REMINISCENCES.

[Field and Farm.]

Saved His Scalp: One hot summer day, after climbing the old "government" road, in the mountains of Arizona, which winds in and out of the gulches, but always up from Copper Basin, my companion, Colonel Bigelow, and myself reached the cool spring which bubbles from the rocks just before the divide is reached from which the road commences to descend to Prescott, which is eight or nine miles away. The mountains here are covered with tall pine trees which spring from the ground covered with immense granite boulders.

Resting ourselves at the spring the colonel pointed to a trail leading up the side of the opposite mountain, and said: "A good many years since—I think it was in 1866, and when I felt much younger than now—I came very near being taken in by the Indians up on the trail where it passes over the divide. I'll tell you how it was:

"I had been down to Prescott for a month or two, having a good time with the boys until I became broke and tired of so much liberty, so I made up my mind I would strike out for the camp, which at that time was at the mouth of the Grand Wash, which leads down into the Hassayampa, four or five miles below Cooper's ranch.

"I started out from Prescott, and was coming on the other side of the ridge over there, all the time keeping my eyes open for Indians, for in those days a person was always on the lookout for Indians and always had his gun ready for instant use.

"As I came up the hill I noticed a movement of the boughs in the top of a tall pine tree which stood on top of the ridge. Not being able from my position to discover what made the commotion in the pine tree top, I carefully made my way up the hill until I had a good view of the tree, and what do you think I saw? Well, an Indian had climbed up the pine tree, and, with a long light rib or a saghuaro, was knocking off the pine cones which hold the sweet pinion nuts.

"I felt very comfortable when I saw the Indian up the tree, for I imagined the result if he had caught me up the tree. I made up my mind that he was my Indian, for the Apaches had made things particularly hot for me on more than one occasion. Without any regard as to whether he would fall out of sport or not, I took good aim and then—didn't shoot.

"You what was the matter?" I asked.

"I'll tell you why," continued the colonel. "Hearing a slight noise, I looked down the trail on the other side of the hill, and there, not more than one hundred yards away, were coming seven or eight Indians in single file, and all well armed. They had not seen me. I cautiously continued I hadn't lost my Indians that day, and I lay down in the brush while they passed along the trail in full view of my hiding place and disappeared over the hill.

"As I didn't care to call a band of the red devils upon me by shooting I just crawled away from them without letting the Indian up the tree know how near he had been to being my meat, nor how near my scalp had been in hanging to the belt of one of his tribe."

A Novel Death Sentence: One of the most interesting characters of the early history of New Mexico is that of the late Judge Beaubien. A whole volume could be written on the work of this man and a most interesting book it would make, too. One of the most unique acts of the judge's career was a sentence he passed on a Mexican convicted of murder. We publish it verbatim:

"Jose Maria Martin, stand up! Jose Maria Martin, you have been indicted, tried and convicted by a jury of your countrymen of the crime of murder, and the court is now about to pass upon you the dread sentence of the law. As a usual thing, Jose Maria Martin, it has painful duty for the judge of a court of justice to pronounce upon a human being the sentence of death. There is something horrible about it, and the mind of the court naturally revolts from the performance of such a duty. Happily, however, your case is relieved of all such unpleasant features, and the court takes positive delight in sentencing you to death.

"You are a young man, Jose Maria Martin. Apparently of good physical condition and robust health. Ordinarily you might have looked forward to many years of life, but the court has no doubt you have, and have expected to die at a green old age; but you are about to be cut off in the consequence of your crime. Jose Maria Martin, it is now the spring time; in a little while the grass will be springing up in these beautiful valleys and on these broad mesas and mountain sides. Flowers will be blooming, birds will be singing their sweet carols, and nature will be putting on her most gorgeous and attractive robes, and life will be pleasant and men will want to stay. But none of these things for you, Jose Maria Martin. The flowers will not bloom for you, Jose Maria Martin; the birds will not carol for you, Jose Maria Martin. When these things come to gladden the senses of men, you will be occupying a space about six feet by two beneath the sod, and the green grass and these beautiful flowers will be growing above your lowly head.

"The sentence of the court is that you be taken from this place to the county jail; that you be there kept safely and securely confined, in the custody of the sheriff, until the day appointed for your execution. Be very careful, Mr. Sheriff, that he have no opportunity to escape, and that you have him at the appointed time and place appointed. Have you a watch, Jose Maria Martin, until—Mr. Clerk, on what day of the month does Friday about two weeks from this time come?"

"March 25th, your honor."

"Very well, until the 25th day of March, when you will be taken by the sheriff from your place of confinement to a secure and convenient spot within the county, that he in your direction, Mr. Sheriff—you are only confined to the limits of the county—and that you there be hanged by the neck until you are dead and—the court was about to say, Jose Maria Martin, 'may God have mercy on your soul'—but the court will not assume the responsibility of asking an advisory Providence to do that which a jury of your peers have refused to do. The Lord couldn't have mercy on your soul. However, if you have any religious belief, or are connected with any religious organization, it might be well enough for you to send for your priest, or your minister and get them him—well, such consolation as you can, but the court advises you to place no reliance upon anything of that kind. Mr. Sheriff, remove the prisoner."

Pike's Peak Gold: Way back in 1807 when Zebulon M. Pike was in New Mexico he met a carpenter in Santa Fe, Turley by name, from Bardstown, Ky. Turley was working at his trade because he could not get away. He had in 1802, while out on the plains hunting, met with a series of misfortunes, and found himself in 1804 or 1805, with a hunting party near the mountains. The rugged sides of the plains drove them into the high ground in the rear of Pike's peak. Near the head waters of the Platte river Turley found some gold. He carried a little of it in his shot pouch for months. He was finally sent by his companions to Santa Fe to see if they could trade with the Spaniards, and chose to remain at Santa Fe in preference to returning to the hunting party.

He told the Spaniards about the gold he had found, and they acted very hard to persuade him to go and show them the place. They offered to take along a strong force of cavalry. But Turley refused, and his infinite reason was that he thought the land was on United States Territory. He told Lieut. Pike that he feared that they would not allow him to leave Santa Fe if they still hoped to learn from him where the gold was to be found.

These facts were published by Lieut. Pike soon after his return, but not one then thought, or he took was too great, and thus more than half a century passed before these same rich fields of gold were found and wasted to the world. If Turley had been somewhat less patriotic, and had guided the Spaniards to the treasures, the whole history and condition of the western part of our continent might have been entirely different from what it now is. That region would have been a part of Mexico, or the Spaniards might have been in possession of it, owning California, and, with the gold that would have been poured into their coffers, have been the leading nation in European affairs today. We can easily see how Anson Lowe and Kempner history in the nineteenth century might have been changed if that adventurer from Kentucky had not been a true lover of his native country.

Couldn't See It.

The were sitting on the forward deck of the "Ocean Wonder" the other day, drinking in the fresh and bracing air by the bucketful, and scanning the scenery on all sides, says the Boston Post. They were not sailors, however, for, then, the mate, but finally one of them stopped across the deck to the other, and said:

"Beautiful afternoon, isn't it? So clear and bracing, eh?"

"Yes?" replied the other sententiously.

"Fine scenery in this harbor?"

"Elegant?"

"Say, I've been trying to recollect what is reminds me of, and I've just struck it."

"Indeed?"

"Yes! It's just like the entrance to Queenstown harbor, there, sort of, mind you, don't you think? Doesn't it remind you of it very much?"

"Hey? Can't say it does?"

"No? Why, see the curve in the land there, and how it rises gradually from the water's edge. Doesn't that remind you of Queenstown?"

"Not a bit!"

"Why, that's strange! Don't you notice any resemblance?"

"No, I don't!"

"Why, how is it that it appeals so forcibly to my memory, and doesn't convey the least resemblance to you? I should think that any two people who have seen Queenstown would notice some resemblance, I'm sure!"

"Very likely, replied the other man, that, er, you see, I've never been outside of Massachusetts in my life!"

And the first man, turning a mild look of reproach upon him, seemed about to jump into the sea, but turned about and walked aft.

DICK CASTLEMON'S DEFENSE.

A STORY OF AN EARLY BORDER BOY IN THE WAR OF 1812.

[New York Sun.]

Hardly had the United States published its declaration of war with Great Britain in the early part of this century, then the settlers along the Ohio River had to begin strengthening their defenses. They did not fear the British, for they were not on their expected battle ground, but they knew that the Indians would take up the Tomahawk against them. Within a few rods of a small settlement on the Muskingum River some pioneers had erected a strong block house, large enough to shelter the little community.

It was surrounded by a stockade of hewn logs twelve feet high, and pierced with loopholes for rifles. The upper story of the house had the stockade on all sides, and without the defenders a good view of the surrounding country. Just beyond some side of the settlement's clearing by the pasturage for the few cows held in common. It was the custom on every night when danger threatened to bring the little band within the inclosure. When there was no danger the cattle were left to enjoy the rich grass and were allowed to roam in the pasture. With the first reports of war in 1812 came rumors that Indians were prowling in the neighborhood.

Soon several were seen, and the women and children were hurried into the block house. In the excitement the cows in the pasture were forgotten. At milking time, when they were remembered, several men went out to bring them in, but they soon came back saying that Indians were hiding near the cattle. For the two next days the settlers were cowed up in the block house. They knew that Indians were in the nearest timber waiting for some one to expose himself, but the utmost caution was exercised by the men who went out to do the chores. At last a young Dick Castleman, 15 years old, a fearless lad, declared that he would go out and milk the cows. He was urged not to do so, partly because his little brother was sick, and the water in the fort was not fit to drink.

Everybody, of course, tried to dissuade Dick from his undertaking, but he had set his mind on it, and his father at last told him to open the gates and let them out. Provided with his tin heavy wooden pails Dick was seen beyond the stockade, with face turned toward the dangerous ground. Few in the block house expected to see him come back. He went down the path of the coaling swinging the pails as easily as if there was not an Indian within fifty miles. The sun was setting behind the woods, the shadows were long and dark, but the settlers could see every step the young backwoodsman took. They fully expected to see a dozen Indians spring up from behind the stumps in the clearing and surround Dick, but not one painted figure appeared.

The settlers could see, too, the cattle as they roved hither and thither in the pasture, and by and by Dick was lost to view. You could measure the anxiety that filled the hearts of the occupants of the fort. The brave boy was watched from every loophole, and when he disappeared all whispered were hushed.

"Thank! he's coming back!" suddenly exclaimed some one.

"But look at the big stump right before him! There is an Indian in the tall grass about it!"

Every one looked at the stump which Dick was nearing with his heavy pails, and some saw a dark object in the grass. It was with the greatest anxiety that Dick was seen to approach the Indian in hiding, and what was the horror of all when he saw the Indian on the ground rise a moment! The next instant the warrior sprang up with a suddenness that brought a cry of terror from the boy. The redskin was a big fellow, half naked, and wore a headdress of feathers which would have made him conspicuous anywhere.

Dick could be seen standing between the pails, as if in their defense, but no one in the fort could hear what he was saying to the Indian. Suddenly Dick stooped and caught up one of the buckets. "The Shawnee has asked Dick for a drink of milk!" exclaimed the boy's father. "Dick knows better than to refuse him, even if he drains the pail. But the father was wrong. Instantly Dick dashed the bucket of milk into the Indian's face, caught up his other pail and ran for his life. To Dick the Indian a minute or two to get his tomahawk from his belt, and then he was in full chase. Dick knew that when he got it he started after Dick with a loud whoop."

The breathless people in the fort saw that the race would soon be made in the warrior's favor unless the latter was checked, and so, when he was within rifle shot, several rifles spoke, and the milk-bespattered Indian dropped. Dick continued his flight toward the fort, and in a short time was received among his friends with shouts of joy. The defenders of the block house believed the Indians had meant not to molest the boy in order to draw the men into ambush, but that the one warrior could not curb his ungovernable recklessness that had resulted in his death.

Out of revenge for the loss of their companion the Indians killed all the cattle of the settlement that night. But Dick Castleman grew to manhood, and long after his adventure was complimented in Gen. Winfield Scott's despatch for bravery on the battle fields of Mexico.

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"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Pennimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-five years of age, and this is what he says: "I have used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my own use, and found it does me more good than any other remedy. I have been troubled with what I call Sick Headache. A pain comes in the back part of my head first, and then soon a general headache until I become sick and vomit. At times, too, I have a fullness after eating, a great deal after eating at the pit of the stomach, and sourness, when food seems to rise up in my throat and mouth. When I feel this coming on if I take a little August Flower it relieves me, and is the best remedy I have ever taken for it. For the reason I take it and recommend it to others as a great remedy for Dyspepsia, &c."

G. C. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the Matter of the Estate of Norman Hamilton W. Wilcox, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT Thomas Cummings, administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of Norman Hamilton W. Wilcox, deceased, has filed his accounts and first and final report for administration of said estate, and that Monday, the 19th day of October, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court room of said Court, in the County Court House, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah Territory, has been duly appointed by the Judge of said Court for the hearing of said accounts and hearing said petition for the distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled thereto, and that Monday, the 19th day of November, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court room of said Court, in the County Court House, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah Territory, has been duly appointed by the Judge of said Court for the settlement of said estate, when and where all persons interested in said estate may appear and show cause, if any there be, why said petition should not be granted and said accounts and final distribution made as prayed for.

Dated September 28, 1891.

C. C. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. STANTON, Deputy Clerk. 8-14

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of and for the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory, County of Salt Lake.

In the matter of the estate of Alfred B. Cooke, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

MARGARET A. FAUST, THE ADMINISTRATRIX of the estate of Alfred B. Cooke, deceased, having filed her petition herein, praying for an order of sale of a part of said estate, and it appearing to the Court that the same can be sold to better advantage than any other part of said estate, and that it is necessary and for the best interest of said estate that a part thereof be sold to pay the debts of said deceased, upon notice to the administrator, and to all persons interested in said estate, and upon the petition of said Margaret A. Faust, administratrix, and upon the order to show cause why an order of sale of said real estate should not be made, and upon the hearing of said petition, upon notice to the administrator, and to all persons interested in said estate, and upon the petition of said