The shadow of a tent I saw, Along the sloping sand, A tent upon a headland high-That bulwark of the land.

By day I hear the campers laugh: And when the evening star Shone soft above the sea's dark rim, Like lighthouse lamps afar—

How jubilant the sweep of song That burst from out that tent, A song to which the roaring sea Its bass deep-sounding lent.

To-day that tent is gone! It left No trace upon the sand, A lonely sky is overhead; Below, a lonely land.

And yet the campers' song goes on; It sounds along the shore, I hear it in the snowy surf That breaks in wild uproar.

Is a life tent, a transient tent,
Do not we often say?
A shadow on the stretching sand, So swift we pass away? To-night I sit alone and hear

The songs my dead did sing. And in mine ears their voices clear The song of deeds by souls that went Like saints in garments white; Of honest speech, of highest aims, That sought and found the light.

Oh, vanished tents of pilgrim lives, So transient by the sea, What though the singer must pass on?

The song shall stay with me.

IN "O-BE-JOYFUL."

J. L. Harbour, in Chicago Current.

Shorty was my favorite stage driver. Other name he must have had but I had never heard it. He was an anomaly among stage drivers, for he did not swear, he did not drink, he did not boast, he did not lie; and with all his rough exterior he had a fine inward grace and a manly dignity that lifted him far above most men of his class.

I knew that a day of pleasure awaited me one June morning, when I had been so fortunate as to secure for myself a seat by Shorty's side for a ride over Red Mountain Pass.

In all my years of experience with stage drivers, I had never met one who could so quickly detect, and so fully appreciate, the rare beauty and splendor of a mountain road as this homely, uncouth, ignorant Shorty.

He noted every light and shade, every bit of glowing color, the flowers of the rocky road, the golden shallows of the narrow streams, the low-hung clouds that flooded the hills. The sunshine came slanting down among the purple shadows or crowned the snow-white crests, the quivering leaves of the aspen, the gloom of the pines, the foamy waves of crystal streams breaking around and over the gray rocks, the glowing splendor of the aster beds; the tranquil beauty of mountain lakes-this man Shorty saw and rejoiced in it all. His soul was lighted up by the ma-jesty, the beauty and the grandeur of it

"Why, sir," he said to me, "I've lived right in these here mountings sence '63, and they're not old to me yit. No, sir, they ain't, an' I don't reckon they ever will be. They're new ever mornin' an' every night. I see somethin' in 'em each day that I never noticed afore; an' I ain't yit seen any two sunsets jest alike. There'll be a new kind of shadder or a new kind of light in the sky every time. There's a kind of a somethin' 'bout mountings that a man never outgrows, an' some men can't git 'long 'thout after they're used to it. I'm one o' them men.'

"I heerd that them that's been born an' raised by the seashore kin never outgrow the sound o' the waves. They jest can't live 'thout the murmur an' music o' them sea waves, an' the feelin' the sea breezes give a man.

"Now. I'd jest naterally die if I had to go an' stay clear out o' sight o' the hills. I ain't none o' yer poeticky kind o' fellers, but I heerd of a man oncet a-callin' certain mountings the 'hills of his his love,' an' sir, that's jest what these hills air to me-the hills of my

"I've tried goin' away to what some folks call a 'civilized country,' but I didn't stay long; an' when I die I want to die right here an' have 'the hills fer my tomb,' as they writ 'bout Moses."

Shorty was a garrulous man, but never talked when you wished he would not. He would stop short in the midst of the most animated discourse to enjoy in silence any special beauty in gulch or valley, or far up the heights.

I was sure that the man must have had many adventures, but he said little about them. He never spoke of any act of bravery or skill on his part. One gloomy day when a mist hid the

ranges and gulches from our view, I many strange ones," I said.

replied, "none to speak of, I reckon. never killed a bear nor fit a red-skin, nor nothin' o' that kind. I never even had highwaymen or foot-pads try to hold me an' my passengers up."

"But your story need not be about any of these things to please me," I

it out through the mist. The sight of it reminds me o' somethin'. That's it got to be a kind of an o-be-sorrerfut place to some o' the boys 'fore they got

"At one time I reckon they was as many as two thousand people in and round O-Be-Joyful. It had a reg'lar boom fer two or three months, an' folks thought it was goin' to put Leadville clean in the shade, an' there ain't a thing on earth there this day but a lot you're born. There'll be no earthly o' old tumbledown cabins an' shanties escape for the villain. But don't you an' prospect holes, shafts an' tunnels in which many a poor devil has buried the strength of his life.

"I driv stage from the South Park up to O-Be-Joyful all through the gay times; an' many an' many's the load o' happy, hopeful young an' old fellers I've hauled up there, an' them a-singin'

Some how or other folks don't allus hear, an' don't want to hear o' the hundreds that lose their all where one man strikes it rich. It's nothing on the Lord's earth but a game o' chance, minin' aint.

"Well, one day I had a woman passenger. She was the first one I'd took up, and I hated to take her; for the place hadn't a decent house in it, an' she didn't look like a woman that roughed it much. She was a little, cherry-faced an' cheery-voiced woman, all dressed in plain black, an' 'bout forty-five, near's I could jedge. But spite o' that cheery voice an' smilin' face, I could see plain enough in the woman's eye that she'd had her cross to bear, an' that its burden was on her yit. She'd a kind of a quiver 'bout her lips, even when she laughed, an' oncet in a while I ketched on to a little sigh or two that she'd give.

"She set by. me all the way to the camp, an' asked a good many questions 'bout this an' that an' t'other, but hadn't a word to say 'bout herself or her plans. I managed to find out that she was goin' up there a total stranger to every man in the camp; as for bein' a stranger to the wimmin-why, there wan't a livin' woman there yit.

"Well, the boys they give her a room in the best shanty there was up, an' I

come away an' left her there. "I got my wrist real badly sprained goin' back next day, an' it was three weeks 'fore I drive up to O-Be-Joyful agin. Then I found this little woman mistress o' the biggest boardin' house an' hotel in the camp, an' the most popler woman there. Myra Claffitt's house was the house. She was Myra Claffitt to everybody, but some o' the boys was callin' her 'Aunt Myra.'

"She did run a stavin' good house. They wan't any two ways 'bout that. There wasn't anything slow 'bout Myra Claffitt or her table. Ev'rybody was welcome whether they could pay or not. But the boys seen to it that ev'rybody paid. It wouldn't o' been healthy for any one to try and sneak

"I reckon that Myra Claffitt was as good a woman as ever the Lord made. The boys in O-Be-Joyful got so they swore by her fairly. She had a kind of way 'bout her that not one woman in a million has. A man couldn't do a thing she'd ask him not to do-anyhow I couldn't. I'd feel 'shamed o' myself all my life if I did. Many's the row that woman broke up. I've seen men stripped fer a fight an' all ready to buckle into each other with murder in their hearts; n' when Myra Claffitt'd march through the crowd that'd give way 'fore her, that fight'd be indef'nitly postponed. That's what it would!

say 'bout herself. No one knowed if she was a widder or not, or if she had children, or who or what she was. She was a kind of a woman that, somehow or other, you couldn't ask questions of, an' couldn't have suspicions 'bout. You took her just like you'd take a clean, fresh, shinin' new dollar right

from the mint. "But now it allers seemed to me that that woman was lookin' for somebody. The day she rid up with me on the stage there wa'nt a man or boy on the road she didn't see and see good, too. An' I never took a stage load o' passengers to her house in my life that she wa'nt out an' starin' sharp at ev'ry man of em. Then she'd go round on the hills mong the men at work there, an' I tell you she saw all of 'em. Sometimes when all my passengers'd be out o' the stage I've seen that little quiver come so pitiful-like to her lips, an' there'd be tears in her eyes; but I never let on to

her or any one 'bout it. "After travel got so light that there was hardly ever any passengers Myra Claffitt got restless like an' talked o' goin' away. But the boys they jest wouldn't hear to it. So it happened that she was the last as well as the first

woman in O-Be-Joyful. "The camp it begin to wink out purty fast (the mines never was no good) when I driv up there one Saturday, an' in jumpin' down from my seat on the stage my foot kind o' turned in like, an' first thing I knowed there I was on the ground with a broken leg.

"Well, sir, that Myra Claffitt gave me the best bed in the house an' took care of me like as if I'd been a baby. I'd laid there over a month an' in that time the bottom had nigh 'bout dropped out asked Shorty to tell me some of his experiences. "I am sure you must had many strange ones," I said.

O-Be-Joyful, an' most o' the men was feelin' mighty blue an' desp'rit-like, as men will feel when they've been cheated "Oh, I don't know," Shorty modestly or deceived or turribly disappointed. 'Bout this time some claim-jumpers begun to show up 'round the only claims that showed any signs o' amountin' to anything. Now you know, sir, as well as me jest how claim jumpin' affects a lot o' miners that's worked hard for what they've found. You know a decent miner hates a claim "Well, then, sir, I will tell you a bit jumper like he hates pizen. They're of a yarn. You see the mouth o' that dogged like game an' shown no more gulch square ahead of us an' not more'n mercy when found. When it got out a hundred yards off. You kin jest make that there was claim-jumpers 'round O-Be-Joyful it set the me on fire. They was feelin' kind o' reckless anyhow, so Poor Man's Gulch. There used to be a they met an' formed a reg'lar vig'lance purty big camp 'bout two miles up that committee an' made vows an' took gulch. It was called O-Be-Joyful, bul oaths that they ment to stand by. But I tell you they kept mum 'bout it 'fore Myra Claffitt.

"One o' the boys come to me one day an' whispered to me that they was on the track o' one o' the wust o' the claim jumpers an' they thought they'd run'im

down that night. "'An' if we do,' says he, 'there'll be

a hangin' bee 'fore daylight, sure as fer your life mention it to her,' says he, jerkin' his thumb over his shoulder to'ard the kitchen where Myra Claffitt was singin' at her work.

"After supper ev'ry man left the house, an' that left me alone with Myra. She got some sewin' an' come an' set down by me in an oncommon lively their gay songs an' crackin' their jokes humor, even for her that was always with ev'ry mortal man of 'em thinkin' smilin'. She set there laughin' an' they was goin striction.

"But I tell you, sir; it wan't six months 'fore I see a many a one o' them poor fellers with nothin' but the tempor fellers with the name of "Clevelanthe ferent was a soft of the felting days of an idylic existence. The weary of mud makes it with the name of "Clevelanthe fellers with nothin' but the tempor fellers with the name of "Clevelanthe fellers with the name of "Clevelanthe fellers with the flitting days of an idylic existence. The weary of an idylic existence. The weary of an idylic existence.

The weary of the fellers with the flitting days of an idylic existence. The weary of an idylic exist

old dude on their backs, a-goin' a-foot awful purty song 'bout bein' 'nearer my out o' O-Be-Joyful without no songs home than ever I've been before.'

on their lips an' only sorrer in their hearts.

"That's the way of it in minin' camps.

"That's the way of it in minin' camps.

Some how or other fells don't allow an' all of a sudden she let her sewin' fall in her lap, clasped her hands over head, an' solemn an' stiddy-like-"Where-burdens-are-laid-down." Oh, thank God!' she said, then, jumpin' that there is a place an' a time when the better known Rig-Veda, occurs the the weary burdens of this life can be laid down an' achin' hearts whose every throb is one of woe, can be forever still an' at rest. O, Thou who didst lay the sun is conceded by nearly all Sandown the heavy burden of thy life on Mount Calvary; Thou whose aching heart throbbed out its agony and its life on the cross, help me to bear my burden of sorrow until I can forever lay it down.'

"I mind every word of it sir; I aint the kind to ferget a thing or words like

"Well, then she set down agin, very quiet, an' kind o' scared lookin' like. But by an' by she begun talkin' 'bout the boys, an' how sorry she felt for 'em in their disapp'intment, and how bravely they bore 'em. She talked 'bout them boys as if they'd been saints, every one of 'em, 'stid o' the pack o' rough fellers they was. I felt so guilty like listenin' to her. Thinks I to myself, 'I wonder what you'd think an' say, Myra Claffitt, if you knew where them men have gone now an' what for? I wonder if you'd set there talkin' so tenderly an' so well bout them if you knew that at this minnit they was out on the trails an' hillsides skulkin' along in the storm (for it was stormin' fearfully), trackin' to his death a poor devil that's steppin' stealthily from tree to tree an' from rock to rock in the darkness, fearin' an tremblin an' prayin', likely, if he never prayed afore. It seemed to me I could see the poor wretch glidin' an' creepin' along an' them men with murder in their hearts after him.

"But Myra talked on an' on until I couldn't stand it any longer, an' made believe I'd gone to sleep jest to have her shut up bout them fellers that didn't deserve half the good things she said bout them.

"She thought I'd reely gone to sleep an' so she stepped softly over to the fire-place an' stood there with one elbow restin' on a brick of the chimney an' her cheek in her hand. She looked oncommon pale an' old an' careworn as she stood there with the light of the fire

shinin' up in her face. "An' while she stood there I saw the cabin door open very slowly an' carefully, an' a man's face thrust in; an' I tell you, sir, that I, who have seen the death agony on many a face, I, who have seen men turn pale an' ghastly, even, with fear, I never, sir, seen such a face as that was that come peekin' in far east more stupidly and impudently behind that door. It was like that of a dead man, an' his eyes seemed to be on fire. He laid a tremblin' hand on the "But she never had the first word to knob, stepped in, an' softly shut the

"Myra turned slowly 'round an' in a

save me! Hide me, quick! I am hunted like a beast! Men with murderous hearts are in pursuit. They cannot feel mercy or pity! You, a woman, can. They will hang me to the nearest tree if they find me. For God's sake help me, save me, save my life, guilty an' sinful as I am?"

"I never took my eyes off that woman's face for a second, after that man begun to speak. There come over her such a look as I can't tell you of. An' all the time that man was whinin' an' pleadin' she kept steppin' back a little at a time, but her eyes never left his

"I reckon he thought she was goin' to give him up to his enemies, for his voice sunk down to a moan that was pitiful to hear. He put out his hands so implorin'ly at the last, an' fell, face downward, glovelin' at her feet.

"There was dead silence for a full minnit, an' in that time Myra kep' person comin' out of a heavy sleep. Her lips kep' movin', but there was no sound. At last she spoke four words, an' the man was on his feet quick as lightnin'. Them words were:

"John Claffitt, my husband!"

False Funeral Fashions.

A custom to which especial attention should be directed, in order to have it changed, is that of men standing bareheaded in the open air, apparently indifferent to the burning sun of July or the cold winds of March, without regard to the season or the weather. Taking into consideration the associated conditions, the necessarily depressing influence upon the emotions of the sad duty which at the time is preeminent in the mind, the physical condition resulting from sitting in a cramped position during a tedious ride in a carriage, and the unaccustomed exposure to the weather, it is not surprising that cases of illness result from the removal of the head covering, particularly in elderly people with an enfeebled circulation. On a hot day there is danger of producing, if not actual sunstroke, at least a congestion of the membranes of the brain, which causes persistent and violent headaches, and to this ministers and those officiating are particu-

Whether the day be hot or cold, wet or only windy, let the services be held at a place where the health of the attendants need not be imperiled; let delicate and weakly persons be restrained from riding to the cemetery and standing on the damp ground; and especially let men obey common sense rather than custom, and keep on their hats when they risk a sickness by their removal.

Henry Bergh, the animals' friend, has a new idea. He thinks oysters soould be chloroformed before eaten. That's all right as far as it goes, Henry but while you are about it you might put on a little asafætida to keep them down.- Gorham Mountaineer.

Some parents are ambitious to absurdity. A helpless little infant born

WHO STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON?

The Origin of a Noted Phrase.

New York Times Fortunately the Sanskrit gives us clue to the meaning of what is now, in like home. Home never seems so beauits English dress, an utterly meaningless question. In the Bhagat-Veda, which is, with perhaps two exceptions, the oldest book in the world, and which to her feet, 'thank God again an' again deserves translation at least as much as question "Hva karisankya baldha pathan?" or "Who strikes the sun?" That baldha pathan is a personification of skrit scholars, although Max Muller maintains that at the time the Bhagat-Veda was written baldha pathan included all nature, and that not until a later period was its meaning restricted so as that it became merely one of the names of the sun god. In this opinion, however, Muller stands nearly alone, and that the baldha pathan of the Bhagat-Veda is synonymous with the Scandinavian Baldar is the opinion of the great majority of all the leading Sanskrit scholars.

To the ancient Aryan seeking to grasp the meaning of the universe, that wonderful phenomenon, an eclipse of the sun, was one of intense interest. When the "Bhagat-Veda" asks, "Hva karisankva balda pathan?" it answers the question by suggesting a theory of eclipses. It is needless to set forth that theory here, for it would be of interest only to students of Aryan mythology. It, however, is sufficient to show that the Aryans believed that an eclipse is caused by something striking the sun. The question "Who strikes the sun?" was therefore equivalent to the question, "What is the cause of a solar eclipse?" The mysterious nature of this phenomenon took a strong hold upon the Aryan imagination. The "Bhagat-Veda" evidently did not satisfactorily explain it, and we find the juestion, "Who strikes the sun?" in later Sankirt, Hindu, and Hindustani literature used to express the idea of an insoluble mystery. Evidently it passed into the common speech of the people, and was carried by wandering tribes to Europe and wherever the restless Aryan race penetrated.

"Billy Patterson" is beyond doubt only a corrupted form of baldha pathan. The question, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" is virtually the same that was asked ages ago in the "Bhagat-Veda." We have kept the form of words more or less accurately, but have forgotten its meaning. And now, after 4,000 years, an attempt is made to show that the glorious baldha pathan, the magnificent sun god of the glowing Indian continent, was a prosaic person, living until a few years ago in Baltimore. Was ever the poetic mythology of the translated into American prose?

From Rest to Work.

screamed, grabbin' her hand, 'save me! tion season is over. The mountains, vacations. But as the pioneer period new experience to many people to make a business of resting. They have been brought up to believe that nature, by the wise arrangement of night and day, had provided all the time that was necessary for recruiting the tired energies of humanity, especially when these resting spells were supplemented once a week with a Sabbath. They point to passin' her hands over her eyes like a the example of worthy ancestors who had carried the burdens of life with no play-spells, either, till three score and four years had watched them at their work. If their descendants lived and worked as did these old worthies, there their lives might not run out as smoothly and slowly. But American life today is very different from the life of two or three generations ago. The worry and hurry and irregularities of modern life put the friction on the wheels and the engines break down before half their allotted time. It probably is a virtue, but at the same time it is an inican wears out and doesn't rust out. The delicate machinery of nerve and tissue which keeps the human system working out its great results, has seldom any opportunity for corroding rust to accumulate. On the contrary, to continue the figure, the engine is run too often at "high pressure" with a full head of steam, and then suddenly when the tension is too great, the delicate workmanship breaks under the strain, and the life stops. As Americans live, a vacation season is a necessity. People are beginning to understand it, and now plan their work with reference to an annual rest of at least a few days, if not weeks. It is time saved. It is energy saved. If is nervous force saved. It is a better quality of subsequent work saved. The vacation pays the best return in vital force and direct material recompense, of any investment a man can make. But to enjoy its results one must make a vacation a resting spell, for the mind is rested by change of occupation but it must be free from dissipation, irregular hours and habits, and must give free play to every wasted energy in its efforts to recruit its strength. Then the wanderer can return to his work again and take up with a zest and interest that insure splendid accomplishments. What volumes could be written from the mouth of the bay, where there on the history of one vacation season. Could some invisible scribe, with unerring pen, look down over mountain, lakeside and seashore, the past few weeks, what tales he might record! ried on during the entire year. The The gentle romance of youthful lovers vessels lie in from 25 to 54 feet of water you, but hangs high; a wild, rough whose fondest dreams of bliss were and their decks are covered with nearly world is around, and it lies very low .-

to find at the last that there's no place tiful as it does to the traveler on his return from vacation. It is worth going away from home if only to see how ting to be great travelers. Half a million of them are on the wing all the micker steps and lighter heart. Purer blood, brighter brain, steadier nerves, purposes are some of the grand results their treasure of gold and silver. of the vacation season that has just closed.

## TREASURE TROVE.

Dredging for Millions in Vigo Bay. Philadelphia Record.

A company of Philadelphians, known as the Vigo Bay Treasure Company, has been formed for the purpose of recovering a vast amount of treasure supposed to be lying at the bottom of the Bay of Vigo, on the northwestern coast of Spain. The projectors of the company expect to begin operations within a month or two, and they express no to forty millions.

Every one has read of the vast amounts of gold and silver that were drawn from her American dependencies by Spain during the era of her greatest prosperity. One-fifth of all the products of the mines was due the King as portion of this tribute lost through disaster that this company expects to recover by the outlay of a comparatively small sum of money.

In the year 1702, during the war of galleons, laden with treasure from the Spanish-American colonies, sailed for Cadiz under the protection of a convoy to the danger of capture by the English fleets shipments of treasure had been inhave been one of the most richly laden that ever sailed from the Antilles.

The English Government learning of the immense shipment of treasure Spain, with the view of intercepting the leons and their escorts put in at Vigo, to his natural sense and robust virtues. "'Oh, madam! madam!' he fairly business, from rest to work. The vaca- treasure galleons were secured, and they proved to be valuable prizes, the amount sea-shore, lakes and springs are once of treasure on board being estimated at more without their summer visitors, and about \$6,000,000. The commander of rovers. The vacation season is coming- treasure from falling into the hands of Europe for centuries, but the people of precious cargoes; and there, buried bethe New World have hardly had time to neath the waters of the inner Bay of make a business of resting and enjoying | Vigo, it is claimed they remain undisturbed to this day, awaiting resurrecgives place, to a more refined stage of tion by some enterprising persons. A

persons ambitious of fortune. Several concessions have been grantrecovery of the treasure. The first serious attempt was made in the year 1825 by Dickson, an Englishman, who experimented with a diving bell, but was unsuccessful. The next attempt was in 1859, by an English engineer, who seceeded in locating nine of the galleons, of raising them, and the scheme was

abandoned. In 1869 another concession was grantdirect reproach that the average Amer- join his corps. The head of their enterprise being thus withdrawn work was well-preserved logwood, mahogany,

cochineal jars, etc. It is said that the Spanish archives contain evidence that the galleons were specially constructed for the safe carriage of plate, with a massive case built over the keels in the strongest possible manner. In this case the treasure was placed, and the cargo of valuable timbers, etc., was loaded above. The Frenchmen failed to reach the bottom of the galleon, hence did not secure any of the treasure.

The concession under which the Philadelphia Company is operating was granted in November, 1882. It it without limit as to time or restriction as to the mode of operation. One-fourth of the treasure recovered is to go to the Spanish Government; the remaining three-fourths to the stockholders of the Mr. John J. Boyle, of this city, visited

Vigo during the past summer, returning in August. He reports that the surroundings are most favorable to a successful prosecution of the enterprise. The sunken galleons are fifteen miles is no surf to disturb operations, and where the tide rises seven feet. The water is so thoroughly sheltered by the surrounding hills that work can be car-

the boon they asked. The sunshine and | necessitate the removal of the general shadows, the joys and the sorrows of cargo before the more valuable treasure the restless, tireless throngs who have can be reached. The mud can be easily journeyed up and down the earth only removed by means of pumps and the vessels raised intact by the use of pontoons. Within a few years such advance has been made in the construction of submarine armor as to render such an undertaking entirely feasible. good it seems to get back among famil- In his investigations Mr. Boyle procured iar scenes again. Americans are get- the services of two English divers, and they visited ten of the vessels. He himself visited three, and he entertains no time. But with all their wandering doubt but that the presence of the carthey have the old Saxon home-love, and goes of valuable woods on the decks of they hail joyfully the roads that lead the galleons is positive proof that the them back to the cherished spot. Back millions of treasures once put upon hard at work, the thousands who have these boats is still there. Though buried so recently enjoyed the rest of vacations, under the water for nearly 200 years plod along the dull routine of life, with the timber of the vessels is sound. The members of the company are sanguine that the galleons will soon be brought larger views, happier hearts and nobler to the surface and be made to yield up

## THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

The Policy of Gen. Crook Toward the et. Louis Globe Democrat.

Gen. George Crook has given the re-

sult of his policy toward the Apaches in a letter to Mr. Welsh, of the Indian commission. Crook, more than any other man in America, has been successful in his dealings with Indians, and is the only officer who has ever won and retained the respect and the confidence of the Apaches, the most intractable of all the native tribes. In doubt but that three months will be full command of the department of sufficient in which to raise a portion of Arizona, with all the army at his back, the sunken treasure, the amount of the iron hand of authority has been which is attractively put at from twenty hidden by the glove of gentleness, but none know better than he how and when to make his power felt and respected. His methods have been condemned by those who thought they perfectly understood the Indian problem, but he has mostly had his way because his superiors had the good royalty. This treasure was sent both in sense to trust his experience and judgcoins and gold and silver bars. It is a ment. There was much difficulty a year ago when he insisted on admitting the Chiracahua Apaches, who had surrendered to him in the Sierra Madre, after committing horrible atrocities, to the San Carlos reservation with the the succession, in which England and others who had remained peaceably be-Holland were called against France and hind, though Cook's advice was taken Spain, a fleet of over twenty Spanish in the end. Of the results he now says that the reports are of the most encouraging character. Of the 512 members of that band all save the small children of French and Spanish vessels. Owing and a few broken down men and women are now hard at work at farming. The Apache has been kept from idleness terrupted for four years, and this fleet and made a producer. He has begun to is described by different historians to realize the value of money and that he may fill the measure of his needs with his labor. The Apache is quick to know his rights and as quick to defend them with a vigor and ferocity that made his dispatched a fleet to watch the coast of name a synonym for all that was horrible and repulsive in the Indian characgalleons. To escape this fleet the gal- ter, and rendered it hard to do justice

During the past week thousands of and were there attacked by the combined | Crook first applied his policy to the people have returned from vacation to English and Dutch fleets. Six of the Apaches in 1873, '74 and '75, but dur-Arizona for some years, the good results he had attained were nullified by the acts of sharks in the posts of Indian the town and city welcome back the the French fleet, to prevent more of the agents and their abettors, who plunder the Indians right and left, until the latto be recognized as a settled institution the enemy, sank the remaining galleons, ter lost all confidence in the governin American life. It has flourished in said to number seventeen, with their ment and were on the brink of an outbreak. It required all of Crook's tact and influence to keep them at peace till an adjustment could be made. He believes that had there not been such an interruption of their progress in the existence, when the amenities of life as more fascinating undertaking than the path of civilization, the Apaches would well as its necessities can be cultivated, recovery of this treasure can scarcely be now, at least many of them, have been so the vacation season comes and as- imagined, and the enterprise has not fairly well qualified to receive the elecserts its claims for recognition. It is a failed to attract the attention of several tive franchise, or with little doubt have been self-supporting and generally prosperous. Crook finds the Apaches ed by the Spanish Government for the now beginning to be anxious to follow agriculture and stock-raising, to give their children to the schools, and with a general inclination to make money. To have awakened such desires in the breasts of such savages has gone a very long ways toward solving the problem cured from the Spanish Government a of how to produce a good Indian withconcession authorizing him to search out killing him. It is not in the charfor and recover the treasure. He suc- acter of all the tribes to produce such results, at least not without efforts lastand marked their position by means of ing through generations. But when buoys. He was unable to secure suffi- Gen. Crook closes his letter by saying would be no reason why the sands of cient capital to proceed with the work that there is not in the State of Pennsylvania a village of the same population more peaceable and law-abiding than the five thousand Apaches on the ed to a French company on a royalty to San Carlos reservation, he presents an the Spanish Government. They com- extraordinarily strong case and seems menced operations and succeeded in to have fairly demonstrated the possipartially unloading one of the galleons, bility of making peaceable and useful but the Franco-Prussian war breaking citizens of these hitherto implacable out their engineer was summoned to free-booters of the plains. It is not to be expected that the red tape which binds the Indian bureau can readily be suspended, and, by the conditions of the cut so that the methods Crook has contract, the concession lapsed. The found so efficient may be applied in part of the cargo recovered consisted of other quarters, but the results he gives are so gratifying that it is impossible they should not have influence in coming legislation on the Indian problem.

HUMOROUS.

When the festive camp-meeting is at its summer height, there is more bustle than bible about it, and the average young lady penitent is far more likely to be acquainted with the shady walks around the grounds than she is with the disputed passage in the gilt-edge book which she carries around with her .-[Deacon Salisbury, Fall River Advance.

It has been asserted by one of our exchanges that a young man went to a dance the other night, and asked a prudish miss if he could dance the next waltz with her. "No," she replied snappishly. "Perhaps you misunderstood me," he replied perfectly unconcerned. "I asked you if you would like to trade shirts with me .- [Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

Smith-"I notice that milkmen, as a rule, wear very heavy shoes." Brown-"Yes. They do it on purpose, I guess." Smith-"Why?" Brown-"Because, vou know, it would be rather suggestive if they wore pumps."-[Louisville Jour-

A wide, rich heaven hangs above