

LOVE AND THE ECSTASY

"Love me, love me," still he cried
"Ever love, forever!"
Cupid, laughing, turned aside:
Echo from the hill replied,
"Never, never, never."

"Love me, for I love but thee,
Ever, love, forever."
Heart to heart for thee and me."
Echo sighed, "It may not be,
Never, never, never."

"Love me now in life and death,
Ever, love, forever."
Sadly, in an under breath,
Sobbing Echo answered,
"Never, never, never."

"Love me, I shall worthy prove,
Ever, love, forever."
"Till a fairer face shall move!"
Mocking Echo answers, "Love!"
Never, never, never."

"Love me," still the lover sings,
"Ever, love, forever."
Cupid plumes for flight his wings
As the last faint echo rings—
"Never, never, never."

—Clara B. St. George, in Inter Ocean.

THE DEACON'S REVENGE.

I first met the deacon under rather odd circumstances. A persistent touch of rheumatism under my left shoulder, which defied liniments and plasters, sent me to the celebrated Hot Springs, seven miles north of Boomopolis, Southern California. The mud baths at these springs are justly celebrated for killing or curing all the ills that flesh inherits.

The long, low, narrow bath-house was not an inviting place. It smelled too much like an inferno, and it was not clean. But rheumatism will take a man almost anywhere, and I did not shrink when I entered those dingy portals. The place was full of steam, through which I caught glimpses of muscular men in their shirt sleeves, the sweat pouring from their faces and their brawny arms as they handled long shovels. They were preparing the mud baths for the victims. A long trough ran the whole length of the building, filled with black, silky mud, over which steaming water, which emitted a sulphurous odor, was running. When I stooped and put my finger into the uncanny liquid, I quickly lifted it out again and said "ouch."

At right angles with this main trough are smaller ones. At the head of each of these is a tub for a water bath, and beyond that is a dressing room. These divisions are separated by half partitions. A quantity of mud is taken from the big trough and stirred up in one of the little ones. When it has reached a proper consistency and temperature, the patient, who in the meantime has prepared himself for the ordeal in the adjoining dressing room, stretches himself at length upon the steaming mass and is covered by an attendant with more of the same material. A few gummy sacks, neatly arranged on the top to confine the heat, make an artistic finish, and the patient's head alone protrudes. The mineral waters, heated by nature, come constantly boiling and bubbling through the ground, and the baths can be made seven times hotter than Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, if desired. If the patient survives, fire baths get the glory; if he dies, his case was hopeless from the start. Deacon Hardwicke would remain in one of these baths an hour, enduring an experience which might have killed a man of less phlegmatic temperament. Then he would try to persuade others to follow his example, greatly to the disgust of the managers, who were afraid that somebody would die in a bath, and so ruin the reputation of their establishment. For similar reasons he was unpopular with the attendants.

Thus it happened that the deacon seemed to be deserted, when, balancing myself on the plank that edged the steaming pool, I halted at the foot of his grave and gazed, half in alarm, at his closed eyes and heavy immobile features, down which trickled little rivulets of perspiration.

"Will you kindly tell me what time it is?" he asked, in a sepulchral tone, which added to the horrors of the situation.

"Ten o'clock," I said. "Want to get out? I'll call the attendant."

"Time isn't up for fifteen minutes yet," replied the deacon.

I picked up a sponge that was at hand, in a basin of cool water, and for the next fifteen minutes I bathed the deacon's perspiring forehead with the grateful fluid. Then the attendant came, prepared to lift the little gate at the deacon's feet, to slide the slippery coverlet of mud off from him and back into the trough from which it had come, and to help him out of the tenacious, plastic cast that he had made in his sticky bed into the water-bath, and thence into the dressing-room, where he would receive a thorough grooming and be put to bed between a couple of blankets, there to doze and sweat for an hour or two longer. At this stage of the proceedings I fled the scene. The spectacle of the deacon's long, lank, loose-jointed figure, clothed only in a thin, clinging coat of jet-black mud, would have been too horribly ludicrous.

"Don't want a mudbath? They are great things," asked the deacon, as I turned to go.

"Not to-day," I replied. "Tomorrow, maybe, or next day, perhaps I'll indulge."

"Take them about a hundred and ten and stay in three quarters of an hour, and they will cure your rheumatism," responded the deacon, reassuringly.

Two hours later the deacon joined the other guests at the hotel, professing to be greatly refreshed by his bath. His appearance was striking. He was tall, awkward and angular, yet dignified. His upper lip was smooth shaven, but on his chin was a heavy, grizzled growth of beard. His way of speech was so slow and solemn as to seem afflicted. I was told he was a "9er"; that his title of deacon was only honorary, having originally been bestowed by his associates in the mines and clinging to him through many changes of fortune; and that his business was real estate. He was said to be very clever in working off acreages of cactus bed, sage brush and hillside upon new comers. His unguinely honest appearance favored him, and he could look the prospective purchaser in the eye and weave the most remarkable romances without a quiver of his clerical features.

We became fast friends, and I found him an interesting study. It was the deacon's custom to make frequent trips to Boomopolis on business, returning to the hotel for more of his beloved baths. To reach the Hot Springs the traveler crosses five miles of desert country, where the cactus flourishes like the green bay-tree and the coyote shrills at night his peculiar lay. Then he climbs "the grade," a rise of a thousand feet in two miles. This part of the way is over a mountain road which skirts precipices and winds in and out among canons in a way that makes timid people dizzy.

At this time the great boom in Southern California had just collapsed and numbers of men who had lost all their money found themselves in a strange land, penniless and friendless. As a result crime, particularly robbery, was rampant.

One bright, beautiful winter afternoon, Deacon Hardwicke started for the hotel. That morning he had procured at Boomopolis a livery team and a driver, and had been taken to different points about the valley, looking at lands which were offered for sale. Having completed his inspection he was driven to the foot of the grade, and there he dismissed the team. No one else would have done this after a hard day's ride; but the deacon thought that the horses were tired, and also that the exercise of climbing the grade afoot would do him good. He had in his hands a little black leather wallet containing deeds, and, as he walked along, in his slow and dignified fashion, his eyes bent on the ground, he looked like a gentleman of leisure, perhaps a wealthy Eastern tourist out for an airing.

At the foot of the grade is a little ranch house, and just beyond, the road makes a turn almost at right angles and skirts the edge of a canon, where the traveler is hidden from view from either direction. In this angle of the way a man was waiting for the afternoon stage, which was about due. It carried the mail for the hotel, and sometimes considerable express matter, to say nothing of the passengers. But the deacon happened to come first, and, as he turned the corner, plodding slowly along, he heard a smooth, clear, firm, but impatient, voice say:

"Wait a moment, sir. And kindly hand over that gripsack and your money."

Glancing up, the deacon beheld a big revolver pointed at his head. Deacon Hardwicke was surprised and grieved. He was not a coward. He had come across the plains in '49. He had lived in many a lawless community, had seen men lynched, had himself been a target for bullets more than once. If he had been armed he would have fought as he afterward assured me. But the appalling fact flashed over him that he had no "gun," and that the gentlemanly stranger "had the drop" on him. The politeness of the latter's address was not a balm for his wounded feelings.

"Come," said the highwayman, in a more threatening tone. "I mean business. Drop your wallet. Give me your money, or I'll let daylight through you."

The deacon halted and shook his fist at the man. What he said is not material to this recital. Then he turned and ran down the grade. His hat bobbed off and his long coat tails fluttered out behind. It was an undignified and risky proceeding, but there seemed no help for it, except to give up his money and the deacon did not consider that for a moment.

The highwayman fired twice, and the deacon afterward stated that the balls whistled in close proximity to his head. The shots fluttered him. He stumbled, tripped and fell. He bruised his shins and tore the skin from his wrists. The wallet flew from his hand and he lay in the road, howling with rage and pain.

The marauder advanced leisurely and picked up the wallet. Just then the stage, which was a trifle late, as usual, rolled slowly around the turn in the road. The deacon's assailant leaped down the steep bank of the canon and rolled headlong among the chaparral. He regained his feet, crossed the rocky bed of the stream at the bottom of the canon, and disappeared among the bushes on the other side. The deacon lifted his long, bleeding arms toward heaven as he watched his foe depart beyond the reach of effective pursuit, and fairly screamed with impotent fury. The remarks of the passengers on the stage which nicked him up and brought him to the hotel, did not tend to make him better natured. "Guess it was all a fake," "I didn't hear any shots," "More scared than hurt." These were some of the whispered comments that came to the deacon's ears. But he sat grim, indignant and silent until they reached the house.

Then he drew me aside, and I helped him put court plaster on his

wounded wrists. "If I only had a gun that fellow would never have got out of there alive. I don't mind the pain. It's the disgrace that hurts. I don't see how I was careless enough to leave my gun at home, these times," he said, with tears in his eyes.

"Still," I suggested, "as I understand it, he had the drop on you before you saw him. Perhaps it is just as well you did not have your gun. He might have killed you."

"Possibly," said the deacon; "but I would have fired as long as I could have crooked a finger. Now I shall be a laughing stock as long as I live. The boys will think it rich—simply rich."

"Do you think you would know the fellow should you see him again?" I asked.

"I should know him anywhere. He is short and wiry, dark hair, mustache, no beard, black eyes. And there is a great, red, flaming scar across his cheek—knife wound, I reckon."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," I said. "Let us go to Boomopolis and find him. He will soon see that there is no pursuit and will certainly go there. Perhaps we can arrest him yet."

The deacon grasped my hand in both of his, and wrung it until it ached.

"How can I thank you?" he exclaimed. "We'll go to-night. And if we catch him you will see the prettiest fight of your life."

I prepared myself for the expedition by donning an old suit of clothes and leaving my valuables at home. I had a perpetual winding Waterbury watch which I used when on hunting expeditions, and took it with me, also \$10 in silver and a small, plain, but serviceable revolver. We procured horses at the hotel stables and rode into town in the early evening.

Boomopolis at that time was only an infant among the cities of Southern California. There were huge gaps among its business houses, now filled with stately edifices. There were no pavements, and where a hundred globes of electric fire now glare at night upon the passersby, there was then only the dim and fitful gleam of lamps from the windows of the scattered stores.

After an elaborate supper at the Transcontinental, prepared by a French chef from Dublin and served by retired cowboys from Arizona, we sallied forth to visit the saloons and gambling places in search of our robber. We made three or four circuits of the town without success, and finally found ourselves in the "Magnolia Club Rooms." The establishment was really only a single room, on the ground floor back of a cigar store, arranged for faro and other games of chance. It was lighted by a solitary, mammoth lamp, which was suspended from the ceiling over a long, green covered table, upon which were scattered cards and gold coins. Around it were perhaps a dozen men, of various sorts and conditions, all intent upon "the game."

As many more, including ourselves, were interested onlookers. The room was blue with tobacco smoke, and the door at the farther end, which afforded communication with an adjoining bar, was perpetually on the swing.

I was enjoying the character of a detective hugely. So far there was a pleasant tinge of excitement—or rather, an expectation of excitement—and very little danger. But as we scanned the faces of the company without seeing our man, the deacon's brow grew black with disappointment. It was now after midnight. The cigar store was closed, but the bar was kept open all night. Disappointed in our search, we became absorbed in watching the game. There was something of the gambler in every man, and, as I looked upon the tense excited faces of the players, the contagion of their example seized me, and I felt in my pocket for a coin. Finding nothing but silver, which I did not like to stake, as there was none on the table, I was on the point of borrowing a double eagle from the deacon, when I heard a quiet but distinct voice, at the end of the room, say:

"Hands up, gentlemen, if you please."

Glancing around, I saw a man standing at the door leading to the bar, with a revolver in each hand pointed at us. He was a short, slight man, with dark hair and a flaming scar across his face.

There was no confusion. One of the 'oungers quietly placed his back against the door leading to the cigar store and drew two revolvers, which he pointed along the table. Two others, evidently confederates also, stood at ease awaiting the next order. The rest of us lifted our hands simultaneously. Any one could see that it was the only thing to do. The deacon's face was white as snow and his jaws were set like a steel trap.

"The gents that are seated will kindly rise," said the voice near the door.

The gamblers rose as one man. "Now then. Everybody right about and face the wall," was the next command.

We faced about. "March," said the cool, emphatic voice. "Two feet from the wall stop." We advanced in two rows to the opposite sides of the room and stood, as directed, ranged against the walls. Then the two confederates stepped leisurely to the table, and scooped the gold into a couple of little sacks which they produced from their pockets.

"Keep your hands up, everybody," came a quick and sharp warning from the door, as some one inadvertently lowered his arms a trifle. "We're not through with you yet," the voice added.

Having secured the money on the table, the brigands proceeded to rob our persons. With a great show of politeness they requested us to give up our watches, money and weapons. I was one of the first to comply. The fellow tossed my revolver and my few silver dollars into his sack, and grabbed at my watch.

Just then there was a crashing, explosive sound, deafening in the narrow confines of the room—then another—another and another. Then came darkness, a quick rush of feet, a tumult of shouts and groans.

It was the deacon, of course. I knew it before the welcome, hurried arrival of men from outside, with lanterns. He had "turned loose" at the leader. They had exchanged three or four shots before the light went out, quickly and mysteriously. The men with the sacks and the money were gone, but the deacon was bending over a form that was stretched upon the floor. There was an eager wolf light in his eye; one hand still held the revolver, and the fingers of the other worked spasmodically backward and forward, as if he longed to clutch the fallen man by the throat. The fellow tried to lift himself upon his elbow.

"I know you, pard," he said. "You're the man I stood up this afternoon. You've held over me this time. I'm gone."

The deacon's eye softened. He dropped his revolver, put his long arm under the other's head, and tried to turn him into a more comfortable position.

"I am sorry for you," he said, slowly and simply.

"Oh—it's all right," gasped the wounded man, evidently speaking with great difficulty. "I came into—the game—on—a bluff, but you've called—me—sure."

"Is there anything that I can do for you?" asked the deacon. "Any message—any—"

"Bend down here," said the man. The deacon lowered his head, and the other whispered something to him.

"I'll do it," said the deacon. "I'll do it, so help me, God!"

That was all. The crowd of people, attracted by the firing and the news of the robbery, gradually went away. The physicians summoned to attend the wounded outlaw explained that nothing could be done for him, except to make him a trifle easier for an hour or two. The hours of the night passed quickly, but long before morning the useless, crime stained life was at an end.

The next day in the afternoon, the deacon and I sat on the veranda of the hotel at the Hot Springs enjoying a sunbath and admiring the diversified landscape before us.

"Nature is a lavish giver, a prodigal," said the deacon, in his solemn way. "See what an immense expanse of useless mountain lies before us, what a small area, comparatively, of cultivated land. It's a great waste. Don't you think so?"

"I suppose it is," I replied, "from the point of view of real estate. But it makes magnificent scenery."

"It's the same with human life," resumed the deacon. "For one who makes life a brilliant success there are millions who make a failure."

I knew that the deacon was moralizing upon our recent adventure.

"Now there was that young fellow yesterday," he said. "Had he told me who he was I would have lent him a hundred to go East, and there he might have amounted to something. He simply threw his life away."

"He wasn't much of a marksman," I said, "or he might have succeeded better here."

"No," replied the deacon, "he was no good with a gun. That chap with him, though, was very clever in shooting out the light. Now if he had been at the other door, the thing might have been different."

"What did that young fellow say to you?" I asked.

"Told me his name. You would know the family if I should mention it. Wanted me to see that he was decently buried, and to write to his father and mother."

"And you will do it, of course," I said.

"I have given orders for the funeral. That's easy enough. But to write to the old folks is quite another thing."—Argonaut.

An Old Soldier's Experience.

Speaking of grousing things, an old soldier told me yesterday of the most affecting parting he ever had in his life. It was a parting with himself, or rather a part of himself. He was in an engagement before Petersburg, and had the misfortune to come in contact with a piece of broken shell, which exploded near him and which succeeded in shattering his leg. Amputation was necessary, and shortly after he was lying in his tent. As he looked up he saw a wagon piled up with legs and arms of others who had been unfortunate in the engagement, and right on the top he recognized his own leg.

"It was a sad parting," he said, "to see a part of you going away never to be returned again. I can never tell you what strange feelings came over me, and to this day I can see that fine black horse hauling my leg away to its last resting place."

Wounded in an Odd Way.

A farmer of East Monmouth, Me., is suffering from a serious pistol wound which he received in an odd way. He was leading a frolicsome colt and the animal whirled round and kicked, striking him over his hip pocket, in which was a loaded revolver. The pistol was discharged and the bullet lodged in the calf of the farmer's leg, inflicting a severe wound.

WHY THEY PAINT THEIR FACES.

Apache Legend Which Accounts for the Red Man's Ceremonial Custom.

"Why do Indians paint their faces?" I have asked that question of hundreds of Red Men, and have received but one answer. Of all the tribes that I have visited but one has a legend accounting for the hideous decorations that are to be seen on the faces of Indians under all ceremonial circumstances.

"I was sitting at a camp fire in a village of Jacarilla Apaches one night listening to the stories and legends that were being told, when I propounded the old question again, hardly expecting even the usual expression of ignorance that hides so many of the thoughts of the Indians. To my surprise, however, I received the answer that I least expected," says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "An old fellow who had sat all the evening listening to the stories without changing his attitude grunted and straightened up as he heard the question. Proceeding with all due solemnity, he told the following legend:

"Long ago, when men were weak and animals were big and strong, a chief of the Red Men who lived in these mountains went out to get a deer, for his people were hungry. After walking all day he saw a deer and shot at it, but the arrow was turned aside and wounded a mountain lion which was also after the deer. When the lion felt the sting of the arrow he jumped up and bounded after the man, who ran for his life. He was almost exhausted, when he felt his strength give way, he fell to the ground, calling on the big bear, who, you know, is the grandfather of men, to save him. The big bear heard the call and saw that to save the man he had to act quickly, so he scratched his foot and sprinkled his blood over the man.

"Now, you know, no animal will eat of the bear or taste of his blood. So when the lion reached the man he smelled the blood and turned away, but as he did so his foot scraped the face of the man, leaving the marks of his claws on the bloody face. When the man found that he was uninjured he was so thankful that he left the blood to dry on his face and never washed it at all, but left it until it peeled off. Where the claws of the lion scraped it off there were marks that turned brown in the sun, and where the blood stayed on it was lighter. You know, all men paint their faces that way with blood and scrape it off in streaks when they hunt or go to war."

A LUCKY ACCIDENT.

Why a "Jackstone" Maker Turned His Attention to Puzzles.

As an example of how a remunerative specialty in hardware forced itself on a receptive and appreciative Yankee, the following incident will be of interest:

Among the manufacturers small castings are often put in revolving cylinders with pickers or stars made of cast iron, having usually six points, the extremes of which are about an inch apart.

They are also familiar to toy dealers, who sell them to children as "jackstones." The pickers, together with small castings, are put into the tumbling barrels, so that any particles of sand adhering may be removed and a better finish given the castings.

BIG COAL PILES.

They Are Worth from \$36,000 to \$40,000 Apiece.

Thousands of tons of anthracite and bituminous coal are shipped from South Amboy, N. J., and from Perth Amboy, just opposite. The Lehigh Valley Railroad docks at Perth Amboy are among the largest of the kind in the world, while those owned and controlled by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in this town fall little short of the capacity of the Lehigh docks.

In the shipment of coal from these ports, one of the problems which is continually puzzling the railroad companies is to keep the rolling-stock constantly in motion. For a number of years the coal was allowed to stand in the cars until the vessels were ready at the docks to receive the cargo. At times there would be three or four hundred cars loaded with coal in the South Amboy yards practically tied up for two or three weeks. As it was to the interest of the company to keep the cars continually moving, it became a serious matter. The difficulty was finally solved, and now in place of the train after train of cars in the South Amboy yards may be seen immense piles of coal, half the size of a large circus tent.

As soon as a train load reaches South Amboy the cars are unloaded and the coal placed in these piles by means of an ingenious device consisting of traveling elevator buckets held in position by large swinging derricks and operated by a small engine. The coal falls from the outlet under the cars and is carried to the top of the heap by means of the endless elevator. Here it lies until ready for loading, when it is reloaded in the cars by means of the same apparatus and transferred to the hold of the coasting steamer or "tramp" ocean steamer.

As a rule, the piles usually contain about 9,000 tons each, and each is worth \$36,000 to \$40,000, according to the market value of the coal. At times there are twelve or fourteen of these coal piles in the yards at South Amboy. Recently canvas has been used to cover each pile to prevent the coal from "rusting," which, while not affecting its burning qualities, detracts from its market value. The canvas covers cost \$1,000 and \$1,200 each, and the stock-yard looks as though Barnum's Circus had found a permanent camping place. The immense piles of coal create no feeling of wonder to the local residents, who look upon them as a matter of course, but they are a source of great wonderment to the residents of the city, whose conception of a large amount of coal is at best vague.

NATION OF TOBACCO USERS.

We Consume Yearly Five Pounds to Every Man, Woman and Child.

It is evident from the internal revenue receipts from the consumption of tobacco that we are a nation of chewers, smokers and snuffers. This is discouraging to those who

rail against the vice, but then they have the satisfaction of knowing that the indulgence costs the smoking public dear. Just how expensive it is to use tobacco cannot be easily ascertained, but it may be gauged from the fact that the revenue from tobacco alone during the fiscal year 1894 was \$28,617,898.62.

Surely a nation that can afford to expend such an amount in taxes on tobacco—for of course the tax comes from the consumer—to say nothing of the cost of the material, must have money to burn. That, of course, is its end—burned up, chewed up or snuffed up. And despite the magnitude of the sum the internal revenue tax from tobacco in 1894 shows a decrease from that of 1893 of \$3,271,813.12. The falling off is naturally attributed to the hard times.

In one way and another the people of the United States use a great deal of tobacco, estimated by bulk. The figures show the consumption to be about 344,000,000 pounds for the year 1894, or, on the basis of 60,000,000 population, nearly five pounds per annum for every man, woman and child in the country. To those who have thought that the unpleasant habit of snuffing has gone out of existence it will be interesting to learn that the total domestic production of the article for the year was 11,627,992 pounds. Think of the enormous number of pinches this represents. Despite the falling off in the revenue, it is a curious fact that the decrease is less from snuff than from any other form of tobacco except cigarettes, which actually shows an increase. The percentages are approximately as follows: Cigars and cheroots, 68.5; chewing and smoking tobacco, 31; snuff, 55. The increase in cigarettes is about 125 per cent.

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A large and well-known New England concern, which, in addition to the other lines, manufactures screw wrenches largely, formerly used a peculiarly shaped, malleable iron ferrule, with irregular openings at the four sides and circular openings at the two ends, weighing about an ounce.

Some of these ferrules chanced to be a part of the contents in one of the tumbling barrels. When the barrel was opened the attendant noticed, what to him seemed almost incredible, that the picker with all its prongs was inside the ferrule, the openings of which were comparatively small. The observant mechanic logically concluded that as it had got in it could be got out again.

The phenomenon was brought to the attention of parties who decided to apply the idea in a puzzle, and the result has been that the original manufacturers are now making the two parts under contract, in ton lots, while the first order is said to have netted a profit to the promoters of \$1,700.

Why Her Husband Never Forgot.

Two married ladies were talking about their respective and respected lords.

"Does your husband forget things?" asked one.

"Never," said the other. "Well, mine does. I think there is hardly a day when he comes home from his office that he doesn't begin to apologize for his forgetfulness. Of course, I have to accept the apology on his promise to do better, and the next day the very same thing occurs."

"That must be extremely annoying."

"It is. Sometimes I get so vexed with him that I really have to scold him."

"And that never is pleasant."

"I should say not. I'm sure I'd rather be anything else than a scold, but some husbands actually drive their wives to it. I've been married ten years, and sometimes I almost fear if he doesn't improve he will have my temper utterly spoiled."

"I've been married a dozen years and I never have any such trouble."

"Maybe your husband is an exception?"

"No; he's only average as married men go."

"Wasn't he ever forgetful?"

"He was at first, but I cured him of it."

"Gracious! I think mine is incurable."

"Oh, no. You can cure him easily if you will use my remedy."

"I'm sure I'll be only too glad to. What is it?"

"Never ask him to get anything for you. Get it yourself. He has enough to think about without being errand boy."

"Oh!" exclaimed the first woman, and remained silent for as much as two minutes.

The value of Montana mines and all, is \$18,000,802.