

STORY OF THE MARTYRS OF ST. JOE

Some of the Difficulties the Protestant Missionaries Experienced in Their Early Work for the Northwest.

One of the most touching tragedies recorded in the annals of the new northwest was enacted in the sixth decade of the Nineteenth century, on the borders of Prince Rupert's Land and the Louisiana purchase (now Manitoba and North Dakota). It is a picturesque spot, where the Pembina river cuts the international boundary line, and, bursting through the mountains of the same name, leisurely pursues its course to the southeast; to join the Red River of the North in its course to Hudson's bay.

Half-a-century ago, in this place, encircled by the wood-crowned mountain and the forest-lined river and prairies, rich as the gardens of the gods, there stood a village and trading post of considerable importance, named after the patron saint of the Roman Catholic church in its midst—St. Joseph—commonly called St. Joe. It was a busy, bustling town,

The hostile Sioux were infesting the Pembina region. Only the previous month, had Mrs. Spencer written to a far distant friend in India: "Last December the Lord gave us a little son, whose smiling face cheers many a lonely hour." On this fatal night, she arose to care for this darling boy. A noise at the window attracted her attention. She withdrew the curtain to ascertain the cause. Three Indians stood there with loaded rifles and feds. Three bullets struck her, two in her throat and one in her breast. She neither cried out nor spoke, but reeling to her bed, with her babe in her arms, knelt down, where she was soon discovered by her husband, when he returned from barricading the door. She suffered intensely for several hours and then died. And till daybreak Mr. Spencer sat in a horrid dream, holding his dead wife in his arms. The little baby lay in the rude



PRESBYTERIAN CONFERENCE OF DAKOTA INDIANS.

with a mixed population of 1,500. Most of these dwell in tents of skin. There were, also, two or three large trading posts and thirty houses, built of large, heavy timbers mounded smoothly within and without and roofed with shingles. Some of these were neat and pretty; one had window-shutters. It was the center of an extensive fur trade with the Indian tribes of the Missouri river. Many thousands of buffalo and other skins were shipped annually to St. Paul in carts. Sometimes a train of 400 of these wooden carts started together for St. Paul, a distance of 400 miles.

cradle near by, bathed in his mother's blood. The two elder children stood by, terrified and weeping. Such was the distressing scene which the neighbors beheld in the morning, when they came with their profers of sympathy and help. The friendly halfbreeds came in, cared for the poor children and prepared the dead mother for burial. A halfbreed dug the grave and nailed a rude box together for a coffin. Then with a bleeding heart, the sorely bereaved man consigned to the bosom of the friendly earth the remains of his murdered wife.



A DAKOTA INDIAN GRAVE.

James Tanner was a converted half-breed who, with his wife, labored in 1849, as a missionary at Lake Winnibigishish in Minnesota. His father had been stolen when a lad from his Kentucky home by the Indians. Near the close of 49 he visited New York, Washington and other cities and awakened considerable interest in behalf of the natives of this region. While east he became a member of the Baptist church and returned to St. Joe in 1852 accompanied by a young man named Benjamin Terry of St. Paul, to open a mission among the Pembina Chippewas and half-breeds under the auspices of the Baptist Missionary Society. Terry was very slight and youthful in appearance, quiet and retiring in disposition and was long spoken of by the half-breeds as "Tanner's Boy." They visited the Red River (Selkirk) settlement (now Winnipeg) while there young Terry wooed and won one of the daughters of the Selkirk settlers, a dark-eyed, handsome Scotch lass to whom he expected to be married in a few months. But before the close of summer he was waylaid by Sioux, shot full of arrows and his entire scalp carried away. With great difficulty Mr. Tanner secured permission to bury him in the Catholic cemetery in the corner reserved for suicides, heretics and unbaptized infants. Thus ended in blood the first effort to establish a Protestant mission in the Pembina country.

June 1, 1852, a band of Presbyterian missionaries arrived at St. Joe. It was composed of the Reverends Alonzo Barnard and David Brainerd Spencer, their wives and children and John Smith, an old gentleman from Ohio. They came in canoes and in carts from Red and Cass lakes, Minn., where for ten years they had labored as missionaries among the Chippewas. They removed to St. Joe, at the earnest request of Governor Alex Ramsey of Minnesota and others familiar with their labors and the needs of the Pembina natives. Mrs. Barnard's health soon gave way. Her husband removed her to the Selkirk settlement, one hundred miles to the north, for medical aid. Her health continued to fall so rapidly that by her strong desire they attempted to return to St. Joe. The first night they encamped in a little tent on the bleak northern plain in the midst of a fierce windstorm. The chilling winds penetrated the folds of the tent. All night long the poor sufferer lay in her husband's arms, moaning constantly: "Hold me close, hold me close." They were compelled to return to the settlement where after a few days more of intense suffering, she died, Oct. 25, 1853, of quick consumption, caused by ten years exposure and suffering for the welfare of the Indians.

Mrs. Barnard was first interred at the Selkirk settlement in Prince Rupert's Land (now Manitoba). In the lack of other clergyman, Mr. Barnard was compelled to officiate at his wife's funeral himself, in obedience to her dying request, Mrs. Barnard's remains were removed to St. Joe and re-interred in the yard of the humble mission cabin, Dec. 3, 1853. In 1854, Mr. Barnard visited Ohio to provide a home for his children. On his return, at Belle Prairie, Minn., midway between St. Paul and St. Joe, he met Mr. Spencer and his three motherless children, journeying 400 miles by ox cart to St. Paul. There in the rude hovel, in which they spent the night, Mr. Barnard baptized Mr. Spencer's infant son, now an honored minister of the Congregational church in Illinois. On his arrival at St. Joe, Mr. Barnard found another mound close by the grave of his beloved wife. The story of this third grave is also written in blood. It was Aug. 30, 1854,

were discovered, cemented together and placed upon her new grave. The Rev. Alonzo Barnard, 71 years of age, accompanied by his daughter, was present. Standing upon the graves of the martyrs, with tremulous voice and moistened eyes, he gave to the assembled multitude a history of their early missionary toil in the abodes of savagery. It was a thrilling story, the interest intensified by the surroundings. The half-breed women who prepared Mrs. Spencer's body for burial and who washed and dressed the little babe after his baptism at his mother's blood, were present. The same half-breed who dug Mrs. Spencer's grave in 1854 dug the new grave in 1888. Several

pioneers familiar with the facts of the tragedy at the time of its occurrence were also present.

The Rev. Alonzo Barnard, 84 years of age, now resides at Pomona, Mich. He is a member of the Presbytery of Grand Rapids. There is a large and flourishing Episcopal Indian church at Leech Lake, the scene of Mrs. Barnard's labors from 1848-1853. Rev. Charles T. Wright, a full blood Chippewa is the rector. He is the eldest son of the famous chief Grey Cloud, and is now himself chief of all the Chippewas. He is a cultured, courteous, Christian gentleman.

—R. J. Cresswell.

Yes, they were there on the other side of the clearing, he was sure of that. Deliberately he snapped a small dry twig in two by the weight of his foot. Almost immediately there was a rattling on the opposite side. For one instant Bill showed the outline of his figure outside the dark shadows, and a weapon whirled by his head and crashed through the bushes. Then he dashed into the path and fled with the Indians swiftly pursuing. Reaching the trap rock formation, he skillfully sped along and, having gained on his pursuers, with two bounds he circled the great well and retreated the darkness of the pines beyond. Straightly one swift Sioux followed. Looking back from his place of concealment he saw their outlines as they rushed over the rocks. Would they go around the well? If so, he and his companion would soon be in the hands of the merciless savages. But right on they came. Two were quite a distance ahead of the others, the rest were coming, however, and sure of their prey. Suddenly the foremost Indian disappeared and immediately the other one followed him. Then behind, breaking out of the underbrush, one, two, three more came over the rocks closely together, then the foremost one sank from sight and the next, and the next, in their impetuous flight, followed.

LEGEND OF A GIANT'S KETTLE AT TAYLORS FALLS

At the Dalles of the St. Croix river near Taylors Falls, Minn., there are some of the strangest rock formations to be found anywhere. In certain parts of Switzerland there are somewhat similar rock formations, but none on such a large scale as those at Taylors Falls. In one area not over one-eighth of a mile square, a great number, nearly one-hundred, wells, or pot-holes, or giant's kettles, are to be found. They are all sizes, from a few inches deep, and in diameter, to 80 or 100 feet deep, and 10 to 30 feet in diameter. Geologists have advanced several theories as to the method of formation of these kettles, but no theory yet advanced seems to be satisfactory. Some think they were made during the glacial period. As the snows on top of the ice began to melt a little each summer, streams of water would flow over the surface. These streams in a certain place would either wear through the ice or find some crevasse down which they would fall to the crust of the earth beneath. Rocks and boulders imbedded in the ice would be carried into these holes. The sun, calling in 1,500 feet, would develop immense force, and as it struck the boulders at the bottom, it would set them in rapid revolution, and in this way, with compass of the friendly earth the remains of his murdered wife.

He then proceeded to unfold his plan. John hesitated at first. It seemed to him that it was useless to try the plan, but finally agreed to it. Settling their rifles against a large tree, they took their heavy hunting knives and proceeded to cut a number of long branches from the smaller pines that grew a few rods distant. As one walks along over the uneven rocks, taking the easiest and most natural course through the underbrush to the wells, suddenly he is confronted with the black abyss of one of the largest and deepest of them all. This now, as then, is the most dangerous spot in the region of the Dalles. One carelessly walking there is broad daylight might easily be dashed into the depths far below him. The Dalles are now a part of the interstate park of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and the matter of having some of the most dangerous kettles guarded by iron railings is being discussed.

The two hunters brought the branches



It is undoubtedly true that at one time when Lake Superior was 500 feet higher than it is now the outlet of that lake was through the St. Croix river. At that time the volume of water in the river must have been hundreds of times greater than at present. Such a volume of water rushing over the great masses of trap rock which formed a jagged dam across the river at this point would make whirlpools and rapids, wild and grand beyond any possible description. Boulders caught in these whirlpools and eddies and set revolving would after the lapse of thousands of years bore out the great kettles. The writer this summer found at the bottom of a new kettle the remains of a small rock, which, revolved by the whirling waters, was grinding deeper into the solid rock.

The region of these Giant's Kettles is a most interesting one, and it has been the field of some interesting events. One afternoon in the thirties two hunters entered the valley in which these wells are situated. They were weary and discouraged. For two days and nights they had been seeking a small lake of the Sioux Indians who were determined to kill them. With sullen eye the Indians had seen the white man gradually taking possession of their lands. Settlements already been made on the Mississippi and St. Croix. Added to their natural jealousy of the white man was the fact, in this case, that one of this band of Sioux had been found dead in the woods with bullet holes in his head. In their thirst for revenge they determined to torture and kill these two hunters who were the only white men they knew to be in that vicinity. The men were innocent of the crime, but they well understood if the Indians caught them they would not stop to learn whether they were guilty or not.

At about 5 o'clock on this afternoon the two fugitives had reached the gorge of the St. Croix river. They were acquainted with every foot of this strange place, and they had come here hoping that in some way they might elude their crafty pursuers. Silently they passed over the great rocks, under the towering pines, and carefully they stepped around the sullen walls whose deep dark mouths opened all around them, for they knew that if a man fell into one of those seemingly bottomless pits he would never hunt again. As they came to one of the most dangerous places one of the hunters stopped his companion and said:

"We can't go much further, John; for my part I am nearly tired out. Those Sioux will track us to our death, and sooner or later our scalps will hang in their belts. Let's make a stand here and see if we can't outwit them in some way."

"What, outwit a Sioux!" said the other.

"I wish we could, but it looks to me a hopeless task to undertake."

"It may be, but something must be done. Those redskins will camp up the ravine to-night. They are familiar with the lower part of this northwest land, but I do not believe they know much about this section. If they were Chippewas we would stand no chance, but with the Sioux I do believe we stand once chance in a hundred of outwitting them, and I'll tell you how I think we can do it."

able to endure the continued absence of his companions, hearing neither shot nor shout, he had followed after them. Cautiously he picked his way along, but so skillfully had the blind been made, and so peculiarly had nature fashioned the rocks, that he too was deceived and by one fatal step he plunged to join his silent comrades at the bottom of the great kettle.

This particular giant's kettle has never been thoroughly explored. The Minnesota park commissioner told me this summer that this well would be fully explored whenever a sufficiently large amount of money should be granted by the state for the full development of the park. So far no bottom has been found. One voluntarily shudders as he looks over the brink into the waters, black as ink, far below. Whenever the bottom is reached the skeletons and tomahawks of these six Indians may be found.

—E. S. P.

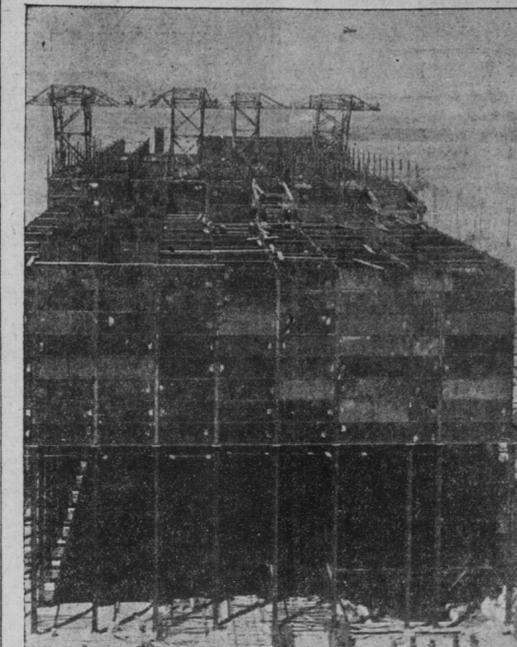


GIANT'S KETTLE AT TAYLORS FALLS.

This curious well or port-hole is from thirteen to fifteen feet in diameter and of unknown depth. It is partly filled with debris and has been explored to a depth of sixty-five feet.

A NOVELTY IN STEEL ELEVATORS

THE GREAT NORTHERN'S CURIOUS STRUCTURE, PUT UP AT WEST SUPERIOR.



This is the first square bin steel elevator ever built. It is set on steel posts and the picture shows the method of erecting the bins. The honeycomb style and the upright posts are shown in the illustration. The elevator was this week turned over to the owners and already holds a large quantity of wheat.

Teaching the Blind to See

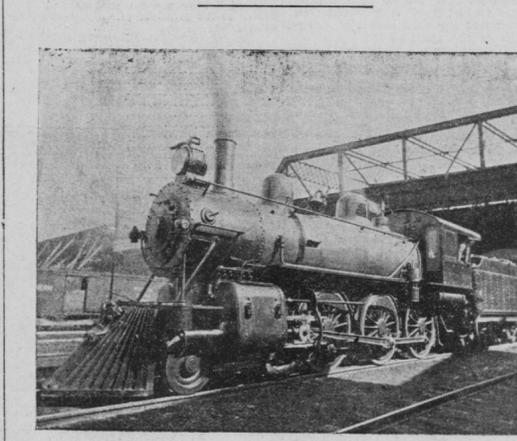
New York, April 27.—A dispatch to the World from Vienna says: An epoch making discovery in training children born blind to see has been made by Director Keller of the Institute for the Blind. He exhibited to-day before the physicians' society a 7-year-old boy, who was born blind, but with perfectly organized eyes—brain blind, as the doctors call it—whom he has taught in four months to discern colors, forms and objects, and to read with his eyes. He attempted the work because he had taught seventy deaf and dumb children with normal ears to hear and to speak.

The method consists in first teaching a child in a perfectly dark room by means of a movable disc of light to distinguish light from darkness. This is developing a faculty of which the pupil is not conscious, and takes months of patient treatment.

Next, objects which a blind person knows by feeling are placed against a light disc and the child is told what they are called. Then colored glass placed before a lamp teaches him colors.

Geometrical figures on a disc are shown in a dark room with rays of light falling upon them. From this point the sight is gradually accustomed to the daylight.

ONE OF THE ST. LOUIS' NEW ENGINES



A SCHENECTADY 10-WHEEL PASSENGER MOGUL NOW USED ON THE ST. LOUIS, OMAHA AND DES MOINES SERVICE. ITS DRIVERS ARE 68 INCHES HIGH; IT WEIGHS 70 TONS AND HAS A TENDER OF 50 TONS. IT WILL PULL A TRAIN 80 MILES AN HOUR.

NEW "AGRICULTURAL BUILDING" TO BE ERECTED ON THE STATE FAIR GROUNDS AT HAMLINE

C. R. ALDRICH, Architect.



broken by sections elevated above the main part, which serve the double purpose of effect and means of interior lighting; for the sides of these raised portions will be full of windows.

Minneapolis has been especially honored in the selection of the site for the new agricultural hall. The building is to be set on the rising ground immediately to the east of the Minneapolis entrance and within a few steps of the street. Approaching the grounds from Minneapolis along Langford avenue the agricultural hall will come into view fully half a mile away, and will stand out conspicuously the most beautiful and attractive building on the grounds.

This selection of site also gives to the displays of farm products their rightful place as the central and most important part of the state fair—for whatever may be said, it is the fruits of the soil which are the basis of all agricultural success. It is possible that the horticultural exhibit will also be placed in the new building for a year or so. The old horticultural hall is in rather poor shape and last year its capacity was fully tested

A GREAT CONTEST

The Northern Oratorical league, an organization made up of the leading universities of the northwest, will hold its annual contest at Iowa City, Iowa, on May 8. Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota will be represented, and the contest promises to be a very spirited one.

Thomas D. Schall will represent Minnesota in this contest. Mr. Schall was born in Michigan, but is a Minnesota product, having been raised in Orionville, Minn. He is a graduate of the Orionville high school, has attended Hamline university, and is at present a senior in the University of Minnesota.

At a very early age Mr. Schall showed marked ability as an orator. In 1884, when only 17, he represented the seventh



THOMAS D. SCHALL. congressional district in the state high school contest and won second place. The following year he delivered the Fourth of July address at a gathering of old soldiers at Orionville, his home town. While at Hamline he represented his university in the state contest, winning first place. He then went to the interstates contest, getting third place, but, however, received first in delivery. Mr. Schall was very active as a campaign speaker during the last campaign, and addressed the Bryan overflow at the exposition last fall.

This year he won first place in the Pillsbury contest at the state university, with an oration entitled, "A Hero's Mistake." This is a plea for Benedict Arnold, and the deeds of the hero of Saratoga are set forth in such a light that the hearer cannot help but pity the man for his later treason.