

WALLA TONKA'S
TO PLAY BALL ON
PAROLE.
MAY NOT BE EXECUTED.
It Is Probable That a New Trial
Will Result in His
Acquittal.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 6.—Walla Tonka, savage and man of honor, Indian, murderer, ball player, gentleman and philosopher, did not die to-day.

He is under parole, and it is possible that he may never be executed for his crime. Nevertheless, his willingness to meet the death that had been decreed for him stands as a vivid object lesson of the simple, heroic deeds that have well nigh disappeared under the veneer of a complex civilization.

To use a parallel of this unruly savage's unquenchable honor, one must go back to the age of chivalry, when white men viewed their personal obligations with such an unclouded vision, like a child or an angel, that they would die rather than break their word. But then, Walla Tonka is no knight errant with a code of arms. He is a drunken Choctaw. Yet every white man who cherishes a spark of sentiment will rejoice that this savage did not need the rites of the gallows yesterday and fall into an open grave with his death song surging into silence in his throat.

Walla Tonka was a white man, except his tribe in Indian Territory. He was one of the wisest bucks on the reservation, and one of the bravest. The blood of his ancestors was in his veins, and he liked the petty restraints of life in the Territory. Not one of the young men of his tribe was so sure a shot with a Winchester. Not one could throw him in a wrestling bout or catch him in a race. He was a man of such a fine, steady, cool, and unflinching character that the other young men of the reservation looked up to him as a model of a man.

For the want of more primitive ways of venting his superabundant vitality, Walla Tonka threw himself into the arms of the white men who were his conquerors. In all the Territory there was no more cunning and skillful and speedy burglar than he. He had a fine eye for a fine eye, and he had a fine hand for a fine hand. There came a day—and it was in no wise different from many another day spent by Walla Tonka—when he was arrested with a burglar and went to the penitentiary with him. He was there for a month, and he was there for a month. He was there for a month, and he was there for a month. He was there for a month, and he was there for a month.

And so they made a great noise and did many wild and desperate things. It was necessary for the peace officers of the tribe to quell the disturbance, beside which an order in a Tenderloin dive would have seemed like a laughing matter. It so happened that the functionary upon whom this "fall and dangerous duty devolved was Walla Tonka's own uncle, Laungson, a cunning, greedy, selfish, and unscrupulous man. No words of studied politeness were used. No words of any kind were wasted. The deputy sheriff tried to disarm his unruly nephew at the muzzle of a revolver. There was a scuffle. Walla Tonka's Winchester cracked, a man of sound mind and a white man who asked him why he did not flee. Walla Tonka's answer was a death rattle when the fated day should arrive. For such is the custom of these savages.

However he might seem to evade the fate he knew he had earned, his friends and admirers, who were many, sought to save him by appealing to the Supreme Council of the tribe. But the Supreme Council, after weighing the matter carefully and smoking much tobacco over it, affirmed the decision of the lower tribunal, and he had been spoken. Walla Tonka must die on a day early in August.

Walla Tonka showed no change. It is part of the personal religion of such savages as he—bred in their very bones—to act as men would act if they knew and observed the philosophy of Zeno. He had given his word that he would keep the appointment with death, and nothing could have made him disappoint his executioners. It would never have occurred to him to run away. It would never have occurred to the fathers of his tribe to lock up a man, his word," said Walla Tonka to a white man who asked him why he did not flee.

Walla Tonka's case, however, has died in August had not a diversion been created which brought his case—unremarkable to the Indians, therefore—before the attention of the world that is civilized. And the world that is civilized rubbed its eyes in amazement at the spectacle of a man who would walk with his comrades to a death rather than compromise his honor.

The Convention Hall Committee of Kansas City wished to see no change. They decided that it would be an excellent idea to have a game of baseball played by two Indian teams imported from the Territory for that purpose. This was the suggestion made to the Choctaw fathers, and the invitation was eagerly accepted. The red man was on his native ground. He would show the white man how nobly two lines of stalwart bucks could play the game of the palace conqueror. The very best ground in the Territory should, it was determined, be infused into the two representative baseball teams. And then, from one end of the Territory to the other, across the mountains.

"Walla Tonka! Where is he? How can the red man play without the bravest and best spirit in the tribe? And alas! Walla Tonka will be under the ground when we go to show the white man how baseball should be played."

And the fathers of the tribe grieved sorely, for that they knew that Walla Tonka was indeed the bravest and best of all the buck ball players. They assembled together and smoked more tobacco over it, and they thought of the day when they would see Walla Tonka play with glory. Then he should return and sing his death song by the open grave. That would not be cheating justice, and at the same time it would be to the credit of the Choctaws.

Walla Tonka was willing. He loved baseball. He wanted to play before the white man and be the champion of his tribe. His black eyes glistened at the thought. And, of course, he would return to die on the day set by the fathers.

So it was arranged, and the Choctaw braves journeyed to Kansas City, where they crowded round Walla Tonka and covered himself with the glory of the pale faces in Fairmount Park. And Walla Tonka, the condemned man, won more shouts of cheer than the other players. Most wonderful thing of all, to the pale faces, Walla Tonka was not only the most dextrous, but also the most cheerful and good-natured of the Choctaw ball players. That was because his companions

were grieving for him, but he was not grieving for himself.

After leaving Kansas City, the Indians played in many other Western towns, and everywhere they went Walla Tonka was hailed as the lover of them all. Everywhere, too, he was gazed at eagerly as the man who had made an appointment with death and meant to keep it. And when the players finally returned to the Indian Territory, the condemned man went with them, as a matter of course.

This was the date set for the execution. Walla Tonka was to be shot by four men who were his friends. Two of the cartridges were to be blanks, but none of the executioners was to know which two.

But Walla Tonka's friends were still trying to save him. As a last resort they resolved to appeal to Chief Sparhecher, and they set out for Tuscomaha, the capital of the Choctaw nation. Those who were anxious to see what they deemed to be justice executed arranged to have the execution take place at Aikachi, far in the interior, where the news of a reprieve would be late in coming. Moreover, they changed the date of execution from 8-day to last Thursday.

Still Walla Tonka was ready, a free man to obey the behest of those in authority over him.

Chief Sparhecher was merciful. Moved by the prowess the condemned man had won on the baseball field, he granted a reprieve and an order for a new trial. A mounted courier, one of Walla Tonka's former friends, set out from the capital and journeyed at furious speed toward Aikachi. He rode night and day. Three ponies died under him. He looked like a ghost when, late on Wednesday night, when all preparations had been made for the execution next morning, he arrived with the great chief's order.

"It is well," said Walla Tonka, "for life seems good."

Walla Tonka was ready, a free man to obey the behest of those in authority over him.

Chief Sparhecher was merciful. Moved by the prowess the condemned man had won on the baseball field, he granted a reprieve and an order for a new trial. A mounted courier, one of Walla Tonka's former friends, set out from the capital and journeyed at furious speed toward Aikachi. He rode night and day. Three ponies died under him. He looked like a ghost when, late on Wednesday night, when all preparations had been made for the execution next morning, he arrived with the great chief's order.

"It is well," said Walla Tonka, "for life seems good."

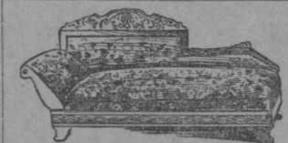
EXTRA!

NEW YORK, NOV. 7, 1897. Copyright, 1897, by LUDWIG BAUMANN & COMP'Y, 121st St. & 3d Ave.

PIER GLASS,

mahogany finish; French bevel mirror; nicely finished; each cost us \$5.99; other houses sell them at \$12. 103 of these splendid glasses go on sale tomorrow at

\$5.95
None to dealers.



BED LOUNGE,

"C" damask covering; well made and finished; opens and closes; cost elsewhere \$7.00; here tomorrow at.....

\$3.95
None to dealers.



PIANO STOOLS,

plush and damask coverings; can be raised and lowered; sold elsewhere here at \$10; here tomorrow

\$2.50



EXTENSION TABLE,

antique oak, turned legs, carved centre piece; rosettes and shields; 5 ft. long opened; reduced to...

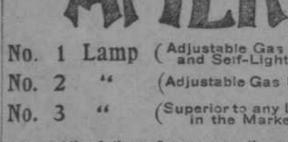
\$2.95



SUGAR BOWL and Spoon Holder,

silver plated on hard metal; with 1 doz. spoons, complete,

80c.



AMERICAN STAR SYSTEM

SELF-LIGHTING
 NO MATCHES,
 NO EXPLOSIONS,
 NO BROKEN MANTELS,
 NO BROKEN CHIMNEYS

LIGHT TURNED ON AND OFF BY ELEVATING AND LOWERING WIRE PENDANT SUSPENDED FROM EACH LAMP.

ADJUSTABLE GAS FEED.

AMERICAN INCANDESCENT GAS LAMP

No. 1 Lamp (Adjustable Gas Feed and Self-Lighting) Retail price, \$2.00
 No. 2 " (Adjustable Gas Feed.) " " 1.75
 No. 3 " (Superior to any Light in the Market) " " 1.50

All of these Lamps are the same, varying only in the adjustments.

Responsible Agents wanted in every gas consuming city and town in the United States and Canada.

INVINCIBLE TERMS TO AGENTS!
AMERICAN LIGHTING CO.,
 27 Union Square-Broadway, New York.

VAN WYCK FOUGHT FOR ABE LINCOLN.

Was Attacked by Sixty South Carolinians in 1861 Because He Cheered.

TWAS A RED-HOT BATTLE.

They Apologized Afterward and in That State To-day No Name Is More Honored Than His.

SUNDAY SPECIAL

NEW YORK, NOV. 7, 1897. Copyright, 1897, by LUDWIG BAUMANN & COMP'Y, 121st St. & 3d Ave.

WAITING FOR OFFICIAL FIGURES.

Impossible to Select Correct Guesses Till the Board of Police Commissioners Count Returns.

The Police Commissioners, we are advised by the Bureau of Elections, will this year make the final count of the ballots cast for the Mayorality candidates in the recent election. The result of their canvass must be conformed to the official, unless the vote is close enough to warrant a review on appeal to the courts, which is obviously improbable in this election. The authenticity of these facts being conceded, we believe it now necessary to inform the public that the interesting guessing contest given under our auspices shall be decided and the two handsome prizes awarded ONLY according to those figures determined upon by the Board of Police—NOT BY MERE ESTIMATES.

Until they come to hand—perhaps early this week—we cannot arrive at any decision, so far as the two best mayoralty and plurality forecasts are concerned. It is simply out of the question for us to attempt to award the prizes according to the published plurality estimates. If we did so we would commit an egregious, unpardonable wrong, for the reason that a large percentage of the guesses received are almost identical. One vote incorrectly counted would, no doubt, make considerable difference. For these reasons we must withhold our decision until we are absolutely certain of the count. We trust that all those of the 14,643 persons who prophesied Judge Van Wyck's election and plurality in this contest will understand and appreciate our good intentions in this matter. It is certainly to our advantage to declare the two lucky winners as soon as possible, and this we promise to do the moment the Commissioners complete their count.

LUDWIG BAUMANN & COMP'Y,

121st St. & 3d Ave.

PARLOR STOVE AND JAPANNED IRON HOD; stove of "square" design; centre grate; self-feeding; full nickel trimmings; a great bargain at

\$5.20

39c.

LUDWIG BAUMANN & COMP'Y,

121st St. & 3d Ave.

"EVERYTHING FOR A HOME."

CASH OR EASY TERMS.

Per Week:	\$100 worth, \$1.00
Our Wonderful Little "Vest Pocket Almanac" FREE!	75 " .75
DEPOSIT NOT ESSENTIAL.	50 " .50

Send for Our "Guide to Housekeeping," 10c. in stamps.

OPEN SATURDAYS UNTIL 10 P. M.

the name of Abraham Lincoln in the teeth of the followers of Jefferson Davis.

Hardly had the words, "Three cheers for Lincoln!" left his mouth when he was attacked by sixty South Carolinians and whipped almost into insensibility.

He was only thirteen years old. While the fight was raging and Van Wyck was being scolded over the rough floor of the country school house where the soldiers were congregated, he continued to cheer for Lincoln until his voice, weak and shrill, was drowned amid the curses of the men who were chastising him.

Finally the bullies were driven off, and as the young Union patriot was picked up he let his enemies know that, though beaten, he was still for the President. Afterward Van Wyck declared that he yelled in fun at first, but when he was crowded by those who his friends he refused to take back his words.

Mayor-elect Van Wyck's grandfather, Samuel Maverick, was a resident of South Carolina for many years. He was wealthy, and previous to the war was considered the largest single land owner in the United States. Van Wyck's father made frequent visits to South Carolina, and had his sons, Robert and Judge Augustus Van Wyck, of Brooklyn, at school in Pendleton in 1859, 1860 and 1861. When war was declared the father returned to New York to look after his property, leaving the sons with Mr. Maverick.

The new Mayor's adventure occurred in January, 1861. Mr. Maverick's home was five miles from Pendleton, and at Pendleton the children were sent to school. It was a bitter winter morning when Robert Van Wyck rode the five miles over the frozen roads to the little school house in the valley.

When he walked into the building the young Confederates were chafing under the restraints that were keeping them from the front. They were talking wildly over the latest fragments of news from the battlefield, which was put together piece by piece.

Loud and deep were the curses they were sending to high Heaven against the North and Lincoln. Van Wyck listened, but he had nothing to say. With his ears tingling from the cold he jumped on the highest desk in the room and waved his hand above his head. The boys watched him. Before they had time to ask his meaning he opened wide his throat and sent up yells for President Lincoln.

Not a soul moved. The five dozen soldiers were struck to the floor. The declaration for Lincoln was too bold and daring. Again the boy cried, "Three cheers for Lincoln!" From all sides of the room the boys in a concerted movement leaped forward and pulled Van Wyck from his perch. "Down with the traitor!" they cried.

Van Wyck expected the storm that followed his speech. As he hit the floor he swung his right arm and saw a stream of blood flow from a boy's nose. With a shriek of rage the chap fell back. Another took his place. Another swung left another broken nose. Then the crowd surged and fought the child from all sides.

Finally they were pulled off and Van Wyck was led away limp and sore. An investigation was had, and the matter was brought to the attention of the School Board, but nothing came of it. An apology was afterward sent to Van Wyck by his enemies, who had to admit his fight was the blindest in the history of the village.

A month or two later Robert Van Wyck rode to New York, and has never since returned to South Carolina. Many of his kin reside here, and within the borders of the State no name is more honored than that of Van Wyck.

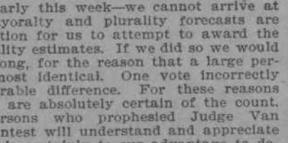
EXTRA!

NEW YORK, NOV. 7, 1897. Copyright, 1897, by LUDWIG BAUMANN & COMP'Y, 121st St. & 3d Ave.

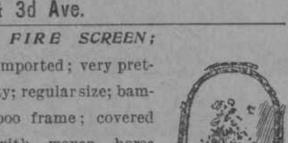
UMBRELLA STAND,

fancy colored, crystallized metal, embossed bands and brass ring handles; removable drip pan; reduced from \$1.50 to

58c.



SMYRNA RUGS, reversible; very handsome designs, beautiful combination colors; 9 x 20 ft. \$19.75; same quality, 14x36 inches... 35c



BOOK CASE AND DESK, combination; fine solid oak; nice finish; handsome bevel mirror; large plate glass; all elaborately carved and splendidly made; reduced to

\$8.95



FINE CARPETS—Our Specialty

"NOUVEAU BRUSSELS," heavy weave; pretty patterns, 49c
 "SAXONY AXMINSTER," superior to moquettes..... 69c
 "EARL" Velvet; pure worsted, woven close..... 74c

COFFEE POTS, best steel, enameled, in all sizes, beginning at

17c.



Struggling hard
 —these other stores—to get down to our prices for carpets. But how can they? Even if they buy from the manufacturer, his profit must be added to theirs; if from the jobber, then a third profit goes on. As we weave the carpets we retail, we are satisfied with a small percentage above cost of production.

Royal Wilton	Over	\$1.85
Body Brussels	200	1.05
Body Brussels	Patterns	.85
Worsted Velvets	to	1.05
Worsted Velvets	Select	.85
Tapestry Brussels	From	.75
Tapestry Brussels		.55

To accommodate our customers we carry other makes: Savonneries at \$1.10; Moquettes at 77c; Axminsters at 85c; best all-wool Ingrain at 47c.

Carpets Rugs cost very little in this store: 8.3x12, at \$15 up; 6x9, at \$9.50 up.

J. & J. DOBSON, 2 EAST 14TH ST.

(Philadelphia: 89-91 Chestnut St.)

"Many fall while one succeeds,"
 Is a maxim old and true;
 Journal "wants" will meet your needs,
 Bringing great success to you.

His heart is light, and on his lips
 A cheerful smile doth lurk;
 For through a winning Journal "want"
 He got some steady work.

When he walked into the building the young Confederates were chafing under the restraints that were keeping them from the front. They were talking wildly over the latest fragments of news from the battlefield, which was put together piece by piece.

Loud and deep were the curses they were sending to high Heaven against the North and Lincoln. Van Wyck listened, but he had nothing to say. With his ears tingling from the cold he jumped on the highest desk in the room and waved his hand above his head. The boys watched him. Before they had time to ask his meaning he opened wide his throat and sent up yells for President Lincoln.

Not a soul moved. The five dozen soldiers were struck to the floor. The declaration for Lincoln was too bold and daring. Again the boy cried, "Three cheers for Lincoln!" From all sides of the room the boys in a concerted movement leaped forward and pulled Van Wyck from his perch. "Down with the traitor!" they cried.

Van Wyck expected the storm that followed his speech. As he hit the floor he swung his right arm and saw a stream of blood flow from a boy's nose. With a shriek of rage the chap fell back. Another took his place. Another swung left another broken nose. Then the crowd surged and fought the child from all sides.

Finally they were pulled off and Van Wyck was led away limp and sore. An investigation was had, and the matter was brought to the attention of the School Board, but nothing came of it. An apology was afterward sent to Van Wyck by his enemies, who had to admit his fight was the blindest in the history of the village.

A month or two later Robert Van Wyck rode to New York, and has never since returned to South Carolina. Many of his kin reside here, and within the borders of the State no name is more honored than that of Van Wyck.

The attendance at the Copeland offices in October doubled even that of September, and at the close of the month came again the inevitable culmination and crisis, a flood tide and flood pressure of belated importunates that brought a second emergency when "something must be done."

Pleas for another month's extension came from everywhere, in letters from patients living in the city who could not reach the offices, in letters from people throughout the country desiring to be treated by correspondence, in personal visitation of friends who wanted to bring other friends or relatives.

Such was the pressure of work incident to the close of the \$5 period that during Saturday and Sunday, the 30th and 31st, not so much as time for the preparation of the public announcements of the extension could be spared. It was an unprecedented occurrence in the Copeland practice. It was the first time in its history that it was absolutely impossible to prepare or make the usual announcements in the public prints.

In response to personal requests to extend the rate, Doctor Copeland said: "I will do better than your request. You ask for one month, and I will give two. I will extend the \$5 rate until the end of the year. It cannot

EXTRA!

NEW YORK, NOV. 7, 1897. Copyright, 1897, by LUDWIG BAUMANN & COMP'Y, 121st St. & 3d Ave.

WAITING FOR OFFICIAL FIGURES.

Impossible to Select Correct Guesses Till the Board of Police Commissioners Count Returns.

The Police Commissioners, we are advised by the Bureau of Elections, will this year make the final count of the ballots cast for the Mayorality candidates in the recent election. The result of their canvass must be conformed to the official, unless the vote is close enough to warrant a review on appeal to the courts, which is obviously improbable in this election. The authenticity of these facts being conceded, we believe it now necessary to inform the public that the interesting guessing contest given under our auspices shall be decided and the two handsome prizes awarded ONLY according to those figures determined upon by the Board of Police—NOT BY MERE ESTIMATES.

Until they come to hand—perhaps early this week—we cannot arrive at any decision, so far as the two best mayoralty and plurality forecasts are concerned. It is simply out of the question for us to attempt to award the prizes according to the published plurality estimates. If we did so we would commit an egregious, unpardonable wrong, for the reason that a large percentage of the guesses received are almost identical. One vote incorrectly counted would, no doubt, make considerable difference. For these reasons we must withhold our decision until we are absolutely certain of the count. We trust that all those of the 14,643 persons who prophesied Judge Van Wyck's election and plurality in this contest will understand and appreciate our good intentions in this matter. It is certainly to our advantage to declare the two lucky winners as soon as possible, and this we promise to do the moment the Commissioners complete their count.

LUDWIG BAUMANN & COMP'Y,
 121st St. & 3d Ave.

PARLOR STOVE AND JAPANNED IRON HOD;

stove of "square" design; centre grate; self-feeding; full nickel trimmings; a great bargain at

\$5.20

39c.

LUDWIG BAUMANN & COMP'Y,

121st St. & 3d Ave.

"EVERYTHING FOR A HOME."

CASH OR EASY TERMS.

Per Week:	\$100 worth, \$1.00
Our Wonderful Little "Vest Pocket Almanac" FREE!	75 " .75
DEPOSIT NOT ESSENTIAL.	50 " .50

Send for Our "Guide to Housekeeping," 10c. in stamps.

OPEN SATURDAYS UNTIL 10 P. M.

Struggling hard
 —these other stores—to get down to our prices for carpets. But how can they? Even if they buy from the manufacturer, his profit must be added to theirs; if from the jobber, then a third profit goes on. As we weave the carpets we retail, we are satisfied with a small percentage above cost of production.

Royal Wilton	Over	\$1.85
Body Brussels	200	1.05
Body Brussels	Patterns	.85
Worsted Velvets	to	1.05
Worsted Velvets	Select	.85
Tapestry Brussels	From	.75
Tapestry Brussels		.55

To accommodate our customers we carry other makes: Savonneries at \$1.10; Moquettes at 77c; Axminsters at 85c; best all-wool Ingrain at 47c.

Carpets Rugs cost very little in this store: 8.3x12, at \$15 up; 6x9, at \$9.50 up.

J. & J. DOBSON, 2 EAST 14TH ST.

(Philadelphia: 89-91 Chestnut St.)

"Many fall while one succeeds,"
 Is a maxim old and true;
 Journal "wants" will meet your needs,
 Bringing great success to you.

His heart is light, and on his lips
 A cheerful smile doth lurk;
 For through a winning Journal "want"
 He got some steady work.

EXTENDED TO THE END OF THE YEAR

ASKED FOR ONE MONTH'S EXTENSION, DOCTOR COPELAND GIVES TWO.

All Who Apply Before Jan. 1st, 1898, for the Treatment That Has Become a Blessing to Our Time May Be Treated at \$5 Per Month Until Cured.

The attendance at the Copeland offices in October doubled even that of September, and at the close of the month came again the inevitable culmination and crisis, a flood tide and flood pressure of belated importunates that brought a second emergency when "something must be done."

Pleas for another month's extension came from everywhere, in letters from patients living in the city who could not reach the offices, in letters from people throughout the country desiring to be treated by correspondence, in personal visitation of friends who wanted to bring other friends or relatives.

Such was the pressure of work incident to the close of the \$5 period that during Saturday and Sunday, the 30th and 31st, not so much as time for the preparation of the public announcements of the extension could be spared. It was an unprecedented occurrence in the Copeland practice. It was the first time in its history that it was absolutely impossible to prepare or make the usual announcements in the public prints.

In response to personal requests to extend the rate, Doctor Copeland said: "I will do better than your request. You ask for one month, and I will give two. I will extend the \$5 rate until the end of the year. It cannot

be said then that there is not abundant time.

Astonished himself by the situation, he felt that a second extension of one month would seem like a purely business matter. He could not make the concession grudgingly, sparingly or penuriously. He could not deal out benevolence as we deal out tobacco or calico, so he has given the benefit of the rate for full two months, which is time enough to answer every appeal and request that has been made.

Such, then, is the logic of the whole movement for extending the benefits of the Copeland system to those unable to pay regular fees. Such is the logic, also, of the final and lengthy extension, the text and substance of which is given above. To repeat at length:

CURED OF DEAFNESS BY HOME TREATMENT.
 Somerset, Bermuda, Oct. 12th, 1897.
 Doctors Copeland and Gardner,
 Gentlemen:—
 It affords me great pleasure to testify to the skill and ability of the Copeland Doctors in the treatment of Deafness. About eighteen months ago I had a severe attack of swollen glands in the throat, which had to be operated on by a surgeon. This left me with Deafness and a buzzing noise in my right ear. I was induced by a friend to try the Copeland Doctors, which I did, with the very gratifying results that my hearing and general health have been wholly restored. I wish to mention that during the time I was living at a considerable distance from New York I received the greatest care and attention.

WAS CERTAIN SHE HAD CONSUMPTION.
 Mrs. Mamie Duffy, 446 East 76th Street: "I had been ailing for nearly a year, the result of a succession of colds. I suffered intensely with pains through my lungs. I coughed dreadfully and raised large quantities of the foulest matter. I actually believed my lungs were decayed and pieces of them were raised up by coughing. I had constant pains in the top of my head, and a dropping into my throat that kept me nauseated."
 "I had no morbid appetite. My food would be indigestible in my stomach, and the gases would cause a pressure on my lungs, then I would suffer everything with