion made by the Indians that no white man who entered the Bad Lands with Custer survived the massacre. Lieutenant Harrington broke through the horde of redskins and raced for his life. Being pursued he sent a bullet through his head to escape capture and torture.

Paints-Himself-Brown, an Indian who fought under Sitting Bull and who was present at the death of Custer, has told a correspondent for the Herald the story of Lieutenant Harrington's desperate and almost successful fight and flight. He relates the circumstances with a minuteness of detail which would be convincing in itself. His reputation for veracity makes the story he tells more credible. This is how he described the campaign and massacre:

"General Custer was much feared by the Indians. His reckless bravery was known to them, and there was much rejoicing when it was seen that he was advancing into a trap which promised his death.

"General Terry held a long war council with General Custer and General Gibbons. This was reported by scouts sent out by Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse, who led the Indians. We saw Gibbons take the path to the northward, and we knew that Terry had gone to the south.

"General Custer, with about 400 braves, plunged into the Bad Lands. Sitting Bull had thousands of warriors ready for the attack which he knew Custer would make. It was to be a fight to the death, with no quarter.

"I have seen other brave men, but never saw any like Custer. He led his soldiers into our camp as though he would ride over us. There was a fight—a headlong battle for more than a mile. Sitting Bull wisely withdrew his Indians until the white men were completely surrounded.

"Custer and his men formed on a knoll and fought with desperation until the final charge of the Indians overwhelmed them. Then they were all dead—all but one.

"Just as we swung up the hill a young officer, well mounted, darted out from among his fellows and rode straight at us. His daring bewildered the Indians, and he had broken through our line before we realized that he was making a desperate dash to save his life. He escaped to the open prairie pursued by seven Indians. His mount was fresher than ours and he gained so rapidly that six of us turned back, saying:

"Let the white man go. It is well that one should escape to tell how the Indians fight for their land and their squaws."

"One Indian, better mounted than the others, continued the chase. Lieutenant Harrington's horse finally began to falter and the Indian gained rapidly. Then the horse of the pursued man foundered and fell. Lieutenant Harrington raised his pistol to his head and sent a bullet through his brains. His body lay in the bed of a dry lake, several miles from the scene of the massacre, which accounts for the fact that it was not discovered by General Terry.

"General Custer died June 25, 1876. The Indians were blamed for the massacre, but we had to kill the white men or run away. They would not surrender, and they forced the battle. Of all the brave men who died that day none was more brave than Lieutenant Harrington, who rode through our lines."

**Saved by Sugar.**  
At 1 o'clock on a recent morning, when the stars were shining their brightest, the lookout at the Delaware Breakwater saw steaming in the British steamer Slingsby, Captain Whalley, from Java. From her foremast was flying a code signal, which interpreted meant "Short of provisions." And thereby hangs as thrilling a story of the sea as was ever told. The Slingsby had made port none too soon, for her crew were well-nigh starved.

It was a hard fight the Slingsby had to reach a haven. From September 6, when she left the shores of Java in the distance misfortune dogged her. She was almost daily beset by gales, many of which were of the hurricane calibre.

This wild weather stayed with the ship until St. Michael's was reached, but this was not done without a heroic struggle on the part of the sorely battered steamer. Long before St. Michael's was sighted the coal bunkers were empty, and, to make matters worse, this happened just at a time when a fierce squall was blowing and the vessel was shipping great seas. Captain Whalley, in his plight, resorted to burning a portion of his cargo for fuel. This was of sugar, and feeding the furnaces with it, the steamer

was kept head to the wind, and St. Michael's was at last made. This was on October 30. The bunkers were replenished, and once more the Slingsby's prow was turned homeward. Some days out from St. Michael's the food supply ran alarmingly close, and the order was given for every one to be placed on short rations.

To add to the misery of the situation more bad weather was encountered, which delayed the Slingsby's progress, so that six days before the Delaware Capes were sighted everything in the shape of provisions had been practically exhausted. True, there were a few biscuits per man left, but these were as nothing to a famished crew.

Here, again, however, the cargo proved the sailors' salvation. They ate greedily of the raw product, but it soon nauseated them, and finally they turned from it. It was a tottering lot of seamen that was grouped about the Slingsby's deck as the vessel sped into the Delaware Bay and dropped anchor. Here a fresh food supply was taken aboard, and the vessel lay awaiting orders from her consignees.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

**The Major's Strategy With Train Robbers**  
"Speaking of train robberies," said a veteran railroad man, "did any of you fellows ever hear that story about Major Patterson? The yarn is not new," he continued, "and I thought some of you might have heard it before, but it happens to be true, and is worth telling again.

"Years ago the Major was traveling on the railroad through Western Kansas, when he fell into conversation with a very agreeable chap from St. Louis. Train robberies were frequent in those days, and when the conversation finally turned to that subject the St. Louis man remarked that he had an excellent scheme for hiding his money in such an emergency. 'I simply put it under the sweatband of my hat,' he said, 'and no robber in the world would ever think of looking there for cash.' With that he pulled off his hat and showed where he had \$250 'planted' as he described.

"About an hour later the train was suddenly halted while it was turning a lonely ravine, and in a few moments a masked man entered the car and began to systematically loot the passengers, while two other robbers kept them covered with shotguns from the doors. When the fellow reached him the Major looked up coolly and declared he had less than a dollar in his pocket. 'Now, if you'll leave me that and my watch,' he said, 'I'll tell you something worth knowing. That fellow in the next seat has \$250 under the sweatband of his hat.' 'All right!' said the robber, 'keep your watch and chicken feed.' And he proceeded to confiscate the other passenger's cash.

"When the agony was all over and the marauders had departed the St. Louis man turned around, bursting with rage and indignation. 'That was a dirty, low-down trick!' he roared, 'and I'm going to hold you accountable for every cent of my money.' 'I expected you to, my friend,' replied the Major, quietly, 'and here is the amount. You see,' he added, 'I happen to be a paymaster in the United States Army, and I have a matter of \$10,000 in this valise by my feet. Under the circumstances I felt justified in temporarily sacrificing your little \$250 to divert attention. I shall charge it up to the Government as extra expense in transportation of funds.'—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Boy Lived on Raw Game.**  
Andrew Brown, sixteen years old, had a Robinson Crusoe experience on an island in the Mississippi River, at the mouth of the Missouri, during a recent four days. He was rescued in a pitiable plight by Frederick Rowe and Anthony Murphy, hunters, from St. Louis, who discovered the boy as he was devouring the raw flesh of a goose he had killed.

Brown started out in a skiff to hunt geese, and landed on the island. While constructing a blind his boat floated away, and he found himself marooned in the middle of the Mississippi. He had killed one duck, but had no matches, and in his hunger devoured the raw flesh. Then he slept until morning, making his breakfast of the remainder of the duck.

The next day passed cold and cheerless. The following day it was no better, and the boy was so frightened he could hit little game because of his nervousness. Brown's rescuers took him to his father's farm. The family had been searching the country side for their boy, and were distraught with grief over his mysterious disappearance.

**Bluffed a Bear.**  
While out hunting deer in the eastern part of Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, John Cluser noticed a peculiar noise in the bushes at some distance from him. Believing it to be a fawn frolicking about, and leaving his gun behind, he stealthily approached the object, when to his surprise a bear stood upon his haunches and assumed an attitude of fight.

There was no time to be lost, and it was dangerous to retreat, so Mr. Cluser, being an experienced hunter, drew his dirk knife, and walking squarely for the bear, with a well-timed aim plunged the knife into his heart, killing the bear before he had time to get hold of him.

**A Cold Proposition.**  
Perhaps some advertisers who wish to advertise in Alaska will not be in need of a heart and nerve tonic after reading the rate card of the Forum, published at Rampart City, Alaska. Five dollars per inch per insertion. And it guarantees a circulation of 2000

## BRITAIN'S NEW LORD.

ST. JOHN BRODRICK LANS-DOWNE'S SUCCESSOR.

He Is the Son of Viscount Middleton and Has Been in Public Life Since 1880—Only Forty-Four Years Old—Served as Under Secretary Once.

Mr. W. St. John Brodrick was one of the "clever young men" of the Conservative party in the "early eighties." Though not, perhaps, a brilliant orator, he is a keen debater, and has more than once shown that he can state a case as clearly as any of his colleagues on the Treasury bench.

Eldest son of Viscount Middleton, Mr. Brodrick is in his 44th year. He received his early education at Eton, and later on at Oxford. Like so many other men who have shone in the political world he took a prominent share in the debates of the Union Society, of which he became president. He also helped to found the Canning club, which has long been the center of the new Toryism of the university. It was his good fortune to step straight from the presidential chair to a seat in the House of Commons, being returned unopposed for West Surrey at the general election of 1880. Both in and out of Parliament Mr. Brodrick was exceedingly industrious and painstaking, and it is affirmed that he was one of the few members who really mastered the intricacies of the Irish land bill. On the passing of the Redistribution act, Mr. Brodrick was elected for the Guildford division of Surrey, and he still represents that constituency. Often it has been said that Mr. Brodrick came of age, sat for his county, and got married all in one year, but the statement is erroneous. True, the two latter events occurred in 1880, but that was nearly three years after he had attained his majority. In June, 1885, Mr. Gladstone resigned, owing to the memorable defeat on the Budget bill. Ere many months had elapsed the Conservative government were vanquished upon the amendment of Mr. Jesse Collings to the Address, but the home rule proposals of Mr. Gladstone speedily installed Lord Salisbury again in Downing street.

Then it was that Mr. Brodrick began

his apprenticeship by serving as under secretary to the war office, and he remained at that post until the Unionists were supplanted by the Radicals in 1892. Finding himself in the shade of the opposition, the member for Guildford turned his attention to matters other than military. As the eldest son of a peer, he got into "revolt" against the idea of men, on succeeding to the title, being compelled to forsake the House of Commons for the House of Lords. He assisted in promoting a bill to change this state of things, but without success, and he is now the only one of the three millionaires now left in the Lower Chamber, Lord Selbourne having been called to the Upper House on the death of his father, and Mr. Curzon having become an Irish peer, viceroy of India. It was the hand of Mr. Brodrick that fired the cordite mine which blew up the Rosebery government in June, 1895. At once the queen sent for Lord Salis-



HON. ST. JOHN BRODRICK.

bury, who accepted office and appealed to the country. The noble marquis started his third administration with a huge majority, and Mr. Brodrick was appropriately appointed to the war office, as second in command to Lord Lansdowne, and so successfully did he perform the duties of the position that no surprise was evinced upon his transfer to the foreign office on the promotion of Mr. Curzon to India. As lieutenant to Lord Salisbury, the member for Guildford has acquitted himself with complete satisfaction.

## WANTS AMERICAN WIFE

The Minister from Uruguay to Washington came to this country specially with a view to securing an American wife, and he does not hesitate to say so, adding that he is a great admirer of American women. His father is president of Uruguay, and is anxious that his son shall make a good match in the United States. The minister is young and handsome, and



SENOR CUESTAS.

will soon open a house of his own and entertain lavishly in Washington.

## JOURNALISM FAR NORTH.

**First It Was All Cuts and Afterward Whole Sentences.**  
One of the most amusing skippers visiting Philadelphia is the genial commander of the British bark Calicum, one of the fleet of Greenland cryolite traders, which has just discharged her cargo here and loaded coal for Demerara. A fine specimen of the real old-time sailor, Capt. Smith possesses a fund of knowledge gathered through years of rough experience, the record of which would form the groundwork for an up-to-date sea novel. For years this picturesque skipper gained knowledge of the high latitudes that has been of great benefit to him in his present trade through service aboard one of the old Peterhead whalers, a fleet once famous, but now almost extinct. Capt. Smith has been one of the most successful of the arctic traders, his only mishap being the loss of the British bark Argenta, which he commanded in the fall of 1896. This vessel was actually crushed to atoms by the arctic ice foe. All were rescued after a thrilling experience, and made their way to Fredericksburgh, where they were housed and fed by the Danish governor. Capt. Smith has a greater knowledge of Greenland than any other man in the merchant service, says the Philadelphia Press. When he can be induced to tell of the bleak settlements surrounded by the polar ice his stories are always appreciated and to be sure of a large and greatly interested audience. Several days ago, just before his departure for Demerara, the skipper told a most interesting story of journalism in Greenland. Journalism in Greenland, he said, is represented by a single paper and to its

proprietor, Mr. Moeller, is due the credit of educating a large number of the natives, because he not only printed the paper for them, but also taught them how to read it. This wonderfully energetic man performs single-handed the functions of editor, reporter, proprietor, printer, distributor and business manager. The entire paper, which is printed in Godthaab, is the product of his own pen. Some time ago he set up a primitive printing establishment, and every two weeks he performs a long journey on skates to dispose of his journal. Originally it contained only a few crude illustrations, but gradually other matter was introduced until now it contains articles on the affairs of the day. This man actually taught his subscribers to read his paper, first introducing words, then sentences, and now articles on the topics of the day. Mr. Moeller is a Dane and has lived in Greenland for many years. He takes a deep interest in anything calculated to make lighter the burdens of the natives and is beloved by all who know him.

## The Biggest Pair of Tusks.

In his report upon the trade and commerce of Zanzibar for last year Acting Consul Kestell Cornish states that the finest tusks on record in East Africa, and probably larger than have ever yet been obtained in any part of the world, came through Zanzibar last year. The elephant from which they were obtained was shot by an Arab near Kilimanjaro. These tusks, which consisted of perfect ivory, without a particle of disease, measured over ten and a half feet from top to base, and weighed 224 pounds, and 239 pounds respectively. They were sold for \$5,000. The nearest approach in bulk to this pair were found about ten years ago, and weighed 180 pounds each. They were, however, diseased to some extent.

## Cooking in India.

Every man in India is a good cook. The women cook at home, but in traveling the women are not allowed to show themselves, and so the men do the work. No Hindu will eat food on which any man's shadow has fallen. All Hindus are great ceremonial legalists. The Hindus are of our own Aryan race. They are not like the Chinese and Japanese, alien from our race. They have all the mental capacity of Europeans, and only need the same religion and the same opportunity to shine on an equality with us.

## Purchase Waterloo Battle Ground.

Henri Houssaye, the French Academician and authority on Napoleon, has purchased for the Paris Sabretache, the French military association, the exact spot of ground where the Old Guard made its last stand at Waterloo, and upon it M. Gerome, the sculptor, is to erect a monument.

## Cheap Stain for Wood.

A cheap and simple stain for wood is made with permanganate of potassa. A solution of it spread upon pear or cherry wood for a few minutes leaves a permanent dark brown color, which, after a careful washing, drying and oiling, assumes a reddish tint upon being polished.

## Old Pirates

*Relics of Buccaneers Found in Maine.*

The memory of the last of the buccaneers has again been revived by the discovery of undoubted relics of his career as far north as Bangor, Me., says the Boston Post.

It is true the present discovery amounts to nothing more definite than a hole which is said to be the exact size of the reported mysterious boxes of gold which the doughty Captain Kidd is believed to have strewn along the coast of America, and which have been traced all the way from South Carolina to the present location, which is believed to be the "farthest north" yet made in Kidd's record. Of course, however, a hole cannot sustain a pirate's reputation, and the present treasure trove includes also, as a recent dispatch from Bangor states, "an old-fashioned lip, such as covered all old-fashioned locks, and a broken key, found near the hole." These, the narrator naively adds, are "proof of the discovery."

The legend that has existed for years in this favored locality, that some of the coveted "remains" of the great pirate were buried at Eber's Point, in the immediate vicinity, is thus proved to have a somewhat more stable foundation than the credulous imagination of several successive generations of Maine farmers. "Many parties," says the dispatch before referred to, "have dug over the ground in the hope of finding the treasure. The land is owned by Messrs. Woodman and Buzzell, and Mr. Woodman has discovered a hole from which it is evident a box 12x16 inches has been removed." Historic hole! In addition to grandly stimulating the imagination of the whole American nation, to say nothing of the pitch of frenzy to which the dwellers of Eber's Point have been wrought, this parallelism of, let us say, space, will at once take its place among the great legends which hover fondly over Captain Kidd's name. These have connected his place of hiding, or rather that of

his treasure—Kidd himself was, we believe hanged in England, as the natural close of his picturesque career—with almost every island, peninsula, or promontory, to say nothing of every natural cave, gully or even promising growth of underbrush on the Atlantic coast. Some of the most likely of these legends have been done into immortal fiction and have even figured on the stage. Who can forget Edgar Poe's weird story of the "Gold Bug," wherein the genius of this consummate artist is devoted to evolving the mystery in a cryptogram which stands today one of the curiosities of literature? The scene of the story is laid on an island off the Carolinian coast. Northward past the sea boundaries of Virginia—a somewhat unpromising spot, as being too densely populated in the bold pirate's time, and which fancy seems to have left quite untouched—northward to such unromantic preserves as New Jersey and the shores of Long Island, the legend bears us. It is even reported on credible authority that a substantial citizen of Boston crossing the common less than a twelvemonth ago in the company of a spiritual medium received a startlingly real "message" to the effect that the long-sought-for gold lay buried there. This last must be accepted as belonging rather to the realm of pure imagination than the more credible tales which have transformed a considerable portion of the Atlantic coast into veritable sand heaps. The Maine discovery, however, restores us once more to the realm of material things, and must be considered as the most important contribution to the history of the most picturesque period in American history that has been vouchsafed us for a generation. The reign of romantic fiction is now upon us, and although there are many good single stories a syllogism of this grand cycle of American legends is evidently the golden opportunity for the creator of a "Richard Carvel."

## Retiring Senators

Six of the 13 Whose Terms Expire in March.

At the end of the session of congress which is soon to open, a considerable number of men who have achieved more or less distinction in the senate will retire. Some republicans will be succeeded by democrats, some democrats by republicans, and some of both parties by men of their own political faith. The senators who will leave Washington next March, retiring to private life, are Baker of Kansas, Butler of North Carolina, Caffery of Louisiana, Carter of Montana, Chilton of Texas, Kenney of Delaware, Lindsay of Kentucky, Pettigrew of South Dakota, Sharp of Idaho, Sullivan of Mississippi, Thurston of Nebraska, Turley of Tennessee and Wolcott of Colorado. There are several others who will be opposed for re-election at the forthcoming legislative sessions who may also be obliged to remove their senatorial togas, but whose re-election is probable. These are Chandler of New Hampshire, Cullom of Illinois and Nelson of Minnesota. Bacon of Georgia, Berry of Arkansas, Elkins of West Virginia, Frye of Maine, Hoar of Massachusetts, Dolliver of Iowa, McBride of Oregon, McMillan of Michigan, Martin of Virginia, Morgan of Alabama, Sewell of New Jersey, Tillman of South

Carolina, Warren of Wyoming and Wetmore of Rhode Island either have been or are sure to be re-elected. The Globe published pictures of six of the retiring members. Of these Wolcott of Colorado and Thurston of Nebraska are easily the most distinguished. They have been counted among the most brilliant and eloquent members of the upper house, and their retirement is a loss to the republicans. Tom Carter of Montana has not added to his reputation in the senate. His ability is mediocre and he gained his seat as a reward for clever campaign work for the republicans. But he is genial and popular. Butler of North Carolina is the youngest member of the senate. He was a popular leader and has made a name for himself at Washington as a debater. Donelson Caffery, the Louisiana sugar planter, was one of Grover Cleveland's most ardent supporters and forfeits the senatorship because he is a gold democrat. Shoup of Idaho is a notable figure from the fact that, although he has served two terms, he has done nothing that has made his name familiar to any except the most critical students of congressional life. He is a republican, was a stock raiser and mine owner, and helped establish Idaho in statehood.

## EAT WITH SPOONS.

**Table Habits in Conservative Turkish Households Are Odd.**

Of late years some Turkish households have become considerably modernized in their arrangements, even aping the ways of Paris. But conservative Turks frown on such new-fangled ways. In a conservative Turkish household, rich or poor, no tables are used, and chairs are unknown. Instead there is a huge wooden frame in the middle of the room about eighteen inches high. When the family—the men only—assemble to dine cushions are brought, placed upon the frame, and on these the members seat themselves tailor fashion, forming a circle around a large tray. The tray is a very large wooden, plated or silver affair, according to the financial condition of the family, and thereon is deposited a capacious bowl. About it arranged saucers of sliced cheese, anchovies, caviare and sweetmeats. Interspersed with these are goblets of sherbet, pieces of hot unleavened bread and boxwood spoons. Knives, forks and plates do not figure in the service, but each has a napkin spread upon his knees, and every one, armed with a spoon, helps himself. The bowl is presently borne away and another dish takes its place. This time it is a conglomeration of substantial stewed together, such as mutton, game or poultry. The mess has been divided by the cook into portions, which are dipped up with the aid of a spoon or with the fingers. For the host to fish out of the mess a wing or a leg of a fowl and present it to a guest is considered a great compliment, and for a Turk of high degree to roll a morsel between his fingers and put it into the mouth of a visitor is looked upon as good manners.

## How to Make an Ottoman.

An ottoman, if space will allow, is a very useful thing to have in a bedroom, and would look well at the foot of the bed. This is easy to make at a very small cost, as an ordinary wooden box can be made to do duty. Line inside, not forgetting the lid, with glazed lining, or anything you may have by you will do so long as it is clean and tidy. If the box you are using possesses hinges so much the better, but if not you must get some, for it would be useless without, except for a seat. The outside should next be enameled (the box part, not the lid), and a flounce made long enough to reach the ground. The best way to fix this is to sew it on a tape which, in its turn is sewn to the lining of the box. The lid must be measured, and a cushion the exact size be made. The stuffing might be of excelsior but it must be very full, and be finished off with a frill about four inches wide to cover the joint. A piece of webbing or a strip of the material neatly doubled, about eight inches long, should be nailed to the side to prevent the lid falling back too far when opened.

## Brass Band on Bicycles.

In New Zealand there exists a brass band whose members are wholly mounted on bicycles. This band, which is located at Christchurch, consists of ten players, and these not merely ride their bicycles to practice, but fulfill all their engagements on the wheel. At first the band in its perambulations through the town attracted universal attention, but it has now become a common sight and the people take it as a matter of course. To strangers visiting the town the band is a source of wonder and amazement, while the music they discourse quickly places them in high favor.