

The Chief Who Killed Custer

A dispatch to the Chicago Record-Herald under date of Pierre, S. D., September 18, follows:

Rain-in-the-Face, the Sioux chief who was reputed to have fired the shot which killed General Custer, is dead at the Standing Rock reservation in Boreman county. His death occurred September 12, but the fact only became known to the state authorities today.

The Indian, during his lifetime, gave the United States troops as much trouble as any other who ever lived. He always bore the reputation of being a "bad" Indian, and never lost his hatred for the white man.

Rain-in-the-Face joined Sitting Bull in his famous uprising, and was one of the leaders in the battle of the Little Big Horn river, June 25, 1876, which is popularly known as the "Custer massacre." He always claimed that he fired the shot which ended the life of Custer. Rain-in-the-Face was a pure blooded Sioux and was 62 years old at the time of his death.

A hard fighter, a maker of trouble, a horse thief, an Indian who would kill on the slightest provocation, the best general Sitting Bull ever had under him in his campaigns, Rain-in-the-Face was one of the most picturesque, dangerous and daring chiefs who ever fought against the troops of the United States. He belonged to the Sioux tribe and was a full-blooded member of it, without a drop of any other Indian blood in his veins—a fact of which he was excessively proud.

The Custer massacre was largely due to his oath of vengeance against the entire Custer family—an oath resulting from his arrest in the early '70s by "Tom" Custer, a brother of General Custer. Custer arrested Rain-in-the-Face for murder in western Dakota and took him to a government prison in Missouri. Here the Indian chief was held captive several months, but finally made his escape.

"I will kill you all," was the threat he left behind him for "Tom" Custer and the whole Custer family. The Custers were warned by friendly guides and Indians that Rain-in-the-Face was the most formidable and dangerous man in the entire Sioux tribe, and that he would surely do all in his power to carry out his threat of vengeance. The Custers, however, were inclined to scoff at the Indian's power of fulfillment of his oath.

After his escape Rain-in-the-Face joined Sitting Bull and his braves. It is a curious fact that, although associated with Sitting Bull in many desperate battles, Rain-in-the-Face never had a high opinion of the old chief.

It was a year and a half after the escape of Rain-in-the-Face that General Custer and some 300 men of the

Seventh cavalry started on the hunt for Sitting Bull. The command followed the trail of the Yellowstone and on June 25, 1876, the United States soldiers finally found the Indians in camp in the valley of the Big Horn. The Custer massacre inspired in great measure by Rain-in-the-Face and in fulfillment of the Indian's threat, followed.

Not knowing that they had come upon the full body of Sitting Bull's warriors, General Custer and his men rode into a trap which, according to other Indian chiefs, had been prepared by Rain-in-the-Face when he knew the Americans were coming to join battle. Rain-in-the-Face had thrown out scouts who kept him thoroughly posted on Custer's movements for more than a week before the opposing forces came in sight of one another.

When the fighting actually began, and when many men of the Seventh had been killed by the volleys of the Indians, it was Rain-in-the-Face who led the final charge against the knoll where Custer and the survivors stood, gallantly defending themselves as best they could. Gradually the dauntless handful of men in blue became fewer and fewer and gradually the shots from the soldiers became more scattered, as man after man fell beneath the bullets of the Indians.

Finally but one living form stood erect, facing the ring of Indians. It was General Custer, his sword shattered, his revolvers empty, the last member of the Custer family at the mercy of Rain-in-the-Face, the general's brothers already having been killed. There was silence for a moment and the Indians ceased to fire or advance. Then came a puff of smoke, a single shot, and General Custer fell dead beside his troopers. Rain-in-the-Face had kept his oath.

SOME PLANTS THAT HIDE

C. G. Pringle, for many years a famous plant collector, especially in Mexico and the arid regions of the United States, speaks of a native grass of Northern Mexico, Muhlenbergia Texana, as such a favorite with all grazing animals that it is usually exterminated, or nearly so, except when growing under the protection of thorny shrubs, usually mesquite bushes. In Arizona during the winter and spring the Indians bring it long distances into the towns to sell. He adds: "How many times I have contended with the horrid mesquite bushes to gather an armful of this grass to carry joyfully to my hungry and jaded horses. In such cases the thorns, spines, and perhaps bitter taste of the bushes, not only protect the young growth and leaves of certain plants, but furnish shelter for other tender and nutritious herbage. In arid regions, especially, similarly instances of protection by thorn bushes are numerous."

Again, some plants retire beneath the surface of the ground at the close of the growing season, especially in regions subject to droughts or cold, remaining secure beneath the surface for months in the form of bulbs, tubers and rootsticks. At such times they are nearly sure to escape destruction by animals. Examples are Solomon's seal, Dutchmen's breeches, May apple, goldenrod and artichoke. Other plants are protected by water and of these Prof. Beal says: "Not only the flowers of many species of plants as they project above the surface of the water are protected from most unwelcome insects, but the whole plants as well. Mud turtle, certain fishes, water snails, larvae of insects eat aquatic plants, but most other animals are unable to reach them in such places. Water plantain, wild rice, pond lilies, arrowhead, pickerel weed, pondweed, lizard's tail, bulrush, borreed, cattail flag, water dock and many

more of their associates root at the bottom with leaves floating on the surface or projecting above. Innumerable low forms, known as algae, are at home in lakes, ponds and streams, or on the surface of the water, while other kinds thrive in salt or brackish water. These aquatics find protection below the surface or by extending above it, not only from numerous animals, but they have no competition with others which can grow only on dry or moist soil."—Exchange.

HOW WITTE DRIED HIS TEARS

With her hand playing the Russian national anthem, her flags fluttering and her decks trimmed with passengers, the steamship Wilhelm II. backed out of her dock yesterday and pointed her nose oceanward. A cheering, flag-waving crowd stood on the pier as long as she was in sight.

On the hurricane deck his excellency, Sergius Witte, the Russian peace plenipotentiary, stood, a commanding figure. He was the subject of the demonstration, and he waved his hat in a final farewell to America. Public service will hardly require his presence here again, and he dreads sea sickness more than he loves travel.

It was a busy farewell scene at the pier. Mr. Witte and every member of his suite had friends there to see them off, and they overran the ship.

A spirit of jollity dominated the departure of the Russians. There were a few tears, but they were emotional. Mr. Witte, even as he was the biggest figure in every way, did most of the kissing and shed most of the tears.

Major Lynch, of the Irish club of New York, was at the ship to wish M. Witte a good voyage, and he was presented with silk flags the size of a pocket handkerchief of the United States, Russia and Ireland. M. Witte thanked the members of the club and stuffed the flags in his pocket. Then he went out on deck to say good-by to those waiting on the pier.

Tears came unbidden to M. Witte's eyes. He reached his hand to his pocket and pulled out the Russian flag. After he wiped his eyes he discovered his mistake. He stuffed the flag hastily back into another pocket. The tears came again, and this time out came the Irish flag. The third time it was the American flag. After he had dried his tears on the flags of all three countries M. Witte finally located his pocket handkerchief and used that.

Baron Rosen, the Russian ambassador, was the last to take leave of M. Witte. M. Witte embraced him, kissed him on both cheeks and shook hands.

Soon after he had boarded the ship M. Witte met the newspaper reporters in his cabin, and handed them a piece of paper, on which was written:

"M. Witte desires to thank all of the newspaper men present, and through them all with whom he has had the honor of coming in contact while in the United States. Never in his life before has it been so forcibly impressed upon him as in the last four weeks that 'the pen is mightier than the sword.'"—New York American.

THE GROWTH OF GRAFT

For our part, we are inclined to believe that graft, while no more acute, is more general in this country than ever before. The ancient record of some cities and some officials can not be exceeded, if equaled; but what graft is found to lack in intensity will, we imagine, be more than compensated for by its immensity as regards area of country and the numbers of those involved. In truth, who doubts that the nation's standards have been somewhat lowered by the new ideals natural to our condition, the gross worship of success we see every-

where? And from lowered standards such things naturally follow. The love of money, the recognition of its overwhelming power, which is a later growth of the national consciousness, have bred a certain broad tolerance of the method of acquiring it. And this tolerance reacts and encourages graft in private and public life. Moreover, to this conception of the power of money and its logical result, as stated, is to be added a certain distortion of the Spartan admiration for shrewdness—a national characteristic leading us in a sort of way to half approve successful sharp practice or even crime. It is useless to point to the high individual standard that obtains to a greater or less extent all over the country. The widespread graft that fills the newspapers, but seldom the penitentiaries, is here, and it is a result of a cause. And something more than a mere tendency to individual dishonesty in depraved persons is necessary to explain its extent and the success attending it.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WAGES PAID BY THE PUBLIC

The Grand Central station in New York is reported as about to cut off all wages from their red-capped porters, who are now said to make so much outside of wages that there are many more applicants than places to be filled. The change would mean nothing as the porters are now allowed to make it clear that they expect travelers to pay and that somewhat liberally. The Pullman conductors last year complained that they earned less than their porters received in fees, and there are even conductors who are not adverse to indicating a willingness to increase their earnings. The charity or recompense standing w of passengers on their backs are certain kind of pride is being rapidly from Americans.—Collier's Weekly.

ORIGIN OF THE "FRANKFURTER"

The little sausage known as "Frankfurter" and "Wiener" was offered for sale for the first time in 1805, and the centennial was observed in Vienna by the Butchers' Guild. The inventor of the sausage was Johann Lahner, who named it for his birthplace, Frankfurt. The business founded 100 years ago by a poor man has yielded a fortune to its various heads. It has always remained in the same family, and is now conducted in Vienna by Franz Lahner, a grand-nephew of the original Frankfurter sausage man.—Wiener Neue Freie Presse.

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