CANNIBALS IN CANADA.

A Startling Condition of Affairs Near Home.

STORY BASED ON AUTHORITY.

Man Eating Savages Known as "Windigus"—Desire to Eat Human Flesh Grows Like Thirst in Leprosy and Becomes Uncontrollable.

Cannibalism in Canada—such is the startling discovery made through the arrest of two Indians in the Northwest Territories on the charge of murder. When the murderers were arrested, they declared as their defense that they had

READY FOR SLAUGHTER.

caught their victim red handed in cannibalism and that, knowing that he would keep on killing to satisfy his lust for human flesh, they had taken his life to preserve their own.

Hard as it may seem to believe that the practice of eating human flesh still exists in the North American continent, says the New York Herald, yet the tale of these Indians is supported by testimony of the mounted police, and missionaries in the northwest also record instances of the practice.

It must not be supposed, however, that the practice is one in vogue among the tribes as tribes. There are no instances of wild orgies, at which the bodies of enemies slain in battle are roasted and then devoured by the assembled braves. The instances noted in recent years are where some individual, apparently influenced by atavism, returning unwittingly to the grewsome customs of his ancestors, surrenders himself to the horrible taste for the flesh of his fellows.

The belief of the Indians is that when once one of these aborigines has returned to this ancestral habit he never recovers from it, and will slay at random to assuage the pangs of unnatural hunger. He becomes, they believe, thenceforth a man eating monster, a "windigo," for whom the crudest death is only a well deserved penalty.

Father Dablon, one of the missionaries, tells in his journal of a disease that was quite common among the Indians. The victim suddenly became a hypochondriac, his malady developing into a mania. In the succeeding stage the insane man was seized with such a hunger for human flesh that he sprang like a famished wolf upon all whom he met. "In proportion," says Father Dablon, "as he finds wherewith to glut his hunger, it grows like thirst in dropsy, and, accordingly, the Indians never fail to kill at once any one seized with this disease."

There were many cases of cannibalism formerly reported among the Canadian Indians, but it was thought that the practice had died out. The declaration of the two murderers just caught by the police that the man they killed had been guilty of cannibalism is believed by the Canadian authorities to show that it still exists among the aborigines of the northwest.

The chase and capture of the two murderers and the tales of the Indians are told by the chief of the mounted police of Edmonton as follows:

"Semiean Mosstoss, the victim of the recent tragedy, had turned 'windigo'—possessed an evil spirit with the craving to eat human flesh in the present instance. The Indians stated that should he not be killed he would assuredly kill the remainder of the band and would not stop at this, but that anything in human or animal shape would meet the same fate should they come in his way when possessed of a knife or Winchester.

"This particular band of Indians had left Lesser Cave lake for a point upon Smoky river for the purpose of hunting and trapping in that district, which is 75 miles from the settlement, the route they took being entirely unprovided except by Indians from time to time.

"The first reports brought to the Northwestern mounted police of the murder was by the native traders who had followed the band for the purpose of trade and barter for furs. Such was the fear among these people that they abandoned their whole trading outfit, leaving also their pack animals en route loaded up with purchases required for their own consumption.

"The party of police, composed of Corporal Charles Phillips and Constable Warren, with Interpreter Plante, started for the scene of the tragedy. The police first interviewed one of the natives who had abandoned his outfit with a view of taking him with them to recover if possible his goods and also to have him act as guide should the trail be obliterated by the falling of snow. He was finally persuaded to accompany them, but proved of very little service, for the poor fellow was so overcome with fear of becoming a victim of the insatiable thirst for blood which he had already witnessed that the constant assurance of the police that they would protect him was necessary to keep up his spirits.

"When the camp of Indians was reached, they had made themselves ready to receive the police in a hostile spirit, but the camp was approached early in the morning, when most of them were asleep.

"A demand was made for all who had participated in the murder, and, as usual, a request was made for a powwow, or talk, but this was promptly refused, and a peremptory demand was made for the murderers on the threat that otherwise the whole band would suffer. This brought out the fact that the real murderer was not present and had left them. The chief, however, told where he was and surrendered another Indian also accused of taking part in the murder.

"The band had moved ten miles from where the tragedy had taken place. It was learned that the body was left just where the man was killed, without any attempt at burial. The police found that the body had been interred in a frightful manner, the head being severed from the body and stakes being used to secure the body to the ground, piercing it through and through and then being driven into the ground 12 inches. The legs were chained to stakes driven into the ground, and a large, gaping wound was visible where scalding hot tea had been poured into it to make sure that life was extinct. A grave was dug and the body interred upon the banks of the river.

"The place was of the roughest and most inaccessible character, and the whole scene presented a spectacle hard to forget.

"The body interred, a return was made at once, as our intentions were to capture the Indian who had made good his escape after committing the deed. Upon returning to the camp we were met by the Indians, who wished us to hurry up, as another of their band had become crazy and had declared his intention of eating a girl 10 years old who was in the camp and several others were also bordering upon insanity, and had the police not been present to calm matters another murder would have taken place.

"The crazed Indian was seized and, with the one arrested for murder, was closely guarded all through the night, but at the least sound the whole Indian camp was thrown into panic, so great was the fear of the man eaters. The next morning the other murderer was found a few miles from the camp, and the three prisoners were then taken to the settlement."

TRAGIC ROMANCE.

Strange Story of Blanche Brooke and John Forrester.

A strange story of love and death comes from Oklahoma Territory. Beautiful Blanche Brooke had the blood of the Arapahoe Indians in her veins. She was the daughter of Ulaton, a "quarter blood," chief of the tribe in Oklahoma Territory. The Rev. John Forrester came to the territory as a missionary. His work was successful, and he won the confidence of the Indians. A year passed. The young people met daily. Their admiration for each other began to reveal itself in various little ways. Their neighbors and friends gossiped pleasantly about a probable engagement. It was certainly a most suitable match. Its consummation was doubtless only a question of time.

But the predictions of the people did not come true. No engagement was announced. Time went on until another year had elapsed.

Everybody wondered and whispered their wonder, and sometimes the whispers reached the ears of those most concerned—the principals in this romance which was to become a terrible tragedy.

The people of the community gradually grew impatient. They were not accustomed to mysteries. They questioned each other, and doubt began to replace their confidence in the integrity of the young minister with the scholarly face and blue gray eyes.

One moonlight night the pastor and the chief's daughter were passed by a neighbor. They walked slowly and were so engaged in conversation that they did not

FORRESTER STRICKEN DEAD AT BLANCHE BROOKE'S GRAVE.

observe him. He saw that the girl was in an excited mood and heard her say despairingly, "Then you refuse because of my Indian blood?"

The interview between the two lovers took place on a Saturday evening.

At church the next morning the organ was silent, and the hymns were without the inspiration of Blanche Brooke's voice. She was absent for the first time in three years from service in the little white chapel on the hill. And in that hour she plunged into her breast the dagger that hurt less than the coldly curious glances of those among whom she once played in innocent, joyous childhood.

John Forrester read the burial service of the dead over her beautiful clay. What the torture was to him none will ever know, for the secret is buried with him. His eloquence in the eulogy of the dead girl bright tears to the eyes of all.

They laid Blanche Brooke's body to rest in a vacant space back of the chapel.

Persons by related that every night hereafter the form of a man could be faintly seen there, but it disappeared in the darkness if any one approached.

Passersby related that every night over Oklahoma. The little chapel was badly damaged, and the good folk of Sacred Heart pitied those who were abroad on such a night.

At daybreak the body of John Forrester was found prostrate upon the grave behind the chapel. He had been killed by a bolt of heaven's lightning. Pressed to his pulseless heart was a photograph of Blanche Brooke.

It Didn't Matter.

A bluff old farmer with a loud voice got in at a little station and walked down the aisle looking for a friendly face or a kindly eye, but not seeing any he asked the most sour looking man on the car to move over and give him a seat. The fellow did so, but with a manner that indicated that the old man was anything but welcome. The old farmer wanted to talk, and tried in every way to engage his seatmate in conversation, but the through passenger would have none of it. He turned his shoulder to the farmer and gazed out of the window with a bored expression on his face. The old farmer was determined to draw him out, and after several ineffectual efforts raised his voice loud enough to be heard all over the car and said:

"I killed a hog yesterday for my winter's meat. How much d'ye think he weighed?"

The through passenger looked worse bored than ever, but finally said, "I don't know anything about hogs."

"Oh, well, you might make a guess."

"Well, say 300."

"No, he didn't weigh that much. Guess again."

"Well, I'll say 200."

"Too high. He wasn't as heavy as that. Make another guess."

"I'm not good at guessing. How much did he weigh, anyhow?"

"Well, you have had two guesses. But you see he wasn't much of a hog, and I didn't weigh him."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

She'll Never Tell.

The last act was just closing at the Lyceum the other evening, and the actors and actresses were grouping for their final bow ensemble. In the hallway the ladies were putting on their gloves and getting their hats ready. A young man and a young lady well toward the front overheard this conversation:

"Why, Mary, I'm afraid I can't get these on. They're awfully tight."

"Oh, yes you can, Nell. Try again."

Nell evidently tried again, for there was silence for a moment.

"What shall I do? I can't get them on. That's what comes of wearing new shoes to the theater. They hurt me so that I simply had to take them off, and now they won't go on again. Oh!"—

The remainder of the agony was lost in the applause which greeted the fall of the curtain. All that history records of the denouement of the interesting story is that a woman was noticed going down the aisle with a pair of shoes under her arm. Whether she and Nell were one and the same is not certain. If so, how she got out of the difficulty is not told. It was raining, and perhaps she wore her rubbers. But this only she and her friend know, and it is safe to say that she at least will never tell.—Detroit Free Press.

It Was Always Raining.

In his book "Figures of the Past," Josiah Quincy tells of a journey that he made in stagecoach days—away back in 1862—from Boston to Washington, with Justice Story of the federal supreme court. The justice was telling of the routine of the court's Washington social life. "We dine," he said, "once a year with the president and that is all. On other days we take our dinner together and discuss at table the questions which are argued before us. We are great ascetics and even deny ourselves wine except in wet weather."

Here the judge paused, as if thinking the act of mortification he had mentioned placed too severe a tax upon human credulity, and presently added: "What I say about the wine, sir, gives you our rule, but it does sometimes happen that the chief justice will say to me when the cloth is removed, 'Brother Story, step to the window and see if it does not look like rain.' And if I tell him the sun is shining brightly Judge Marshall will sometimes reply, 'All the better, for our jurisdiction extends over so large a territory that the doctrine of chances makes it certain that it must be raining somewhere.'"

Gas on the Minister.

A distinguished Massachusetts clergyman tells a story at his own expense. He was on a tramp through the White mountains with another clergyman for a companion. One day they mounted the driver's seat of a stagecoach. As is often the case, the stage driver was an interesting character, whose conversation abounded in good stories. The three speedily became friendly, and it was with reluctance that they parted at the end of the journey. "I'm glad to her met fer fellers," said the driver on leaving them; "yer see, I haven't seen a man this summer—only ministers."

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A PAINTER OF NABOBS.

An English Woman Whose Portraits Please Their Indian Highnesses.

Miss Hawkes of London has just returned from a successful visit to India, where she painted several portraits. In 1897 she executed an excellent likeness of the marharani of Gondal, who attended, with the other princes and

MISS HAWKES.

princesses, Queen Victoria's jubilee. The portrait so pleased the Thakore Sahib of Gondal that he commissioned Miss Hawkes to paint his portrait, which will hang in Jubilee hall, Rajkot Kathiawar. Miss Hawkes' pictures were so highly thought of that her stay was lengthened to over a year, and she was not idle, as she painted no less than eight portraits for their highnesses of Gondal, Bhavnager, Baroda, Pelatana and Junadagh. Other native chiefs desire to have their likenesses painted by her, and she is invited to go again to India.

She Ran From the Storm.

Here is a story of two rival mothers with two rival babies. They sat opposite each other in a trolley car the other day. One baby was a sweet little tot, and the other was exceedingly plain looking. The pretty little one received much attention, as pretty children invariably do, while the plain little fellow was so totally ignored that his mother grew fairly pale with anger and envy. A lady sitting by felt so sorry for her that she paid the little one some attention, which so encouraged the mother that she became quite another being, and broke out as follows:

"Shure, beauty isn't everything in a child, ma'am. My Patsy ain't no pictoure child, but if he grows up good and honest and hard workin that's better than good looks, which is the ruin of many."

Then she glanced over at the opposition baby and added meaningly: "There's been plenty of robbers and murderers that was good lookin." The lady with the kindly intentions saw the gathering storm in the other mother's eyes and hastily left the car.—Elmira Telegram.

What These Women Know.

"What do women know about sewerage?" scornfully demanded Mr. Prentiss Cummings, in his speech in the Massachusetts legislature, some eight or ten years ago, against extending municipal suffrage to women. Well, now that Louisiana has given taxpaying women the right to vote the women of New Orleans and Baton Rouge have answered his question. Both of those cities, with the help of the women voters, have just adopted systems of sewerage which the men alone had been unable to secure. In New Orleans, in spite of a heavy rain, the women, in person or by proxy, cast fully one-third of the total votes.—Woman's Journal.

Mrs. Livermore.

In consequence of the paragraph which lately appeared in The Woman's Journal saying that Mrs. Livermore was burning her manuscripts, Mrs. Livermore has been deluged with letters of protest. Some of the yellow journals, thinking that she would not destroy those precious things unless she were at the point of death, have announced, with flaring headlines, that she was dying. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Livermore is at present in better health than usual. The only good thing about the mistake is that it has given her a chance to find out how highly people think of her by reading her own obituary notices.—Woman's Journal.

One of the Cleverest.

Miss Agnes R. Clinton, the only woman graduating this year from the law department of the University of Minnesota, has the unusual record of not having missed a lecture during her entire course. She is enthusiastic over the study of law and is already planning to work for her master's degree next year. "One of the cleverest students in the class," said Dean Pattee, in speaking of Miss Clinton. "She can prepare a better brief than any man in college." Miss Clinton has attended the night law classes and has worked in moments left unoccupied by her duties as stenographer in a law office during the day.

Crown Princess of Sweden.

The lot of the Crown Princess of Sweden is not a happy one. Her indifferent health compels her to spend half the year in the south of Europe, away from her husband, and her life is saddened by the thought that when he ascends the throne she will be of but little assistance to him in his task of ruling the kingdoms of Norway and Sweden together. Music is her chief occupation. She used to paint and read a good deal, but her failing eyesight deprives her of those forms of amusement.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A YOUNG BUCK DANCER.

A Little New Jersey Chap Who Is a Wonder In His Way.

The likeness displayed in this column is that of a little Newark boy, who is the youngest professional buck dancer in the world. He is Walter Murphy of Marshall street. The little tot—he is but little more than 3 years of age—is a familiar figure to the patrons of the Columbia theater. He has appeared upon that stage several times this season, and during the production of "The White Slave" there appeared in his dancing specialty, where he aroused the audience to unwonted enthusiasm. He is a little wonder in his diminutive way, and as a dancer could give points

MASTER WALTER MURPHY.

to some of his elders in the matter of ease and grace. His father, who is H. Coulter Brinker's dresser, says that the little fellow picked up most of the dancing steps and figures himself. He is clever as an imitator, and as he has spent a great deal of his time this season on the stage of the Columbia theater he managed to pick up many theatrical characteristics, which he delights in repeating when asked to do so. He is a great favorite with all the members of the stock company, and the way they have petted him would have spoiled many another child, but little Walter takes it all as a matter of course and remains the same bright and cheery little chap. Offers have been made to have him go upon the stage elsewhere, but as his father could not go away with him he did not accept them.—Newark (N. J.) Call.

A Boy's Dream.

It is evening. The waves are lightly lapping against the sides of the little fleet of rowboats, skiffs and canoes that line the shore in a dreamy lullaby that seems to put to sleep this little world of ours. A gentle breeze is blowing, and the trees are whispering in their own weird way the same stories with which they have entertained the waves for ages.

A sailboat is anchored just beyond; the sails are down, and the wind murmurs a soft serenade in the rigging above. Over there are the white tents, our vacation home, and we seem in quite another world from the jarring, jangling noise of stone paved streets. There is the appetizing flavor of boiling coffee in the air, and a young blue flanneled cook is bending over a campfire preparing the evening meal. There is the noise, too, of frying fish sizzling in the pan, and you think of the time you had landing that big one.

The shades of night are deepening, and the soft lights of a beautiful sunset are fast giving away to darkness. The lake is as smooth as glass, with now and then a ripple made by a rising fish. A long halloo in the distance tells of the return of a belated fisherman. You turn lazily and see the cook with his hand to his mouth ready to give the supper call. You give a few more scrapes to the scales of the fish you have in your hands and—and then you realize the fish is a—Latin grammar, and you find that you have been living in the future.—New York Herald.

German Canaries.

In the song of a canary four notes are recognized by dealers, and they can tell by listening to it for a few minutes whether the bird be German or American. They are the water note, which is a rippling, gurgling, attractive bit of warbling, like the murmur of a rill; a flute note, clear and ringing; the whistling note, of the same class, but much finer, and the rolling note, which is a continuous melody, rising and falling, only to rise again.

Another difference between the two is that the German canaries are night singers—they will sing until light is extinguished. But the American birds put their heads under their wings with the darkness.

"Ana, Mana, Mona, Mike."

In the empty room we stare
Flip the gates we always like
And count to see who "it" shall be—
Ana, mana, mona, mike.

Round and round the rhyme will go
Ere the final word shall strike,
Counting fast or counting slow—
Bareloma, bona, strike.

What it all means no one knows,
Mined in the a peddler's pack,
As time does to days it goes—
Bare, ware, how, track.

But we guess and now we doubt,
Words enough of words we lack,
Till the rhyming terms about,
Whomed with a farewell shout—
Hallos, hallos, we are out, you are out.

—St. Nicholas.