THE SAD STORY

Of Tom Culbertson, Who Busted Monte Carlo Bank And

COMMITTED SUICIDE.

He Won One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Francs and the Next Morning He Was Found Dead Clasping a Woman's Red Morrocco Pocket Book.

MONTE CARLO, June 23.—Tom Culbertson, from Texas, murderer and suicide; Marietta Torini Culbertson, of New York and Texas, strangled and robbed; the bank of Monte Carlo "burst" and the prince of these realms and the French republic richer by 150,000 francs because the bank-burster burned up his winnings—such are a single night's happenings in "gay" Monte Carlo.

As your correspondent stops at the Hotel de Paris, opposite the Casino, where the tragedies were, in part, enacted, he is in a position to supplement the scant cable reports.

At 4 o'clock yesterday morning most of the second story lodgers of the "Paris" were awakened by a pistol shot. My room mate said at once: "It's a colt, I smell copy," and hastily donning our trousers we ran out in the hall. The lights had already been turned on full blast. Watchmen, night clerks, scrub women, porters, etc., came scurrying up the stairs. A hundred questions in a dozen tongues. Every door on the corridor was successively tried, the occupants responding, save that of No. 13.

"Burst in the door," cried several excited guests. Not neccessary, it was unlocked. The room was pitch dark, but the fumes of powder and burned paper meeting us a we entered, indicated that we were on the right track. I turned on the electric light. On the lounge, fully dressed, was a man's body.

By G—— the American, who burst the bank," I heard the night clerk whisper.

Indeed, Tom Culbertson, of Texas, the man who promised me "a big story" only a few hours before. Here was the story: A hole large enough to admit one's thumb in his right temple. From the wound blood was oozing lazily, but a minute ago it must have gushed forth like a fountain. There was a big pool on the carpet and in the midst a giant colt revolver, lying below the now lifeless right hand.

The left, raised to the heart, clutched a red something, a woman's pompadaur, velvet and gold, it proved to be. Strange, the silken carrying cords were cut.

Meanwhile a police sergeant and three Carabinieri had marched in They took charge of the body, the room and the semi-dressed mob filling it. The sergeant held a whispered conversation with the manager and night clerk. Then he demanded aloud: "Does anyone recognize this dead person?"

Half a dozen men and women responded and your correspondent deposited what he knew about Tom Culbertson's story in Monte Carlo. Followed the preliminary investigation. As to the body:. Life had been extinguished some fifteen or twenty minutes. Contents of the pockets: A box of cartridges, some American silver coin and a blood stained hankerchief. The officer dispatched his men to guard the doors. He also sent for assistance. "Until further notice, I will be obliged to regard you as my prisoners," he said politely but firmly. "Please take notice that not a soul is permitted to leave here." The order was not surprising. At eleven p. m. Tom Culbertson had 150,000 francs of the bank money. Five hours latter he was dead, maybe murdered, and not a hundred-franc bill left. The guest prisoners were requested to withdraw to one part of the very large apartment, while the sergeant and hotel officials continued the search for the missing fortune. Suddenly they came upon a letter stuck behind the rate card at the door, adressed to the hotel keeper. "The American reporter living on the same floor, will translate this for you," said a note in the corner of the envelope.

"To the Hotel Keeper and to Whom it May Concern: I am Tom Culbertson, of Texas, was a well known cotton planter up to ten years ago. Having no relatives, the authorities can do with my carcass as they please; better sell it to tne saw-bones to pay expenses. As the story of my life conveys valuable lessons to old and young, the American newspaper chap whom I met in the cafe yesterday, may have it for what it is worth.

"Ten years ago when on a business trip to New York, I met my destiny in Marietta Torini, daughter of an Italian violinist. Her father used to play in the Bowery cafes and restaurants, Marietta accompanying him on the guitar. I fell in love with the girl at sight. She became my wife, and after settling a comfortable income on the old man, we moved out to our lonely ranch. I am a man of 40, she having just budded into womanhood. I tried my best to make her forget the difference in our years. Her faintest, inarticulate wishes were commands to me. I bought her everything she could think of, but in the end had to recognize the fact that I was too old, too serious-minded for my girl-wife. Frequently I found Marietta in tears. She said she was very homesick, but I wouldn't let her go. She was my first love, and the very thought of a seperation was maddening to me. Then an angel came to us, a daughter, beautiful as the mother. But Marietta hated the child. She often mistreated her despite my protest. I upbraided, I threatened her, if she dared raise a finger against my child.

"This was the signal for much domestic unhappiness. One fine morning Marietta was gone. My telegrams, research by the authorities, thousands spent on private detectives did not bring her back. But I had Maud. The child was both mother and daughter to me. I was her slave. And Yellow Jack came and robbed me of her. That happened when I was 48. It whitened my hair and life lost all its charms for me. I no longer took any interest in business. Caring only to forget, I took to drink and whiskey did me up in the usual space of time. I was forced to sell the plantation and, gathering the rest of my money, became a wanderer, following the race tracks, for excitement at first, finally to eke out a scant and disgraceful living.

This spring I happened to win a considerable amount at 'Frisco and a good woman, whom I met there, persuaded me to try and begin a new, a better life. I calculated that to do so, I must have money and resolved to go to Monte Carlo, to win a fortune. If luck smiled upon me, I would return and begin all over in the cotton business.

"A week ago I set foot in this earthly paradise, and had no sooner done so when, for some reason or other, my mind and heart became flooded with reminiscences of Marietta. I thought of her all the time, saw her everywhere. Every fresh red mouth seemed to be Marietta's, in every dark, flash eye I recognized Marietta's.

"Yesterday, late in the afternoon, as I was going up the Casino steps, I thought I saw her, a lovely vision, on the arm of one of those international dandies with which Monte Carlo is running over. I felt sure it was her, my poor, beloved, deluded wife. She smiled, she coquetted, she behaved outrageously. I heard her laugh—ah, it was Marietta's laugh. She passed a remark within my hearing. So Marietta used to talk.

"I felt that I must not risk my all while excited and for half an hour or longer wandered about aimlessly in the gardens. There was a good breeze from the bay and the salt air finally restored my equilibrium. I ventured to the Casino. "Try black," an inner voice advised. Black lost. I forced it. 'Noir perd!' announced the roulette manipulator five or six times in succession. The gold in my pocket was getting low. I was just thinking of quitting when I heard behind me the frou-frou of silken skirts, when I perceived Marietta's laugh, her voice. And I gathered up all I possessed in the world and put it on black.

"'Noir perd!' I was a beggar in a strange country, with nothing to look forward to but death. Quietly, resignedly I walked out to take my medicine. As soon as I found a half way secluded spot, I would end it all. Once I thought I had discovered a place of safety, but a carabinieri, making the rounds, cuased me to move on, and not knowing the roads I found myself, after a while, in the neighborhood of the Casino again. I was about to sit down for a moment's rest, when I espied an elegantly dressed woman on a nearby bench. She had the sylphlike, yet luxurious figure of my Marietta, she had Marietta's eyes, her hair, I saw it all in the blazing arc light, And as I faced her, she instinctively recognized me.

"'Mother of my dead Maud,' I whispered hoarsely, 'so I found you at last!'

"'Don't make a scene, she returned; let's go where it's quiet and talk it over.' I took her to the outskirts of the park, from where the patrol had just driven me. It was safe now.

"And there I talked to her like a father, like a lover and a father, in every way I tried to move her cold heart for our dead Maud's sake. But the minute she saw that I was softening, her diabolical spirit returned. She called me crazy, mad. She said such as herself, beautiful, young talented was not for such as I, old grizzied, wedded to life in the semi desert. And then the devil took hold of me, too: I reached for my revolver. Marietta tried to call for help but, losing all self-control, I took hold of her by the neck. She struggled, pushed her bejeweled fan into my face. Her resistance ceased, before I realized what I was doing I held a dead woman in my arms.

"The fright, the horror of my misdeed nearly killed me on the spot. 'Why didn't I use that revolver an hour ago?' I moaned, 'then I wouldn't have this crime added to my list of deadly sins.

"But now; voices in the distance; they stimulated the instinct of the self-preservation and I dragged the body further into the bushes. Then as I bent over Marietta to take a last look at her, I noticed the red pocket book hanging on her arm. 'A souvenir,' I thought, they shall bury it with me.' I cut the strings and, prompted by jealous curiosity, pressed the lock. I expected to find love letters, men's visiting cards; I saw a crisp thousand francs note. And my thoughts of suicide were gone all at once, the craze of gamble, gambler's madness seized me.

"'Play red, red,' whispered the voice of passion. 'This pocketbook is your talisman, rouge means a fortune to you.'

"I raised my hand to my feverish temple and, withdrawing it, found it red with blood from the wound Marietta had inflicted upon me with her fan. More red, it was inevitable that I should win, I stilled the blood, cleaned my cheek and walked to the Casino with buoyant steps. Entering, I regarded myself in one of the high mirrors. Nothing in my appearance recalled the adventures of a few minutes ago, recalled my crime.

"With the feelings of a winner I walked up to one of the Trente at Quarante tables '500 on rouge.' I won. I left original and winnings on the same card. 'Rouge again,' I won. I left original winnings on the same card. 'Rouge again,' I won. 'Rouge,' 'Rouge,' 'Rouge,' ten thousand on rouge,' 'twenty thousand!' I won and won again I won. I won 20 times, and, by the Lord Harry won 25 times and burst the bank of Monte Carlo.

"I burst the bank, I was rich, but—the recollection struck me like a bullet from a catapult—rich because I had murdered my girl-wife. I was happy because she was dead, and here, under my coat was the talisman, her red pocketbook taken from her dead hands.

"These thoughts came to me only after I had changed my load of gold into thousand francs notes. Up to then, such is the utter baseness of a gambler's nature, I had actually enjoyed my triumph, though never quite forgetting that it was won at the expense of the dreadfullest of crimes. Yet not until I had weighted all my pockets with papermoney, I realized my situation in full: I was a murderer, nay worse. I had taken the wages of my poor wife's sins to gain a fortune for myself.

"Those who saw me throw away money, in the safe last night thought I was; 'celebrating.' As a matter of fact I was anxious to get rid of as many hundred and thousand francs notes as possible. May they do some good to the waiters and others.

"The money I could not spend, in the short space of time allowed me, I burned in the open fire place in this room.

"This is all I have to say.

"TOM CULBERSON, from Texas, U. U. A."

* * *

Your correspondent went out with the police sergeant to seach for Marietta's body. We soon found it in the spot indicated, where it would have been discovered anyhow in the early morning, when the Prince's police search the woods for suicides. The sergeat recognized Marietta as a well known demimondaine, that hung about the gambling establishment during the last two seasons. As stated in the confession, she had been strangled.

Today two fresh graves were filled in the "Suicide's and Murderer's Cemetery." The gambling concern buried Tom and Marietta side by side in the clothes they wore at the time when fate overtook them.

The Prince of Monaco and the French Republic who profited about 150,000 francs when Tom Culbertson burned his winnings, did not even send flowers. EMILE BERDAU.

THE WAR IS OVER.

The Confederate Dead Honored in Wisconsin by Union Veterans.

The Atlanta Journal says Governor Terrell is in receipt of a letter from the son of a Madison, Wis. Grand Army veteran, in which he is informed that the graves of many Georgia Confederate veterans at Madison, Wis., were cared for on National Memorial day, May 30th. The letter was written by Herbert Siggelko, a prominent attorney, who is first sergeant of the Henry Marnden camp, No. 2, Sons of Veterans.

The letter follows:

MADISON, Wis., June 16, 1905.

To His Excellency, The Governor of Georgia, Atlanta, Ga.

Respected Sir:—You are doubtless aware of the fact that in our cemetery are buried many Confederates who died here while prisoners of war. Among the number are many from the state of Georgia. It give me great pleasure to inform you that on Memorial day, May 30th, the graves of these Confederate dead, as has long been the custom, were decorated with flowers and uniformed squad of Henry Harnden Camp No 2, Sons of Veterans, fired three volleys in honor and memory of the Gray resting here. The members of our G. A. R., Lucius Fairchild Post No. 11, marched into the enclosure and stood there with heads uncovered while the exercises were being observed.

I am sure I voice the sentiment of the old soldiers and of the veterans in saying that bitterness and enmity towards you who fought for the Confederacy has passed away forever and will never again be harbored. We realize that you of the south fought bravely and conscientiously, believing your cause to be right, and the soldier of the north fought in the same way, believing his cause to be right. We may clasp hands across the bloody charm of war and by word and by deed we make known to one another that we are brothers.

In submitting this, I have the honor to remain,

Very respectfully,
HERBERT S. SIGGELKO,
1st Sergeant, Henry Harden Camp No. 2.

KILLED BY PIRATES.

Over One Hundred and Fifty People Slain on Tyberian Coast.

A dispatch from San Francisco says details of a terrible massacre by pirates of 150 natives on the Tyberian coast has been received in a letter from Petropavlovski, on the coast of Kamchatka. A Moregravienof has written to his brother, a resident of San Francisco, that in the early part of the year, the natives in one of the small settlements down the coast observed a yacht, or schooner, drop her anchor in the harbor, and its coming was hailed with cries of rejoicing. Off the vessel came a number of small boats. The natives could see the crew pulling what they thought supplies into the smaller craft. Then the men pulled for the shore. During that and the next day there was heard the firing of arms, and, later, smoke and fire were observed. This led to an investigation from Petropavlovski and other towns on the coast, and a horrible tale of pillage and massacre was brought to light

About the streets of the settlement writes Moregravienof, were strewn the bodies of 150 of the inhabitants, shot and cut to pieces. Under the pretense of friendship the pirates had gained a landing on the coast Robbery was their motive, for every hut had been ransacked, and anything of marketable value had been taken. Who the marauders were, those who managed to make their escape could not say, beyound giving the information that some Japanese were in the party. When Moregravienof sent his letter the people of Petropavloski feared an attack on that town.

Died Making a Speech.

At Chicago S. P. Sherin, formerly secretary of the democratic national committee, dropped dead on the floor of the convention hall in the Auditorium hotel while making an address before the delegates to the convention of the National interstate independent Telephone association Wednesday, of apoplexy. Mr. Sherin was president of the new long distance telephone company of Indianapolis, and had been selected by arrangements of the committee to deliver the address of welcome. He had proceeded well along with his reading when he suddenly stepped backward and fell to the floor, expiring within a few minutes Mr. Sherin, a moment before his collapse, remarked to Col. Powers, of Louisville, temporary chairman, that he was not feeling well. S. P. Sherin, Jr., his son, was present when his father expired and immediately took charge of the remains.

Left Prison in a Box.

Harry Hammond, a convict in the Missouri state penitentiary sent up from St Joseph in 1898 for fifteen years for murder in the second degree, escaped in a shoe-box, and but for the fact that he had failed to provide sufficient air holes would probably be a free man. Hammond concealed himself in the shoe box in the prison factory and was started on the trip to Chicago. At Cedar City, just across the river from Jefferson City, the box, in which he was securely nailed up, lay for some time on the station platform and the agent heard groans coming from the box. The box was opened and Hammond was taken back to the penitentiary.

Drowned in River.

Virgil White, a promising young lawyer, was drowned in the Des Moines river Monday morning by the capsizing of a canoe at Des Moines, Iowa. He was the son of Hon. Fred E. White, ex member of congress and twice Democratic candidate for governor of Iowa.

A GREAT FRAUD.

Quaker City Banks Fleeced for About One Million Dollars.

A Banker and Broker, Who Died Four Weeks Ago, Bought Gilt Edged Stocks and Raised Their Face Value.

At Philadelphia one of the most sensational cases of forgery that has ever been brought to light in financial circles of that city was disclosed last week when it was announced that certificates calling for small numbers of shares of stock had been fradulently raised to hundreds of shares, causing a loss to certain banks and trust companies of this city of from $750,000 to $1,000,000. The forgery involves the name of Benjamin H. Gaskill, who went to his grave four weeks ago. Gaskill was the sole member of the banking and brokerage concern known as Benj. H. Gaskill & Company. He had offices in the financial district and his credit was considered gilt edged.

Gaskill died about four weeks ago, and at the time of his death he was believed to be worth about half a million dollars. He left no will and administrators began to close up his business. A patron of the firm, whose name is not given, bought from the estate 100 shares of Philadelphia Traction company stock. This was sent to the Philadelphia Traction company's office to have the transfer recorded. The certificate did not agree with the company's books, and an investigation showed that the certificate had been raised from six shares to 100. The stock exchange, of which Gaskill was a member, then sent out notices to its members not to receive stock certificates from the Gaskill estate.

A further investigation brought to light a surprising state of affairs. It was found that Gaskill had credited himself on his own books with 6,000 shares of Philadelphia traction stock, valued at approximately $600,000 while the traction company's books showed he had only 400 shares. It was also discovered that he had raised stock certificates of the United Railways of New Jersey from 2 to 200 and the certificates of the Frankford and Southward Street Railway company of this city from 2 to 20. The latter stock is worth $450 a share.

Gaskill kept two accounts, one recording the transaction of his customers, which was correct, and another giving his own transactions. His books showed that he was losing from $15,000 to $25,000 a year in his business. His method of operation was to obtain certificates of gilt edged securities calling for one, two, three or some other small number of shares, raise the figures and give them as securities for large loans. At least six banks and trust companies of this city admit holding fraudulent securities for large loans. A financier who has been making an investigation said that the amount of money loaned on raised certificates will aggregate between $750,000 a[illegible] is believed that very little will be recovered from the estate.

DEATH OF AUNT EASTER

Said to Have Been the Oldest Woman in the United States.

The oldest person in Augusta, and probably the oldest in the United States died Wednesday afternoon of old age, says the Augusta Herald. Easter Matthews was her name. She was a colored woman and lived at No. 91, New Pine street—her age was 135 years.

"Aunt Easter," as she was called, was born in 1770, and while in slavery she belonged to a number of prominent families of the city. She had for her last owners, the Clayton family, and she often spoke of Mr. Turner Clayton in her last days.

The old woman died from old age, she never having an ache or pain in her life. For the past 75 years she had been living in the city, and has resided on Pine street for the past 20 years. The people whom she was living with at the time of her death claimed that she had never complained in the least of having an ache or pain.

One of the ways the old woman had of telling her age was that she remembered several years before the Springfield Baptist church was built in the city, and this institution is 105 years old. She claimed that she remembered when the spot where the church now stands was in a swamp.

The old woman was liked by all of the people, both white and colored, as she often interested them by telling of the times she used to have in the days gone by. Her recollection was perfect, even in her last days.

Crew to Blame.

The railroad commission Wednesday finished its report to the Legislature on the wreck of the Ogden special at Greenville. The report fully sustains the position of the railroad officials that the blame attaches to Engineer Hunter and Conductor Acker of the special for failure to observe the rule which required them to come into the Greenville yards under full control. It finds this rule is "in accordance with the best practice of standard American railways, and that it is wise and best calculated to promote safety." The report lets the crew down with this finding: "It appears from the evidence that they had been furnished with the rules and had been examined on and knew them, but simply in this action at least misinterpreted them."

Frightful Storm

One death and damage to property amounting to thousands resulted from an electric storm and cloudburst, which occurred at Tampa, Fla., Wednesday afternoon. Beatrice Collin, aged 7, was killed by lightning while standing in the door of her home The roof of the Roberts building, occupied by the Peninsula Telephone Exchange, fell in, smashing the switchboard and injuring several young lady operators, none seriously.

Killed In a Wreck.

At Newington, Conn., three men were killed in a collision between two freigh trains Wednesday morning on the New York and New Haven road. The dead are Firemen Schalatzer and John Dennis Law and Brakemen Lewis Stratton. Engineer Scruitt, who is held responsible for the accident, was seriously injured and is not expected to recover.

WEATHER AND CROPS.

There Has Been a General Improvement in Cotton Conditions.

In his last crop report Section Director Bauer says the week ending June 19 had a mean temperature slightly above normal, with extremes of a maximum of 98 degrees at Blackville on the 13th, and a minimum of 66 degrees at Greenville on the 13th. The sunshine averaged about normal, although in parts of the state there was considerable cloudiness the latter part. There were no destructive high winds, or other damaging conditions.

The precipitation was in the form of thunderstorms and local showers. The rainfall was heavy in places in the eastern counties, where it ranged from half an inch to over two inches, with scattered localities in all parts of the state that had no rain or amounts too small to be beneficial. There were some heavy showers in the northern border counties, but they were widely scattered. The need of rain is indicated for the central and southwestern counties, generally, and in places elsewhere.

Cultivation made rapid progress and nearly all fields have been rid of grass and weeds, except where laborers were scarce, or where the ground has become too hard to plow and cultivate. The weather was favorable for harvesting wheat and oats, which work is nearly finished except for spring oats. There was a general improvement in the condition of cotton, with exceptions in the case of fields that have not been thinned or cleaned of grass, but only in exceptional instances have the plants attained normal growth, being generally undersized. Blooming is still sporadic, though fairly general in the eastern counties. Sea island cotton is in good condition, but as yet blooming sparsely. Lice are still present in sections, but are disappearing. Chopping has not been finished.

There has been only slight improvement in corn, which continues small and yellow, except on fields that received early and thorough cultivation. There are many complaints of corn tasseling low, and of damage by worms. There is considerable land yet planted to corn. There is little change in the condition of tobacco which shows the effects of too much rain, and lack of cultivation. Rice is receiving its harvest water in the Colleton district, and is generally doing well. Gardens and pastures need rain in the central and western parts Melons are quite promising. Wheat is yielding poorly at threshing. Oats also are generally poor, but with numerous exceptions where the yields range from good to excellent. A large acreage of peas, for forage, being sown, and more lands will be sown as soon as it rains.

THE DIVORCE EVIL,

Says Archbishop Farley, Is Undermining the Walls of Society.

Archbishop Farley declared at Carnegie Hall, in New York, one night last week, at the commencement exercises of St. Francis Xavier that the evils of divorce were fast undermining the walls of our society and that the whole structure would shortly collapse should no hand be raised to ward off the advance of this tendency. The Archbishop said in part:

"A continuance of the evil of divorce, of the slightest regard for the marriage, must shortly lead to the downfall of society, nay, it is even now falling, and must soon be dragged in the dust. We see that it is going to pieces.

"President Roosevelt, who holds in his hands the trust imposed by the people of the United States, and who wields his authority in no mistaken manner, has openly announced how he deplores the awful condition of society in this regard.

"I believe no president since Washington's time has made a more beneficial effects on the roots of society and the family than Roosevelt has by means of his frank declaration. Not only does the president preach the doctrines he believes, but he exemplifies it in his own life, and his own family stands as an illustration of what the nation's executive thinks and says of the race standards.

"It is likewise gratifying to find that the president has not confined his labors in this direction to his own circle, wholly, but the fact is made known to me that the cabinet has taken this question up and will deal with it. When the heads of our government take up a problem of this grave nature there can be no need of the people doubting that the questions must be gravely considered, and we feel that much good will be done if effort is properly directed."

Lightning Freak.

During a thunder storm last Friday evening, lightning struck a tree in the yard of Mr. J. C. Martin of Donnalds. A clothes-line was attached to the tree, extending by another, and was made fast to a third tree within two feet of the house. The current followed the wire, striking all the trees, and jumped the space between the last tree and the house. It followed the wall plate, wrecking columns, brackets, etc., until it reached the sitting room at the opposite corner of the house. Here it seems to have grounded at three points, tearing up the plastering and wainscoting. Fortunately no one was in the house, as the lightning entered that part of the house most used. The only living thing harmed was a hen which was killed while hovering her brood by a pillar of the house. Her chickens were uninjured.

He Had to Go.

At Rockwell City, Mo., because the Rev. C. H. Marsh, of the Baptist church, flirted with a pretty parishioner, jealous members of his flock followed him about and he was finally forced to leave Swaledale, where he had just been given a charge. The other evening Mr Marsh met one of the Swaledale girls, and went with her for a five-mile drive. He had previously been requested to leave the church there because of his attentions, and when he came to Rockwell City his new congregation watched him Five members followed him on a five mile drive, and when he dropped the girl near home, halted his buggy and told him they expected him to pick out a member of his own flock when he went driving. He is young and handsome. He has left town.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

A boiler at the saw mill of the Curtis Attaila lumber plant exploded Thursday, killing James Watts, Will Rosson, Gus Cash and Marion Maddox. C. Smith was fatally hurt and Barney Works seriously injured.

A STRANGE SECT

Who Nailed a Young Man to a Cross Good Friday.

AS A RELIGIOUS RITE.

His Hands and Feet Were Spiked to the Cross Beams of the Structure They Called the Cross, Where the Victim Remained Until Taken Down Dead.

On "Calvary Hill," near Torres, Colorado, in Las Animas County, an accident happened on Good Friday. A young man named Jesus Gonzales was nailed to a cross during the Easter religious ceremonials of the Penitentes, and expired in view of the awe-struck spectators. He had volunteered to take the part of the Saviour in the solemn ritual of the sect, and his wrists and ankles had been firmly bound to the cross with ropes. At his own request nails were then driven through his hands and he was spiked to the cross beam of the cross. At a signal from the high priest of the Penitentes the cross was elevated and the ceremonial continued.

Following literally the New Testament narrative of the Saviour's crucifixion, every incident and episode was imitated. Some of the Penitential Brothers performed the part of Roman soldiers, and one of them pressed a sponge of vinegar to the lips of Gonzales. The pseudo Christ smiled feebly and whispered the Saviour's last words, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." The Penitentes then divided Gonzales's clothes and cast lots for them, as told in the Scriptural account. A brother then seized a spear and plunged it into Gonzales's side, and his face lighted up with the beatific smile of a martyr.

Meanwhile the various episodes of the crucifixion were executed with solemn zeal, while the victim hung weak and bleeding on the cross overhead. A priest approached and repeated the words of St. Luke, "He saved others; let him save himself, if he be Crist, the chosen of God." Some of the brothers who took the part of Roman idolaters, then crowded up to the cross, mocking and scoffing and shouting, "If thou be the King of the Jews, save thyself!" Finally the inscription, written in Spanish, "This is the King of the Jews," was nailed on the cross, and then Mary and Martha and the women of Galilee (impersonated by women of the sect) approached.

This was the signal for lowering the cross—but the smiling lips of Gonzales were silent forever; the eyes upturned to the sky were rigid in death. The Penitentes looked at each other in startled surprise and said "God's will be done." The agony of the cross had been too much; the half hour they had intended to keep him there had stretched to nearly two hours; in a religious frenzy of lamentations the Penitentes carried the swollen, bleeding body of Gonzales to a tomb in the cemetery over the hill.

The county authorities have made efforts at an investigation of this Good Friday tragedy, but with little success. The Penitentes are Mexicans, speaking little but Spanish, and they refuse any information whatever. The penitential Brothers, or "Los Hermanos Penitentes," have been cast out by the Roman Catholics and have been pursued by the local authorities in Colorado and new Mexico until they have been driven to remote mountain places where the could conduct their rites without interference.

The writer witnessed a part of the ceremonials of Easter time as performed by the Penitentes near Clayton, New Mexico, last year. Starting from Clayton, a small town on the Gulf road, we rode all day across the hot, dry prairies on which the only signs of life are herds of cattle, plenty of antelope and the shrill whistling curlew. We knew the danger of exciting the Brotherhood, but we determined to see, and photograph all we could of the ceremonies, and to that end had literally armed ourselves to the teeth—dressed like Mexicans to attract less attention, and hid the camera under the writer's coat. Ascending a hill we unexpectedly came upon the scene of aztion, and never can we forget the sight. It was late in the afternoon of a hot, clear day, not a breath of wind was stirring. Below us stretched a small valley whose side hills were scantily covered with a growth of scrub oak and pine. The little stone chapel was at the head of the valley; about five hundred feet away on a small knoll, representing the hill of Calvary, was erected a a huge wooden cross

Grouped about this, kneeling devoutly, were perhaps fifty people, and when they began to chant the "Miserere" in a melancholy wail the effect was wonderfully weird. When this ceased, the "Procession of Cross Bearers" left the chapel. Men chiefly take part in the actual ceremonials though women are present. The crosses are large wooden affairs, and weigh over two hundred pounds each. Those doing penance frequently conceal their faces with black cloths, and the officers may be known by the fillets on their heads. The procession is headed by a piper. Then comes a brother walking backward and wearing a crucifix. He is followed by the comrades, who are naked, except for short cotton trousers, and these occasionally are lined with cacti, and bound tight to make the suffering the more intense, The reader of prayers is among their number At short intervals they stop to make the "stations of the cross."

Arriving at Calvary, the cross bearers lie at full length with the heavy beams on their backs while the piper pipes and the others pray. Then the procession returns to the chapel, the men going inside for meditation, and the women remaining outside. These pilgrimages are kept up during the day and the climax of the tragedy occurs in the afternoon, when the chief enters the chapel and comes with the victim, who is to impersonate Christ. In some places he is a volunteer, and in others he is chosen by lot. Calvary has been freshly prepared for him and he walks to the spot, lies at full length on the now recumbent cross, his back to the standard, and his arms outstretched.

The attendants take stout ropes and lash the arms and legs of the penitente to the cross, binding him so tightly that the strands actually sink into the flesh, but not a sound is heard from the martyr. It is customary to spike the victim to the cross, but public opinion has wrought a compromise in some localities and the actual driving of nails into the hands is omitted. Even in the very remote old Mexican towns, where a crucifixion always takes place, the victim of the crucifixion usually survives the ordeal, and proudly shows the scars as evidence. Long ropes are fastened to the head of the cross to steady it, and other brothers raise it to an upright position. As its base meets the the excavation the whole mass slips down with a thud that must cause excruciating pain to the victim, but he never utters a complaint. The cross is then maintained in its position by ropes and loose stones thrown into the hole.

The poor penitente must suffer the most intense agony—his skin puffs up and discolors and his face betrays great anguish. The silence was impressive—no sound of bird or insect in this desert land and all the brotherhood were in silent prayer. Some were lying on masses of cacti; all the officers wore crowns of thorns and some were beating themselves with the prickly Spanish bayonet plant. It seemed as if we could not endure the strain. About half an hour after the cross was raised the chief gave the order to lower it. The bonds were loosed and the blood began to freely circulate in the victim's veins, but the pseudo Christ was limp and unconscious.

Then following the testamental story, a few women gather about the cross, wailing dismally and impersonating Mary and Martha. The body is wrapped in a cloth and borne to a cave in the foothills. The general crowd returns to town to a lively tune from the piper, but a chosen few remain to apply restoratives and resurrect the erstwhile Christ. If no mishap has occurred the honored one quickly recovers and by evening will strut about the town, the most important one of the inhabitants. Then follows a religious dance and a feast, and the community settles down to a semi-civilized life once more. The procession of flagellants we did not witness, having arrived too late, but they march over cacti and prickly pear with their bare feet and wear nothing but short cotton breeches. Then they lash their backs with thorns and the blood trickles down in streams.

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