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The York Herald

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SPARKLING WATER.

BY W. E. STUART. Pour me out sparkling water, the gift of power divine, Distilled by Heaven's all-wise decree, and free to all mankind;

No, 'tis not there God doth prepare the streamlet and the rill, No fountain pure can ever gush from out the rock's still;

And high upon the mountain tops, where rocky turrets frown— Where storm clouds broad and thunders crash and lightning's flash around;

And every where by land or sea it mirrors its feat with rich and verdant life the traveler's raptur'd sight, It glances in the dew drops, it sings in falling rain.

It spreads a vein of golden light across the setting sun, It weaves a gauze of purest white around the midnight moon;

It sports in roaring cataracts, in the glaciers sleeping lies, It dances in the hall shower, and in the snow storm flies.

Blessed pure cold water, thy draught no madness brings, No murder lurks within thee, no poisonous adder's sting.

Who would not love the babbling stream that courses through the vale, As dancing o'er its pebbly bed it tells its murmuring tale.

Who would not love the gushing fount which throws its silvery spray Like scattered gems upon the sand that, glittering, sink away!

There was a murmur among the vigilants. Their task was a harder one than that they were prepared to execute; and perhaps a thought of wives and children at home moved them a little to this unwonted leniency.

“Have your way. Make the most of your time. We'll not disturb you until morning.”

“You are not deceiving me?” she said, watching the while with eyes which seemed to pierce like sharp steel points.

“No! no! Fair play!”

For a moment the woman's strength seemed to fail, and she leaned heavily against the casement; and another, and she disappeared within, the faithful dog following protectively close behind.

The men bivouacked around the cabin, disposing themselves for the night, two or three appointed sentinels keeping vigilant watch. The other members of the camp, unable to sleep, had kept wakeful vigil, using our little influence and knowledge of the accused's inoffensive disposition to mitigate, if possible, the prejudice which we found greater than the real weight of evidence against him.

In an alrday two men had been stabbed—one seriously, and one fatally; and Lot's hand held a bloody knife. Innocent men have been hanged, even after full judicial trial, under circumstantial evidence far less convincing than this.

As the night wore away I restlessly paced the camp. An occasional sound came from the guarded cabin, but otherwise all was still.

Once, about midnight, after a prolonged scratching at the door, it was opened to let out the dog. A stream of light flashed out; but I caught no glimpse of those within. The dog, poor fellow, as though his canine spirit seemed to comprehend the fatal danger impending over those he loved, with drooping head and pendent tail, slunk through the open space.

“Good lion! Poor fellow! Come here!” I called.

He lifted his head at the sound of my voice, raised his muzzle mournfully in the air, then dropping it again, went on, soon disappearing in the adjacent chaparral.

At the first faint streak of day the vigilantes bestirred themselves, and in knot-discussed the grave business before them. Two excitement of the past night had worn away, and in these calmer moments not one of those most eager for duty then but wished himself relieved from the painful responsibility devolving upon him.

There was yet no sign of life about the cabin. Never, I think, did the solemnity of the occasion appeal more forcibly to the hearts of the vigilantes. They were confident, terribly confident that the prisoner would be found guilty. With voices subdued and quiet

murder in your hearts, to take an innocent man out from the midst of his helpless children. I swear that you shall not touch a hair of his head to-night!”

As she spoke, drawing with dexterous hand a Colt's navy from the folds of her dress, she held it at full cock, bearing straight upon the leader's heart. Not a man among them but was touched at the sight of this dauntless devotion; yet emotion must not prevent the discharge of duty.

“But this man has committed murder—the gravest crime known in the eyes of the law. Public safety demands that we deal with him according to the letter of the law,” expostulated the leader, more moved than he cared to acknowledge.

A superb scorn overswept the woman's features. Bending to touch the dog with her hand, the huge creature threw himself erect, angry and bristling, with lips drawn threateningly back from his formidable teeth. Then boldly throwing open the cabin door, she pointed with upraised finger, still holding the deadly weapon aimed full at the leader's breast. A scathing contempt rang in her words:

“Does that man look like a cut-throat? Can you all, looking inside the cabin, tell me that you are afraid to spare him to his wife and children this one last night?”

She paused a moment, glancing swiftly around the circle of rough faces pressing close around her. The tableau within showed Lot crouching upon a low camp stool, pale, disordered and shaking with terror, clasping in his arms his youngest born; the two girls, firm and fearless as their mother, were planted at his knees, while between him and the door the ten-year-old with a dilapidated chair as a rest, stood behind his father's rifle.

The she bear and her cubs were grit to the backbone.

“Who are you?” she cried, eloquently gesticulating to the crowd with her uncoupled hand, “that take the business of the Almighty into your hands and send the souls He has bestowed into his presence without a prayer for mercy? Which would be the better, you or him? Leave him to us this night, and as surely as there is a heaven above us, in the morning you shall come in without hindrance. You can guard the cabin. There is no danger he will escape you.”

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mien they awaited the action of their leader, who humanely postponed to the last possible moment his official summons.

Just as the sun's disk appeared above the horizon, three of the committee advancing, knocked at the door. With eyes red and swollen with weeping, Lot's wife opened it wide.

With a sickening sensation I awaited what was to follow. A suggestive rope lay where it had been thrown, at the foot of a neighboring tree.

With a shudder I recalled the many times Lot had sat under the shadow of its branches, his children playing about his knees.

Cris and George had followed at the heels of the other.

A resounding slap upon the shoulder nearly sent me reeling to the earth.

“By the great Moses, that little woman's a brick!”

“What is it?” I asked, in astonishment; for his lively tone was anything but appropriate for the occasion.

“Come and see!” and seizing me by the arm, commenced dragging me toward Lot's cabin.

A sudden revelation came to me; Lot had committed suicide.

Entering the cabin prison, a singular spectacle presented itself. The committee stood in a dismayed group in the center of the cabin, while Lot's wife, stern and resolute no longer, bent over the huge dismantled carcass of poor Leon. Gone was the nerve, the passion and power which had the night previous supported and lifted her above her sex. Plainly, more meager, if possible, than usual, there was yet something touching in her weakness—perhaps because it was so foreign to her nature.

Lifting her woe-begone countenance as I approached, she exclaimed brokenly:

“I'd a most rather died than a'done it, but thee wasn't no other way.”

Hardly had the news of the escape spread through the camp, when a man, riding at break-neck speed, in the midst of a cloud of dust, dashed up the trail. In his hand he bore a white signal, which he persistently waved as he advanced. Dashing into camp, he threw himself breathlessly into the midst of the vigilantes.

“Where the man you were going to hang?”

“Escaped!”

“Thank God! for he didn't do it. Frisco Bik has confessed the deed.”

Then the cheers that rang out might have rent the heavens in twain; but Lot's wife, alone with her sleeping children, crouched in mournful silence over the form of her dumb sacrifice—silent and faithful even unto death.

The Adventures of a Detrouer

A Detrouer named Andrew Steadman, who buys cattle, went out to Nankin township the other day to buy a span of horses which were wanted by a firm in the city.

To save the distance he cut across lots, but was warned before he started to look out for a savage bovine which had the run of a ten-acre field.

Thinking of how he was going to get that span of horses for \$50 less than their value, Steadman kept plodding across the field, which had a strip of bushes two or three rods wide running half way across it. The Detrouer was about ten rods from the bushes when he heard “a distant thunder sound,” and looked around to see from which way the shower was coming.

About thirty rods away he beheld the old bovine coming for him, head down, back up and eyes blazing. Steadman went for the bushes. He thought the bull would start and run around the strip, and was startled when the old fellow dashed through on his trail, uttering a deep “boom” every instant.

Steadman dodged this way and that, but the bovine tore along after him, smashing but and leaping legs, and it was getting to be a hot-hot affair, when the man spied the open end of a large hollow log. The bull was not over forty feet behind, and into the log went Steadman, finding an orifice about twelve feet long, and large enough to be roomy.

The bovine stopped at the log and ripped off a bushel of bark at the first dash. Then putting his horns under it he gave it a roll, and Steadman spun around like a dried pea in a police man's whistle. The log was large, but old and tender, and every time the bull hauled back and jumped for it, he covered himself with glory and clouds of bark and wood. Sometimes he whirled one end, and then he gave the center a heave, and then he knocked a foot off the other end. Steadman swore, shrieked and pleaded, his eyes full of bark and his mouth stopped up, and every act of his life passed before him like a vision. “W-o-o-h! whoop!” belled the bovine as he slammed away at the log, and every moment Steadman expected to see the roof cave in upon him. He was in despair, when he heard the barking of dogs and the shouts of men, and after a few minutes the farmers succeeded in releasing him, but it took a good hour to get the kinks out of his back and the rotten wood from his ears and eyes.—Detroit Free Press.

A Hand-to-Hand Indian Fight.

A letter to the San Antonio (Texas) Herald, gives the following account of a brush with Indians:—“I send herewith an account of a late Indian raid into Llano County. The Indians made their appearance at Moss' ranch in Llano County, on the 2nd instant, and stole several horses, visited Llano town same night, stealing a number more; from Llano town they went to the camp of a Minute Company, and cut loose and took out of the camp one of their horses. The Minute Company, with a few citizens—all that could get off in time—pursued the Indians to within a mile of the Schleicher ranch in San Saba County, where they lost the trail. About the time the pursuing party lost the trail the Indians attacked three men who were herding cattle, and wounded one of them, Mr. Newton Phillips, who has since died. After the Indians left Moss' ranch, the Moss boys followed, but failed to find them, and returned home last Monday evening (the 4th). On that evening, while some of the boys were at the pen milking, a cow came running up with an arrow sticking in her. On Tuesday morning the same boys, with five others, again took the trail, and after trailing over the country at least twenty miles, came to the Indian camp, on top of Pack-saddle Mountain, riding within twenty steps of the camp before the Indians discovered them. The Indians were eating their dinner, having unsaddled and camped as regularly as could be. The boys commenced dismounting, and firing at the same time. The Indians returned the fire, and a desperate fight ensued, eight men contending against at least fifteen Indians, armed with Winchester, Henry, and Spencer rifles, and within twenty steps. The Indians after the first round were compelled to fall back, but rallied and charged the second time. They were again repulsed, although at the time of this second charge four of the whites had been wounded, and forced to leave their horses, fifteen or twenty in number, also quite a large number of saddles, blankets, shields, and one Henry rifle and pistol. They discharged no arrows. Having four men wounded, and the horses and other things in charge, the boys could not pursue the red devils further. Of the men engaged, W. B. Moss is mortally wounded, Archer Martin seriously, Eli Lloyd shot through the arm and across the wrist, and Pinkie Ayres received a flesh wound. Two dead Indians have since been discovered, one of which I saw scalped, being on the ground soon after the fight.”

Persian Etiquette.

The advent of the much-talked-of Shah of Persia has created an unusual interest in the customs of his country. It is singular, indeed, how little we really know about Persian manners and customs. The Persian tongue has long been the language of Oriental diplomats, and Persian etiquette is remarkable for its elaboration. Indeed, Persia is now almost the only country where Oriental etiquette is kept up in all its ancient purity.

All marks of respect are observed by the Persians with the utmost punctiliousness and exactitude. On the Shah entering the throne-room on a State occasion and seating himself, an official shouts out, “He has passed!” and all present bow by stooping the body and placing the palms of the hands lightly on the knees. The “eye of the State” then walks backward from the Shah, and moving down the assembly, gives handfuls of silver coins from a golden silver. Inferior officers distribute gifts from jewelled cups and bowls of mar-china. The next incident is the recital by a Mulla of the prayer for the sovereign, and the whole affair winds up with an address spoken by the Poet Laureate. Among other singular customs enforced by etiquette is the rule that where a superior meets with an inferior the latter brings in the most dish himself, a practice not without precedent at West in Courts. The bringing in a dish is, however, no light undertaking, and requires considerable skill, strength and practice, for the manner in which the operation is performed, is especially at court, strictly prescribed. The dish or tray must be held at arm's length, carried perfectly horizontally, and deposited precisely in the right place at once. Some ludicrous stories are related about this practice. One old gentleman with a magnificent beard had to bring in a large tray containing several dishes, and place it in front of the Shah. The tray was heavy, and the beaver was feeble, and to make matters worse, just as he was about to deposit it a candle, which he had not observed, set fire to his magnificent beard. For a moment he was in a state of the utmost perplexity. To put down the tray elsewhere than in its appointed place, an operation which required some deliberation, was out of the question. To allow his cherished beard to be consumed was also impossible. He was equal to the occasion, and plunging his flaming beard into a dish of curries which stood on the tray, he calmly completed his task, amidst the applause and amusement of the beholders.

The heavy rains of Thursday night caused a freshet in Colchester County, and did considerable damage to roads, bridges and dyke land.

New Jersey people don't say “liar” right out, but remark: “Sir, you remind me of my lamented brother, who could pervert truth with the greatest ease.”

The force of habit is fully illustrated in the case of a retired milkman in this city, who says he never sees a can of water without having an almost irresistible desire to put some milk in it.

The new remedial agent is auride-mono-chloro-benzensulphonic acid. It is very powerful, even in infinitesimal doses, but can only be kept in a big jug, for the label can't be got on a small one.

There is no escape from the women of the period. The plowing season is over, and now she turns up a female peeler at Roaring Branch, Pennsylvania, where this season she has peeled two hundred cords of tanbark.

An old toper of sixty called on a doctor to get a remedy for inflamed eyes. The doctor told him he thought he could cure him; but it would be necessary for him to leave off drinking entirely. “Then farewell eyes,” said the infuriated drunkard.

Professor Gould has been making careful enquiries, and now he informs us positively that the sun will last only four thousand years longer. This seems pretty rough on the parol men, but it allows some margin for limited partnerships yet.

There is a man in Hestonville who is writing a history of wheeled vehicles, and he has devoted his first chapter to an attempt to prove that Adam owned a sulky and ran an omnibus. He bases his argument upon the Scriptural assertion that Adam and Eve were “driven out of Paradise.”

On a recent Sunday morning a young man named Boyce, while out shooting on North Dunes, Yarmouth, England was accosted by a gentleman, who offered him a shilling for permission to shoot. The gun was lent, and the gentleman shot a bird. He then reloaded, and suddenly blew out his brains.

There was a most accommodating man who was captain of a steamship. One day a soldier lost his cap overboard, and went to the captain about it. The old gentleman said it was impossible to stop the vessel to recover it, but he kindly offered to make a mark on the rail where it went overboard and get it when he came back.

The reputation of members of the Legislature for sobriety seems to be rather bad in Kentucky. Two of them were rather noisily drunk on a railroad train the other day, and when the conductor remonstrated, one of them pompously asked: “Do you know, sir, that I am a member of the Legislature?” The conductor quietly replied, “You've got the symptoms.”

An ingenious Yankee has bent the scratching power of hens to the aid of agriculture. He places a hen with chickens in a long narrow cage, just wide enough to fit in between two rows of potatoes, wherein she scratches to her heart's content. The cage is moved along the space between the rows until the ground has been thoroughly scratched, the potatoes nicely hoed, and all the bugs eaten.

A young man was riding in the horse-car, accompanied by three young ladies, friends of his, whom he desired to please as much as possible. He was engaged in peeling an orange, which operation being finished, he generously divided it among the ladies, reserving only a small piece for himself. Observing how little each one got, and the small share retained by the man, one of the ladies remarked, with mock gravity, “Why, Mr. F., you are too generous.” “Oh, no,” replied the simpleton; “I have three or four more in my pocket.” That young man has not been seen in company with any of those young ladies lately.

The latest thing in hotels is suggested by an ingenious correspondent of the Galveston News. It is to be called the Aerial Sanitarium. It is to be a huge balloon, secured by strong attachments at a proper height. “Galveston” he says, “is within one mile of the best delightful climate in the world, and the climate is directly overhead.” The enormous balloon there is to be a framework of sufficiently strong wire, fitted up to accommodate one hundred guests. A subsidiary balloon, acting as an elevator. When the barometer indicates disturbing weather, the gas can be let off and the whole establishment brought down to solid earth.

The great plague was imported into England in some goods from Holland, in 1664. In July, August, and September of that year the deaths ranged from 1000 to 7000 per week, and 4000 died in one single night. About 1600,000 altogether died in London alone, and the infection was carried by the frightened Londoners fleeing into every part of the kingdom. When the plague appeared in Arabia, the Arabs, though predestinarians, fled into the desert, and when reconstituted with for this attempt to thwart the will of God, they alleged as an excuse that, though the distemper was sent from Heaven, they felt so conscious of their utter unworthiness of this special mark of grace, that they were impelled to decline the honor for the present, and that they had resolved to wait until they were more worthy of the special attention of the great God.—Dio Lewis in To-Day.