

AMONG THE INDIANS.

Joyous News Regarding Father Craft's Condition.

The Good Priest Now Reported Entirely Out of Danger—Soldiers Not to Blame for the Wounded Knee Massacre—The True Cause of the Red Men's Discontent.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we are enabled to announce to our readers the joyful news that the Rev. Father Craft is now considered entirely out of danger from the terrible wound he received during the Wounded Knee Creek battle as the following despatch from the good Priest, received by General O'Beirne in New York will attest:

"I have disregarded all the laws of medicine and disappointed all the prophets and now am steadily improving. I was stabbed in the back while trying to stop the fight, the knife penetrating my right lung.

"The Indians fired first, and the soldiers were not to blame for the wholesale killing, as everything was done at close quarters."

Father Craft says the revolt of the Indians is due wholly to the treatment they have received at the hands of the Government. He has been with them for over eleven years, has seen the manipulations of the Indian agents on the scene of their action, and knows whereof he speaks.

The red men have been fighting because they have been half starved and compelled to suffer the rigors of this climate in cotton sheets, the issue of over coats and shawls and boots and shoes having been postponed from time to time until now it is not likely that they will get them before spring. There was a beef issue on the 13th inst. The beef when received here in October weighed, or was paid for at a receiving weight of 1,132 pounds a head. Two hundred and eight head of the beves were gathered up a few days before the distribution and weighed by a Board composed of army officers. The scales showed that the steers weighed only 900 pounds a head. Admitting that in October they actually weighed 1,132 pounds each there was a shrinkage of 232 pounds a head. In three months of a comparatively mild open fall and winter. A 1,132 pound beef should net 50 per cent. or 566 pounds. This shrinkage is on net weight, as hides, hoots, horns and bones do not shrink. These 208 beves, however, net only 334 pounds, and as the Indians have not had full beef rations on even the 1,132 pound basis, they have practically received but little over quarter rations of meat, as thirty people are supposed to live off one beef for fourteen days. Such swindling as this, coupled with the criminal mismanagement of Indian agents is enough to make any one revolt.

During his years of labor in the Indian country Father Craft has lived among the Sioux at Pine Ridge, Standing Rock, and Rosebud agencies, Dakota. He has been instrumental in establishing schools for the Indian children and a house for Sisters of Charity, of whom many are native Indian women. Father Craft also lent all his energies toward a peaceful settlement of all difficulties and tried in every way to prevent the Indians from becoming contaminated by their association with bad white people.

He was made chief of the Bruke band of Sioux by the dying decree of Chief Spotted Tail, who, according to the Indian custom, had the right to transfer the chieftainship to any one he might name. Spotted Tail's words were: "Let the first black robe that comes among you be my successor."

Father Craft was the first to come and he arrived in time for Spotted Tail to sign his name to the paper making Father Craft chief. This Spotted Tail did in his own blood, pricking a vein in his arm for the purpose. Father Craft then obtained a drop of his own blood in the same manner and signed his name. This made the compact sacred and sealed the Father as Spotted Tail's successor after the Indian custom. Father Craft afterward, in the presence of a large number of the tribe, consecrated it to the Sacred Heart.

Several months ago Father Craft's horse fell upon him and so disabled him that he was granted a leave of absence. He went to New York and spent his time mostly in the examination, with General O'Beirne, of the Indians returning from the shows in Europe. He was the guest while in the East of Bishop Loughlin of Brooklyn, of Father Burke of New York city, and General O'Beirne.

At the request of friends he proceeded to Washington to consult with General Schofield, Secretary of War Proctor, and General Miles on the occasion of General Miles' visit to the capital. He intended to have returned to New York, but instead of doing so he set out hastily for the scene of the Indian disturbance.

From Rosebud he wrote to the War Department that everything was quiet.

LEFKA COSTA.

Some of these Aztec dishes had the most grotesque forms imaginable. They were modelled after the forms of old Montezumian gods and devils—and such gods and devils! Not content with reproducing gods and devils, these jolly Aztecs had also produced a medium between these supernatural extremes by modeling their pots after "their wives and their cousins and their aunts." This was intended to be complimentary to the relations named, yet, from a view of the plastic trilogy of the Aztecs, the lecturer would be disposed to award the palm of beauty to those pots made in the image of the devils. [Laughter.]

Dr. Reynolds then described the pottery of the Pueblo Indians, and of the North western and Southern States, and, coming to that of the Potomac Valley, said he was ashamed to confess that "our predecessors stood at the very foot of the class." Complete specimens were rare, and when found represented only the most common forms of plastic art.

Another Rocking Boulder Discovered.

The Rev. Father Charles E. McGowan, who recently entered upon a pastorate in Montville, Connecticut, has discovered a rocking boulder, weighing more than a ton, on the southwestern slope of Horton's Mountain. It is larger than the famous Cutchegan boulder. Singularly enough, it has never attracted the notice of the farmers in Montville. It is so nicely balanced that it is easily rocked by the hand without any outlay of strength. Prof. Crosby of Harvard University, holds that "Cutchegan" ("Shagan") is not a boulder, but "simply angular and prominent remnant of a large granite vein still undisturbed in its original position upon beds of gneiss; and that its chief geological interest is found in the fact that, notwithstanding its supposed position, it has survived the disintegrating influences of the elements and successfully resisted the pressure of the great ice sheet." David A. Wells, in a recent article, combated the position taken by Prof. Crosby.

The Burton Tomb.

Lady Burton, widow of the famous traveler, who before he died embraced Catholicity, gives some particulars about the proposed interment of her husband's remains: "I have chosen my ground," she says, "eleven feet by nine feet. This is to be covered by a dark stone Arab tent. In the tent, above ground, are to be two slabs to hold two coffins and room for a small altar. Outside the tent, above the flap curtain which serves as a door, will be a marble crucifix, under it a 'Book of Life,' on one side his name and death recorded, the other page blank. Under the book will be inscribed Justin McCarthy's beautiful sonnet, which embraces all his life."

Hard, toilsome work, while necessary and honorable, should always be regarded as work in its first stages. It is our own fault if it continues so.

Father Kesmerl is at present engaged in visiting the German families of the pro-cathedral parish, Duluth, Minn., and the probabilities are that a church for Germans will be established in Duluth within a year.

God knows from all eternity who will be saved, and how many they will be. He does not diminish the number by refusing salvation to the willing; and he will not multiply the number by forcing the free will of those who will not believe.

The Protestants of Brighton, Ont., presented the Rev. Father Devlin, S. J., an appreciative and highly laudatory address, expressing the edification and instruction they derived from his sermons delivered recently during a retreat which he conducted in that town.

The Pope and the Social Question.

Commenting on the report that the Catholic clergy in Germany have received instructions from the Holy Father to combat Socialism with all possible energy, the "Times" says: "Leo XIII. appears to possess at once an acute sense of the hard facts of the modern world, and of the bearing which those facts have on the policy and the interests of the great organization he directs."

The Pope Chosen Arbitrator.

It is announced by cable that the Government of Portugal and the Congo State have signed an agreement providing that in case of their failure to delimit Angola by direct negotiations they will appeal to the Pope, and that in the event of his being unable to effect a settlement the question will be submitted to the arbitration of a friendly power.

The Coming French Pilgrimage.

The enrolling members to the French workmen's pilgrimage, which is to come to Rome at the end of next summer, amount already to 20,000. At the head of the pilgrimage is a committee of Bishops under the presidency of Cardinal Langenieux, Archbishop of Rheims. The pilgrimage will be under the direction of Monsieur Leon Harmel.

A POSTBOYS BRAVERY.

About a mile from the Pennsylvania village where I lived when a boy was the old north and south turnpike, the main artery of travel in those days across the northeastern tier of counties.

Down this road came rolling every afternoon, the big four horse stage coach, bringing passengers and mail from the south bound for the county town.

The mail bag for our postoffice was thrown off from the coach at the point where our village road joined the turnpike, and as my father was postmaster it was my duty to carry it from the turnpike to the village postoffice.

I had the choice of two routes for my daily journey; one by the public road and a much shorter one which cut through the woods that bounded the village on that side, and it was along that path that I usually carried the mail.

We were at that time in the midst of the civil war, and the mails were filled with tidings from the soldiers at the front, and not infrequently contained packages of money and valuables sent in Uncle Sam's care to those at home.

But the particular afternoon of which I write, the stage, for some reason which I cannot now remember, was very late. I watched the sun as it went down behind the wooded hills to the west, and I saw the twilight come creeping in across the eastern field. I sat quietly upon a roadside bank wishing for the coming of the stage, and calling to mind the probable appearance of the impatient and anxious group at the postoffice.

But the twilight grew deep, and actual darkness fell around us before the far off rumbling of wheels announced the appearance of the belated conveyance. I had been debating for some time whether I had not better go home without the mail, for I was naturally timid, and the prospect of the night journey alone through the wood, even though it was but a short distance, had terrors for me which I could not subdue. But I had been reluctant to start on account of the ridicule which I knew would follow me from one end of the route, and the disappointment which would meet me at the other, and now the stage was here.

The horses were drawn sharply up, the clatter of the wheels ceased, a cloud of dust moved forward and enveloped the coach, and out from the door in the midst of the dust stepped two men. They parleyed for a few minutes with the driver about the fare, and then disappeared in the darkness. I had a good view of their faces as I went up close to the forward wheel, and I saw that both of them, though well dressed, were evil looking in the extreme.

"Is that you, Harmon?" asked the driver, peering down at me through the shadows before throwing the mail pouch into my hands.

"Yes," I replied, complainingly, "and I've been waiting for you just two hours."

"Well, it won't take you long to get home now," he said, cheerily; then, bending down still further and beckoning me to come still closer, he added in a low voice: "You want to hang on to that mail bag tight to-night, Harmon. It's got!" A sudden starting of the horses interrupted him, he swung back into his seat and finding that he could not readily quiet the impatient animals, he cracked his long whip over their heads, shouted out "good night!" to me, and the next minute coach, horses and driver were far down the road, swallowed up in the darkness.

"Are ye afraid to go down alone?" asked the farmer who had come out to see the stage go by.

"I'll bet a cookie he is!" exclaimed the farmer's boy.

"No, I ain't afraid," I said stoutly, dreading ridicule more than robbers. "There won't anything catch me to-night," I added, flinging the pouch across my shoulder and starting rapidly down the road toward home.

For a little way the road wound through fields, and this portion of my route I traversed with a stout heart. But just ahead lay the woods, a long stretch of unbroken forest, and I approached them with a dread and premonition such as, I think, I had never before nor have ever since known. I plunged into them, however, without halting or hesitation, knowing that they must be passed; but, instead of peering about for dangers in the darkness, I kept my eyes turned to the ribbon of starlit sky above the tops of the tall trees that bordered the road.

When I reached the point where the footpath started in, at the left, I stopped for a moment, debating whether I should take the short cut or follow on around by the highway. I quickly decided upon the latter course. The short distance of the narrow path, winding under interlacing tree tops, down steep embankments, through intense darkness, was no offset in my mind to the broader, lighter and less terrifying, if longer, route by the public road.

Suddenly I became aware that two men were walking with me, one on each side of me. They had come up so noiselessly that I had not heard the sound of their approach. "Good evening, my young friend," said the one on my right, "what's that you're carrying?"

"It's the mail bag," said I, stopping and standing still in surprise and fear.

"Is that so?" he exclaimed. "I've often wanted to lift a mail bag. Is it very heavy?"

"Not very," I replied, actually handing it to him in my bewilderment.

He took it, held it up by the end strap as high as his head and shook it gently, as if to make test of its contents.

"I believe there's a letter in there for me, Bill," he said to his companion, "and if there is it's necessary that I should have it at once. Delays are dangerous."

"The only way to find out for certain," replied the other man gruffly, "is to open the bag."

"True," responded the first speaker, "but we must not open it on the public highway; some evil minded passer by might seek to appropriate the contents thereof, which would be a crime against the government, indeed an unpardonable offense. Suppose we retire to some secluded woodland dell, and there study the situation. Young man," he added, addressing me, "you are cordially invited to accompany us."

"I—I'd rather not go," I replied, beginning for the first time to fully realize my position. "If it's all the same to you," I added, "I'll go on home."

"Well, my dear young friend and fellow worker," began the man, but his gruff voiced companion interrupted him: "Oh, let up on that, Andy! We ain't got any time to lose. Come along, young fellow!"

And before I had time to protest I was seized by one arm, hurried to the roadside, across the ditch and in among the trees. I believe I began to cry and beg; it would have been strange if I had not done so; but, in language more forceful than elegant, I was ordered to hold my peace. In the mean time the first robber was threading his way carefully through the thin underbrush among the hemlocks in thick darkness, and we were following him. It seemed to me a very long time that we journeyed thus. In reality it must have been only a few minutes. When we stopped the leader said:

"Here's a kind of an open place; let's hold up here. Bill, where's that candle?"

Presently I heard the snapping of a match, and saw Bill lighting a piece of candle which he had unrolled from a bit of newspaper. Looking around me, by the light of this candle I was not slow to recognize the place. We were in the path of which I have spoken, on a little plateau just above the brook. Indeed the soft ripple of waters could be heard at no great distance from us.

I now for the first time recognized the two men as those whom I had seen step from the stage coach at the crossing, and I knew instinctively that they had followed me for the very purpose of robbing the mail. The one addressed as Andy had already laid the mail pouch flat on the ground, and with an open jackknife poised in one hand was passing the thumb and forefinger of the other hand carefully along the leather surface, as if considering the proper point for the blade to penetrate. I had seen butchers do the same thing before cutting up a side of beef, and the similarity of movement now was very suggestive.

"Here goes!" he said finally, pushing the knife point firmly into the leather; then, with a strong, dexterous sweep, he drew the blade down lengthwise of the bag, and laid it open nearly from top to bottom.

"Give the candle to the boy, Bill," he said, "and you help me sort this stuff over. Here, you," he added, addressing me, "hold it here, here where I can see if you move it an inch I'll excommunicate you!"

With trembling hand, teeth chattering in my head and too greatly overcome with astonishment and fear to speak, I sat and held the flaring candle while he spread wide the gap in the ruined mail bag and poured the contents of it to the ground. The packages of papers were quickly cast aside and the bundle of letters taken up.

In those days each separate bunch of letters was carefully folded in brown paper, and the postoffice address placed on the outside before intrusting it to the mail bag. These wrappers were pulled hastily off by the robbers, and the letters inclosed in them were looked over rapidly, many of them being torn open before they were thrown down. Nearly the entire contents of the mail bag were gone over in this way before any money was found, and both men began to look disappointed and angry. At last Andy came upon a thick envelope, of brown manila paper, with a seal in red wax on the back.

"Here it is!" he said, holding it up.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

B. I. BURR
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE
REAR 111 EAST AVENUE
TELEPHONE 587 ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Saddle Horses can be Rented by the Hour

CHARLES J. FABLE
Marble & Granite Works
508 and 510 State St.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES
UMBRELLAS
Every Variety of Handle 50c to \$18.00
Please Call before Purchasing.
G. A. DRAPER, 98 East Main Street.

THOMAS B. MOONEY
UNDERTAKER
AND MANAGER OF
Joyce Undertaking Room
196 West Main Street.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MARBLE and GRANITE WORKS
NELL BROS. & KERN,
MANTELS, GRATES AND TILES,
IMPORTERS OF SCOTCH GRANITE,
238 & 240 STATE ST. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Rochester Sanitary Excavating Co.
[CLEANS]
Vaults, Cesspools, Cellars
And removes all offensive matter with neatness and despatch.
Prompt service, and reasonable rates.
Office, 119 Hudson Street.

Ask Your
NEIGHBOR

TO SUBSCRIBE FOR

The Catholic Journal,

Only 1.00 Per Year.

IN ADVANCE.

\$3000
A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own locality, wherever they live. I will also furnish the education or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each diocese or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over \$3000 a year each. It's NEW and \$3000 a Year. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

Shorthand I
"Considering the large numbers I have fitted in ten and twelve weeks, it does not argue much for the intelligence of those who still continue to doubt."
UNDERHILL, 16 State Street, City.

L. G. BERNARD,
OSTRICH & FEATHERS
Curled, Cleaned and Dyed any Shade desired.
Gloves & Lace Cleaned, Old Crape Renewed
Orders by mail promptly attended to.
104 WEST MAIN ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

H. & J. CONOLLY,
Book Binders,
Magazine work a specialty.
Call and see samples and get prices.
Over 95 Main Street Bridge
Telephone 47.

Now Ready!
Suits, Trousers, Vestings
and Overcoatings,
IN ALL THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Julius C. Altpeter,
401 East Main, near State Street.