BY ALPHONSO EAUDET.

"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 "liquer" of a golden green color, sparkling and most delicious. My blood was all aglow after this delicious draught.

"This drink was Father Gaucher's elixir, it is the joy and health of the whole country, of Provence," continued the honest fellow triumphantly. "It is made in the monastery of the Premontres; it is worth all the Chartreuses in the world. And if you only knew how entertaining the story of this elixir is! Listen, I will tell it to you."

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 surplices—to tell me the story, which was somewhat irreverent and sceptical, and rather in the Erasmus or

d'Assomy's style.

Twenty years ago, the order of the Premontres, or I should perhaps call them the White Fathers, for they were always termed so amongst the Proveneaux, were in great poverty and misery. If you had seen a monastery at that time you would have been quite sorry for them. The high wall and the Pacome tower were falling to pieces; grass growing all around the monastery; the pillars splitting; the stone saints were topsy-turvey in their nooks; there was not a window or a door in decent order. The breezes from the Rhoze blew as bleakly as in the Camargue, blowing out the tapers and breaking the leads round the windows. and emptying the shells of the holy water. But what was the saddest sight of all, was to see the spire of the monastery as silent as an abandoned pigeon house, and the fathers, having no means of buying a bell, were reduced to ring their matins by clanging pieces of wood gathered from the almond tree.

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). Bringing up the rear was the Prior, all abashed, with his head down, and appearing quite ashamed to show his unguilded crosier and moth eaten mitre in white wool to the sun. The ladies who belonged to the association were actually crying for more pity's sake, and the fat bannerbearers were joking among themselves and pointing at the poor monks. "Star-lings are always thin when they go

about in bands. 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. One day as this very subject was being discussed in the chapter-house, a message was brought to the Prior, to ask him to

anxious to be admitted to the council. You must know that this same Brother Gaucher was the cow-herd of the monasarches of the monastery, two thin cows, the she was known by the name of Aunt Beanything more than to recite his Pater the Provencal tongue), and look after headed and "as sharp as a wooden beetle." It is a true saying that "empty casks have the best sound.

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, hind, the Prior, the canons, the treaswould 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 cared for me when I was quite a child (God preserve her soul; the old sinner, she used te sing shocking songs when she was drunk.) I must tell you reverend ter with Father Gaucher? What is the fathers, that my Aunt Begon was very matter with Father Gaucher?" learned in mountain herbs, as much so as any cunning fellow in Corsica. In to go and pick up together on the Alpilles. It is a very long time ago, and I believe with the help of St. Augustine and with the help of the Prior I could after a diligent search find this mysterious elixir. We could then bottle it, and by selling it at a good price our monastery would become rich by degrees, like our brethren of the Trappe and of the

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 Thrasybule 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. How our good brother succeeded in Begon, at what expense of time and trou-ble, history does not tell us; only one thing was quite certain, and that was that the White Fathers in a few months Arles, there was not a granery or a wine hum. It is only to be hoped that the Robert Browning as one of the great which did not include among their novices did not hear it. Now tell me ex-

bottles of old wine, and bottles of olives with the picture of a monk in ecstacies tower raised; the Prior bought a new mitre; the church was ornamented with pretty carved windows; and in the finely seed soulptured steeple a peal of beils. 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. He lived shut up in his distillery, while thirty monks were collecting herbs for him. This distillery, which was so pri-vate that not even the Prior was admitted into it, was an old abandoned, quite at the extremity of the canour's room garden.

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 beard, 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: "Come! take another drop!" Drop added to drop at last filled the goblet to over-flowing. The exhausted work fall drops. flowing. The exhausted monk fell down in a large arm chair, his body quite powerless, his eyelids half closed. He re-membered his sins, by fits and starts repeating in a low tone in a delightful, penitent way: "Ah! I am damning myself! I am damning myself!" But what was worst of all was that to be found written at the bottom of this diabolical elixir by some foul means all the bad songs that Aunt Begon used to sing: "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, "Patatin, Patatin." Only imagine what a noise and confusion all this must have created. His neighbors, in the nearest cells, looked at him with a sly air. "An! ah! Father Gaucher, you had some bees in your bonnet last night as you undressed." Then he would begin Then he would begin to despair, and to cry, and to fast, and to use sackcloth and the discipline. Nothing could succeed against this devil in the form of the elixir, and every night at the same hour the same play was enacted; and an aerometer in his hand and sur rounded with cucurbites made in pink sandstone, gigantic alembics, crystal serpentines, it was a strange mixture. and a bewitching light gleamed forth through the window. At even which the last Angelus was rung, the door of speak to Brother Gaucher, who was this mysterious place was discreetly opened, and the reverend father went to church to attend evening service, you tery; that is to say he spent his days should have seen what a reception in driving before him, through the was given him when he crossed the monastery! The formed a line to let him pass; t brothers the pavement. He himself had been each other keep silence. "Chut—he has brought up by an old woman who was the secret!" The treasurer followed quite mad, in the country of Baux, and him, and spoke with bated breath, and with his head down. Amidst all these gon; afterward he had been picked up by the White Fathers. The unfortunate sponging his forehead, his broadby the White Fathers. The unfortunate sponging his forehead, his broad-cow-herd had never been able to learn brimmed, three-cornered hood on the back of his head like a halo, and looking Noster (and that he could only recite in with delight around him at the great courts, thickly planted with orange trees, the cows, for he was unusually thick- the blue roofs (where weather cocks were turning round); and in the glistening cloisters, between whose elegant pil-

two by two with restful countenances. "They owe all this to me!" said the reverend father to himself, and even the very thought of it puffed him up with and with considerable severity. When he made his appearance in the chapter was punished for it. Would you believe room, in a simple, awkward manner, bowing to the assembly with one leg bevice he arrived in the chapel in a very agitated state, very red, and out of urer, all burst out laughing. This breath, with his hood awry, and he was always happened when he appeared with so much shaken that when he took holy beard and foolish eyes; so, being accustomed to this hilarity. Brother Gaucher was not troubled. "Reverend fathers," he began, while he was twisting in his fingers a rosary made of olive-stones, "would you believe that by dint of rol."

water he plunged in his arms up to his very elbows. At first this mishap was but when he began to make exaggerated bows to the began to make exaggerated bows to the borgan loft and the galleries around, infingers a rosary made of olive-stones, stead of to the high alter, and to make the plunged in his arms up to his very elbows. At first this mishap was words. "But unfortunate man, you will be the cause of our ruin," cried the organ loft and the galleries around, instroll hither and thither in search of his place in the stalls, and when once seated he bowed to right and left, smiling with Aunt Begon-that honest woman who an imbecile look in his face, a hum of astonishment filled the three naves. The

lars the canons, newly clad, were defiling

The Prior twice, with an impatient movement, let his croiser fall in order to order to prove it, she concocted, when impose silence. It is true that the she was dying, an elixir composed of Psalms were still being heartily chanted she was dying, an elixir composed of five or six kinds of herbs, which we used at the extremity of the choir, but the respon es were not so spirited. Suddenly in the midst of the Ave Verum, Father Gaucher falls from his seat, and begins intoning in a clear voice: "There lived once upon a time in Paris a White Monk, Patatin, Patatan Tarabin, Taraban," &c. This last act caused general dismay. Every one got up. Cries of "Remove him; ha is possessed with the devil!" The canons crossed themselves. The Prior's as a lark. Surely from that day forth crosier began to exert itself. But Father every evening at the end of the even-Gaucher did not observe or hear anything, and two strong monks were obliged to drag him out by the little door of the choir. He was meanwhile kicking like one possessed, and continued with renewed zeal his song of Patatin and Tarabin.

The next day at dawn the unfortunate man was on his knees in the Prior's oratory, and was performing his penance amid floods of tears! "It was the elixir, it was the elixir which was too much for me," he kept on repeating while he beat finding the recipe belonging to his Aunt his breast. The Prior was quite touched in witnessing such genuine grief.

"Come, come, Father Gaucher, quiet yourself, all will right itself. After all, it was not so very scandalous as you think it was. It is true there was that were quite popular again. In all the think it was. It is true there was that country of the Comtat and also about horrid song which was a little bit hum

actly how it all happened. It was by a la picholine, a small brown bottle tasting the clixir, was it not? You were sealed with the arms of Provence, and rather too prodigal with it. Yes, yes, I on the silver ticket. Thanks to the sale of the elixir, the monestery of the Premontres became rapidly very rich; the monks were able to have the Pacome to taste yourself this most dreadful tower raised. The Pacies have the Pacome to taste yourself this most dreadful tower raised. understand, like Schwartz, the inventor elixir?"

"Unfortunately it is, my lord! The meter shows me how much alcohol I both small and large, rang out the glad touch I would only trust to my own ought to put in; but for the finishing taste.

"Ah very well! but listen, and I will ask you another question. When you taste this alcohol out of necessity do you

like it? Does it please you?"
"Alas! yes, my lord!" answered the unfortunate man, getting very red, "for the last two nights especially I found out a particularly nice taste in it. I am quite sure the devil has played me this trick; I am quite determined not to use the meter again, all the worse if the 'liqueur' is not tasted enough, or finished up."

"Heavens! protect us from such a reso lution," answered the Prior, sharply. "We must not displease our customers All that you can do, now that you have had a lesson, will be to be more careful. Let us see, about how many drops does it take to make up your account? Fifteen or twenty?"

"Twenty, I should say."
"The devil would be very clever to eatch you with twenty drops. Also, in order to prevent any future accident, I will permit you to say your evening prayers in the distillery, instead of coming to church. And now go in peace, my reverend father, and please take care to count your drops."

Alas, the poor reverend father counted them in vain; the devil had him and would not give him up. Strange noises came forth from the distillery. During the daytime everything was quiet. The father was always calm; he prepared his chafing dishes, his alembics, carefully sorted his herbs—they were all herbs in Provence, rare ones and gray variegated ones exhaling strange perfumes. But that night when the simples were infused, and the cellar was cooling in immense brass cauldrons, the poor man's martyrdom began. Seventeen-eighteen nineteen—twenty! The drops fell into the pewter goblet. All these twenty drops the father swallowed at one gulp, without much feeling of de-light. But the twenty-first he longed after. Oh! to taste that twenty-first drop; so in order to escape temptation, he would kneel quite at the extremity of the labratory, and his thoughts were for some time in his Pater Nosters. There rose a little perfumed smoke from the still heated "liqueur," which enveloped him, and whether he choose or not, brought his thoughts back to his cal drons. The "liqueur" was of a beautiful golden green color. Meanwhile, orders were pouring into the monastery—it was a great blessing they received them from Nismes, Aix, Avignon, Marseilles. Gradually the monastery became a small manufactory. There were brothers who packed, brothers who ticketed, others who wrote, others who managed the transport business. In this way they became very lax in their religious duties -the bells were very rarely rung; but I assure you the poor country folks were no losers by the change! Well, one fine Sunday when the treasurer was reading the account of the year which was ending before the whole assembled chapter, gleaming eyes and smiling lips, when quite suddenly Father Gaucher rushed in among them crying: "It is all over now. I will make no more. Give me back my cows!"

"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 oitch-forks. The fact is that I drink like a fish."

"But I warned you to count the

drops. "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 nightly. You understand that this can-not last, therefore you must find some one else to concoct the elixir for you. Let the everlasting fire consume me if l

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, is it not, my dear son, that the devil tempts you?"

"Yes, holy Prior, regularly every night. As soon as evening closes in, I find myself perspiring at the mere thought of what is going to happen me, like Capitou's ass at the thought of the burden.

"Very well ! calm yourself. We will recite St. Augustine's prayers for your benefit, and I will join to them the plenary indulgence. By these means you will be quite safe. It is actually giving you absolution while you are in the act of singing."

"Oh, well, many thanks, my lord Prior," and without further ado Father Gaucher returned to his distillery as gay song the officiating monk never missed saying: "Let us pray for our poor Father Gaucher, who sacrifices his eter-nal happiness to the interests of the monastery.

Then when the prayers of the cowled monks sounded through the nave like the blowing of an easterly wind amid snow, at the other extremity of the monastery Father Gaucher, behind the blazing window of his distillery, was heard sing-

window of his distillery, was heard singing with all his might:
"In Paris there lived a white monk,
Parastan, Parastan," &c.

Here the good Cure stopped quite
frightened. "Mercy?" cried he; "if my
parishioners were only to hear me.

James T. Field considers Mrs, Browning as the queen of women poets, and Rebert Browning as one of the greatest,

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 funeral may be best described in the words of Edward M. Davis, Lucretia Mott's sonin law, who, in answer to a question, said: "No appointments of any kind have been made. The family meet in the house from twelve o'clock until one, when we start for the grave. All who come will be welcome." The train which left the North Penn-

sylvania 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 12 o'clock all the rooms on the first floor of the house and the halls and stairways were packed with people. Among the gentlemen present were Rev. Dr. William H. Furness, Enoch Lewis, Alfred Love, secretary of the Pennsylvania Peace Society; Edward T. Steele, Amos R. Little, William Rotch Wistar, James A. Wright, George H. Earle, Richard P. White. The body clothed in white, lay in a room adjoining the library, in a plain unpolished coffin, padded and lined with some white material, but without any ornamentation whatever. There were no flowers and no uttered demonstrations of grief, but a profound sadness seemed to pervade the house, and for half an hour no sound was heard in the densely thronged rooms save the muffled tread over the thick carpets of fresh arrivals and the whispered directions of a servant pointing the way to the room where the last look at the dead might be had.

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." She then con-trasted the condition in life of Lucretia Mott and that of a prince, and showed how she had accomplished more for humanity than the most powerful princes, but without noise and tumult and the shedding of blood. Dr. Furness paid a beautiful tribute to the dead. He quoted the beatitudes from the fifth hapter of Matthew and applied them to "We are accustomed," he said, "to speak of the dead as having gone to their reward, but Lucretia Mott had her reward here and she shall have it hereafter a hundredfold." Dr. Furness closed with a prayer that the example of the beautiful life ended upon earth might not be lost upon the living. Rev. Mr. Ames said that a halo always seemed to shine around Lucretia Mott. Like the sun, she seemed to glorify and radiate everything about her. Mr. Westbrook everything about her. Mr. Westbrook Bellevue, also on the head of Indian told how he saw Lucretia Mott many years ago, firm, calm and brave, face an Star mine, the Truant Boy, the Elk Horn, and a number of other fine mines broke up an anti-slavery meeting was addressing, and he referred to his last visit to her, two years ago, when he found her still full of grace and intelligence in conversation with her old co-laborer and friend, William Lloyd Garrison. Short addresses were also made by Alfred Love, David Newport and

Then loving hands took up the littl 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. The route was down York road to Fairhill, the Friends' cemetery, at Germantown avenue and Cambria streets, in this city, which was reached about three o'clock. Hera several hundred people were already gathered to witness the interment. Fairhill city square. It is mound shaped, sloping up from all sides to the centre. It is filled with trees and shrubbery, and does not contain a single monument, the graves being simply marked with little marble blocks, which do not rise more than six inches above the ground. In the highest part of the grounds was the open grave, by the side of the husband, James Mott, who was buried ten years ago. Above the grave spread the branches of an aspen tree, and near it a weeping willow. While thousands stood about, the coffin was reverently, solemnly and silently lowered. After a few shovelfulls of earth had been thrown upon it, Dr. Henry T. Child made a briof address, saying he believed Lucretia Mott had brought joy to more human hearts than any other woman who ever lived. To have enjoyed some of her society and wise counsels was one of the greatest blessings of his life, and he could not refrain from paying this last tribute to his friend who was gone. The grave was then filled up, the friends turned away, and slowly the graveyard was deserted.

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 fair 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 moters in many localities is sanguinely expected. The compression of the air is effected by means of stationary steam engines.

Professor Plumtre 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 gen-erally 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 fa-mous "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?" few there are even in our own Territory who realize the extent of territory embraced within the region throughout which recent discoveries of silver ores have been made and known by the general name of the WOOD RIVER COUNTRY.

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 por-tion of the country embraced within its limits, leads me to believe that there are three distinct minerals 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 lava beds which lie between Snake river and the mountains. Turning our face to the northwest we find a mineral belt from 3 to 8 miles in width, extending through the mountains in a northwesterly direction and easily traced for a distance of 30 miles, with

FINE LODES OF GALENA

And carbonate ores located and being developed every few miles for the entire distance. This belt, at the northern end, terminates in the Kinnickinick and Bay Horse districts of Upper Salmon river and contains many of the finest prospects in the country. From this main mother invokes assistance, but not when he way-belt there are branches on either side lays and destroys the men who move to running off toward Lost river on the render the assistance asked for. The life east and Little Wood river on the west, of an officer and soldier of the near each of which streams there are army, is as dear to him—and some fine locations. West of this belt, perhaps as valuable to his country, as and running parallel with it at a distance of about 20 miles, you find another belt which crosses Little Wood river about ten miles above the stage road, and in its northern course it cuts the headwaters of the East Fork of Big Wood river and crosses to the East Fork of Salmon river, some 20 miles east of Galena City and extending in the direction of Bonanza City. The Paymaster and some ten or twelve other lodes on the East Fork of Big Wood river are on this belt, besides a number of very fine locations on the head of the East Fork of Salmon river. Much of this belt is

YET UNEXPLORED. Some ten miles west of the last men tioned belt we find another mineral belt running parallel with those already mentioned, though not so well defined. There are several mines located on various portions of it near and a little east of are on this belt. I do not knew that it has been explored to any considerable extent north of Ketchem. Travel still westward six or eight miles and we come to the group of mines around Jacob's City, where we find a mineral region several miles wide, extending through Bullion, Deer creek, Green Horn, Warm Spring creek, Galena City, and extending through the mountains in the direction of Bonanza City. Upon this belt are situated many of the best developed and richest mines in all this country. The Star, the Idahoan, the Bullion, the

O. K. and many others are on the SOUTHERN END OF THE BELT, And the White Cloud, the Gladiator, the Eunice and others are near Galena City on the northern end. Again travel eight or ten miles west, and you find still another belt, which is several miles wide, running in the same direction from the foothills north of the Big Camas Prairie, through the headwaters of the Smokies and through the Saw Tooth is a little cemetery, about the size of a district. This belt when thoroughly prospected may prove to be one of the richest yet discovered. A number of very fine lodes of of Galena ore were discovered late this fall on the head of the Smokies, and as we follow it in its northern course we find the ore changes from Galena and carbonates to sulphurets, bronides and chlorides. The Smiley mine, the Vienna, the Pilgrim, the Lucky Boy and many others are on this belt, the ore of many of which will yield from \$500 to \$5000 to the ton. Thus it will be seen that Wood river

IF ONLY "A CAMP," Is quite an extensive one, covering quite an area of country near 60 miles square. In describing these belts your corresvals of a few miles, and in many places many good locations have been made within a very short distance of each other for miles along the belt. Some recent discoveries give reason to believe that there is still another belt west of those already discovered and running from Big Camas Prairie through the mountains to the north, and that when fully developed it will prove to be a continuation of the great

ATLANTA MINERAL BELT.

Mr. Al. Thompson, while surveying in this region only a few days since, found a large vein of gold and silver bearing quartz similar to that of the Atlanta in the same and the same are seen to be a survey of the same are same as a survey of the same as a survey of the same are same as a survey of the same as a surv mine, and his party claim that there are many indications of a large mineral belt running in the direction of that place. If this proves true it will make an addi-If this proves true it will make an addition of some thirty miles to the width of our Wood river "camp." As to the richness and quantity of the ores it will suffice to refer to the smelters at Salt Lake City, which are now receiving hundreds of tons of ore and giving returns of from \$100 to \$700 per ton. Besdies there are thousands of tons of lower grade ore en the dumps and in sight 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 sainted with the remark: "Tim, yer house was blown sway." "Deed, thin, it isn't," he answered, "for I have the kay in my of from \$100 to \$700 per ton. Besdies there are thousands of tons of lower grade ore en the dumps and in sight in the mines which will pay well for reducing when smelters are erected within a reasenable distance of the mines.

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 kay in my pecket."

Plain Words from General Crook.

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

MURDER OF AGENT MEEKER

and his employees, and decided that it would make no demand for the surrender of those implicated in the assault upon Major Thornburgh and his command. This discrimination I cannot but mand. This discrimination I cannot but regard as unjust and unwise. The Indians who murdered Agent Meeker and his employees, mur-ered Major Thornburgh and the men who fell with him. The one act was no greater crime than the other. Major Thornburgh was on his way to the Ute Agency, in obedience to Agent Meeker's request, to preserve order and restrain turbulency. He was not there to make war on the Utes, and they knew it. The very evening preceding their attack upon him, a number of their chiefs had entered his camp—as they had previously done—partaken of his hospitality, and assured him of their friendship.

THE LAST MESSAGE 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 morn-ing these Indians, without provocation, treacherously lay in ambuscade, and at-tacked 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 perhaps as valuable to his country, as is that of an Agent, or employee of any other branch of the Government, and it

will 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 con-flicts 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 expesure, priva-tions 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

LITTLE HANDPUL OF MEN On the frontier, we call the Regular Army. * * During the operations Army. 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. with which the troops of this department met the severe demands upon them during the past fall and winter, are entitled to my grateful recognition, and should be a source of pride to the whole army.

A Spider and her Brood.

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 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 fair one, she has never eaten anything although six weeks have elapsed. Prior to that time she would snag a. honey bee placed in the box with aston-ishing facility, and flies stood a poor chance when they came within range of pondent would not be understood as say-ing that there are continuous lodes of ore to be seen in all places on the belts, but that the formation is mineral bearing and ledges are found in all of them at inter-small white affair, looking like a marshmallow drop, but which was really made of finely woven web. This she carried with her all the time, and would fight like a tiger if anyone tried with a stick to disposses her of it. This small sack she carried, and was very reticent con-cerning it until the other day—as every one was getting disgusted-It swelled and burst, and about ten thousand tiny spiderlings swarmed from its interior and roosted around the maternal back and legs. The doings of the mother and family are now objects of the great-est interest to almost every one in the custom-house, and she will be kept until she rears them.

THE weather prognostications have recently been wrong quite as often as they have been right, especially in this part of the country.