HANK HAS A NERVE

A Choctaw Who Gave His Life Without a Sign of Fear.

ONE OF THE BRAVEST OF ACTS

The Red Man's Desire for Whisky Caused Him to Commit a Double Murder—Condemned to Die.

Captain Frank Williams of the Texas Rangers gives an excellent account of the remarkable execution of Hank Good, a thoroughbred Choctaw Indian, which occurred in the Choctaw reservation.

"I never dreamed I was going to see one of the bravest acts I ever witnessed in my life when I went to see Hank Good shot," Captain Williams said. "I was in the reservation when Hank committed the murder for which he gave up his life, and I had a great curiosity to see how he would act when the time came for him to pay the penalty.

"The murder Hank committed occurred Feb. 9, 1892. Two whisky peddlers, named Isaac Greenbaum and Solomon Heppenstein, were the victims. They had been in the habit of stealing into the reservation about once a month and selling whisky to the Indians. On this particular night they entered the territory with two small casks of whisky. Hank saw them when he came in, and he then and there determined to get his fill of fire water that night or know the reason why. He watched them and followed them to a lonely place, where they secured their whisky, wrapped their blankets around them and went to sleep. When they were slumbering soundly, he stole upon them, and it could not have taken him long to relieve them of their scalps. He found the whisky, drank to his heart's content and enjoyed the warmth of the fire the peddlers had built. Hank made no attempt to escape or conceal his crime, but remained there and drank until he was stupid. About 10 o'clock the next morning as I was passing along the road with a squad of the White Horse we came upon the horrible sight. Hank was lying across the dead bodies of his victims, and one of the whisky casks was clasped in his arms. We tried to arouse him, but could not and had to carry him to the headquarters of the reservation. They locked Hank up, and it was three days before he was sober enough to be arraigned before the Indian judge and jury.

"On the third day after the murder Hank was brought up for trial. Hank made no defense. He did not seem to feel sorry, either, for having committed the crime. It was the first time in his life that he had had enough whisky. The jury soon decided that Hank was guilty and should be shot. It took into consideration the fact that Hank was the most popular and best looking young buck in the nation and recommended him to the mercy of the judge. The judge finally sentenced him to be shot to death at noon, Sept. 25. Hank took an oath to appear at that hour under a big oak tree and pay the penalty. They then allowed him to depart."

"Were they afraid he would never return?"

"Not in the least. A full blooded Choctaw was never known to break his oath.

"Well," Captain Williams continued, "Hank did not leave the nation, but three days afterward he got married and commenced to work as hard to get land and horses as a man who expected to live 50 years. In a few months he was one of the most prosperous young men in the tribe and lived apparently happy.

"The months slowly passed, and as the time drew near for Hank to be shot the Indians commenced to get excited. They were all anxious to see how he would act. Hank never referred to the matter and kept on working up to the day before the one which was to be his last on earth.

"The fatal morning at last arrived. It was a holiday on the reservation, and long before noon all the members of the nation were in the vicinity of the big oak tree, dressed in all the finery they could command. Hank was on the scene early, arrayed in his best, and an hour before his execution he danced with all the squaws. He never glanced at the pine coffin on which he was to kneel and be killed.

"Exactly at noon he left his family, and with head erect and a smile upon his face he walked to the coffin and knelt upon the lid. The sheriff had not yet arrived, but Hank was there and waiting. The sheriff finally came, and walking over to Hank he started to bind a white cloth around Hank's eyes. Hank tore it off and motioned the Sheriff back. You should have seen the Indians look at him. Every one admired his nerve.

"The sheriff stepped back several feet, drew his revolver and took deliberate aim. Hank smiled and glanced down the glistening barrel without moving a muscle. In another second the sheriff fired, and a ball crashed into Hank's brain, directly between the eyes. He quivered a second and fell over dead into the coffin."

"What became of Hank's wife?"

"Oh, she married a good looking young buck the next day."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Could Be Fitted.

Scene—Fancy hosiery shop; facetious youth purchasing hose for his sweetheart. Facetious youth (to shopgirl)—I suppose you have all kinds of ties here, miss?

Shopgirl—Yes, I believe we have, sir. What kind would you like to see?

Facetious Youth (winking at his sweetheart)—Could you supply me with a pig-tie?

Shopgirl—With pleasure, sir; just hold down your head and I'll take your measure.—London Tit-Bits.

The Caterer's Art.

The caterer's art seems never to be exhausted in the designing of new forms of ices. At a recent dinner there was placed before the hostess at dessert a large silver bowl, which was apparently a mass of fruit and flowers. There were beautiful peaches, with the bloom on them; grapes of dewy luciousness, exquisitely tinted roses, and big Easter Lilies, bunches of cherries, with foliage; strawberries, plums—a riot of flowers and fruit, every atom of which was deliciously eatable, in the shape of many colored and flavored creams.—New York Times.

"I Don't Think."

The slang expression "I don't think" is not so new that one may feel that he is very fresh when he uses it. It was common more than 50 years ago, when Dickens wrote "Martin Chuzzlewit." It was put into the mouth of one of the characters early in the story, and the author comments on it as being a favorite phrase.—Exchange.

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That people suffering from Piles will endure them for years or submit to dangerous, painful, cruel and expensive surgical operations, when all the time there is a painless, certain, lasting cure, which gives instant relief and costs but a trifle. It is called the Pyramid Pile Cure and can be found at all drug stores. Any druggist will get it for you if you ask him.

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Liverpool, London and Globe	43,000,000
Imperial, England	10,000,000
American, Philadelphia	2,500,000
Northern, England	10,000,000
German Fire Office of London	8,000,000
LEAD CONDITIONAL.	
Travelers' Life and Accident of Hartford, Conn.	$3,000,000
SECURITY.	
American Surety, N. Y.	$1,500,000

LEGAL.

CHANCERY SALE—State of Michigan, the Circuit for the county of Kent—in Chancery.

Grand Rapids Savings Bank, complainant, vs. William C. Logan, Jennie A. Dickinson and Grand Rapids Hardware Company, defendants.

In pursuance of by virtue of a decree of the circuit court for the county of Kent, in chancery, made and entered in the above cause on the 11th day of October, A. D. 1893, notice is hereby given that on Saturday, the 11th day of November, A. D. 1893, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the east door of the court house in the city of Grand Rapids, in said county of Kent, I shall sell at public vendue to the highest bidder, at the north front door of the court house aforesaid, in the city of Grand Rapids, in said county, all those two contiguous parcels of land situate in the city of Grand Rapids, in the county of Kent, and state of Michigan, described as follows, to wit: A strip of land twenty (20) feet wide on the south side of Lot number fifteen (15), extending the entire distance of said Lot fifteen and from its east to its west line, in the city of Grand Rapids, and also the whole of lot number four (4), in block one hundred (100), in the original plat of said city of Grand Rapids, according to the recorded plat thereof, excepting therefrom a strip of land two rods wide off the south side thereof, adjoining Fulton street on the south side, and being a strip contiguous to said south line, making said whole lot four (4) rods in depth, and being the same premises conveyed to the first part, William C. Logan, now in use on his stables, and lot four (4) rods in depth, being the same premises conveyed to the second party, Jennie A. Dickinson, now in use on her stables, and the two strips of land in block one hundred (100) in the original plat of the city of Grand Rapids, known as subdivisions eighty (80), ninety (90) and ninety-two (92), South Division street, and upon which premises Logan, on the first part, William C. Logan, now in use on his stables, and lot four (4) rods in depth, and