

THE SIOUX GHOST DANCE

Indians Give Up Looking for a Messiah.

Ghost dancing among the Sioux Indians, which led to such fierce battles with the whites in years gone by, has died out and the noble red man no longer looks for the coming of a Messiah who would bring dead Indians to life, reincarnate the buffalo and deer and effectually dispose of the white population of the earth. Ghost dancing, according to one who has made this custom a study, is nothing more nor less than an adaptation of the frenzy dances of the whirling dervishes of Turkey and Egypt, an exercise undertaken for the purpose of placing the physical being in a state of exaltation wherein the spirit gains intimate communion with the dead and with the Messiah. It is a curious fact, attested by the better educated Indians, that the idea of an Indian Messiah was an adoption of the Christian idea of the Savior, doubtless traceable to the teachings of the early missionaries. The expected advent of an Indian Messiah has been among the traditions of the Indians of North America almost from the beginning of their contact with the whites, and when the failure of crops in 1889 and 1890 left the Indians without the subsistence upon which they depended—the government failed to furnish all of the supplies demanded—their minds naturally turned to the thoughts of the Messiah's advent.

In the summer of 1890 the idea became widespread and was followed soon after by the announcement that the Messiah had actually come. Twenty miles from the Pine Ridge agency about 2,000 Indians gathered, many of them belonging to the band of the famous old medicine man, Sitting Bull. They believed the Indian millennium would come with the next spring, when the new grass appeared. Soldiers were hurried from all parts of the country. They herded the Indians into their agencies and pursued the wandering bands of fanatics into the Bad Lands, and there proved to them that their ghost shirt was only painted muslin and incapable of turning the bullet of the white man. The ghost dance was held for six days and nights at the beginning of every new moon, by command of the Messiah. Month after month in 1890 the dance was kept up. By the influence of the agents and the Indian police, backed by the soldiers, all of the Indians, except the Sioux, were brought under control. The Sioux were numerous and defiant. They refused to quit dancing and treated the agents' orders with contempt. The collision came at Wounded Knee creek on Dec. 29. Several companies of soldiers had surprised and captured Big Foot's band, the leaders of the devilry of the times. They were lined up while a search of their tepees was made for arms. This proved fruitless and a personal search was ordered. The first detachment of searchers was shot down by the Indians, who had their guns concealed beneath their blankets and ghost shirts. There were 140 bucks and 250 women and children in the band. The signal for hostilities was given by the medicine man grabbing a handful of earth and flinging it above his head. The soldiers were of Custer's old command and soon rallied. The Indians retreated to their tepees after they had lost 52 men. Before the battle ended 116 Indians, including Big Foot and 60 or 70 women and children, hiding in the tepees, were killed. The soldiers had 25 killed. The demonstration of the worthlessness of the ghost shirt as armor had a powerful effect upon the other dancing Indians, and they sullenly submitted after weeks of protest. The ghost dance belief died hard, however. So alluringly did the Messiah idea present the future to the simple-minded braves that they were loath to give it up. The following year ghost dancing was again started, but was soon stopped by the Indian police. Periodically since then have the followers of the craze sought to revive this dance, but each time it was sternly repressed. The end came last year, when only a score of the believers in all the Sioux could be got together. Then and then only was it finally abandoned.

A New Party.

A hostess often finds difficulty in entertaining her young friends. Here is a novel way to spend an evening which will afford amusement to old and young. In sending out invitations request each guest to come with his right hand securely bound up. Let no one be excepted. When the hostess greets them she extends her left hand and begs them to write their names in a blank book on her desk. The page will soon have the appearance of a 3-year-old's first attempt to write. Some soloist may play her own left handed accompaniments, and an elocutionist recite, making all her gestures

with the left hand. The menu must include something that will demand the use of a spoon to add to the awkwardness of the left-hand community.

BET ON SURE THING.

Traveler Knew If Accident Occurred Wager Would Be Off.

"Speaking of railroad accidents," said a veteran commercial traveler at the Cosmopolitan yesterday to a New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter, "I am reminded of a curious experience and incidentally of the most incorrigible gambler I ever met in my life. I was going west over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe some years ago, and one of my fellow passengers in the Pullman was a race horse man from Louisville. He was an interesting fellow and a good story teller, but his conversation was marred by his habit of leading everything up to a proposition to make a wager. Every statement he made was clinched by an offer to back it with money, and finally the thing became rather tiresome, and I made some excuse for avoiding his society. Our sections in the sleeper happened to be directly opposite, and that night we were sitting on the edge of our respective lower berths preparing to retire when all of a sudden the whole car was shaken by a series of swift and heavy concussions. We both realized instantly what had happened. The train had jumped the track and was at that moment bumping its way over the ties preliminary to heaven only knew what kind of a plunge. We were at that time in a part of Kansas that is full of ravines and gullies and short bridges are of frequent occurrence. That disquieting fact flashed into our minds simultaneously. 'Bet y' a hundred we're on a trestle!' yelled the Louisville man above the pounding of the wheels. 'Take y'!' I yelled back, and with that the coach gave a sickening lurch and rolled completely over. When I extricated myself from a broken window I found we had stopped on level ground, and while everybody was more or less cut and bruised no one was killed. I encountered my Kentucky friend wandering about the wreck and he promptly handed me a \$100 bill. 'What made you take me up so quick?' he asked. 'Because if we had been on a trestle we would all have been killed,' I replied, 'and you couldn't have collected the bet. I stood to win, but not to lose.' 'That's so,' he said, regretfully. 'Next time this happens I'll take the other end.'

NAMES FROM CELEBRITIES.

Manner in Which the Memory of Noted Persons is Kept Alive.

As soon as a man or woman becomes famous, something or other—generally an article of dress—is sure to be named after him or her. Usually the new word sinks into oblivion with the celebrity who inspired it, but not always. Wellington boots continue to be worn, although some people prefer to call them bluchers, after the iron duke's great rival and friend. Gladstone bags, which superseded the old carpet variety in the '60s, are as popular as ever. The brougham, was called after Lord Brougham, one time chancellor of England, who first discarded for it the old, lumbering hackney coach, whilst the victoria, of course, received its title out of compliment to England's queen. "None of your blarney," on the other hand, can be clearly traced to one Cormack McCarthy, who was lord of Blarney castle in 1602. The fortress was besieged by Gen. Carew, with an overwhelming force, but the wily and soft-spoken Irishman literally talked him into raising the siege. The boycott is an even more striking example of an Irish celebrity-derived phrase. Although now a recognized English word and incorporated as such in all the best dictionaries, it only came into being in 1881, in which year Capt. Boycott, an unpopular Irish landlord, was ostracised by order of the Land league. Neither is it always necessary for an individual to be exactly famous in order to originate a word or a phrase. It is sufficient to get one's self to be talked about to be notorious. Mrs. Amelia Bloomer was of no particular consequence even in her own locality, while the black maria, which dallies convey prisoners from the metropolitan police courts to the jails, and vice versa, derives its quaint nickname from a certain Maria Lee, a burly negress, who kept a sailor's boarding-house in Boston. She was a woman of such great size and strength that the unruly stood in dread of her, and when the constables required help it was a common thing to send for black Maria, who soon collared the refractory and led them to the lockup.

Few English Travelers in France.

The Paris, Lyon and Mediterranean railroad reports a loss of \$60,000 in traffic from the diminution of English travel in France.

IS A HARD FIGHTER

Washington Letter: Among the younger members of the house of representatives there is none who gives promise of greater permanent usefulness than William H. Moody of Massachusetts. This is really Mr. Moody's second term in congress. He was first elected to fill out a few months of the unexpired term of Gen. Cogswell, but had little opportunity then to do much more than look around and get his bearings, which he did to very good purpose. Mr. Moody was first chosen in his own right to the Fifty-fifth congress, and down in the Essex district they now say that he can stay in congress just as long as he likes.

There is nothing sensational or superficial about Moody. He is an hard working and as thorough-going a man as there is in public life today. He always inspires confidence, and that is something which must be of the utmost value to any man who maps out for himself a political career, no matter what party he belongs to.

When Moody first came to Washington he set out with the definite purpose of making himself thoroughly familiar with the methods of legislation, and for months devoted himself solely to this task. He deliberately resisted the temptation, always strong with new members, to force himself upon the attention of the house by plunging into debate and making a hit with a maiden speech. He had confidence in himself and knew that he could safely wait and trust to time and to his native abilities to gain the influence and reputation he was after. He waited until he was sure of his ground and then when he ventured to demand the attention of the house he got it, and in such a way, too, that thereafter every word of his carried weight. He impressed himself upon his associates as a sound lawyer with a trained mind whose honesty of purpose could never be questioned.

Mr. Moody has always been placed on hard-working committees. His first assignment was to the elections committee and his first reputation was made by his exhibition of independence in upholding the claim of the democratic claimant in a contested case. He had to break with his associates on the committee in this, but so completely had he mastered the details of the case and the law that he carried



CONGRESSMAN MOODY.

his point against the majority. He was afterward assigned to the appropriation committee, which is the most important committee of the house. Appropriation bills always have the right of way and members of the committee are constantly in evidence from the necessities of their position. Garfield, Randall and Cannon are some of the men whose congressional careers were identified with their work on appropriations and opportunities for reputation are just as great now as ever they were.

Moody is a bachelor. He has always had bachelor apartments in Washington, and through one congressional session he and Representative Gillette hired a house together and kept bachelor's hall. He is a member of the Metropolitan club and such time as he spends in the club is about all the social relaxation he allows himself or cares for.

At home in Massachusetts he ranks high as a lawyer, and during the long recesses of congress he devotes himself to his profession, although there is never a time when he is not studying legislative problems and trying to fit himself more thoroughly for his public duties. During one long recess he carried home all the books he could find on parliamentary usage, and when he came back for the next session he was so thoroughly grounded in that most difficult and complicated branch that only two or three men in congress, and those veterans, who have seen many years of service, can compare with him in parliamentary lore.

Moody is short and stocky, with a fine head set on a broad pair of shoulders, and he looks the fighter that he is. No one can see him without recognizing the man of bulldog tenacity who is not afraid of tackling any situation which he may be thrown upon against. He was graduated at Har-

vard four years before Gov. Roosevelt, but, unlike some of the other Harvard graduates who have come forward in public life, has never devoted himself especially to pure literature and there is little of the atmosphere of books about him. He is hard-headed and practical, unhampered with illusions, but in spite of his hard sense he figures little in practical politics—so-called—and is indifferent to the machinery of primaries and conventions.

WHAT BECOMES OF CANS?

Made Into Solder, Can-Iron and Window-Sash Weights.

What becomes of all the old tin cans? Is a question asked about as often as what becomes of all the pins. The end of the millions of pins has never been answered, but the first question can be, as far as New York is concerned. Briefly, 300,000 discarded tin cans, exclusive of wash boilers, basins, cups and other divers sorts of tinware, are collected in this city each week, and as rapidly as gathered are transformed into solder, can-iron and window-sash weights. Everything about the can is utilized, even to the paper. This, it is vouched for, provides a light and delectable dessert for omnivorous billy goats. At the works there is a veritable mountain of tin cans, where the recipient of delicate French peas fraternizes with the vessel which contained marrowfat, and where the can once containing aristocratic branded peaches lies in helpless proximity to one once the home of piebald beans. They are brought there by thousands, not only by a dozen or so hucksters, but by teams constantly in use. They are gathered from private places, ash barrels and dumps all over the city. Fifty tons a week are brought in, and as the average is three cans to the pound, one may easily see that there are tremendous numbers of them. The factory pays the hucksters \$5 a ton, though they get them free. The first work of the day is taking these cans to an auxiliary stack of the furnace by means of a conveyer, consisting of moving buckets, which scoop them up and bear them into the receptacle. They are exposed to a heat of from 400 to 500 degrees. At this temperature the solder is melted off, and by a rotary screen sifted into a separate channel, to be afterward purified. The cans are left to go down another way. Then the cans are sorted. Those with sides intact are picked out for what is called "can iron." About one-fifth of a can's entire weight can be used for this purpose, while solder is yielded to the extent of forty pounds to the ton. An employe went into the building and pointed out something which looked like a clothes wringer. "Through this," he said, "the still useful sides of the cans are passed, so that they may be straightened out. They are put into bundles of fifty pounds each and sold to manufacturers of trunks and other articles where their use is required. They average 350 or less plates to the bundle, according to whether they are pint, quart or gallon size. Here is where the refuse tin, amounting to about forty out of the fifty tons' weight of cans each week, is melted after it is sorted from the solder and the can iron.—New York Exchange.

Hawthorne's Favorite Hour.

One is reminded when viewing a bit of this great author's writing, says Caroline Ticknor, in Truth, of his own words touching his work: "My hour of inspiration," he tells us, "is when the green log hisses upon the hearth, and the bright flame, brighter for the gloom of the chamber, rustles high up the chimney, and the coals drop tinkling down among the growing heaps of ashes. When the casement rattles in the gust, and the snowflakes or the sleety raindrops pelt hard against the window panes, then I spread out my sheet of paper, with the certainty that thoughts and fancies will glean forth upon it, like stars at twilight, or like violets in May." One cannot fancy Hawthorne in such a mood, seated before a typewriter, clicking out his dreamy thoughts upon this fin-de-siecle instrument. His romantic workmanship refuses all association with prosaic modern improvements. "The Marble Faun" upon typewritten sheets seems an anomaly, as would "Childe Harold," "Waverley," or any of the great works of the past, of which the manuscripts are valued at more than their weight in gold.

How to Dust.

Not one woman in ten knows how to properly dust a room. Feather dusters are the only implements some people use, and they are worse than useless, because the dust is merely disturbed, not removed. The best duster is a piece of cheese cloth, for it is soft, will take up the dust and can be easily washed. The polished case of a piano should be treated to a soft silk duster, and for pieces of furniture a soft, thick paint brush which will go into all the crevices is necessary. It is well to have dusters for each room, and they should be shaken out of the window frequently during the operation of dusting. Some careful housekeepers hem these pieces of cheese cloth and provide soft bags to hold them when they are not in use.

ALL ARE WELCOME.

COSMOPOLITAN JAIL OF CAPE TOWN.

Holds 1,000 Criminals from the Ends of the Earth—How the Prison is Managed, and the Life the Inmates Lead.

Among the many interesting things in Cape Town, says a Michigan man recently back from South Africa, is an immense prison, where almost every nation of the globe has representatives. Within the prison there are more than 1,000 convicts of nearly every size and color. There are American miners and sons of the English aristocracy; French, Italians, Russians and Jews; there are famous chiefs of the African tribes captured during the Transvaal rebellion, and a horde of Kaffirs, imprisoned there for every crime in the catalogue. Many of the most intelligent prisoners are serving time for political crimes. England and her colonies never allow any sentiment regarding family name or wealth to make a successful appeal for leniency toward those who have been traitors to their country. The labor in which the convicts are employed most continuously is in building forts and fortifications. On the hillside overlooking the thriving city of Cape Town is a defense consisting of tier upon tier of modern guns bristling along the rock and pointing toward the harbor. There is no standing army stationed to man the guns, but each gun is connected by an electric wire to an instrument in the fort. This whole hillside of guns can be discharged at a moment's notice. The more intelligent criminals are not employed upon these works, but the stupidest of the Kaffirs, and usually those who have been sentenced for life are chosen, that no plan of the defense may be betrayed to an enemy. Convicts not employed upon public works are rented out to the farmers, who much prefer convicts to the natives, for the convicts have no opportunity to loaf or get drunk. The usual contract stipulates fuel, water and shelter from the farmer, and from thirty-six to sixty cents a day for each convict, while the government furnishes guards sufficient to watch the men, and provides clothing and food. The prisoners are divided into three classes, signifying the time they have been incarcerated and their behavior. Those of the first class, known as the penal class, are marked by a black band around their hats. All prisoners upon entrance are placed in this class, and remain there three months, but if they show a docile spirit at the end of that time they are transferred into the probation class, which is marked by a yellow band. They remain in this class eight months, when, if their conduct is praiseworthy, they are transferred to the good conduct class, marked by a red band; here they remain until the end of their sentence. There are no paroles. The penal class is allowed to mix with the other class, but each class has the opportunity, after working hours, for social intercourse among its own members. They are housed in wards, and no cells are used except for discipline. Prisoners who observe the rules are kindly treated and well fed in quantity and quality, but they have not many special courses. Their breakfast consists of "meale porridge," coffee and bread; their dinner of soup, meat and bread, and their supper consists of bread alone; but the natives look upon this diet as a perpetual feast as compared with what they are accustomed to outside of prison walls. The dungeon is never used, but solitary confinement is sometimes resorted to with vicious convicts; if they are sentenced to more than three days' confinement they are allowed two hours' solitary exercise outside the cell each day.

Often Dangerous.

"By the way," said a lady at a dinner party, "do you know that there are times when it is dangerous to enter an Episcopal church?" "What is that, madam?" said the bishop with a dignity, straightening himself up in his chair. "I say there are times when it is positively dangerous to enter an Episcopal church," she replied at once. "That cannot be," said the bishop. "Pray explain, madam?" "Why," said she, "it is when there is a canon in the reading desk, a great gun in the pulpit, when the bishop is charging the clergy, the choir is murdering the anthem and the organist is trying to drown the choir."

Street Lighting Seventy Years Ago.

In 1829 the streets of Albany, N. Y., were lighted by 586 oil lamps on dark nights, and nights which should be noon light, according to the almanac, the lamps were not lighted. Only 100 of the lamps held sufficient oil to burn all night, the remainder being supplied with a scant gill of fluid. The city fathers assumed that they would burn until after midnight, and all honest citizens ought to be in bed by that time. They had not yet begun to realize that well-lighted streets were more effective than a large police force in preventing crime.