

FATHER GAUCHER'S ELIXIR.

BY ALPHONSO HAUDET.

"Drink a draught of this, my friend, and tell me what you think of it."

The Cure of Graveson began carefully, as a lapidary counts his pearls, to pour out, drop by drop, thimblefuls of a "liqueur" of a golden green color, sparkling and most delicious.

"This drink was Father Gaucher's elixir, it is the joy and health of the whole country, of Provence," continued the honest fellow triumphantly.

Accordingly he began in the most simple manner—in the dining-room of the rectory, which was so modest, and calm, and adorned with the whole history of the Cross and with curtains stretched out like surplises—to tell me the story, which was somewhat irreverent and sceptical, and rather in the Erasmus or d'Assom's style.

Twenty years ago, the order of the Premonstrans, or I should perhaps call them the White Fathers, for they were always termed so amongst the Provencaux, were in great poverty and misery.

Poor White Fathers! I can still see them, as they appeared at the procession for the Fete-Dieu, as they passed along so sadly with their hoods all patched, all so pale and thin (for their only food was pumpkins and watermelons).

The fact is, the unfortunate White Monks, had more than once discussed among themselves whether it would not be better to separate and each start in a difficult direction in search of gain.

You must know that this same Brother Gaucher was the cow-herd of the monastery; that is to say he spent his days in driving before him, through the arches of the monastery, two thin cows, who sought their food in the chunks of the pavement.

He was a fervent Christian, although somewhat dreamy; he wore a sackcloth cheerfully, and gave himself the discipline with a full assurance of its efficacy, and with considerable severity.

He began, while he was twisting in his fingers a rosary made of olive-stones, "would you believe that by dint of racking my poor head, which is usually very empty. I think I have discovered a way out of the difficulties? You all know my Aunt Begon—that honest woman who cared for me when I was quite a child (God preserve her soul); the old sinner, she used to sing shocking songs when she was drunk. I must tell you reverend fathers, that my Aunt Begon was very learned in mountain herbs, as much so as any cunning fellow in Corsica.

He could not finish his sentence, for the Prior had got up and had thrown himself on his neck. The monks seized him by the hands; the treasurer, more enthusiastic even than the others, kissed with reverence the tattered border of his robe; then each one returned to his seat to discuss the matter, and the chapter decided that Brother Thrasymule was in the future to look after the cows, in order that Brother Gaucher might give up all his time to the concoction of his famous elixir.

bottles of old wine, and bottles of olives a la picholine, a small brown bottle sealed with the arms of Provence, and with the picture of a monk in ecstasies on the silver ticket. Thanks to the sale of the elixir, the monastery of the Premonstrans became rapidly very rich; the monks were able to have the Pacome tower raised; the Prior bought a new mitre; the church was ornamented with pretty carved windows; and in the finely laced-embroidered steeple a peal of bells, both small and large, rang out the glad sound on Easter morning.

As to Brother Gaucher—he who till now had been the butt of the monastery on account of his ungainly ways—the jokes had entirely ceased; he was now known as the Reverend Father Gaucher, a man of much learning and a great mind, who lived quite apart, and was no more to occupy himself with the various occupations of his domestic calling.

The monks in their simplicity had worked themselves up to consider it quite a mysterious and formidable place, and if by accident my adventurous and curious young monk reached as far as the rosace of the door, he would come down in great haste, quite frightened at the sight of Father Gaucher with his alchemist's board, stooping over his ovens, inhaling the grateful steam, and slowly stirring it with his pipe, he seemed to recognize the malicious eye of Aunt Begon in the small glistening spangles that floated over the emerald mixture; they seemed as if laughing at him, and to say: "Comet take another drop!"

Three little old women who liked a feast, or Bergerette (maitre Andre's friend), "Does she ever go into the woods alone?" And always the famous one relating to the White Fathers, "Patain, Patain." Only imagine what a noise and confusion all this must have created.

"What is the matter, Father Gaucher?" asks the Prior, who, however, had his doubts as to what was the matter! "What is the matter, my lord?" The matter is that I am on the high road to perdition, an eternity of flames and of pitch-forks. The fact is that I drink like a fish.

"Oh! yes, it was all very well to count the drops, but now I should have to count the goblets. Yes, reverend fathers, I have reached to that depth of degradation I take my three bottles rightly. You understand that this cannot last, therefore you must find some one else to concoct the elixir for you. Let the everlasting fire consume me if I meddle with it again."

"I can tell you the whole chapter did not laugh when they heard these words. 'But unfortunate man, you will be the cause of our ruin,' cried the treasurer, agitating his enormous book. 'Would you prefer that I should be damned?'"

"At these words the Prior stood up. 'Reverend fathers,' he began, extending his beautiful white hand on which was the pastoral ring, 'everything will be arranged for the best. It is at night, it is not, my dear son, that the devil tempts you?'"

James T. Field considers Mrs. Browning as the queen of woman poets, and Robert Browning as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of modern poets.

Laid to Rest. The funeral of Lucretia Mott took place November 14th at Philadelphia from her late residence, a handsome stone house standing in tastefully laid out and carefully-kept grounds, studded with forest trees, just west of the old York road, a few hundred yards north of the city line, in Cheltenham township, Montgomery county.

The funeral was conducted according to the custom of the Society of Friends, and was in all its appointments simple and unostentatious, in keeping with the character of the noble woman who had passed away. No set forms were observed.

The train which left the North Pennsylvania railroad depot, Third and Berks street, at 11 o'clock took up quite a number of ladies and gentlemen from this city, who found carriages awaiting them at Oak Lane station. A far greater number drove up in their own carriages and many hundreds came from the country round about.

At half-past twelve o'clock Deborah Wharton arose from her seat in the parlor and made a brief but touching address on the life and character of the deceased. She began a quotation from the bible: "This day a mighty prince has fallen in Israel."

Then loving hands took up the little coffin—it looked hardly larger than a child's—and bore it to the graveled drive in front of the house. The procession moved soon afterwards, E. M. Davis and family, Edward Hopper and family, and other relatives occupying the first carriages, with a long line of vehicles filled with personal friends following.

A very successful experiment with a compressed air locomotive was lately made in Woolwich, England. The engine was provided with a reservoir of 100 cubic feet capacity. With air filling this chamber at 1000 pounds pressure on starting, a run of sixteen miles was easily made at a rate of speed. So great are the advantages of the "bottled air" for street railways, tunnels, etc., that an early adoption of this class of motors in many localities is sanguinely expected.

Professor Plumtree asserts, and Cardinal Newman denies, that after death there will be a second probation for those who have failed here. The Cardinal's argument in support of the idea of a cleansing by fire in the intermediate state is, says a good authority, very generally admitted by German Protestant divines of the present day.

The Wood River Mines. A more interesting subject than our mines and mineral resources cannot be presented to the reading and thinking public, as following in the train of these developments, comes prosperity to all trades and occupations. A few days ago we published a description of the famous "Saw Tooth" belt of gold, and today we present a brief description of the Wood River country, written by one who has been there, to the Boise Statesman. He says: Since my return to Boise City, almost every one I have met has asked me the question, "Is Wood River going to be a good camp?"

It would require quite a volume to contain a minute description of that entire region, but with your permission I will give the following glance at the general outlines of that vast extent of country. A personal observation of a great portion of the country embraced within its limits, leads me to believe that there are three distinct mineral belts, (perhaps four) running through the entire region, which for the sake of convenience I will confine to the discoveries made within the last two years; beginning at the southeast corner. Here we find ourselves on the Blackfoot stage road, in what is known as the Dead Man's Flat, about 35 miles east of the town of Bellevue and on the margin of the town of Bellevue which lie between Snake river and the mountains.

And carbonate ores located and being developed every few miles for the entire distance. This belt, at the northern end, terminates in the Kinnickinnick and Bay Horse districts of Upper Salmon river and contains many of the finest prospects in the country. From this main mother belt there are branches on either side running off toward Lost river on the east and Little Wood river on the west, near each of which streams there are some fine localities.

SOME TEN MILES WEST OF THE LITTLE HANDFUL OF MEN. On the frontier, we call the Regular Army. During the operations against the Utes last fall and winter and especially in those immediately following the outbreak, I was obliged to call upon all the officers on duty at my headquarters for much severe and continued labor. To all these demands I received cheerful and intelligent responses, for which my sincerest thanks are due.

THEY HAVE IN THE SUB-TREASURY, AT THE custom-house, Baltimore, a spider which is making itself quite a public character. Several months ago it was caught from a bunch of bananas that had come from the West Indies, and it is about the size of the palm of a man's hand. It was captured and put in a cigar box with a glass top, so that its movements could be watched. Shortly afterwards another spider of the same species was captured in the same way, and placed in the box with the other. They proved to be male and female—the first being of the latter gender. About three days after they had been placed together—during which time they behaved very amicably—the female suddenly killed and ate up Dr. Tanner, as the male was called, (because he never ate anything). Whether Dr. Tanner proved a lasting antidote to hunger, or whether remorse tortured the soul of the heartless fat one, she has never eaten anything since, although six weeks have elapsed. Prior to that time she would snag a honey bee placed in the box with astonishing facility, and flies stood a poor chance when they came within range of her enormous antennae.

THE WEATHER prognostications have recently been wrong quite as often as they have been right, especially in this part of the country. Can this be attributed to the fact that there is no head to the Signal Service Bureau since the death of General Myer? On a homeward-bound Charleston car a jolly-looking Irishman was saluted with the remark: "Tim, yer house was blown away." "Deed, thin, it isn't," he answered, "for I have the key in my pocket."

Brigadier-General George Crook, than whom no better Indian fighter can be found, in his annual report of military operations of the Department of the Platte deals in common sense and plain unmistakable English. We make a few extracts from his report in relation to the murders recently committed by Indians belonging to an agency two hundred miles south of the southern boundary of that department. He says: I understand from the public prints that the commission treating with the Utes for the cession of the reservation only demanded the surrender of the Indians concerned in the

MEEKER ever sent to Thornburgh was to the effect that the Indians were friendly and were flying the U. S. flag. Yet, in the face of all this, the very next morning these Indians, without provocation, treacherously lay in ambush, and attacked the troops, with the results already known. To consider such behavior an act of war, is to give a new meaning to the term; it was nothing more or less than murder; certainly it was as much murder as the killing of Mr. Meeker and those employed under him. To treat it as anything else, is equivalent to asserting that an Indian commits a crime only when he kills an Agent who invokes assistance, but not when he way-lays and destroys the men who move to render the assistance asked for.

TO ESTABLISH, THAT THE ONE may be taken with impunity, while the other must be accounted for by the delivery to justice of those who destroy it. With the great improvement in arms in the hands of the savages, the perils of conflicts with them have immensely increased since the close of the rebellion, as our ghastly list of killed and wounded officers and soldiers will certify, and besides losses in killed and wounded, we must take into account the great numbers of strong men who have become prematurely old from exposure, privations and trials of the service. I don't believe that any force in the world has ever been called upon to do so much, in the ratio of its effective strength, as the

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