GIDEON'S FOUNTAIN.

You know the sacred legend well,
How, to the Gideonites' relief,
Which was across the land but rolled,
Great waters fell in answer full
And made their enemy confounded.

Now all the soldiers with their horses
Who quaffed from palms clapped upon
And parts right from their lips
With sacred drops of twofold blood
By Jerusalem's lofty tower,

As in the days when Gideon wind
He was to fall the foe,
From out the temples's crowned side
The water walls and warriors with,
And answer cries of him.

The thirsty earth came and stood
Deep by falling waters roar,
Wind hushed, reeds sway back with hush,
And ever as the wind sore, lend
Hills dumbed down.

And as we quaff the water clear
Era on, we tide again,
We come to see a thing appear—
The cross arise with shield and spear
Or trident and his sun.
—Clarence Bedlert in Congregationalist.

THE LONE PRISONER.

Mark Twain has written an account of a campaign that failed, and how many, many accounts there have been of campaigns crowned with success. Prisoners from Dry Tortugas, from Andersonville, from a hundred other places have written their experiences, but I am sure the most lonesome captive of war times has "written up" no account of his captivity.

Let us go back beyond the season of secession that ushered in the rainy season of war, to describe a certain house homestead. It is a home already known to many southern people. At session of Greene Springs homestead recollections of pleasant incidents of boyhood will rise up before many of the men of the old south and men of the new south as well, for old Greene Springs school has sent out many of her "boys" to do good work for their country, both in times of peace and of war. Many of the students of this "Singly of the South" rushed eagerly to the battles, enamored by that first fateful shot from Fort Sumter. Besides being the site of one of the most noted high schools in the south, it was a home—a home, for forty years, for the members of one most happy family.

During the war four generations of this one family were concerned in that house, and three of the young soldiers went into the Confederate army. The married daughters of the household were now at the old homestead again, since the first fateful news that summoned the young husbands to the front—come to give as a sanctuary to Fort Morgan, by the bay of Mobile; the other to raise a company on and about the hills of Hale, near Greene Springs, whence he led his men to as adventurous and most creditable career.

A widowed sister of the mother of the household had come to this wide around house, and from there she had sent off her two boys to the army. The eldest son of the house, just seventeen, had gone to the wars, and the adopted son of the house also donned the gray uniform of the Confederate soldier. The grandparents of the household gave up their youngest son to the cause.

Now and then, during the long and hard four years, there were furloughs for one or another of these young soldiers and these young women young soldiers went into the Confederate army. The married daughters of the household were now at the old homestead again, since the first fateful news that summoned the young husbands to the front—come to give as a sanctuary to Fort Morgan, by the bay of Mobile; the other to raise a company on and about the hills of Hale, near Greene Springs, whence he led his men to as adventurous and most creditable career.

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[illegible]

Greene Springs people and all the rest of the neighborhood was supplied with lots of that Bellona. Lights, too, in these days had to be homemade. Three Fokes were of tallow, wrapped in rolled pasteboard, and then poured into molds around cotton wicks that had been greased, picked, spun, spun and twisted by the "hands" on the plantation.

Yet even with this busy industry going on all the home there were nights when a yule—for yuletide did sometimes run the blockade—had to be read by the blazing of pine knots in great earth fireplaces. Corn work had to be carried on, and the honest supplies of corn and meat had to be increased. A sorghum mill was put up on the place for the manufacture of molasses and coarse sugar, and wooden troughs that had heretofore been brought from the north and west, must now be grown and ground at home. Besides all this to be superintended, the school was kept up all the four years of the war, and thither came many of the sons of the south who were too young to be admitted to the ranks of the army.

All the old students of this institution who had become University of Virginia graduates, and who might have been available at other times as assistant teachers, were now off "to the front." So it came to pass that the doctor's daughters had to be pressed into service as teachers. For several hours each day the sweet maids spinners, weavers and sometimes were metamorphosed into fair Hypatias, who refused to young men on the "singles."

Fortunately this home was spared those greatest horrors of war—the rout of soldiers sweeping over a home place and leaving desolation in its track, or the passage of marauding parties, the stiff raid of an army, to whom nothing is sacred—or the meeting of hostile hosts in sight of one's doors.

None of these horrors of a long conflict came to harass this homestead. Indeed, the war was pretty well over when these people saw one of the invading bands—if any one advisedly.

He came, this one, not with flutter ing banners or braying trumpets, though he did march away to the sound of the drum. He came, not with the gay trappings and confident air of an invading power. He came a prisoner, and a very lonesome one.

He is the only real and well authenticated case of invasion of which Hale county can boast—if she cares to boast of such a misadventure.

He was a German, this invader, who became the lone captive. The south spoke his English. He had, possibly, fresh from a sea voyage, donned the blue uniform at Castle Garden. I do not suppose he felt very worthed or very tragic over his capture, for in all this melee of fighting between soldiers who spoke one language, and in some instances claimed kin one with the other, probably this poor foreigner did not realize fully at what lonesome he crossed Mason and Dixon's line, or at what road crossing the inhabitants of the surrounding country became his enemies.

He must have fallen very much to the rear, and as his brigade swept up the river after the second encounters with the state university cadets in and about Tuskaloosa, this poor fellow mistook the route and swept down the river. And then, all alone, he came from the hills of Tuscaloosa county to the hills of Hale county, and somewhere about the Indian mounds at Carthage (thumb marks of a race that have "moved on" long ago) our blue coated soldier "invaded" on enemy's land.

Then was done great consternation in the neighborhood of Carthage. The Greene Guard hastened to arm themselves and to disarm the intruder, and they kept watch for the border that night follow this simple footsoldier.

Very little could be got out of this invader, whom lack of a gun had transformed into a prisoner of war.

But to some of the simple country women, who came from near and far to see a real "enemy," it did not seem at all strange that a "Yankee" talk should be so unintelligible to honest folk. They thought that foreign tongue of his was a very proper tongue for a "Yankee" to have.

To the ignorant ones of the neighborhood he was an exciting wonder, with just enough suspected attributes of an alarming nature to make him the more interesting.

He was kept at Carthage but a little while ere he was passed under guard to Havana.

There the Carthage House guard had the pleasure of seeing their own excitement, now grown somewhat the worse for wear, reflected in all the pretty freshness by the Havana community.

The Havana House guard soon passed the prisoner on over three miles of up hill and down dale and crowning road to Greene Springs, the home and school on the hill.

There at the front yard gate he stood, a small guard about him, waiting to see what disposal the doctor would make of the prisoner.

The enemy at our door!

Oh, what excitement in all the female elements of that home!

Shall he be brought in? Under our very roof tree!

No!

Shall he be starved and fed?

What! strengthen his enemy! When even now brothers, cousins, uncles, brothers-in-law, husbands, sons of the household are fearing the guns of this same enemy in blue!

And all the site of Sunshine intervention and protective the father entered, summoned in haste from his classes. And general holiday he was told of the capture and urgent at the gate.

Before all else, the father thinks of the man's bodily needs. "Fed us," said he. "Bring him in and give him something to eat, for if he has been brought from Carthage here on foot he must be both tired and hungry."

Whereupon the sight of dinner and at parlous occasion began to each abode.

"Well, well, well," said the father, "we must keep a fire on our enemy's hearth, you know."

"Keep fires of the on Mr hearth!" thought the youngest and most belligerent boy of the family.

Awestruck this most warlike little fellow of five followed his father down the broad flight of home steps, among the yard beds and down the wide walk to where the prisoner waited at the iron gate. Just before the gate was reached the boy could not longer curb his curiosity, his desire to know all the dreadful, but exciting truth, so he reached up and pulled his father's coat to attract his attention. "Father! father!" he whispered, "are you going to put the rebels in here, and just going to put the fire on his head right here?"

Great, doubtless, must have been the relief experienced by the boy when he found that the translation of this Biblical phrase into fact permitted the bringing in of the prisoner to a warm and comfortable room, and that there he was allowed to sit before a bright fire, to reach the soles of his feet to the blazes thereof, instead of having the soles of the same applied to his head.

I cannot but fancy that the poor German felt somewhat puzzled, with his glimpses of home life in Dixie. The family is now a pretty little drawing room into which he was carried, with its bright food of sunlight, its glint of firelight, gleam of silver on the highly polished tables, its dusky, shining hand sculptured by the hand of the negro, fearfully afraid to wait on the Yankee as he ate—and, better than all else, the poor German, pining for a word in his own tongue, was the talk in his own language that he had with the doctor and his daughter.

When the prisoner was fed and warmed the question arose as to how he was to be "moved on" to the next hamlet.

Every school in the land was at that time something of a military establishment, so the company of Greene Springs' scholarly boys concluded it fit to be guard to the prisoner a little far ther on his way. The roll of the drum and the shrill note of the fife were heard on the Hill of Science. The learned soldier here took the land prisoner in charge, and to the stirring tune of "Yankee Doodle" the little army marched down the red hill, through Five Rile Creek swamp and over to Hartsboro.

There the captive was handed over to the Homestead of that hamlet, and the boys marched back to their accustomed duties.

The doctor and the Greene Springs home people knew that the prisoner was sent on his way toward Greenborough, when they heard the boys with their fresh clear young voices strike into cheery song, as their march home was brought them to the foot of the red old hill that carried us to the sweet sense of the sweetest home the world has ever held. The song that the boys sang was one that stirred their young hearts up to a desire for soul marching to and battle:

Oh, how I am in the land of action,
The fog now lowered is now forgotten;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

But here I stand for Dixie dear
To fight for freedom without fear;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

For Dixie land I'll take my stand,
To live and die for Dixie's land;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

The sun and land are not for us,
And independence is before us;
Fight away, fight away, fight away for
Dixie's land.

Soon enough these boys, and all other boys able to carry guns, were ordered to the front along with the old men. It was not long after this that the doctor and his second son, a lad of fourteen years, were on their way to make part of the hastily commanded reinforcement of the shattered Confederate forces. But ere those last rallied troops could with all haste reach the thunder sound of cannon and the heavy rain of bullets the news came that the great General Robert E. Lee had surrendered, and the war was over.—Martha Young in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Early Bird.

First Dude—I'm going to Washington tomorrow.

Second Dude—What train are you going to take?

First Dude—I am going to take the early train that leaves at 7 o'clock in the morning, doubtless.

Second Dude—I'd like to see you call old chappie, but that's too early, yer know. All sensible people are in bed by 7 in the morning, yer see.—Texas Siftings.

A Petrified Rabbit.

A short while ago we happened to see a queer thing in the shape of a petrified rabbit. He had run into a hole to escape, probably, from pursuit, and becoming wedged in had to remain. Some property in the soil had changed him into solid stone, but he very hale unruffled and natural as to color. He seemed so natural we could scarcely resist the temptation to give a stone at him, or to whoop up the dogs and have a chase.—Crawfordville (Ga.) Democrat.

Might Have Tried Elsie Smith.

That was a delightful characteristic of Sir Walter Scott that fortune has suffering from that most wounding infliction, the loss of "I have nearly, if not—yes," he says, "found my way out of Wave Lonsdale and cannot unfamiliarize or unfashion." Perhaps, after all, the south should go to the Walter's circumstances rather than to his temperament, from a study done "on the jo" a delicate task to be accomplished in a given time, and a realization that every moment of that time was money, and possibly Sir Walter might have modified his experience of content. Under this condition a hero is a very palpable reality and of whom the extension of enjoyment would be a fine art.—Boston Commonwealth.

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In the matter of the Estate of Mary Wilson, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

Clerk of the Probate Court.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of [illegible], deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

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

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of [illegible], Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THE CREDITORS [illegible]

SUMMONS.

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

[illegible]

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To [illegible]:

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