

## NO WASH TAY.

"Ho" in the Sioux language means "voice," and "Wash-tay" means "good," and Ho Wash-tay or Good Voice is one of the sub-chiefs of the great band of Brule Sioux, whose chief was but a short time ago the celebrated Spotted Tail, (Si-ta Gal-is-ka) who was living at the time of our story.

The Sioux Indians often have or have had more than one name, and Good Voice, when a young warrior, had been known as "The Trailer" from his superior knowledge of this intricate Indian art in following obscure tracks and paths, and interpreting all the signs that were found, and to recount a true adventure of his application of this knowledge, when with the author, is the object of this story.

In June, 1877, I found myself at Spotted Tail Agency in Northwestern Nebraska in command of the only company of Cavalry among eighty-eight hundred Brule Sioux. The great Sioux War in which the gallant Custer and his brave men had been lost was over, but so friendly had Spotted Tail and his large band of warriors been to the whites through this long and bloody struggle, that only a company or two of troops had ever been needed among them. In fact, a great number of this band had been enlisted as scouts, and paid as soldiers, Spotted Tail, himself, their captain and Good Voice one of the sergeants.

But a few days' travel to the northward of Spotted Tail Agency lay the black Hills of Dakota, and when the restless spirit of mining "prospectors" had discovered gold in their steep gulches and mountain flanks, a dozen roads from the confines of civilization pointed toward the new El Dorado, like spokes meeting at a hub, and from away south of the Agency, along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad following the Platte River of Nebraska, came three of these roads converging toward the Black Hills.

The first and longest of these roads from Kearney, Nebraska, leading a dismal length through the heavy sand hills of that State, ran within a dozen or fifteen miles of the Agency, just to its eastward, and although it was soon abandoned, for the reasons given, yet while it lasted for a few brief weeks it furnished the scene and cause of our story.

A good paying mail contract had been let over this road, and as in many places a wagon could hardly plough through the deep sand, the mail, often containing but three or four letters which weighed not one hundredth part as much as the heavy leather mail sack, was carried on horse-back by riders who relieved each other at stations from twenty five to thirty miles apart.

These stations were rude log cabins. A partition sometimes divided them in two; the mail courier cooked, slept and lived in one apartment, and his horse was kept in the other.

The nearest station to the Agency, Pine Bluffs, was over twenty miles away by the circuitous wagon road, but less than half that distance in a straight line across the sharp spurs of well wooded hills, in a gorge of which, between two high ridges, Pine Bluffs lay. Old Indian trails used by hunters of mountain sheep, deer and antelope roughly connected the two.

This "Kearney Road," as we called it, was an unfrequented highway, seldom passed over except by the mail carriers, and once in a while by some Black Hills emigrants in wagons, who had been deluded by those interested in this route into the belief that it was a good thoroughfare. Many ponies had been stolen from the Indians and there were grave suspicions that most of them found a market on reaching the end of this Kearney Road, after travelling over it. In fact, scouting in that direction more than confirmed our suspicions.

About the middle of June vague rumors reached the troops that a mail-carrier had been killed. It was supposed that the deed had been committed by Indians, as he had disappeared under peculiar circumstances. A day or two later, the rumor took more definite shape, and Fosdick was given as the name of the murdered man. It was learned that he had been riding a fine saddle-mule, and had disappeared nearly a week before on the Kearney Road between Pine Bluffs and the first station to the southeast, the Niobrara River.

I was thereupon ordered to take a few cavalry men and such Indian scouts as I desired, and investigate the whole matter as well as I could, and take such action as I thought proper.

As some difficult tramping might be expected, I sent for Good Voice, whose acquirements I knew not only by reputation, but also by personal experience in several cases before, and he with a half a dozen other Sioux of Good Voice's selection made up my party that left Spotted Tail Agency late in the afternoon of a beautiful June day, and started due eastward in a straight line for the little cabin at Pine Bluffs.

We reached the station over the rough mountain trail so late at night that it was evident that nothing more could be done until morning. Singularly enough I found the cabin deserted, and no signs of white men around. I greatly desired and had hoped to meet some one who could give me information, or put me somewhere near the trail.

It was about ten o'clock at night, just after we had eaten a hasty meal of rough rations, and turned into four beds,—merely a blanket or two spread out in the open air under the tall, swaying pines,—and while our horses were crunching the grasses not far from our head, to the length their lariats would allow them to graze, that we heard a wagon rumbling up the road toward the Niobrara, and in a few minutes two men drove into the station much surprised at finding so large a force at their home.

They were the mail-carrier who had taken Fosdick's place since his disappearance, and the superintendent of this section of the mail route of about a hundred and fifty miles, whom we will call Softenville, because that is not his true name.

Softenville was much excited over Fosdick's murder, and openly expressed his desire to kill some of the Indians present to atone the brutal act committed by some of their race. The two horses in the wagon were unhitched, the mail-carrier saddled one, and with the leather mail sack with its one or two letters, or perhaps no letters at all, disappeared toward the Black Hills on his route. Softenville remained behind, and told me of the day's doing.

That morning while hunting on horseback for some evidence of the murder, about ten miles out on the road from Pine Bluffs, a bad odor led him to examine a deep gulch at the head of a canon, but a couple of hundred yards to the south of the road, and here, to his horror, he found poor Fosdick's

body, a shot through the head and one through the body.

He had carefully examined the ground, and found tracks of about a dozen Indian ponies coming up a ravine into the road, about three or four hundred yards from the scene of the murder. The tracks had then scattered all around, and again united, leading to the north, the tracks of luskless Fosdick's mule bringing up the rear, as if they were leading him after the animal.

The mercat novice could easily tell the whole story from these indications. We all thought that a war party of Northern Sioux from the Missouri or Yellowstone River had committed this foul act to secure the fine mule, and had done it close under the shadow of the Agency of a friendly tribe, that their depredations might be thus covered up.

Late as it was that night, I sent for Good Voice, and told him the story. He asked a great many questions of Softenville, who was evidently puzzled and irritated by them. Any one could see that the questions were directly to the point, and yet the superintendent could not answer them.

When I told Softenville that I wanted him to go with me next day to the scene, he objected on the ground that there was no use, as it was now too late to do anything toward following the murderers and recovering the animal, since they had a week the start; and as to burial, that had been done by him and the mail-carrier that day, which accounted for their getting into the station so late.

Still his objections were not very firm, and when I told him that I believed Good Voice could tell exactly which band had committed the act, and that it was very probable that we could thus punish the murderers, and possibly get the mule, he reluctantly consented to accompany us to the place of the murder, and there leave us to attend to the important and pressing duties which called him away.

The next morning we all started out on the road to the southeastward. The superintendent rode a spry little black horse with white feet, a little lame from having recently cast a shoe, but no one but an observing person would have noticed the lameness.

As we neared the place of Fosdick's grave alongside the road, which could be seen for quite a distance on the flat, rolling plains, the party was halted and I sent Good Voice ahead to take a good look at the surroundings especially the tracks of the Indian ponies. I was anxious to know if possible, what band had done the deed.

Ho Wash-tay took the interpreter and another Indian, and after being absent nearly an hour, anxiously running around on foot, he sent the interpreter back and told me that he would like to see me alone, and I rode forward to where he stood near the grave.

He had a particularly sweet, musical voice, from which he derived his present name, and as he leaned against my horse's shoulder and told his brief story in low tones, every intonation carried conviction with his words. He said that no ponies had come up the ravine pointed out for over a month; that just eleven days before twelve Texas cattle had gone through it, but were grazing at the time and unattended by a herder, and had nothing to do with the murder.

Fosdick must have been killed by some one riding with him, and the shot, which was from a pistol, had been close and sudden, and instant death had followed. Moreover, the mule was not the object of the attack.

The murderer had dragged the body to the pocket in the head of the gulch, and had then had a hard time catching the mule, which was evidently frightened by the blood of the murdered man, but had finally been successful. He then led this mule, which had pulled back hard on the leading strap, three or four hundred yards to the southward. The murderer, said Ho Wash-tay, made a circuit, came back and crossed the road about a hundred yards below the grave, and then went northward. He ended with the significant remark, that whoever had committed the murder had ridden the horse now in the possession of Softenville.

His conclusions startled me greatly, and I asked both Good Voice and the interpreter to say nothing more about them for a while, as suspicions were now getting very pointed.

I followed Good Voice over the ground, and everything he had said was made clear. The cattle tracks were made immediately after the last heavy shower, which Good Voice distinctly remembered as occurring on the eighth of the month, a heavy thunder-storm, for the mud had been so soft as to squirt up between their toes. The water was not yet off of the ground even on the hillsides, as it had poured back into the tracks outting crevices in the side mud, without beating down the sharp edges, as would have been the case, had it been the rain itself. It was, therefore, immediately after the rain before the water had well drained away.

The course of the murderer's horse was well shown, although in some places the trail was obscure; but that invariable one shoe missing told a uniform story.

Still Softenville's horse had two shoes gone, but the loss of one was very recent, as was shown by his lameness; and with this explanation the void was perfectly filled.

Good Voice now wanted to return to where the trail of the murderer leading the mule had crossed the Kearney Road, and follow it. He reasoned thus: if the mule was the object of the murder, it would have been taken to the Black Hills, then a wild mining camp, for sale. If not, then it was probably led back into some remote ravine never visited by man, and there killed.

We took up this trail, and at occasional points Good Voice would show me where the mule pulled back persistently, frightened by the scene which he had gone through, and probably by the smell of blood. After following it about five miles to the northward, in a dry, sandy ravine we found the body of the mule shot through the head. Not far away in the grass was the mail bag out open, and a few letters scattered around, and also a few articles recognized as belonging to Fosdick.

It was now certain that Indians had nothing to do with the affair.

Everything possible being found out, Good Voice hunted up the trail of the murderer, and started to follow it again. It now led once more to the north westward in a course that would lead to the head of a creek called the Wounded Knee, that flowed northward.

Good Voice was somewhat puzzled for a minute by finding two tracks or trails leading this way, and so expressed himself. Softenville, who had followed us intently, and very pale with suppressed excitement, knowing full well the meaning of Good Voice's

allusions to him, even though not interpreted to him, at this juncture, with an oath to bolster up his swagging courage, said:

"The Injun must think I done it, the way he acts about it. How does he account for these two trails if only one man killed Fosdick?"

But in a quiet way Good Voice accounted to me for the two trails, by saying and showing that they were made at different times, and so irregularly divergent and crossing, that no two siber persons would ever have ridden that way together.

A close inspection showed one to have been made at the time of the murder. The horse that made a trot was kept at a trot, and frequently, for a long stretch, at a gallop; while the other track was nearly always at a walk with an occasional trotting spurt, and not more than two days old.

It was evident that the murderer on the last occasion had used the same horse as at first, and had made this second ride in the night, or in the morning so early that the sun had not dried up the dew, for slight patches of mud were on the grass where the hoof had trampled it down.

Good Voice, therefore, said that the murderer on the day of the act was only too anxious to get away from the scene, even in that lonely country. Afterward he had returned, for some reason, to the scene of the murder.

Once more on the trail like a sleuth hound, Good Voice held it for six or seven miles through difficult stretches of hard ground carpeted with buffalo grass, until the Wounded Knee was reached at its head. Every one expected it to follow down that stream toward the Black Hills, a sort of refuge then for many a criminal. The two trails here separated in a vast stretch of stumpy red willows, so that it was impossible to follow both, and I told Good Voice to follow the first.

After a most intricate winding around through marsh and willow brake, as if intended to throw a trailer off of the scent, Good Voice managed, by several hours' hard work, to find where it took up its true retreat, and to the surprise of all it led nearly due westward toward the station at Pine Bluffs.

Darkness set in before we reached this point, but when we gave it up, the station was but two or three miles away, and the trail bearing directly for it. For reasons too long to explain, I did not arrest Softenville, but calmed his fears as much as possible. That night I slept at the lonely station, and the next day went to Spotted Tail Agency and made my report.

Within a day or two I had to take a force of cavalymen and Indian scouts down the Kearney Road, for some of the Indians around the Agency were losing their best ponies. It was well guessed that they were disappearing down this almost deserted thoroughfare, which was so well adapted to such nefarious schemes. I was much more successful than I had expected to be, and found reason to believe that the principal agents in this business were the persons ostensibly using the road for mail purposes.

In fact, at one station I found such good signs that it had been used to shield the stolen stock from time to time, that although a boy only was found there, I arrested him for complicity in the crime. It was a terrible sight to the poor boy, a score of painted, feathered and angry Indians, and an equal number of sun-burnt, dust-begrimed troopers, all of them fully armed, around him, and this, too, hundreds of miles from any sympathy or friends. It was no wonder that he felt that his last hour might be close at hand, and still less wonder that he broke completely down, and readily surrendered himself as a key to unlock the whole mystery.

At this very time, so he confessed, two of his companions at this station were absent on their way to the Platte Valley with a dozen or fifteen stolen ponies, brought to the station above by Softenville, and there procured by his "chums" as he called them.

Softenville often brought herds of stolen Indian stock, numbering even as high as twenty to thirty, as far down the road as his own "ranch," as the Westerners call a station or isolated house. He had often heard Fosdick's murder spoken of by different parties, and all believed that Softenville knew more than he would say. When Fosdick had found out Softenville's true character, he had remonstrated emphatically with him, and when he found that words were of no avail, notified Softenville to find some one to take his place as soon as he could. Yet he agreed to remain a few days until a substitute could be found.

These few days were fatal to him. By night marches, through the help of the boy, I succeeded in getting three of the persons most directly implicated in this series of thefts. I desired to get Softenville for a higher crime, and accordingly determined to visit Fosdick's grave, disinter the body, and see if Softenville's story, or the conjectural one of Good Voice was correct.

I found that he had been shot from the right side by a pistol, so close to the head that it burnt the skin. As the ground sloped downward to the right, and the pistol shot ranged downward, the murderer must have been riding close to poor Fosdick, when the fatal shot was fired. Therefore, the act was not likely to have been committed by Indians.

The fatal bullet was secured. When the grave was nearly finished, strangely enough, Softenville came along riding in a mail-wagon. He was arrested, and taken with the others to the Agency.

The far-away Kearney civil authorities were notified of Softenville, his crime and the testimony, but either a too deep interest in their road to the Black Hills or the usual apathy dependent on distance made them hesitate to move in the matter, and Softenville, too, had to be let go in course of time. The boy, as being the only one that had confessed, and, therefore, the only one against whom they had positive testimony, seemed likely to suffer from their zeal, but I drew the line at this point, and had him released.

Good Voice still lives at the Brule Sioux Agency, a living monument of how hard it is to commit a crime even in the most lonely country, and under the best circumstances to cover it up.

FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

## Hadn't Reached the Postscript.

He: They had a long letter at home from my sister this morning. She doesn't appear to find the climate half so trying as she expected.

She: That's satisfactory, I'm sure. And now you must tell me all her news.

He: I'm afraid I can't. You see they hadn't got to the postscript when I left for the city.

## EXECUTION BY ELECTRICITY.

The New Mode of Dispatching Criminals.—It will be tried June 24th.

Contempt of death, the wise old Gascon philosopher, Montaigne, tells us, is one of the greatest benefits that virtue confers on mankind; it is the means of accommodating human life with a soft and easy tranquility, and giving us a pure and pleasant taste of living, without which all other enjoyments would become extinct.

But while some of the most virtuous of mankind look upon the approach of death with fear and trembling others who have yielded to evil support it with greater ease than life.

In the city of Buffalo during the week just past Judge Childs pronounced sentence of death on William Kemmler, a crafty convict who had wantonly murdered Tillie Ziegler, his mistress. Now, Kemmler will be the first person in New York to suffer the death penalty by electricity, the new method prescribed by law; and it is thought that his execution will excite more

### GENERAL AND SCIENTIFIC INTEREST

than has attached to the legal killing of any other murderer in the history of that state.

What manner of person is this Kemmler who will meet death in the form of the most powerful agent yet conquered and utilized by the genius of civilized man? It would be natural to suppose that he does not share the scientific or public interest in this particular instance concerning the application of electricity as a destroyer of life, yet this is by no means apparent. For we are told that Kemmler exhibited no particular emotion when he heard the judge's words fixing his destiny, but walked steadily out of the court-room, chatting gayly with the officers on the way back to jail.

Yet it may be that while he had nothing to say in extenuation of his enormous crime, and while he displayed neither nervousness nor fear, he was mentally curious to know whether death would come painlessly, or whether he would realize the force of the fatal shock, or whether he would meet the victim of

### HIS SAVAGE CRUELTY

on some shore beyond the grave. Indeed, might not the same ghastly thought have occurred to this murderer at such a time that once occurred to that highly imaginative and much neglected poet, Alexander Smith: "A thousand years hence, when we both are damned, We'll sit like ghosts upon the wailing shore, And read our lives by the red light of hell."

Perhaps there was in Kemmler's breast at least a faint solicitude as to the sort of country he is shortly going to. Anyhow he displayed a fine contempt of death, and two facts attending the proposed electrical execution may have helped to brace him up.

The first is that the felon does not know beforehand and never will know in reality at what precise moment the fatal shock will extinguish his lamp and stop the currents of his warm blood. The sentence is that it will be "within the week beginning June 24." Secondly, death will be practically instantaneous, and therefore without pain.

Hereafter, then, it may be no unusual thing to see New York criminals going to their doom with witty remarks on their tongue and

### THAT NATURAL ASSURANCE

which pleased old Montaigne and the ancients. Theodorus answered Lysimachus, who threatened to kill him: "Thou wilt do a brave feat to arrive at the force of a cantharides." "Oae that they were leading to the gallows told them they must not carry him through such a street, lest a merchant who lived there should arrest him by the way for an old debt. Another told the hangman he must not touch his neck for fear of making him laugh, he was so ticklish."

But in Murderer Kemmler's case, as in the case of all who shall be executed by the new method, there will be no appreciative audience admitted which would applaud any witty remarks he might feel disposed to make. He is practically dead to the world already. Great secrecy will attend all executions by electricity, and in future the morbid public in New York state will have no gallow horrors to feed upon.

## A STRANGE ROMANCE

The Peculiar Story of Charles Fiske's Marriage to his Cousin.

WICHITA, Kas., May 20.—In the death of Charles Fiske Saturday, an interesting bit of romance was revealed. Thirty-five years ago at Buffalo, N. Y., he fell in love with his cousin, Harriet Fiske, but she rejected his suit and married Albert Stage. A few years of happy married life ensued and then Stage went to the war and was heard of no more. Fiske having accumulated wealth in Colorado again renewed his suit. Mrs. Stage thinking her husband was dead, married him. They came to Wichita and lived very happily until the son of Albert Stage, learning the mystery of his father's life determined to solve it. After several years' search he found his father alive in Florida. Correspondence was opened which resulted in the return of Stage and his marriage secured him to his wife. After the separation Fiske went abroad, but returned a year afterwards broken in health and purse. His former wife found him and took him home, where he received the tenderest care and warmest sympathy from both his wife and her first husband until his death.

On the ground of familiarity with French the British Minister and the French Minister at Washington are getting quite chummy.

Father Damien's self-sacrifice in the leper settlement of Molokai, aroused such general admiration that the Protestants of England raised money for him to build a church.

The tourist is expected in Prince Edward Island this summer, and if he is wise he will go there. The island railway has been improved in several respects as to new bridges, express trains, sharp curves and so forth, and the travelling accommodation is therefore ready. That is a mere detail, but it is worth noticing. The chief point is that the island province will be on hand with all its beauty and attractiveness, one of the fairest spots in a lovely continent, and in summer such a place as makes the Canadian proud to own that part of the Dominion, and the wandering "Sater"—for so our Yankee cousin objects not to call himself—to murmur: "Well now, these 'ere Brits do have a fine country after all."

## LATE CABLE NEWS.

London Crowded with Visitors—A Sensational Rumor—General Matters.

It looks as if London were going to make more money out of the exposition than Paris, and the French are already saying that this is the customary luck of the English, who do not fight themselves, but realize large profits by selling goods to the other combatants. No such crowd of foreigners has been known before there at any time of the year. Even in the jubilee month the hotels were not so packed as at present. London has ample facilities for taking care of twenty times as many visitors as now choke up her more central and familiar parts if there existed any intelligent means of letting the guests know where the accommodations are. The wisest thing any American who is bringing ladies with him to London can do is to leave them at Southampton or at Liverpool or Chester, or at some nearer northern point, and come alone to London first, to secure apartments to which he can later bring his family. If he does not do this and comes on without having secured lodgings, the chances are that they will all be put into an extremely miserable day or two of chasing after shelter, and then will get the worst that is to be had instead of the best.

A shock was felt throughout the Paris Brouse the other day on the receipt of an agency telegram announcing that the King of Italy and the German Emperor would travel to Strasbourg together and that a grand review of the garrison would held there in the presence of the allied monarchs.

It was pointed out by interested stock jobbers that such an action on the part of the Italian monarch could mean nothing less than an absolute provocation to war. A downward movement in French and Italian rentes was the immediate result of the report. Although it became pretty evident before the closing time that there was no truth in the rumor, the bonds affected finished at a considerable reduction from the rates of the previous day.

Captain Murrell, of the steamer Missouri, which rescued the passengers and crew of the Denmark, paid a visit the other day to Colchester, his native place, and was given a most enthusiastic reception by the citizens. In the evening a banquet was given in his honor.

Captain Wismann, in a report from Bagamoyo dated May 1, refers to the troubles of the missionaries. He says he recommended the English to take and open up the road through Masailand. Dr. Peters placed one hundred Somalis at Captain Wismann's disposal for a month to assist in crushing Bushiri.

Poor Bisma's never gets in England credit for sincerity or good feeling about anything. When he took the trouble to write an autograph letter congratulating Capt. Murrell of the Missouri on his heroism, saying that all seafaring nations were proud of his conduct, it became necessary for the English press to find some deep and wicked motive. The conclusion was promptly reached that his idea was to flatter his young master, the Emperor, by establishing Germany's position as one of the seafaring nations.

## The German Strikes.

The strike in the mining and other industries in Germany, which has been in progress some days past, is undoubtedly the most formidable labor disturbance that has occurred since the formation of the present German empire. The complaints of the wage earners are practically the same as those which have frequently been heard in America; that is, insufficient pay and excessive hours of work. Relatively considered, there is even more justice in complaints of this kind in Germany than in America, for not only is the scale of wages there far below the average of similar occupations in this country, but the hours of daily labor are very much longer. Yet it is probable that the statement of the German employers, that they cannot afford to increase wages or lessen the amount of work, is much nearer an honest statement of fact than similar assertions made by American employers. The intensity of feeling on this subject is shown by the fact that in a country where laws are framed to prevent the formation of distinctive labor organizations, nearly 200,000 wage-earners have united together in a strike, and have held out, with hardly any resources, for a considerable period of time. Taking the conditions under which this widespread strike has been carried on, it seems to us to be one of the most remarkable labor demonstrations that has ever occurred.

## A Change of Route.

OTTAWA, May 23.—A change has been made in the route for the proposed telegraph line from Victoria, B. C., to Bonilla point, where it is proposed to establish a signal station. It was at first suggested to build a line from Comax, which lies almost due north of Victoria, to Alberni settlement, and then lay a cable down the Alberni canal to Bonilla. The cost of the cable, however, would be far in excess of a land line, and it has therefore been decided to build a direct line to Bonilla via the shore route. When the signal station is in operation it is expected that it will be a great boon to the British Columbia tug owners, who have hitherto been greatly handicapped as against their United States rivals for the lack of prior knowledge of vessels coming up the straits.

## One Effect of the Combines Bill

One effect of the Combines Bill is seen in the dissolution of the Coal Cartage Company of Ottawa. This company was organized by the combiner coal dealers of the capital for the purpose of squeezing out new comers; but since the publication of the evidence taken before the Combines committee, three firms have successfully stood out against the local combine, and accordingly the Cartage Company is dissolved, each dealer hereafter engaging his own teams. Score one for Clarke Wallace.

Captain Smith, of the steamer British Princess, just arrived from Liverpool, is the first to revive the sea serpent story this season. The monster seen by him was 300 feet long and had a head like a "beef barrel."