

# THE FLAGELLANTS.

### HOLY WEEK WITH NEW MEXICAN PENITENTS.

Seems Terrible to Witness—Poor Families Encouraged and Left Bleeding by Frenzied Religious—Not a Word of Complaint Do They Utter.

OR TWO MONTHS or more I had been in diligent correspondence with the Americans of New Mexico in search of some definite information regarding the services of that most fanatical of all sects, the Penitents.

It was therefore with strong doubts as to the ultimate success of our expedition that our little party of four, two ladies and two men, left Denver on Tuesday morning of holy week for the "Land of Poco Tempo." Wednesday noon found us at the frontier station of Ties Phodras, with the wind blowing hard and bitterly cold. However, full of confidence in the efficacy of our multitudinous sisters, makeshifts, blankets and steamer rugs we climbed into the open wagon which had been waiting for us for thirty-five miles across the open prairie to the little town of Taos. Six hours were consumed in this drive, and



PROCESSION OF FLAGELLANTS ON MAUNDY-THURSDAY.

When they had completed this, the line of march was again resumed, and as the procession passed, the on-lookers involuntarily closed up slightly to obtain a nearer view. Weak and exhausted by this time, but still bringing that terrible whip to fall on their quivering and bleeding backs, they reposed us at the same slow and painful walk. We were then very close, but it was impossible to see our camera at this range, as the Mexicans were all around and about us. So terrible had been the punishment administered, and so sharp and knifelike were the whips, that the entire covering of flesh had been torn off, leaving the bones of the ribs exposed to full view.

As soon as this party had entered the doors of the morada, or Penitente house of worship, another and much larger one started on the same pilgrimage. In this second party, immediately following the chapters, came two men stripped and masked like the others, but bearing on their shoulders high crosses about fifteen feet in length, made of rough timbers twelve inches in diameter, weighing, I should judge, between 300 and 400 pounds. As this procession started, at the same pace adopted by the first, two men armed with whips took their places behind the cross-bearers and at every step applied vicious blows upon the naked backs of the men in front. Following them came a party of eight flagellants, and behind them about a dozen rough, uncouth, unshaven Penitents, carrying in their hands and elevated in front of their primitive and uncouth figures of all the saints in the litany. Again the cruel blows resounded across the silent field, for not a sound was heard save the occasional chant. Every head was uncovered, and the aspect of the spectators during the passing of the procession was most reverential. All the way to that far-off cross the former scene was repeated, and upon the return of this party we tried to perpetuate the picture upon the film. The distance, however, was too great to do it full justice. In every case the blood flowed in torrents down the backs of the flagellants, staining the drawers to the ground and leaving the subjects of this terrible sacrifice so weak they were hardly able to complete the journey.

Until we evolve to the state where we can perform miracles, or can take on the conditions and peculiarities of the lobster, we can not expect to have any of our lost members, organs or fat. Lives reproduced and made as good as new. The doctor who would take the care of a person having suffered amputation and declare that he could restore the limb would be hoisted out of a respectable community. So the practitioner who tells the patient that his medicine and treatment will restore wasted lungs and bring the tissues back to their original state professes what he can not carry out and is entirely unworthy of belief.

# HE HATED INDIANS.

### A PIONEER TELLS OF A BACKWOODS TRAGEDY.

His Boy Was Taken Prisoner by the Redskins—The Father Strikes the Trail and Escapes With His Son—A Battle-Snake's Fatal Bite.

"In 1870," said the pioneer, "I went to Wyoming to follow the line of trading, and for a year or two did pretty well. My beat lay between Forts Laramie and Bridger, and I came and went in a little girl's hat. One day I got a letter from home saying that my wife had died, and that my half brother, as mean a man as ever lived, had sent my child on to me.

"Wyoming in those days was no place for children, scarcely for white men at all, and I was naturally annoyed at the boy's being sent off without consulting me as to what disposition I wished made of him. I made a calculation based on what Henry had written as to when they would arrive, and knowing the route they must travel, I went down a hundred miles to meet them.

"But I waited and waited for that emigrant train and it did not come. After a while there came news that the train had been attacked by the Indians and everybody killed. I was pretty wild, I can tell you, and made up my mind to go back to Ohio and murder my half brother. But in a day or two there rode into the fort a white boy with a band of Cheyennes traveling toward Dakota, and by questioning him closely, I gathered that this boy must be Chris, my son.

"I presently fell in with another trader named Burns, a heavy and good fellow who had some friends among the Cheyennes, and offered to go on with me, as he was on his way to Dakota anyhow. We got on then very well for a while, meeting plenty of Indians who gave us such information as they possessed, and we learned that the band with whom the boy was lay in camp in what is called the 'Plateau in Costau,' near the northern part of the territory.

"We had gotten within twenty miles of the plateau and were eating dinner about noon one day on the banks of the Missouri, when all at once there was a war-whoop ringing in our ears, and about twenty Indians rushed out from a heap of rocks behind which they had crouched upon us. Burns held up his hand and called 'How!' to show that we were friendly, but even as he did so, a ball struck him in the breast. He leaped four or five feet into the air, the blood fairly spouting from the hole over his heart. At the same time I fell with a broken leg, and Burns' dead body struck me as he rolled down. The Indians, thinking they had killed us both, came running and seized our horses, but the chief bent over me to scalp me, when he perceived that I was still alive. He drew his knife almost across my throat, then looked more closely at me and recognized me. He had been in Fort Laramie the year before, and had been quite friendly with us. He ordered me bound, though, and tied to a horse beside which he rode as we went back to their camp.

"We got there early the following morning and my first look about the camp showed me nothing of the white prisoner. But toward evening another portion of the band came in from a hunting expedition, and with them was Chris, whom I had left a child of 8, but who was now about 12. I dared not approach him then, but eyed him as indifferently as he had me.

"When dark came the chief called me to his side for a 'pow-wow,' which, after lasting an hour or so, was ended by my being dismissed to my tent without a guard, and I strolled over to where the boy sat pouncing over for a squaw. 'How!' I said to him, but he did not raise his head until I laid my hand on his. Then he glanced up at me with that same terrible lack-luster look and I saw that the poor child's mind had given way under his sufferings.

"I had to wait some weeks for the sought-for opportunity to escape, but all the time I was busy secretoring provisions and such articles as we would need on our long and hard journey that we had before us. At last the night came, I had pretended to sprain my ankle, as an excuse not to join a party that went out on an elk hunt of several days, and only squaws were left to guard us and the camp. There was no moon and the stars even were obscured by the clouds when we started. We had gone nearly forty miles when, one evening a few black specks appeared on the horizon, and I knew that our foes were on our trail.

# THE GODS OF MYTHOLOGY.

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Fama was the goddess of gossip. Ate was the Greek god of mischief. The Naiads were spirits of the ocean.

The Lemnads watched over the lakes and ponds of Greece. Greek and Roman virgins prayed to Fortuna for a good husband. Actors and public readers offered sacrifice to Momus, the god of laughter.

Habe was adored among the Greek women, that their beauty might be preserved. The Penates were gods of the pantry from a Latin word signifying where food is kept. The Dryads took care of trees and prevented their being cut down until their time had come.

Cupid was recognized as a deity, but his worship was always merged in that of his mother, Venus. Roman capitalists and persons desiring to become such, sacrificed to Pluto, the god of wealth.

The Furies were old maids whose countenances were so terrible as to terrify with horror every beholder. Janus was the god of all gates and doors. He is always represented with two faces because a door looks both ways.

The Romans had a god of boundaries, Terminus. His statue was a post set in the ground to mark the limits of fields. The principal wind deities were Boreas, the north wind; Zephyrus the west; Anaxos the south, and Eurus, the east wind.

Vesta was the goddess of life and of home; her altar stood on every hearthstone, her fire burned on the floor of every public building. Young girls in Greece and Italy worshipped Diana until they were of age, when they dedicated their virgins to her by hanging them up in her temple or grove, and turned to Aphrodite.

When a Greek was in a tight place, where bodily strength and vigor would help him, he prayed to Hercules; when he needed shrewdness, not to say roguery, he betook himself to Mercury.

After Venus had answered the prayers of the young girl and had sent her a husband she next worshipped Hymen. This god was adored only on the day of the marriage ceremony, never before nor after.

Vulcan, the god of ancient blacksmiths and metal workers, was lame in consequence of a pretty hard fall he had in his early days. Jupiter and Juno had a row and Vulcan sided with his mother against the old gentleman, who promptly kicked him out of heaven. He fell for a whole day and, lighting on the island of Lemnos, broke his leg.

the worst, I could at least sell my life as dearly as possible. On came the Indians, and I soon made out from their actions that they were not in pursuit of us, but were merely seeking a place to camp for the night.

"The night seemed endless to me, for the Indians kept awake most of the night, telling their interminable yarns concerning the number of scalps they had taken, the fear they had killed and of the cowardice of white men. But at last dawn came and they went away, and I put up my hand to awake, as I thought, the poor boy above. He had not spoken or moved, as far as I could tell, for hours and I had been glad that he slept. But as I touched him his hand felt so icy cold that I grew alarmed and dragged him without more ado out of that tree to find him still and dead with a giant rattlesnake coiled about his neck. He had caught the reptile about the throat and choked it to death, but it had fixed its fangs in his wrist and he had not dared, because of those devils outside, to tell me that I might administer such simple remedies as were possible in our desperate condition.

"I gazed out a grave for him by and by, and went on my way to the fort, where I had a long illness, and when I recovered sold out my shares in the mines I spoke of and came East. From that day to this I have never been able to see an Indian without the terror of that thing coming back on me. And I don't mind telling you, sir, that I went back to Ohio for the purpose of killing Henry, but here I found death had cheated me, for the villain was dead three days after poor little Chris had died in silence with that twisted horror about his neck, and with his father who could not save him within touch of his hand."

Another Kick. It was about 10:30 p. m. and the young woman was talking to the man in the case. "What I like in a man," she was saying, "is energy— one that has some go in him." The young man glanced hastily at the clock, then at the door, then at the girl, and got up. "I beg your pardon," she said, blushing, "you may stay as long as you please. You are the first man that ever understood that statement properly."—Detroit Free Press.

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Salvation Army. According to the annual report issued the last of May, the Salvation Army is now established in forty-two countries. It has 1997 corps, numbering 5443 officers, 10,525 local officers, and 3351 bandmen. The number of "soldiers" is not stated, but "General" Booth claims that the army converts to Christianity 200,000 people every year.

It is only exempt from failures who makes no efforts. Above all things, my son, don't teach your child to ridicule anything.

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