

Buck Cantrill.

[Victorio Spring (Tex.) Letter in Philadelphia Times.]

This is not much of a place and never will be. A tiny creek flows from the spring and its waters are utilized for irrigating purposes. About two miles from the spring the creek loses itself in the sandy alkali soil, and here the farm ends. The proprietor of Victorio Spring raises corn, potatoes, kershaws and barley, and sells all that his place produces at a good price. His farm comprises about one hundred acres, but that is a big tract to work on the frontier, where agricultural labor is crude and untrained and the implements of agriculture are of the rudest possible description. The spring is on the government road which leads from Fort Davis to Toyah and being a half-way water-hole, is a favorite stopping place for the United States teamsters. There is not much grass in the neighborhood of the spring, but the water is excellent, and although thousands have camped here there is still an abundance of mesquite roots to be found for fire-wood. I used to stop here years ago, when there was no ranch and no irrigating ditches. Its only visitors were predatory Indian bands and parties of scouts and hunters.

After the Victorio raid in 1880 this section of the country began to settle up a little. A few cowmen came in and located ranches, and at the principal springs and water holes farms were laid off and irrigating ditches dug. The hacienda at Victorio was the first one built. Immediately following the arrival of the honest emigrants there was a considerable influx of desperadoes and rustlers, and we were kept tolerably busy rounding them up. There is a small trading store here and I am writing this letter at a table on the porch. I can look over a wide field to a thick mat of willows and cottonwoods. Under the spreading branches of one of the largest of the last named trees is a grave, the history of which I propose to tell. It was unmarked until a few months ago, when it was enclosed by a neat railing and a stone was set up at its head. Flowers have been planted on the grave, and the dark-eyed man who accompanied me to the spot when I visited it a few minutes since explained the reason of the change. The headstone is a plain shaft of white marble and bears this inscription:

BUCKNER CANTRILL,
DIED OCTOBER 13, 1880,
AGED 25 YEARS.
HE WAS A GOOD SON.

I knew Buck Cantrill well. I was one of the party that rounded his outfit up and I stood beside him when he died from the wounds received during his last fight. Buck was a brave man and a gambler and a robber, and possessed of such daring that no danger daunted him. He first distinguished himself in Menard and Mason counties, where he "funched cows" for a living. Becoming embroiled in one of the many cow wars, which for several years raged fiercely in these counties, he killed a man, saved himself from the penitentiary through powerful influence and became a rustler. He was on the fugitive list for several years, and although rounded up many times by the civil officers and the state troops always managed to escape. He came up into Presidio in the summer of 1880, and at first operated in company with Jesse Evans, who was "Billy the Kid's" partner prior to the breaking out of the "Lincoln county, New Mexico, cow war." Buck found it impossible to get along with Evans, and after making one or two raids with that celebrated desperado, he branched out for himself, and being joined by several men as desperate as himself, became their leader. The outfit had a camp in the Prison mountains, and for several months they were a terror to ranchmen and the overland travelers. We got on their trail in the early part of September, 1880, and pushed them so closely that they were obliged to break their camp and seek a more secluded hiding place in the Mountains of Death.

It was while they were in this new camp that Buck started to pay a visit to El Paso for the purpose of purchasing some necessary supplies. He went by way of Cariza pass and traveled alone. On the night of the 11th of September he camped at a little water-hole about twelve miles southwest of Antelope spring and near the head of Apache pass. His journey that day had been over rocky mountains and through rough and high canyons, and he was very tired. After picking his horse he ate supper and then rolled himself in his blanket to get the sleep he stood so much in need of. His eyes were hardly closed when he heard the tramp of horses coming up the pass. Hastily springing to his feet he kicked aside the smoldering remains of his camp fire and saddled his horse. He was just on the point of mounting when the on-coming outfit galloped up to the identical water-hole at which he was camped and he found his retreat cut off. It was a party of rustlers returning from a scout after Indians in the Sierra Diablo, and when Buck attempted to lead his horse by then he was discovered and sternly commanded to halt. Instead of obeying this mandate he sprang upon the back of his horse and dashed down the canyon. The rustlers discharged their six-shooters at the fleeing man and several of them started in pursuit. His horse had been badly wounded and he only rode him a few hundred yards when the animal fell dead. Buck was wounded also through the right shoulder, but he disengaged himself from the dead horse and broke for the chapparal just as the rustlers dashed up. We beat the mesquite brush pretty thoroughly in search of him, but the night being dark, we were unable to find him and we returned to the water-hole, carrying his horse trappings and Winchester. It was from some papers found in the saddle pockets that we were able to establish the identity of the man and the next morning we made further search for his trail. After a great deal of difficulty it was found, but we could only follow it a short distance, on account of the rocky nature of the ground.

Buck ascended the mountain on the left of the water-hole, and finding some water among the rocks on top pressed his wound and took down the ridge toward Victorio. He had lost considerable blood and felt weak. All night he walked and the sun was several hours high when he reached a point opposite the spring. He was now completely broke down and hunger added to his misery. In his flight he had dropped his six-shooter, and although there was an abundance of small game about him he was unable to kill any. He determined to go down to the spring and beg for something to eat. The owner of the little farm at this time was a man named Bornwell, and he had a cow and sheep ranch above the spring. His family lived at the spring. Descending the mountain Buck approached the casa boldly. Bornwell's wife met him at the door, and he saw from the quick start that she gave at the sight of his face that she recognized him.

"You know me?" he said.
"Yes," answered the woman. "You are Buck Cantrill."
"And I'm wounded, hungry and unarmed," he said, holding up the arm he had rudely banded. "I took some horses from your range once."
"Never mind that," interposed the woman. "Come in."
"I haven't any money to pay you," he

added, pausing in the doorway. But—"That's all right," she said, interrupting him. "Let me look at your arm, and when I have fixed that I'll get you some breakfast."
Buck sat down near a window and the woman dressed his arm. Afterward she prepared him some breakfast.
"You look tired and sleepy," she said, when he rose from the table.
"Yes," he answered, "I am very sleepy."
"There is a good bed in the other room," said Mrs. Bornwell. "Lie down and get some sleep. You will not be disturbed and I will wake you up before night."
"Where's Bornwell?"
"He's out on the range and will not be back before to-morrow."
Buck hesitated a moment, but was finally prevailed upon to lie down, and he soon fell into a profound sleep. Early in the afternoon the rustlers who had surprised him the night before rode up to the spring and several of the men went into Bornwell's house. They little dreamed that in the next room the dreaded rustler was quietly sleeping. The rustlers made a camp and cooked their dinner at the spring, and when they finally rode away Mrs. Bornwell awakened Buck. She had dinner ready for him and while he was eating she told him about the rustlers.

"There is a good pony in the corral," she said, finally, "but it belongs to our Sally. She's at school now at Davis, and if anything should happen to 'Billy' she'd cry her eyes out. If you'll promise to send the pony back you can ride him away, for you are too weak to walk."
A mist dimmed the rustler's eyes and his voice trembled a little when he spoke.
"I'm a hard case," he said, "and everybody gives me a bad name, but I never forget a kindness and you have been as good to me as a mother."
His voice softened at the mention of that name and for a moment he was silent. Finally he spoke:
"If you'll trust me with the pony I'll see that he is brought back," he said.
Mrs. Bornwell got a saddle, caught up the pony and brought him around to the door ready to be ridden. When Buck was in the saddle he held out his hand.

"Buck Cantrill never forgets a kindness," he said, "and you'll find that I'm always your friend for my mother's sake."
Tears stood in his eyes when he rode away. Mrs. Bornwell returned to her work, and when her husband came home the next day she said nothing to him about Buck's visit. A three days' rest in camp brought the outfit around all right again, and one morning he mounted his horse to take Sally Bornwell's pony "Billy" back to Victorio Spring. When he rode up to the casa a Mexican woman came out to meet him. She told him, in answer to his inquiry after Mrs. Bornwell, that his benefactress had been taken suddenly ill that morning and was in bed moaning with pain. Buck entered the house and approached the bedside of the sick woman.
"Are you ill?" he asked.
"Yes," was the feeble answer. "It is my heart. I shall die this time and I have no one to send for Sally."
"I'll go for her," answered Buck, quickly, "and fetch out a doctor, also. You will get better."
"No," contradicted Mrs. Bornwell. "I will die this time, I would like Sally to be here, but you must not go for her. There is danger—"

"I'm in the danger!" cried Buck. "I'll risk it," and rushing from the room he mounted his horse again, first putting a side-saddle on Billy for Sally Bornwell to ride back.
He rode briskly and reached the town with his Winchester cocked and thrown across his arm. He was recognized by a hundred people, but no one ventured to stop him. Riding straight to the doctor's house he called that gentleman out on the porch and made known the object of his visit.
"Her daughter is going to school here," he said in conclusion, "and I brought out this pony for her to ride back. I'd see that she got it myself, but I've got plenty of enemies here and I must vamoose pronto. Will you see the girl and escort her home?"
"Yes," answered the surgeon, and Buck galloped away.

He had the gauntlet of the town to run again, and this time a deputy sheriff saw him and hurried to the jail to notify the rustlers. The rustler was not a mile from town when a party of men were in hot pursuit. When he arrived at the spring the sick woman's husband had just returned. Mrs. Bornwell was much worse, but she was comforted by Buck's assurance that her daughter and the doctor would soon be there.
"I'd stay here with you," he said, "but I expect there's a squad of rustlers at my heels. I'm going over on the other side of the creek to get a little sleep. When the doctor comes send somebody over after me."
He picked his horse and lay down under the cotton woods, about three hundred yards from the casa. Toward morning the doctor and the dying woman's daughter arrived. Behind them was a squad of rustlers, and when they rode up to the door Daniel Bornwell went out to meet them.
"You are hunting for Buck Cantrill?" he said to the sergeant in command.
"Yes," was the answer. "Have you seen him?"
"He was here about three hours ago," "Where is he now?"
"What'll you give me to tell?"
"There is a reward of \$1,000 out for him," said the sergeant. "If you will tell us where he is, and we succeed in capturing or killing him, I'll see that you get \$100."
"Make it two hundred and I'll take you to the spot where he is now sleeping."
"All right!" cried the sergeant, and he ordered the men to dismount.
Bornwell conducted us through the corn field and we crossed the creek below the matto.
"He is in the grove," whispered Bornwell. "I promised to wake him up when the doctor came."
We crept along through the reeds which fringed the creek bank and Bornwell walked boldly forward. At the edge of the timber he was halted and we heard the click of Buck's Winchester.
"Who's there?" he asked.
"Me," answered Bornwell. "It's all right, Buck. The doctor is here. He says she can't live long and she wants to see you."
This assured Buck came out of the matto and walked toward the spot where we were concealed. When he was a few feet distant the sergeant cried, "Surrender," and we sprang up to arrest him.
"Carago!" he cried, and jumping back threw up his Winchester and fired at the sergeant, who was in advance.
The bullet only grazed the sergeant's head, but the shock stunned him and he fell back in the reeds. We thought him dead and fired upon the outlaw. He ran back toward the grove jumping and we knew that he was wounded.
"Surrender, Buck!" yelled one of the men.
"Never!" was the defiant answer, and he discharged his Winchester again.
We returned to the fire, but still kept in the shelter of the reeds. Several of the men crossed the creek and hurried through the corn to surround the little grove. There was a silence of several minutes, but finally Buck spoke:

"You've got me at last d—n you!" he said. "I'll surrender."
"Throw up your hands then and come out!" we commanded.
"I can't," was the answer. "I'm wounded!"
We thought this a ruse, but finally two of the men volunteered to creep toward the grove and see if he was really badly wounded. Buck seemed impatient at the delay and called out again:
"Come on, you d—n cowards! I can't hurt you."
We all rushed forward now. He was lying right on the spot where we afterwards buried him, and when we lifted him up the blood gushed from a half-dozen wounds in his body.
"Where's Dave Bornwell, the cowardly bounder?" he asked.
We looked around for Bornwell, but he had disappeared.
"He has gone to the house, I reckon," said one of the men. "We'll carry you over there."
"No, no!" he answered. "I'm dying. Tell her—his wife—that I remembered her to the last. I'll settle with her for betraying me when I meet him in hell. She is good, like my mo—"

He struggled to complete the sentence, but only gasped, shuddered and his limbs straightened in death. When we reached the casa Mrs. Bornwell was dead also and her daughter was crying bitterly. We buried Buck where he died. Bornwell moved away and I think went to the states. He never came forward to claim his share of the reward. It was not known positively what section of the country Buck was from, but it was afterwards learned that he had an old mother living in Illinois. She saw a notice of his death in the papers and wrote to the commander of the Frontier battalion about him. In her letter she said:
"I am a poor woman, and Buckner always took care of me. He was a good son!"
A few months ago she died, and on her deathbed requested that a portion of the scanty stock of money she left be devoted to marking Buck's grave and that flowers be planted on it. Her wishes were carried out.

The Agonies of Compassion.

[Anthony Trollope.]
But at last I feel that I have him—perhaps by the tail, as the Irishman drives his pig. When I have got him I have to be careful that he shall not escape me until that job of work is done. Gradually as I walk or stop, as I seat myself on a bank or lean against a tree, perhaps as I hurry on waving my stick above my head till, with my quick motion, the sweat drops come out upon my brow, the same forms itself for me. I see, or fancy that I see, what will be fitting, what will be true, how far virtue may be made to go without breaking the link which binds it to humanity, how low ignorance may grovel, how high knowledge may soar, what the writer may teach without repelling by severity, how he may amuse without descending to buffoonery; and then the limits of paths are searched and words are weighed which shall suit, but do no more than suit, the greatness or the smallness of the occasion.

We who are slight may not attempt lofty things or make ridiculous our little fables of the doings of the gods. But for that which we do there are appropriate terms and boundaries which may be reached but not surpassed. All this has to be thought of and decided upon in reference to those little plottings of which I have spoken, each of which has to be made the receptacle of pathos or of humor, or of honor or of truth, as far as the thinker may be able to furnish them. He has to see, about all things, that in his attempts he shall not sin again nature; that in striving to touch the feelings he shall not excite ridicule; that in seeking for humor he does not miss his point; that in quest of honor and truth he does not become bombastic and straitlaced.

A clergyman in his pulpit may advocate an attitude of virtue fitted to a millennium here or to a heaven hereafter; nay, from the nature of his profession he must do so. The poet, too, may soar, as high as he will, and if words suffice to him, need never fear to be effective as a teacher unless he binds himself by the circumstances of the world which he finds around him. Honor and truth there should be and pathos and humor; but he should so constrain them that they shall not seem to mount into nature beyond the ordinary habitations of men and women.

Thaddeus Stevens Baptized a Catholic.

[Interview with his Housekeeper in Philadelphia Times.]
"Mrs. Smith, it is often affirmed and denied that Stevens, just prior to his death, was baptized in the Catholic faith. What are the facts?"
"Out of those very windows," was the emphatic reply, as she pointed to the street.
"Mr. Stevens once looked across to yonder pump and said that he would rather go a hundred miles to be administered to by one of those pious, tender sisters whom he had seen in Washington than to send across the street there for all the clergy in the country. On the afternoon of the day of his death, 11th of August, 1868, I said to him: 'Would you have any objections to being baptized?' 'No,' was his reply, and just after two colored men, many of whom from all parts of the country came to the house to pray for his recovery, had left, two hours before his death, Sister Lauretta O'Reilly, of Washington City, baptized him. And," continued Mrs. Smith, whom it must be remembered is a devout Catholic and herself claims to have induced Stevens to this step, "I believe that he is safe in heaven to-day."

The Goddess of Spandulix.

[Courier-Journal.]
Two exposition visitors were passing the huge statues of Law, Justice and Mercy, where, in hammered zinc, Mercy is spreading herself over Law and Justice. Said one of the visitors:
"That group is wrong. The Goddess of Mercy has no business there."
"Why, how so?" asked the other, a little surprised.
"Because," returned the first, "Mercy has nothing to do with getting a man off. Put up there, instead of Mercy, the Goddess of Spandulix, and that group would be perfect." And then the visitors strolled on to see if they were to encounter any more criminal works of art.

Petrified Pumpkins.

[Exchange.]
A Santa Rosa (Cal.) paper entertains its readers with a story about a petrified pumpkin brought from Mendocino county. The report is that a farmer some years ago had a lot of pumpkins washed away by a freshet down a ravine, and for a number of years the pumpkins were observed where the water had lodged them, but no one had ever thought they had turned to stone, until the other day a man attempted to pick one of them up, when he discovered that it was very heavy, and had turned to stone. About fifty more were in the same condition.

Agonizing.

[Exchange.]
"When does a man become a scoundrel?"
"When he has had haws." "No." "When he throws his way." "When he rips and tears." "No." "Give it up." "Never, if he can help it."

COUNT VON MOLTKE.

The German Napoleon, Who Moves Men as He Moves Chess-Pieces.

[London Times.]
The advance of the German armies over France was like the impetus of a man skating—like a false step would have brought a heavy fall—and Von Moltke was not admirable only in having drafted and executed point for point the most elaborate plan of campaign ever conceived, but in having accurately foreseen all the demoralizing effects which defeat would produce upon his foes. Had he made any miscalculation; had the French shown spirit when he expected them to be cowed; had they resisted stubbornly when he had reckoned that they would yield—the end of the war might have been very different from the beginning. More than once the silent commander must have been anxious in spirit; but he let nothing of this be seen. A foreigner who called upon him at Versailles in the midst of the siege of Paris, and on a day when a great sortie was expected, found him quietly reading an English novel.

He is an extraordinary man. A diplomatist who met him in the Wilhelmstrasse of Berlin the day before he went to the seat of war would have taken leave of him in a hurry, supposing that he must be busy; but Von Moltke said, "I have nothing to do," and went on chatting with his usual composure. In this incident was revealed the whole strength of the German military system, which allots to each officer just as much work as he can easily and efficiently perform. The formula of the whole system may be defined as the constant search after able men; and, as the princes of the royal house of Prussia have steadily adhered to the principle of letting merit be recompensed and incompetency shelved without favor or fear, they have been contributors equally with the best of their generals towards the events which have made Germany what it now is.

The organization of the German army has much in it that produces awe as well as admiration on foreign minds. The staff office in Berlin, over which Marshal von Moltke presides, has departments as mysterious and inquisitorial as those of the Roman curia; and the place is in fact a military inquisition. Maps of all countries and cities of Europe are there, with plans for invading these localities, and minute details as to the accommodation which the invaders would find in the way of board and lodging. When Gen. von Goben, at the head of the Eighth army corps, marched into Rosen, he astounded the inhabitants by sending out, within half an hour of his entry, adjutants who marked on the door of each house the number of billets it was to furnish. Protests were of no use. The general had his instructions what each house could do and must do; and he knew, moreover, that the city was in a position to supply 40,000 pairs of boots, 10,000 flannel waistcoats, and 10,000 good cigars to his men at twenty-four hours' notice. Perhaps the staff office has thoroughly considered the capabilities of London in the same manner.

Marshal von Moltke may well take his ease, attend with methodical punctuality all sittings of the reichstag, play his rubber every evening, and devote so many tranquil weeks yearly to botanizing and agriculture on his estate at Kreisau. The system which has reduced the management of armies to the precision of a mechanical science was not constructed in a day; but now that long experience has shown how well it works its principal engineer can leave it without misgiving to be regulated, during his occasional absences, by the expert pupils whom he has trained. The marshal himself disclaims the idea that he is a necessary man. It is the very essence of his system, as he maintains, that it shall always bring out men of genius so long as any are to be found in Germany; but on this point foreigners, while recognizing all that is good in Prussian military administration, will not readily concede that men like the marshal are easy to replace.

Tarring and Feathering a Church Organ.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]
The funniest thing we have heard of lately, and at the same time the most absurd, occurred in a New Jersey village. It was nothing less—there certainly could be nothing more—than tarring and feathering an insignificant church organ, for the reason that the organist was unpopular. The organist happened to be a lady, and not even the roughs of a religious body had the audacity to add to her angelic wings the common feathers of the barn-yard fowl and attach them to her person with vile tar. If they had tarred and feathered the organ because it incessantly squeaked and because its reedy lungs were always afflicted with asthma on a Sunday morning, and hoarsely added their noble voices in the songs of praise, we could have commended their conduct, for if there is one thing on earth which we despise and which seriously interferes with public worship it is a cheap and blatant melody which lifts its husky and impudent voice above the general discord of congregational singing and introduces a confusion worse confounded into the confounded confusion that already exists. But to disgrace even a melody for the sins of a lady player who occasionally strikes a wrong note is evidence that religion has not got a very firm grip on that little New Jersey community.

Was Much "Oblegged."

[Arkansas Traveler.]
A merchant, after satisfying himself that a certain customer did not intend to pay his bill, sent him a receipt for the full amount. By return mail he received the following note: "Uster have no doubts about you being a gentleman, but I am satisfied on that point. There is a great difference in me. One time I owed a fellow a bill, and after dunnin' me nearly to death he sent me a receipt for half of the amount, and blamed if he didn't finally make me pay the other half. But you have done the square thing by me, an' I am much oblegged to you."

Our Wild Animals and Civilization.

[Chicago Times.]

The character of the wild animals of a country exerts a most powerful influence on its settlement and the prosperity of its inhabitants. In this respect the territory occupied by the United States was most remarkable. In the opinion of an eminent naturalist, it contained no wild animal that was not of more benefit than disadvantage to the settlers. It abounded in fur-bearing animals, whose skins were in great demand in all the great centres of wealth and civilization. These skins constituted a source of wealth to the early settlers. Hunting and trapping were profitable employments when people could not engage in farming. Some of the skins were converted into garments and others into money. The skins of buffaloes were made into garments, employed as coverings for beds, or used as protections in sleighs. Moose, deer, antelope and bears furnished meat introduced and raised in sufficient numbers to supply the people with food. Their fat and hides were useful for a great variety of purposes.
Rabbits, squirrels, ground-hogs, opossums and coons also furnished valuable meat and skins. Foxes and bears did some damage, but were useful in keeping in check many of the small animals that rank as vermin. They were easily caught in traps or killed by the use of fire-arms, and their skins were very valuable and brought a high price at a time when agricultural products raised at a distance from water communication could not be sold for money or exchanged for articles of food and clothing. All the native animals of this country are of easy extermination. Most of them disappear before the march of civilization, and only stay as long as they are wanted by the inhabitants.

London's Mightiness.

[Bob O'Linnque's London Letter.]
London is the great commercial magnet that draws towards itself the bulk of Britain's trade. If one were to soar above London in a balloon and view the landscape over, trains by the hundred would be seen winding across the plains with their smoke stacks pointing toward the great city. From Edinburgh and Glasgow on the north; from Liverpool and Birmingham on the west; from Brighton and New Haven on the south and from Chatham and Dover on the east they come like a monster colony of ants returning to their underground home after a foraging expedition. Liverpool is positively a great railroad centre; Manchester is comparatively important, but London is superlatively mighty.

Let me manipulate the old multiplication table a little and present you with a few eloquent statistics: London has fourteen terminal railway stations from which no fewer than 2,202 trains depart daily. Nearly 1,600 of those leave between 10 a. m. and 10 p. m.; 320 trains leave daily from one station. Referring to the underground railway this wonderful line forms a complete belt (or inner circle) around the whole of the inner part of London. Between Farringdon and Moorgate streets 568 trains run every week-day—nearly twenty-four trains an hour or one nearly every three minutes. The Metropolitan Underground Railway company conveys about 70,000,000 passengers annually, or nearly 1,500,000 per week. Great and mighty are thy works, oh London!

The True American.

[Boston Transcript.]

Why does that gentleman rise from his seat?
Because he gets out at the next station.
But we have not got near the next station yet.
I beg your pardon. From an American point of view we are very near it. It is less than a mile away.
See, he rushes wildly toward the door; and now he is on the platform. Is he not in danger?
The only danger he dreads is the danger of losing one-quarter of a second.
Ah, we are almost at the station now. Will he not wait until the cars stop?
No, indeed; that would be a waste of precious time.
There he goes. Good heavens! he has fallen! The cars have run over him.

Yes, such things frequently happen in America; but you know, where one is killed, half a dozen jump off successfully. The chances of death are only one in six, or thereabouts.
They have picked him up. His lips move. He is speaking.
"Yes," he says: "I die a true American."

A Relapse Into Semi-Barbarism.

"The Indian may dwell with the Caucasian for years, and live as the white lives, but on returning to his tribe he will fall into the habits of savage life, and will prefer that life," Indian Agent Gardner said in an interview with a reporter for The Denver Tribune, and he instanced Chipeta, the wife of the Colorado Chief Ouray. She had little communication with the whites, but her husband taught her to live as they do. Her house was well furnished, and provided with many conveniences that are luxuries in border life. She always had her cook, and her table was supplied with good food, well cooked, served in an elegant platter, and eaten with knives, forks and spoons. Ouray died in 1880. About a year ago Chipeta married again, and returned to the old ways of her childhood among her tribe. She has three trunks full of valuables stored away in the agency storehouse. One of them is filled with silverware presented to her by the ladies in the city of Washington. For these she has no use.

No Medicine From Spoons.

[Exchange.]
German doctors propose to discard the teaspoon and tablespoon in measuring medicine and adopt the metrical system in their prescription of liquids. Gauged glasses marked in the scale of one, five, ten grams, etc., are to be used, which will render the administration of medicine more accurate.

WHAT SAVED HOOKER.

How a Twenty-Two Gun Battery Filled the Gap at Chancellorsville.

[M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.]
The movement of Jackson across Hooker's flank at Chancellorsville and around to his rear was a complete surprise. By 6 o'clock in the evening his lines of battle were formed and the lines of battle were given. Scouts order to advance was given. Scouts had reported the Eleventh corps in his front, and the attack was as swift and disastrous as a whirlwind. Most of the Federals in the Eleventh were preparing supper or eating it. If there were any pickets in rear of the Federal army they were picked up so suddenly that no general alarm was given. All of a sudden the mighty tread of battle-line and the crash of musketry fell upon the ears of the unsuspecting Federals, and the panic which ensued was but the natural finale. A few men got into line here and there, but the resistance melted away as the line advanced. It was a furious fire which Jackson's men poured into the Eleventh. They were elated and enthusiastic. And they swarmed through the pine forest as if their numbers were endless.

Men have said that the panic would have extended no farther, and that the corps would have speedily recovered from the surprise, and men have written that but for one man's coolness at the critical moment Jackson would have driven a wedge into the Federal army. Gen. Pleasanton, then commanding three regiments of cavalry and a field battery, lay in position to be run over by the frightened fugitives as they sought a place of safety. In the midst of the most embarrassing confusion he sent a regiment of dismounted cavalry forward to form a line and check the Confederates, and the other regiments, mounted, at once charged into the mass of fugitives and drove them clear off the field on the left of the plank road.

Then, one by one, twenty-two guns were brought to the front and unlimbered. The spot where each gun stood was plain to view in 1881, and may be for several years to come. It was in the cleared field to the left of the Chancellorsville plank road, and about half a mile below the famous brick house. The guns enfiladed Jackson's whole front, and the moment his lines broke cover they were met with such storms of canister that whole regiments lay down after the first volley. For the first quarter of an hour these guns were supported by cavalry alone, but as regiment after regiment was picked up, whirled about, and sent to the gap, the support soon became a division. Other batteries were rushed down the plank or across the fields, and by and by Jackson's golden moment had passed. The Federal army had faced to the rear, and the great gap had been closed by artillery.

Just at sundown Jackson grew restive under the terrific fire, and ordered a general advance. Long lines of men sprang to their feet and rushed forward with cheers and yells, determined to have the guns. It did not seem as if anything living could cross that open space of 600 feet with such a tornado of canister sweeping over it, but whole regiments charged up to within fifty feet, and scores of Confederates dashed in among guns and were killed there. The charge was repulsed, but to be made again and again. When night had settled down Jackson gave it up. He could not drive his wedge past the muzzle of Pleasanton's guns. He had hoodwinked Hooker, routed a whole corps, and laid his plans for a great victory. That storm of canister checked him—death brought his plans to naught.

The Confederates who advanced against these guns defied death ten thousand times over. Those who were killed were in most instances riddled and torn to pieces. The burial parties found corpses with fifty wounds, and heads, legs and arms were scattered all along the front. Not one single wounded man was found on that battery front. On the right flank, where the guns had an enfilade on the plank road, the rail fences were torn into splinters, the ground cut as by a hundred drags, and scores of Confederates lying in the highway ditches were wounded by stones, splinters and fragments of rocks.

Sand That Sings in the Wind.

[San Francisco Call.]
About twenty miles south of Stillwater, Churchill county, on the Sand Springs flat, at the foot of the mountain, there is a heap of sand about 100 feet high and nearly a mile across which sings in the wind and is constantly changing. It is thrown by the wind, which there has a circular motion, into a vast round wall with a hollow in the centre half a mile across, which goes two-thirds of the way to the bottom. It is steep and hard to climb to the top, and on the inside is even more steep, so steep that no one has ever dared to go down for fear that the loose sand would slide down and bury them up. There are similar dunes on the Sandwich islands, on the Hebrides, and on the Atlantic coast.

Three Mortal Injuries.

[Crawford in Chicago News.]
I asked Dr. Bliss this question last night:
"In the light of the information given you in the post-mortem, do you think Garfield's life could have been saved?"
"Most decidedly no. The medical profession is unanimous upon this subject now. Garfield received three injuries, either of which would have made his death absolutely certain. The shattering of the vertebrae was one, the rupturing of the splenic artery was the second, and the carrying of the pieces of the denuded bone from the shattered ribs into the system was the third."

For Future Weak Lungs.

A writer in The Providence Journal, referring to the efficacy of the balsamic odor of pine for weak lungs, makes this suggestion: "Very probably the day will come when pine and spruce pillows will be as frequent a household appearance in our bleak climate as the quinine bottle has long been in the southern and western states."