

A Message.

"After the battle of Forbach, a French officer of Cuirassiers, was found dead with a letter crumpled in his hand."

"It was only a crumpled letter
In a careless girlish hand;
It was only a childish message
From the sun-kissed Southern land;
It was only a brief memorial
Of the tears the absent shed;
It was a trifle from the living,
But a message to the dead!

"Father, dear, you are gone to battle,
But I think incessantly,
As I miss your morning blessing
What your sufferings must be!
So she wrote and so held it,
With a blessing on her head,
When the token of the living,
Was a message to the dead."

If I'm quiet, half your danger,
Dear mamma, need never know;
So, good-bye, papa, God bless you,
Guard and keep you evermore;
See! I send you fifty kisses,
From an ever ready store!

"It was only a crumpled letter
In a dead man's hand that day,
Just to show how hearts were aching
In his own land far away—
It was only a loving message,
From a child that sped,
But the words the living penciled
Were a message to the dead."

Take it not from his cold fingers,
Lay it with him in the grave—
If it be a consolation,
'Tis the latest he will have—
For, I think, the bullet reached him
As the tender words were read;
So that when the angels told it,
'Twas no message to the dead."

The Old Oaken Bucket.

[As Revised and Edited by a "Sanitarian."]

With what anguish of mind I remember
My childhood,
Recalled in the light of a knowledge since
gained;
The malarious farm; the wet, fungus-
grown wildwood;
The chills then contracted that since have
remained;
The acum-covered duck-pond; the pig-sty
close by it;
The ditch where the sour-smelling house-
drainage fell;
The damp, shaded dwelling; the foul
barn-yard high it—
But worse than all else was that terrible
well,
And the old oaken bucket, the mold-crust-
ed bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, that hung in the
well.
Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that
lifted.
The water I drank in the days called to
mind—
Ere I knew what professors and scientists
gifted
If the water of wells by analysis find.
The rotting wood fiber, the oxide of iron,
The algae, the frogs of unusual size,
The water—impure as the verses of Byron,
Are the things I remember with tears in
my eyes.

And to tell the sad truth—though I shud-
der to think it—
I considered the water uncommonly clear,
And often at noon, when I went to drink
it,
I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer.
How ardent I seized it with hands that
were grimy,
And quick to the mud-covered bottom it
fell;
Then soon, with its nitrates, and nitrites,
and slimy
With matter organic, it rose from the
well.
Oh! had I but realized in time to avoid
them.
The dangers that lurked in that pestilent
draught,
I'd have tested for organic germs, and de-
stroyed them
With potassic permanganate ere I had
quaffed;
Or, perchance, I'd have boiled it, and af-
terwards strained it
Through filters of charcoal and gravel
combined;
Or, after distilling, condensed, and regain-
ed it
In potable form, with its filth left behind.
How little I knew of the dread typhoid
fever
Which lurked in the water I ventured to
drink;
But, since I've become a devoted believer
In the teachings of science, I shudder to
think.
And now far removed from the scenes I'm
describing
The story of warning to others I tell
As memory reverts to my youthful imbib-
ing,
And I gag at the thought of that horrible
well,
And the old oaken bucket, the fungus-
grown bucket—
In fact, the slop-bucket—that hung in the
well.
—J. C. BAYLES, in New York World.

The White Horse.

One night in June, ten years ago,
the sentinel pacing up and down be-
fore the gates of Fort Defiance, up in
the northeastern part of Arizona, sud-
denly heard the hoof-beat of a horse.

"Halt! Who comes there?" rang
out the challenge, but there was no
answer.

It was a starlight night. Two or
three hundred feet away the sentinel
caught sight of a white horse approach-
ing him at a brisk walk. When he
could see the horse, he could also see
that it had no rider. Drove of wild
horses and still wilder mustangs were
frequently seen from the fort, and the
sentinel was rather pleased that one of
them was being led by curiosity to
approach the gate.

The horse grew whiter and larger
as he came nearer, and when he halted
he was not over ten feet from the guard.
He was tall and powerfully built,
mane hanging almost to his knees, and
tail sweeping the ground, and he was
as white as snow. Head up, ears
pointed forward, and eyes opened to
their widest extent, the wild horse
stood for a long minute and looked in-
to the soldier's face. His nostrils
dilated, his tail moved this way and
that, and the muscles in his powerful
chest and legs stood out in bold relief.
The soldier's surprise and admiration
were so great that he stood like a
statue, musket on his shoulder, and
his mind almost doubting what his
eyes saw.

Suddenly, and without an instant's
warning, the horse sprang forward to
the attack, catching the sentinel by
the shoulder with his teeth, he raised
him clear off the ground, and shook
him right and left as if he was an
empty grain bag, and then hurled him
against the heavy gate with terrible
force. The yell of pain and alarm ut-
tered by the sentinel had scarcely
died away before relief came hurrying
out. They found him lying in a heap
beside the stockade, unconscious, and
his uniform in tatters. There was no
enemy in sight—not even a wolf
skulked away through the darkness.
A general alarm was sounded, the
drums beat to arms, and for a quarter
of an hour, the excitement was intense
every one believing that a large force
of Indians was on the point of making
an assault.

When the sentinel recovered his
senses, and related his adventure, no
one would believe his story, until a
sergeant had examined the earth and
discovered the hoof prints of the horse.
It was, however, such a singular ad-
venture, that no one felt easy until
morning came. Then the trail of the
white horse could be followed far out
on the prairie, and soon after sunrise
the horse himself was discovered bear-
ing down on the fort from the direc-
tion of the mountain range three miles
away. As the word went round every
man turned out to catch sight of the
animal about which so much had been
said. He came forward at a sweep-
ing trot, head up, tail streaming far
behind, and his knee-action as perfect
as if he had been trained on the course
for years. He swerved neither to the
right nor left, and never halted until
he was within pistol shot of the crowd
at the stockade.

The sentinel had not exaggerated
in his statements. The color was
snow-white, and such strength and
symmetry, no one had ever before seen
in a horse. The ears were pointed, eyes
as bright as stars, and the sun glistened
on his hide as if it had been varnished.
For two or three minutes not a word
was spoken by any man, and the horse
did not move a foot. Then a scout
and hunter, who had come into the
fort about half an hour before, said to
the commander:

"Why, that's the boss known among
us and the Indians as 'White Devil'!
I've seen him four or five times, and
I've heard of him at least once a week
for the last five years. He's the ug-
liest, slyest and most treacherous
beast standing on four legs.

The scouts related that the horse
before them to his notice about five
years before, when the Indians made
several attempts to capture him. He
was singled out from the drove and
pursued for several days, and in de-
spair of securing him, one of the red
men sought to kill him, so no one else
should secure the prize. The horse
was only wounded by the bullet that
was meant to take his life. He at
once separated himself from the drove
and followed his former pursuers like
a shadow. He dashed into their
camps at night, attacked their ponies
when he found them grazing, and
had on several occasions attacked lone
Indians and quickly killed or disabled
them.

"I'll give two hundred dollars to
the man who captures that horse for
me!" said the commander, as he noted
every fine point about the majestic
animal.

"You might just as well offer ten
thousand," replied the scout. "That
ere hoss can pace, trot, and gallop,
and thar isn't a wolf in the hull Sierra
range which can smell of his heels.
I'd as quick take the job of cleaning
out all the reds in Arizona, as of
catchin' the White Devil. See that
fore foot go up! See them ears lay
back! he'll charge the hull crowd in
less'n a minute!"

Before a word of warning could be
spoken, the horse made a dash upon
the men, screaming out as a troop
horse does when badly wounded in
battle. The soldiers rushed for the
gate. One of the hindmost, was a
private, named O'Meary, scarcely up
to the regulation height, and run
down with sickness until his weight
did not exceed a hundred pounds.
The White Devil seized him by the
back, lifted him off his feet by a toss,
and when the soldiers next looked,
O'Meary was being borne away with
the swiftness of the wind. The horse
had a firm grip of clothing and flesh,
and keeping his head well up he
swept over the prairie with the sol-
dier held almost perpendicular before
him. He was out of range before
anybody could pick up a gun. There
were a dozen or fifteen horses at the
post and in five minutes as many men
had mounted them and were gallop-
ing away in pursuit.

White Devil and his victim had
disappeared over a swell, about a
mile from the fort. As the horsemen
reached the crest, they found the dead
body of their companion on the grass,
bitten and stamped and kneaded to a
bloody mass. The horse stood facing
them, forty rods away, as if he had
waited for them to come up. As the
remains were being conveyed to the
fort, several hunters came in, and in a
short time a force of twenty men left
the gates to try and effect the capture
of the vicious animal. The men had
lassoes, hobbles and ropes, and the in-
structions were to drive the horse
from the neighborhood, if he could
not be captured. He stood on the
ridge and looked down upon the band
as it left the fort. The four lasso-
throwers rode directly at him, while
the rest of the men separating rode to
cut off retreat by way of the moun-
tain.

When the first horseman was with-
in a hundred feet, White Devil, who
had been standing like a block of
stone, threw up his head and started
off at a sharp trot. Ten rods beyond
the first ridge was a second, with a
little green valley between. Ridges
and valleys ran straight away to the
west for twenty miles, and as the
horse headed that way, one of the
hunters said:

"The beast is for a long race. He
will go down to the end of this valley
turn to the left, and before noon he
will be back here, returning on the
fort side of this first ridge. Three of
us will push him along as fast as we
can to the end of the valley. The
rest of you drop out in squads here
and there, and race him as he comes
back. Let three or four men halt

right here to give him a last push."

The wild horse courted pursuit.
Half a mile away, he was racing up
and down, throwing his heels into the
air, snorting and pawing the sod in
his impatience to be off. With a
whoop and a yell, three lasso-throw-
ers started in pursuit. They were al-
most near enough for a throw when
the horse headed away at a trot.
They could not gain an inch, though
they had three of the best mustangs
in the Territory, and the animals
were pushed to the top of their speed.
Head up, mane rolling back over his
shoulders like a wave of foam, and his
massive tail streaming out like a flag,
the White Devil lifted his feet and
put them down as steadily as clock-
work. While they were doing their
best, they could see that he was not
using all his power. They kept up a
continual yelling for the first five
miles, hoping to break his pace. But
neither shouts nor the reports of rifles
lost him a step.

In seventy minutes the White Devil
was at the end of the valley, fresh as
a daisy, while the mustangs, half a
mile behind, were reeking and blown.
He waited for them to come up, and
then turned to the left, struck a pace,
and swept away at such a gait that
he was soon out of sight. Ten miles
to the east were the first squad of
men. They sighted him a mile away,
and were all ready for pursuit. Com-
ing straight ahead, with the grass al-
most smoking under his feet, the wild
charger passed them not more than a
hundred feet away. He laid back his
ears at their yell, but went straight
ahead at his thundering pace. In ten
minutes the men could hardly see
him. A second and third squad were
treated in the same manner, and as
the last one was reached White Devil
changed his pace to a gallop, threw
up his heels, and headed for the range.
He was soon out of sight and the race
was abandoned.

At daylight next morning, the
strange horse looked down from the
ridge again, and by and by walked
down to within pistol shot of the
fort. A band of sixty friendly In-
dians, out on a hunt, had halted at the
fort the night previous, and they
were anxious to organize a new chase.
More than eighty well-mounted pur-
suers were ready soon after breakfast.
Some rode to cut off retreat to the
range, and others galloped down the
valley. An hour after they were out
of sight the main body made a dash
for the horse, which had been seen
grazing for the last half hour. He
took to the valley as before, and men
dropped out at every mile to push
him as he returned.

White Devil was pushed faster than
before, but he would neither break his
trot nor let a horseman get within a
hundred feet of him. The Indians
who had gone on ahead were expect-
ing him to turn to the left, as before,
but the wild horse kept straight
ahead as he reached the mouth of the
valley. He ran out on the prairie
for twenty miles, tiring out every
horse in pursuit, and then wheeled
and returned over his route of the
previous day. Men were waiting for
him, but he scarcely appeared before
he was out of sight. He was pacing
and trotting by turns, and not until
he reached the end of that eighty-
mile chase did he break into a run.
When near the fort he crossed the
ridge, shook off the last pursuer, and
entered a dark canon in the mountain.
The Indians traced him until the can-
on split into three or four rocky de-
files, and they camped down with the
determination to wait until hunger
and thirst should drive the fugitive
out. Darkness came, midnight came
and the watchers had heard nothing.

With the soft tread of a wolf, al-
most a foe stole upon the Indians
sleeping under the walls of the fort.
Step! step! step! and a white object
stood within ten feet of the first
sleeper and peered this way and that.
It was White Devil! The men were

still waiting in the dark canon, but
the horse had emerged from the range
by some defile known and used be-
fore.

The sentinel at the gate heard a
shrill neigh, saw the smouldering
brands of the dying camp fires flung
high in the air, and next moment the
Indians were yelling and screaming in
affright. Back and forth charged the
horse, striking and kicking, and utter-
ing wild neighs, and he did not disap-
pear until the roll of the drum called
the soldiers to arms.

The Indians had suffered such
damages that they were determined
to kill their strange tormentor as
soon as daylight came, though his life
had heretofore been held sacred. He
was heard racing up and down while
night lasted, and when morning broke
he was in plain sight. The Indian
heart almost relented at sight of the
strong limbs, milk-white coat, and
silver eyes, but White Devil dared
them to the attack by prancing up
and down, and flinging his heels
about.

Separating into squads of ten, men
rode out on the prairie. White Devil
stood still, ears flat to his head, lip
down, and one forefoot raised a little.
When three of the squads were with-
in pistol shot they halted, and thirty
rifles covered the brave lone horse.
While they were thus held he gather-
ed his feet like a cat and dashed at
the nearest horseman. A roar of rifles
and a volley of bullets stopped him.
Struck by a score of balls, he halted,
reared up, shook his beautiful head in
an agony of pain, and fell and died
without a groan. The Indians gath-
ered around, but they did not exult.
As they stroked his glossy neck, and
sleek sides, they said to one another:
"He was brave! We will paint
his picture on our war shields, and
the body shall be buried from the
wolves!"—Rural Home.

A Benevolent Israelite.

About twenty-five years ago, a rich Jew
died in New Orleans. The city mourned
Judah Touro. He had cheered hundreds
by his secret beneficence, and among mer-
chants had been honored as "the Israelite
without guile."

He was an eccentric man. Money flowed
into his coffers, and yet he did not love it
for itself, nor for the luxuries it placed at
his command. He lived in a plain way
and did a large business with but a single
clerk.

He had but one purpose,—and it was his
single passion,—to do good to men. To
carry it out he toiled and denied himself.

He gave away, secretly, thousands of
dollars during his life. At his death half
of his large fortune was left to charitable
and religious institutions. The other half
was given to the friend who saved his life
at the battle of New Orleans.

An anecdote illustrates his eccentric
benevolence.

A poor widow, with several children,
had not a cent. She was without food or
decent clothes. Her rent was overdue,
and the landlord threatened to turn her
into the street.

In her misery she thought of the rich
Jew. He was known as a benevolent man;
he might take pity on her. She went to
him, and began telling her pitiful story.

Long before she had concluded, Mr.
Touro had filled up a check. Giving it to
her, he begged her to go and draw it at
once. She presented it at the bank, and
the teller, seeing her badly-dressed, re-
fused to pay it.

Thinking that Mr. Touro had insulted
her, she hastened back and handing him
the check, remarked that it ill became a
rich man to mock a poor widow.

"My dear madam," said the astonished
Israelite, "it is all I can give you to-day;
it is, I know, a small sum, but it is all I
can spare now."

"But the bank officer refused to give
anything for it," replied the woman.

"Oh yes! I see it all; he requires
proof of your identity. Here," turning to
the clerk, "go down to the bank with this
lady, and tell them to pay the check."

As the check was for fifteen hundred
dollars, the teller had properly refused to
pay it to a woman whom he did not know
and who was so forlorn-looking.—E.C.

—A contemplative life has more the
appearance of a life of piety than any
other; but it is the divine plan to
bring faith into activity and exercise.
—Cecil.