

Meeting of a Masonic Lodge on the Summit of Mount Davidson

A notable event in the masonic history of Nevada—we may say in the United States—occurred near this city yesterday. After the destruction of their hall by fire, the Masons met for sometime in the lodge room of the Odd Fellows, in Odd Fellows' buildings. This was likewise destroyed by fire a few days ago, leaving the order without an appropriate place of meeting. In this emergency the master of Virginia Lodge No. 3, in imitation of a custom of the craft in ancient times, called a meeting of his lodge on the summit of Mount Davidson yesterday afternoon. Over three hundred members of the order were in attendance. When it is considered that the top of Mount Davidson is seven thousand eight hundred and twenty seven feet above the level of the sea, and nearly seventeen hundred feet above Virginia City, the significance of this large convocation will be appreciated. The summit of the mountain is a pointed mass of broken granite, yet almost upon the very apex a rude altar of stone was erected, and around it gathered over three hundred Masons, who, in the heat of the midday sun, had toiled up the rugged mountain side to witness the opening of a Masonic lodge at a place so unusual; and there, overlooking a city of twenty thousand people, the lodge was opened partially in form, and its regular business transacted. From the summit of the mountain the country for a radius of perhaps a hundred miles on every side is visible, with its towns, lakes, mountains, valleys, hoisting works, quartz mills and railroads. The view is one of the grandest in the state, and the gathering yesterday was in the eye of every Mason present scarcely less grand than the surroundings. As the lodge was opened the white emblem of the order was thrown to the breeze from the flagstaff on the summit, and the cheers that greeted it must have been heard in the valley below. Music, speeches and a beautiful repast for all enlivened the proceedings, and at 5 o'clock, or a few moments earlier, the concourse wended their way down the mountain side. Members of the order were in attendance from Gold Hill, Silver City, Dayton and Carson, and so impressed were all present with the grandeur and solemnity of the occasion, that the rude altar was almost chipped in pieces, to be preserved as mementoes of an event so unusual in the annals of the order. It is probably that a Masonic lodge was never before opened in the United States at so great an elevation—certainly never upon so prominent a point in the light of day. The occasion will long be remembered, not only by those present; but by the people of Storey county.—Virginia Enterprise.

Will Indians work?

"Will Indians work?" inquires a Minnesota paper. Certainly they will when the fetters are knocked off their genius. The work they would like to do is not permitted by civilization; but as it is, they consume more whisky and tobacco per capita than the proudest scions of the noblest families in New York and Boston. On a pinch, too, the Indians would consent to do for each other the work that is now done for them all by thieving contractors and agents.—Chicago Tribune.

A couple of members of the darkey conference were passing down the avenue, when one of them trod on the indigestible portion of a pear, and as his number elevens went up the rest of his body correspondingly lowered. "Ki-yah, brudder Jones, is you fallen from grace?" chuckled his companion. "Not preactly, deacon, I 'se sittin' on de ragged edge of dis pear."—Capital.

SPIRITS UTILIZED. Two Thieves Captured Through Information Given by the Spirit of Vidocq.

At about ten o'clock on the night of Thursday, Sept. 23, E. H. Sanford, a New York commercial traveler, was knocked down on Michigan avenue, near First street, and robbed of a \$270 gold watch and chain. The robbers escaped without leaving any clue behind them. The next day, the police being informed of the case, detectives Bishop and Somerville were detailed to look it up. An unusual effort was made by them to discover some clue, but all in vain. Thursday, a week after the robbery occurred, no discovery having been made, and the detectives, becoming wearied of their work, lounged into the circuit court room, where Mrs. Cartwright, the medium, was being examined. Here Somerville, who is a very spirituelle sort of a fellow, was deeply impressed with the witch's powers. A happy thought struck him. He whispered a word to Bishop, who smiled, nodded and said "good."

That night the two seekers after wisdom wended their way to the witch's den. "What do you want?" said she. "A sitting," muttered Somerville. They walked in and sat down. "Two dollars, if you please," said Bishop. "Oh, that's all right," said Bishop. "I always get paid in advance," said she. "Guess we'll have to come down," said Somerville as he forked over. The money having been disposed of, the detectives were informed by the medium to await until she was entranced, and then call for what ever spirit they wanted, and ask the right questions.

Soon the appearance of her face showed that the medium was ready. "Jack, Shepherd appear," said Bishop, with a sonorous voice. "I am here. What do you want?" came from the lips of the woman. "God! that's him!" said Bishop as his voice sank and his usually florid countenance paled. "Come! what do you want?" came from the impatient spirit. "You talk, Somerville, I dare not." "We want to know who has got that watch and chain that was stolen from Sanford a week ago," and forgetting, for the moment, the spiritual nature of the interlocutor, he added: "You lose nothing by telling us, neither." "Ah, what's that you want to know? You want me to squeal on a brother, do you? You are mistaken in your spirit. Git out!" was the reply. "Beg pardon, Jack, don't mean to offend; thought you had been dead so long you didn't care about such things," muttered Somerville. A sneering laugh was his only reply.

"Let him go," said Bishop. "Try a detective. Call that old Frenchman, Vidocq, I believe they called him." Vidocq was called, and being requested to speak English did so. But exactly what he told the detectives they are sworn not to tell. It is sufficient to know, however, that the next day they succeeded in making the arrest of Arthur and George Pierce, brothers, and finding on George's person the identical gold watch of which Sanford had been robbed eight days before. This morning the Pierce brothers were arraigned before Justice Harbaugh. They pleaded not guilty, but when they find out the ghostly nature of the witness against them, there is but little doubt but what they will withdraw their plea and own up.

A Newly Discovered Nation.

The campaign of Gen. Crook against the Apaches last year opened to research a tract of land 2,000 miles square, which is rich in relics of our country's unknown past. It contains a chain of ancient cities in ruins, and a coterie of ancient towns still inhabited by a race which holds its blood

from Indians, and Mexican, and American, and is itself on its descent from the ancient inhabitants of the country, and maintains a religion and a government, both of which are peculiar to itself. We are indebted to Capt. W. C. Manning, of the regular army, for the facts in our possession concerning the newly discovered race. Capt. Manning, who was with Gen. Crook during the whole campaign, and was recommended for promotion by the latter on account of gallantry in the field, explored in the intervals of fighting. He visited the inhabited towns, talked with their rulers, and informed himself concerning their customs.

The largest settlement is in New Mexico, about thirty miles south of the border line. It is a type of the rest. A strong wall surrounds it. Within are houses for about 4,000 people. The population has dwindled, however, to about 1,800. The place was mentioned by a Spanish Jesuit, who published, in 1829, a description of his wanderings in America. About 1535 another Jesuit wrote a minute account of it. This account is true in nearly every detail to-day. The language resembles the Chinese. The women are of the true Celestial type—almond eyes, protuberant bodies, little feet, &c. They dress their hair and themselves in Chinese fashion. Their religion is barbarously magnificent. Montezuma is their deity. His coming is looked for at sunrise each day. Immortality is a part of their creed. The priests have embroidered robes, which have been used for unnumbered years. The ceremonies of worship are formal and pompous. The morality of this strange people, so far at least as foreigners are concerned, is irreproachable. It is probable that they keep a record of events by means of tying peculiar knots in long cords. This, if true, seems to establish some kinship or remote acquaintance between them and the Aztecs. Their government is a conservative republic. Power is vested in a council of thirteen caciques. Six of them are selected for life. Old men are generally chosen, in order that their terms of office may not be inordinately long. The remaining seven are elected from time to time. One of them is the executive. Another is a sort of Vice President. There is a War Chief, a Chief of Police, &c. These seven caciques are generally young men. They serve but a few months. Suffrage is universal. It is scarcely necessary to supplement these facts with the statement that these dwellers in towns are quite far advanced in civilization. On this point one fact speaks volumes. Woman is not a beast of burden among them, as she is with all Indian tribes. She is held in high respect. Her tasks are confined to those of housekeeping.

The written records which we have mentioned show that this isolated community has maintained its traditions unbroken for at least three and half centuries. Its history, carefully studied, may prove a clue to the problem of the aboriginal Americans. The mound builders of the North and the city builders of the South may be represented in the town dwellers of Arizona and New Mexico.—From the Chicago Tribune

"Isabel Mari Stephens! yelled the mother of a milliner apprentice from this city, who went Sunday to visit her parents in the country, "what on earth do you mean coming out in broad day light with your gown all kajum-mixed up in a heap behind ye, and all bound up in that way in front of ye? and hairt ye got no stockings all of one color, that ye hef to wear them zebra-collor'd things? thought ye was goin' to be a milliner. Sh'd think ye'd married a barber, and was playin' up

signboard for him. Did I ever think one of my girls would come to this?" And she lifted her voice and wept, and would not be comforted.

Playing Seven Up for a Baby.

We have it on good authority that near this city, a few days ago, a game of "seven up" was played, a little girl of five summers being the prize. The father had played and lost everything he had, and while under the influence of liquor, proposed to put up his little girl against a certain amount of money. The proposition was at once accepted, and the game began. At the last hand, the game stood—father, 5; opponent, 2. In the deal the father received the following trumps: King, ten, seven and tray. His opponent received, ace, Jack, four and deuce. The father begged, and was given one, which made him within one of going out. Confidentially believing that the game was his he threw down the king and tray exclaiming, "Can you beat that for high or low?" His opponent replied that he could beat both and showed his hand, and claimed high, low, Jack and the game. The claim was denied, the father hoping that he could take the game himself. The game went on, resulting in the success of his opponent, who secured the game by two points. The winner still has the child, and states that he intends keeping it, unless the father uses the law to regain his loss. She is in good hands—much better than those of her father, who is a widower, and a man of dissolute habits, although the possessor of a kindly heart when not under the influence of liquor.

A Lost World.

Men talk of human progress, and tell how all things are improving. Such boasters seem strangely ignorant of the most common facts. They think because some little corner where they dwell, or some race to which they belong, shows tokens of progress during a thousand years past, that therefore the world at large is on the high-road to the golden age—utterly unmindful of the actual present condition of the majority of the human family, which is as dark and vile as ever it has been since history began her records.

A little more than a thousand million human beings people this globe. Of these, three hundred and thirty millions are the followers of Buddha, adherents of a system of utter atheism, which acknowledges no God, no Redeemer, no resurrection from the dead. One hundred millions are the worshippers of Brahma, Vishu, and Siva, the most subtle and sophisticated of all the religions of the heathen, and at the same time the most utterly obscene and licentious. One hundred and fifty millions are Mohammedans, whose trust is in the false Prophet, and whose arguments are their swords. One hundred and fifty millions are African idolaters, worshipping sticks, stones, or animals, as fetiches, and given up to the most debasing idolatry. Ten millions are idolatrous inhabitants of the Islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Sixty millions are connected with the Greek Church, and though versed in its corrupt creeds and image-worship, most of them know little of the true God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. One hundred and fifty millions are Roman Catholics; and though individuals among them are true Christians, yet the great masses are far from being followers of the Lamb of God. Finally, one hundred millions are nominally Protestants; but that number includes skeptics, infidels, atheists, formalists, sectarians, hypocrites, politicians, men of war, strife, and blood, nations that butcher each other by thousands, and that sleep with guns shotted, and swords unsheathed; and among them all a faithful few, a little flock, a

poor despised company of those who are indeed the followers of Jesus.

This is the condition of the world, the vast majority of mankind are pagans, idolaters, and Mohammedans, and those who bear the Ambrosian title of Christian nations, disgrace the gospel by their crimes, and corrupt the heathen by their vices. Some eight thousand missionaries are laboring to spread the gospel in the earth; but how many millions of men are drawn from the departments of honest labor, and productive industry, to spend their time in corrupting, misleading and destroying their fellow men? And their seems to be little sign or hope of improvement. Iniquity abounds. Corruption rolls in floods. Wickedness is exalted and enthroned, and earth's only hope is the triumphant coming of the world's Redeemer, Conqueror, Lord, and King. With Luther we may say: "The judgment must needs be on hand, for what help is there for the world? When I am meditating, I often ask myself what prayer I ought to offer up for the legislative assembly. I see no other prayer that is fitting but only this: "THY KINGDOM COME." This prayer is ever appropriate, for thus Jesus taught us how to pray.—The Christian.

All Wrong.

There was a dozen or more of them seated in front of the colored St. Charles, and they were talking about tornados.

"The worstest tornady I ever did see," remarked an old negro, "was sixteen years ago, in Alabama."

"Did she blow much?" inquired another.

"Blow much! shoot niggers! but dat was no deek passenger, dat tornady! Why, sah, it jist lifts me right up to remember it!"

"Eberyting went kitchin, eh?"

"Kitchin! Bress you, you poor, ignorant nigger! I seed a mule lifted up like a fudder, an' how fur de yose, sposed it blowed him? Jis gin a guess."

"One mile?"

"Free miles?"

"Across de ribber?"

"Into a tree?"

Each one in the crowd made a guess, and when all were through, the hoary-headed old man repeated:

"Niggers, you is all wrong. Dat tornady cunn' fur dat mule, and howled around, an' got under him an' lifted him up, an' he was blowed jist exactly four inches by the watch, sure's your live."

There was a painful pause and then the crowd rapidly thinned out, while the old man remarked: "Four inches by the watch, and I'll stick to dat statement, if I die for it!"

Velpeau, the French surgeon, had successfully performed, on a little child five years old, a most perilous operation. The mother came to him and said:

"Monsieur, my son is saved, and I really know not how to express my gratitude. Allow me, however, to present you this pocket-book, embroidered by my own hands."

"Oh, madam," replied Velpeau, sharply, "my art is not merely a question of feeling. My life has its requirements like yours. Dress, even, which is a luxury to you, is necessary for me. Allow me, therefore, to refuse your charm in little present in exchange for a more substantial remuneration."

"But, Monsieur, what remuneration do you desire? Fix the fee yourself!"

"Five thousand francs, madame."

The lady very quietly opened the pocket-book, which contained ten thousand francs in notes, counted out five, and after politely handing them over to Velpeau, retired. Imagine his feelings.