

The Juniata Sentinel.
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BRIDGE STREET, OPPOSITE THE OLD FELLOWS' HALL,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
The JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every
Wednesday morning at \$1.50 a year, in ad-
vance; or \$2.00 in all cases if not paid
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Juniata Sentinel.

B. F. SCHWEIER,

[THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME XXVII, NO. 21

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., MAY 21, 1873.

WHOLE NUMBER 1567.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

All advertising for less than three months for one square of 10 lines or less, will be charged one insertion, 75 cents, three \$1.50, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.
Administrators, Executors and Auditors Notices, \$3.00. Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding one square, and including copy of paper, \$3.00 per year. Notices in reading columns, ten cents per line. Mer- chants advertising by the year at special rates.
3 months 6 months 1 year
One inch..... \$ 3.00 \$ 5.00 \$ 8.00
Two inches..... 5.00 8.00 11.00
Three inches..... 8.00 12.00 15.00
One-fourth col..... 10.00 17.00 25.00
Half column..... 18.00 25.00 45.00
One column..... 30.00 45.00 80.00

Business Cards.

LOUIS E. ATKINSON,
Attorney at Law,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Collecting and Conveyancing promptly
attended to.
Office on Bridge street, opposite the Court
House Square.

ROBERT McMEEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office on Bridge street, in the room formerly
occupied by Ezra D. Parler, Esq.

AUCTIONEER.
J. F. G. LONG, residing in Spruce Hill
township, offers his services to the citi-
zens of Juniata county as Auctioneer and
Vendor of Goods. Charges moderate. Satis-
faction warranted. [Jan 23-3m]

S. B. LOEDEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Offers his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata county as Auctioneer and Vendor of
Goods, from two to ten dollars. Satis-
faction warranted. nov 3, '73

O YES! O YES!
H. H. SNYDER, Parrisville, Pa.
Tenders his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata and adjoining counties, as Auctioneer—
Charges moderate. For satisfaction give the
Debtman a chance. P. O. address, Port
Royal, Juniata Co., Pa. [Feb 7, '73-1y]

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
DRUGGIST
PATTERSON, PENN'A.
August 18, 1869-1f.

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office, Leona 5 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in
Reider's building, two doors above the Sen-
tinel office, Bridge street. [Aug 18-1f]

M. B. GARVER,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon,
Having located in the borough of Thompson-
town, offers his professional services to the
citizens of that place and vicinity.
Office—In the room recently occupied by
Dr. Sarg. [June 12, '72-1f]

D. C. SMITH, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Having permanently located in the borough
of Mifflintown, offers his professional services
to the citizens of this place and surrounding
country.
Office on Main street, over Reider's Drug
Store. [Aug 18 1869-1f]

Dr. R. A. Simpson
Treats all forms of disease, and may be con-
sulted as follows:—At his office in Liverpool
Pa., every SATURDAY and MONDAY—ap-
pointments can be made for other days.
Call on or address
DR. R. A. SIMPSON,
Liverpool, Perry Co., Pa.

New Drug Store
IN PERRYVILLE.
D. B. J. APPLEBAUGH has established
a Drug and Prescription Store in the
above-named place, and keeps a general as-
ortment of
DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
Also all other articles usually kept in estab-
lishments of this kind.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal pur-
poses, Cigars, Tobacco, Stationery, Confection-
aries (first-class), Notions, etc., etc.
The Doctor gives advice free

BEST CIGARS IN TOWN
AT
Hollobaugh's Saloon.
Two for 5 cents. Also, the Finest Lager,
the Largest Oysters, the Sweetest Cider,
the Finest Domestic Wines, and, in short, any-
thing you may wish in the
EATING OR DRINKING LINE
at the most reasonable prices. He has also
refitted his
BILLIARD HALL,
so that it will now compare favorably with
any hall in the interior of the State.
June 1, 1870-1y

WALL PAPER.
Rally to the Place where you can buy
your Wall Paper Cheap.
THE undersigned takes this method of in-
forming the public that he has just re-
ceived at his residence on Third Street, Mif-
flintown, a large assortment of
WALL PAPER,
of various styles, which he offers for sale
CHEAPER than can be procured elsewhere
in the county. All persons in need of the
above article, and wishing to save money, are
invited to call and examine his stock and
hear his prices before going elsewhere.
Large supply constantly on hand.
SIMON BASOM.

COAL, Lumber, Fish, Salt, and all kinds
of Merchandise for sale. Chestnut and
Bark, Railroad Ties, all kinds of Grain and
Seeds bought at the highest market prices in
cash or exchanged for merchandise, coal,
lumber, &c., to suit customers. I am pre-
pared to furnish to builders bills of lumber
just as wanted and on short notice, of either
oak or yellow pine lumber.
NOAH HERTZLER,
Port Royal, Juniata Co., Pa.

INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF AND SOUND,
REFRESHING SLEEP
Guaranteed by using my
Instant Relief for the Asthma.
It acts instantly, relieving the paroxysm
immediately, and enabling the patient to lie
down and sleep. I suffered from this dis-
ease twelve years, but suffer no more, and
work and sleep as well as any one. Warranted
to relieve in the worst case. Sent by
mail on receipt of price, one dollar per box;
ask your Druggist for it.
CHAS. B. HURST,
ROCHESTER, DEVEREN CO., PA.
Feb 13-1y
All kinds of Job Work neatly executed.

Miscellaneous.

Crystal Palace. Crystal Palace.
Shelley & Stambaugh.

The First,
The Best,
The Cheapest,
The Largest

Stock of Goods

IN THE COUNTY,

To Offer to the Public

AT THE
VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Just Received from Eastern
Markets.

Seeing Them will Guarantee You
Satisfaction.

SHELLEY & STAMBAUGH.
NEW CRYSTAL PALACE BUILDING,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
April 16, 1873.

NEW DRUG STORE.
BANKS & HAMLIN,
Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.
DEALERS IN
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Dye Stuffs,
Oils, Paints, Glass,
Varnishes, Coal Oil,
Putty, Burners,
Lamps, Chimneys, Brushes,
Infants Brushes, Soaps,
Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes,
Perfumery, Combs,
Hair Oil, Tobacco, Notions,
Cigars, and Stationery.

LARGE VARIETY OF
PATENT MEDICINES,
selected with great care, and warranted from
high authority.
Purveyors of WINES AND LIQUORS for Medi-
cal Purposes.
PRESCRIPTIONS compounded with
great care. [Mar 1672-1y]

Boots and Shoes.
NEW BOOT & SHOE SHOP
In Nevin's New Building on
BRIDGE STREET, MIFFLINTOWN.

THE undersigned, late of the firm of Es-
sick & North, would respectfully an-
nounce to the public that he has opened a
Boot and Shoe Shop, in Major Nevin's New
Building, on Bridge street, Mifflintown, and
is prepared to manufacture, of the best ma-
terial, all kinds of
BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,
FOR
GENTS, LADIES AND CHILDREN.
He also keeps on hand a large and well
selected stock of
Ready-made Work,
of all kinds, for men, women and children.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Give me a call, for I feel confident that I
can furnish you with any kind of work you
may desire.
Repairing done neatly and at reason-
able rates.
J. L. NORTH,
May 21, 1872.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Now Shop in Mifflintown.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform the
citizens of Mifflintown, Patterson and
vicinity that he has opened a Boot and Shoe
Shop, for the present, in the room occupied
by N. E. Litt-ehold's Tin Shop, on Bridge
street, Mifflintown, where he is prepared to
manufacture all kinds of
LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S
and
CHILDREN'S WEAR
in the most substantial manner, and at the
lowest prices. Repairing promptly at-
tended to.
TERMS—CASH.
A liberal share of public patronage is so-
licit, and satisfaction guaranteed.
A. B. FASICK.
May 29, 1872-1f

Boot and Shoe Shop.
THE undersigned, fashionable Boot
and Shoemaker, hereby respect-
fully informs the public that he has located
in the borough of Patterson, where he is pre-
pared to accommodate the most fastidious in
LADIES' WEAR,
Gents' Fine and Coarse Boots,
Brogans,
CHILDREN'S WEAR, &c., &c.
Also, mending done in the neatest manner
and upon the shortest notice. A liberal
share of public patronage is respectfully
solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Shop located on the east side of Tus-
carora street, one door south of Main street,
nearly opposite Laird & Bell's store.
J. W. DEAN.
March 8, 1872

PLAIN and Fancy Job Printing neatly ex-
ecuted at this Office.

Poetry.

Nobody's Child.
Playing out in the dusty street,
A little sun-browned girl,
With cheeks like roses, eyes like stars,
And waving nut-brown curls.

Pump bare shoulders and dimpled arms,
Wee, dust-beclouded feet;
What is she doing all alone,
Out in the crowded street?

Of what is her mother thinking?
Here she is never safe;
Has there come a loaded wagon,
Down goes the little waif!

Pick up the poor, crushed body,
Bleeding and mangled now;
See where the horse's steel clad hoof
Is printed on her brow!

Struggle one moment the dainty hands,
Flutters the feeble breath;
Now close the drooping violet eyes—
We gaze alone on death.

Over the pulseless waxen breast
Lay the white fingers cold,
Here is a sad, sad history,
But one who often told!

Fatherless, motherless, homeless—
Poor little orphaned one—
Thanks to the merciful Father,
Her lonely life is done!

She died, alas! as she had lived,
And over her little bier
No loving hand placed 'er a rose,
Or shed a single tear.

But white-robed forms from Eden's bowers
Looked down and sweetly smiled,
And Jesus, in His tender arms,
Gathered "Nobody's child."

Miscellany.

A KANSAS HORROR!
AN AWFUL REVELATION.

One of the Most Fearful Crimes on
Record.
Discovery of a Murderer's Den Containing
Eight Victims.

The Kansas City (Mo) Times con-
tains the following account of a dreadful
affair already alluded to in our telegraph-
ic columns:

What follows in its facts may read
like the recital of some horrible dream,
wherein nightmare mirrors upon the dis-
torted brain a countless number of
monstrous and unnatural things, yet
what is set down in the narrative is as
true as the sun.

From the information furnished to us
last night by a gentleman just from the
scene of the butchery, and from dis-
patches and accounts already published we
are enabled to give a tolerable detail-
ed account of the monstrous series of
murders up to date.

The beginning of the end came about
in this wise: On the 9th of March, Dr.
William H. York, the brother of that
other York, famous now for his penetra-
tion of the guilty secrets of Pomeroy
and his betrayal in the supreme moment
of the Senatorial crisis of the trust
confided in his keeping—left Fort Scott,
on horseback, for his home in Independ-
ence, Kansas. He did not come home.
His friends watched and waited for him,
his family prayed and prayed for him,
the talk of the town dealt day after day
with him, expectation at last deepened
into downright earnestness about him,
until on the 28th of March the Lawrence
Tribune gave a brief account of the
mysterious disappearance. All at once
thereafter all the papers in the State
took up the tale of his journey, of his
non-arrival, of the fears of foul play,
and of all the little details and circum-
stances that might go to show that he
had been murdered.

The most thorough search known to
sleuth work was at once commenced.—
His neighbors turned out en masse.—
His brother, Colonel A. M. York, rested nei-
ther by day nor night in his labors, but
followed what seemed to him a trail with
the tenacity of an Indian and the devo-
tion of a saint. Rivers were dragged,
spots fit for an anvil were probed foot
by foot, lonesome places were quested as
a keen hound scents a trail that is cold,
the route he was supposed to have fol-
lowed had scouts upon it from city to
city, and tracks of his horse even were
attempted to be identified, but all to no
purpose. Not a shadow of evidence re-
sulted anywhere to say that Dr. York had
been murdered—not a sign anywhere
told how he came to his death, if death
indeed had overtaken him unawares.—
He was traced to Cherryvale, but no
further. There the trail was no longer
a trail, but a myth, a mystery, an enigma
neither the unwearied patience of
friends nor the sacrificing devotion of a
brother could solve.

Cherryvale is a small town on the
Leaveworth, Lawrence and Galveston
railroad, and is in Labette county, about
fifty miles from the south line of the
State. To the south of Cherryvale some
two miles or less, stands a frame house,
having in front a large room, where the
meals were served, and in rear a sleeping

room, furnished with two beds and some
scant additional furniture besides.

William and Thomas Bender lived in
this house with their wives. To the
right of the dwelling house was an out-
house and in the rear was an enclosed
garden of possibly two acres.

The search seemed to end suddenly at
Cherryvale. Suspicion, if ever enter-
tained, fell upon no one. There were
various surmises, conjectures and ex-
pressions of opinion; but for the life of
any man he could not say what had be-
come of Dr. York.

One day, early in the month, some men
from Cherryvale rode over to the Bender
house—a tavern too, it was, where en-
tertainment was furnished to travelers
—to inquire concerning Dr. York; and to
learn, if possible, some tidings of his
fate. They learned nothing, however.
None of the Benders had seen him, nor
heard of him, nor his mysterious disap-
pearance, nor anything that pertained to
him. Very well, the men said, and they
rode back again as fully informed as be-
fore.

Wm Bender, the eldest of the broth-
ers, had a wife who was a Spiritualist.
The balance of the Benders called her a
medium. The neighbors, a she devil,
She was forty-two, with iron gray hair
ragged at the ends and thin over her
temples. Her eyes were steel gray and
hard. All the household feared her,
dreaded her, obeyed her, and, as the se-
quel proves, did the devil's work for her
beyond all the atrocious devil's work
ever done in Kansas.

Time went slowly by, and a man rid-
ing in one day on the prairie saw no
smoke arising from Bender's chimney.—
The windows were down, the doors were
closed, there was no sign of life any-
where. These evidences of emigration
did not even interest him. So absolute
was the stupor over the disappearance of
Dr. York that an awakening had to de-
pend upon an absolute discovery. This
man, however, in riding by a pen to the
left of the house, saw a dead calf in the
lot, and upon further investigation and
with the practical eyes of a practical
farmer, used to guessing the weight of
live-stock upon the hoof, he knew that
the calf had died of starvation.

Then the truth came, as an overflow
comes often to a Kansas creek, all of a
sudden and overwhelming. Such a
death suggested flight, flight meant
guilt, and the nature of the guilt was
surely murder. He galloped into Cher-
ryvale and related what he had seen.
The town aroused itself. A party was
organized instantly and set out for the
Bender mansion. Then it was remem-
bered that about two weeks before this—
say somewhere near the 24th of April—
William Bender had sold to some per-
sons either in or near Cherryvale, a
watch, some clothing of fine character,
two mules, and, perhaps, a shot-gun or
two, and some pistols. How did he come
by these? If he had sold them, he was
the question might be readily answered.

The party from Cherryvale arrived at
the house directly upon the Osage Mis-
sion road, having the outhouse in the
rear and to the south of it. In the rear,
as we have said, was a garden. This, at
first, was not examined. The front room
of the house was next carefully searched,
every crack and crevice being minutely
looked into, and subject to the applica-
tion of rods and levers to see if the floor-
ing was either hollow or loose. Nothing
came of it all. No blood spots appeared.
The floor was solid—the walls were
solid. If there were dead men about,
they were not in the front room. Then
came the back room. The beds were
removed. In his flight the elder Bender
had left everything untouched. Not
even the doors were locked, though such
had been the reputation of the she-devil
that the premises stood as safe from in-
trusion as if protected by a devil in re-
ality.

After the beds had been removed one
of the party noticed a slight depression
in the floor, which, upon closer exami-
nation, revealed a trap door upon hinges.
This was immediately lifted up, and in
the gloom a pit outlined itself, forbidding,
cavernous, unknown. Lights were pro-
duced, and some of the men descended.
They found themselves in an abyss
shaped like a well, some six feet deep,
and about five feet in diameter. Here
and there little damp places could be
seen as if the water had come up from
the bottom or been poured down from
above. They groped about over these
spotsches and held up a handful of the
light. The ooze smeared itself over
their palms and dribbled through their
fingers. It was blood.

The party had provided themselves
with a long sharp rod of iron which they
drove into the ground in every direction
at the bottom of the pit, but nothing fur-
ther rewarded the search, and they came
away to examine the garden in the rear
of the house. After boring, or prodding,
as it were, for nearly an hour, the rod
was driven down into a spot, and when
it was withdrawn something that looked
like matter adhered to the point. Shovels
were at once set to work, and in a few
moments a corpse was uncovered. It had

been buried upon its face. The flesh had
dropped away from the legs. There was
no coffin, no winding sheet, no prepara-
tion for the grave, nothing upon the body
but an old shirt, torn in places and thick
with damp and decay. The corpse was
tenderly disinterred, and laid upon its
back in the full light of the soft April
sun. One look of horror into the ghast-
ly face, festering and swollen, and a doz-
en voices cried out in terror: "It is Dr.
York!"

And it was. He had been buried in a
shallow hole, with scarcely two feet of
dirt over him. He had been murdered,
and how? They examined him closely.
Upon the back of his head and to the left
and obliquely from his right ear, a terri-
ble blow had been given with a hammer.
The skull had been driven into the brain.
Strong men turned away from the sick-
ening sight with a shudder. Others
wept. Some even had to leave the gar-
den and remain away from the shambles
of the butchers.

It seemed as if the winds carried the
tidings to Cherryvale. In an hour all
the town was at the scene of the discov-
ery. A coffin was procured for Dr.
York's body, and his brother, utterly
overwhelmed, sat by the ghastly remains
as one upon whom the hand of death had
been laid. He could not be comforted.

But the horrible work was not yet com-
pleted. The iron rod was again put in
requisition, until six more graves were
discovered, five of which contained each
a corpse, and the sixth, containing two,
an old man and a little girl. Some were
in the last stages of decomposition, and
others, not so far gone, might have been
identified if any among the crowd had
known them in life.

The scene was horrible beyond de-
scription. The daylight fled from the
prairies, but the search went on with
unabated vigor. A fascination impos-
sible to define, held the spectators to the
spot. The spirit of murder was there,
and it kept them in spite of the night
and the horror of the surroundings. The
crowd increased instead of diminishing.
Coffins were provided for all, and again
was the search renewed. It was past
midnight when our informant left, but
three more graves had been discovered,
each supposed to contain a corpse, al-
though they had not been opened. The
whole country is aroused. Couriers and
telegrams have been sent in every direc-
tion with descriptions of the Benders,
and it is not thought possible that they
can escape. With the crowd at the
grave was a man named Brockman who
was supposed to know something about
the murders. Furious men laid hold
upon him at once and strung him up to
a beam in the house. His contortions
were fearful. His eyes started from
their sockets, and a livid hue came to
his face that was appalling. Death was
within reach of him when he was cut
down. "Confess! Confess!" they yell-
ed, but he said nothing. Again he was
jerked from his feet, and again was the
strong body convulsed with the death
throes. Again resuscitated, he once
more refused to open his mouth. He did
not appear to understand what was
wanted of him. The yelling crowd, the
unmutilated and butchered dead, the flick-
ering and swiveling torches sputtering in
the night wind, the stern, set, faces of
his executioners, all, all passed before
him as a dreadful phantasmagoria, which
dazed him and struck him speechless.
For the third time they swung him up,
and then his heart could not be felt to
beat and there was no pulse at his wrists.
"He is dead," they said. But he was
not dead. The night air revived him at
last, and he was permitted to stagger
away in the darkness as one who was
drunk or deranged.

Six butchered human beings were
brought forth from their bloody graves,
and three others are yet to be uncovered.
It is thought that more graves will yet
be discovered. The pit under the trap
door was made to receive the body when
first struck down by the murderer's ham-
mer. All the skulls were crushed in and
all at nearly the same place. One of
the corpses was so horribly mutilated as
to make the sex even a matter of doubt.
The little girl was probably eight years
of age, and had long, sunny hair, and
some traces of beauty on a countenance
that was not entirely disfigured by decay.
Nothing like this sickening series of
crimes has ever been recorded in the
whole history of the country.

People for hundred of miles are flock-
ing into Cherryvale, and enormous re-
wards are to be offered for the arrest of
the murderers. It is supposed that they
have been following their horrible work
for years. Plunder is the accepted cause.
Dr. York, it is said, had a large sum of
money on his person, and that he stop-
ped at the house either to feed his horse
or get a drink of water. While halting
for either he was dealt the blow which
killed him in an instant. Every one
who knew him liked him. None of the
other corpses have been identified. We
have dispatched a special reporter to the
scene who will send us other and fuller
particulars of the diabolical butchery.

LATEST—MIDNIGHT.

The following special dispatch, received
at midnight, gives some further horri-
ble particulars:

"CHERRYVALE, Kan., May 8—11:30
P. M.—Seven more bodies have been
taken up, besides that of Dr. York, with
three graves yet untouched. Six of
these have been identified. H. Long-
chos and child, eighteen months old, was
identified by his father-in-law. The
body of W. F. McCarthy has also been
identified. He was born in 1843, and
served during the war in company D
123d Illinois Volunteer Infantry. Some
men from Howard county identified the
body of D. Brown. He had a silver
ring on the little finger of his left hand,
with the initials of his name engraved
thereon. The body of John Geary was
identified by his wife from Howard coun-
ty, whose terrible grief over the mutilat-
ed remains of her husband was heart-
rending. All had been killed by blows
on the back of the head with a hammer.

"The throats of all had been cut ex-
cept that of the little girl. The whole
ground will be dug up to find more
graves. The excitement is increasing
hourly. Some suspected parties will be
arrested to night. I will return to the
scene of the murder to-morrow, and will
send a full account of everything new
that is developed. The whole country
is aroused, and the good name of the
State is enlisted in the determination to
secure the murderers if they have to be
followed to the ends of the earth. The
scene at the grave surpasses everything
in horror that could be possibly imagin-
ed."

A Suttie in Ceylon.
We passed near the edge of the jungle
where a rise in the ground gave us an
opportunity of observing the spectacle.
It was such a one as we had never seen,
yet far too common in this benighted land.

A young woman—a widow—was about
to perform a suttie, that is burn herself
alive upon the pyre which covered the
ashes of her husband. The widow was
a young and comely woman, rather stout
but finely shaped, and not much darker
than a woman of the south of France.
She had a babe in her arms when we
first saw her, upon which she gazed
with a strange coldness, as if her
thoughts were so settled elsewhere that
she had no concern for anything earthly,
not even for her own offspring. We
could not help pitying this poor woman,
whom a diabolical superstition was thus
untimely consigning to an awful death,
nor could we avoid a pang of indigna-
tion against those who were authors of
her fate, for it was evident that she was
a mere martyr in the hands of fat, lazy
wretches called brahmins, who officiated
as priests and took a leading part in the
tragic proceeding.

While the pile was being prepared,
my attention was mainly directed upon
the victim who stood not far from me,
her features lighted up by the glare of
an infinite number of torches carried by
the spectators, to which was added
the luster of the moon, now fully risen
and shining between the attenuated tow-
ers of a pagoda in the majestic beauty
of a tropic night. I was struck with
the calmness of this woman's expression.
Her features, in spite of the fearful pre-
parations around her, maintained a look
of lofty composure she gazed about her
with an air of indifference, as if she had
steeled her heart against every feeling,
and since she had nothing more to hope
in this world, had become equally insen-
sible to its pleasures and its afflictions.

She looked indeed as one might look
in her position, when impervious to the
torments of the flesh, like one who, los-
ing his lot upon this life, sees the gates
of the future ready to receive him.

In spite of the energy manifested by
the brahmins, her executioners, it was
some time before everything was in readi-
ness, but as the fatal moment approach-
ed I saw that the fortitude of the devo-
tee was beginning to waver, she clasped
her hands convulsively, and a strange,
hollow cry, like the suppressed howl of
a jackal, escaped her, while her eyes
watched everything about her with a
lynx like attention.

At the sound of the cry that she emit-
ted a lusty brahmin who stood near her
untied a small calabash which swung to
his girdle, and, handing it to her, bade
her drink. She obeyed mechanically,
when in a few minutes the potion began
to show its effects she fell into a stupor,
and I learned afterward that it was a
narcotic drug which she had swallowed,
and which these people use on occasions
of this sort to confirm the fortitude of
the miserable victims who are doomed
by their superstition to a premature
death, and that too the most horrible.

Her actions now were simply mechan-
ical, yet reason was not quite dead, this
her dark eyes too truly proved as they
wandered restlessly about, and glanced
with a nervous expression on the pile
which was soon to be her burial place.
The few trinkets which she possess-
ed, for she was evidently a woman in
humble circumstances, were now divid-
ed among her friends, this done she took

a last look at her babe, kissed it with a
passionate fondness, and sobbed as if
her very soul would part from its ten-
ement as she returned to the attendant.

I never saw anything more affecting,
nor was there a man among us, rough
and reckless though he were, who did
not feel a tear steal down.

The catastrophe approached. A tem-
tom's sound, and a clang of gongs an-
nounced that the horrid rite was about
to commence. A brahmin then advan-
ced, and in a tone of authority, com-
manded all save the devotee and officiat-
ing priest to retire. The crowd obeyed,
leaving a space around the pile with
in which the unhappy victim stood, sur-
rounded by her sanctified executioners.

Nature now rose above the powers of
superstition and the effects of the opiate.
The unfortunate woman shrieked, and
throwing herself on her knees, begged
for mercy. But her appeals were in
vain. The remorseless executioners
heard them with apathy, and steadily
with the ceremony. A brahmin approch-
ed her with an air of calm but deter-
mined authority, and raised her from
her recumbent position. Several priests
hurried to assist him, and, despite her
struggles, these cruel wretches dragged
her to the pile and bound her securely
upon it, placing her husband's head in
her lap.

All was now ready. The fagots had
been thickly smeared with ghee, a sort
of butter made from the milk of the
buffalo, so as to cause them to ignite
faster, and thus put a speedier termina-
tion to the poor suttie. Her voice at
this moment was raised, but was specifi-
cally drowned in the roll of tomtoms,
the screams of pipes, the clang of gongs,
and the shouts of the multitude, all to-
gether produced such a din that it seem-
ed as if the pit had let loose a legion of
devils.

A brahmin now advanced and fired
the straw which had been strewn under-
neath the wood, the flames ascended
with lightning like rapidity, and curling
upward, wrapped the lovely Hindoo in
their fiery coils.

As the flames rose, her cries were ter-
rible, she tried to leap from the pile, but
the brahmins, with long bamboos, held
her down, by degrees the cries grew
fainter, and at length ceased entirely.
The pile, however, continued to burn
for several hours, but long before the
flames were out nothing was left of the
fair devotee but a heap of cinders.