A SPIDER'S PREDICTION.

HOW IT CONTRIBUTED TO THE DOWNFALL OF UTRECHT.

The Insect's Prophecy Led Pichegru to Wait and Attack Holland's Stronghold. It Vanished a Cold Spell—Its Journal's Observations Gave Him Liberty.

A narrow prison cell, a man and haggard features, gloom and despair.

A single window only, barely a foot square, heavily barred and six feet, at least, from the ground.

Prostrate upon a wretched heap of straw in a corner was the prisoner, but asleep, but watching intently, and wondering what One might gnaw a dozen times and yet not hit upon the truth.

And the prisoner, upon his side upon his heap of straw, his chin resting upon his hand and his elbow fixed upon the floor, watched a large spider's web upon the corner.

A curious plan for a spider to rear his airy castle—a corner of that dark cell where the sunlight never came and the fly flies were few and far between.

For no crime had the Frenchman suffered. For Du Jouval was a Frank, born and bred. He had simply talked of liberty and equal rights to men within the dominion of the potent stadtholder of Holland.

At first the Frenchman rejoiced that the martyr's fate was his, and when he discovered the spider in the corner of the dungeon he talked to him of liberty and brotherhood. But even the spider fled from the sanguine republican. And as weeks grew into months Du Jouval grew weary of his confinement and pined for the free air of heaven. The stadtholder was firm, stern and prayers moved him not a jot. Then, too, the "Patriots" remained Holland, and the French general, Pichegru, with a large force, was hovering on the frontier like some huge bird of prey ready for a scoop upon the unsuspecting.

The spider, too, was a constant source of consolation, and from long observations of the habits of his black friend the Frenchman became wise. The spider never appeared during hot weather, and Du Jouval was able to predict frost at least a week previous to its coming simply by watching the spider's movements and noting his own feelings, for he fancied that when the spider kept scarcely housed he the Frenchman was usually troubled with a bad headache.

And while Du Jouval was amusing himself with these interesting observations revolution times came to Holland.

Pichegru, with an overwhelming force, advanced suddenly across the border. The stadtholder did not attempt to dispute the march of the Frenchmen. He simply retired, and when the French army was well in the center of the land he adopted against the invaders the old time tactics that years before had baffled Spain's Alva, and had cost a French king's brother, the Duke of Anjou, a splendid army. The word was given and the dykes were cut; a flat country, the greater part of it below the level of the sea, Pichegru found in the Holland sea a for greater for than was the Holland armies. The Dutchland was all a swamp; the Frenchmen could not advance—could hardly retreat; the fate of Anjou and his gallant army seemed in store for him. In hot and bitter rage he set in before he had given the command for the forward movement, for the silly Gaul had anticipated the tactics of the Holland commander. But the weather had suddenly shifted around, and an almost summer mildness reigned over the land. And affairs were thus on the morning when the prisoner of Utrecht lay at full length upon his pallet and watched for his friend the spider.

The jailer brought the prisoner his breakfast, a sorry repastenough, for the prudent Dutchman knew that there was nothing like simple food to reduce his blood and curb impulsive wills.

"You do not eat, mynheer," said the jailer, who leaned by the door, eyeing his ward musically and watched the prisoner.

"I have little appetite."

"That is bad," the jailer remarked thoughtfully; "mynheer should eat and keep his strength."

Du Jouval made a wry face.

"But such food as this is enough to take away the appetite of a well man, let alone a sick man," the Frenchman said.

"That is true, mynheer," the jailer replied; "the food is coarse, but I will see that you have a better dinner, although I go against my instructions and would suffer if the government should find it out."

"The matter is broken to me," Du Jouval replied. "I shall say nothing, and I judge that you will not care to speak of it."

"I feel more inclined to do you a kindness, mynheer, because two days ago I thought it might be probable that we should change places—you become the jailer and I the prisoner."

"How so?" asked the Frenchman in astonishment.

The jailer then related to Du Jouval what had transpired during the past week. He told of Pichegru's advance, how the French general had threatened the capture of Utrecht, and had only been prevented from taking the town by the cutting of the dykes and the flooding of the country with water.

"You see, mynheer," said the jailer in conclusion, "your conspiracy came to an open head sooner. If, as I true had once he certainly would have taken the city, but so it is he will soon have to retreat to Belgium."

"He's no Bonaff," said Du Jouval, "if I could get a note to Pichegru he would be sure to procure my release by intercession with the stadtholder, especially as I am a prisoner for me. Now will you do me a good turn—give me pen, ink and paper, and afterward smuggle the note through the lines to the French general?"

"I could do that easily enough," the jailer said, thoughtfully. "My brother is bringing a poetry penny note by supplying Pichegru with fresh gunpowder, but—and he hesitated.

"Do not fear; what possible information can I, a poor, helpless prisoner, convey to Pichegru?"

"That is true," the jailer said. "It is a bargain."

Great was the astonishment of the French general to receive a note dated from the prison of Utrecht. And what did the note contain?

A simple explanation about the spider, who had not appeared for three days, and the writer's homesick. Within a week he predicted a hard frost and prayed Pichegru not to fall back.

The general knew Du Jouval; he resolved to wait a week, and then, true prophet, O spider! there came the hardest frost that Holland had known for 100 years. The waters were bound with an icy chain. The French advanced. Utrecht fell and Du Jouval was released. To the spider's warning the prisoner of Utrecht owed his freedom.—Atlanta Constitution.

Football Vernacular in Business.

"Down!" shouted a well known football athlete as he rushed to the descending elevator.

"Hold!" roared the athletic elevator boy, as he hauled up the machine and banged back the door. The football athlete passed in, and the passengers, catching the spirit of the scene, instructed: "Now, then! Rush it!" And the elevator whizzed through the shaft.—New York Times.

Letting a Man Alone.

That a husband is at times silent and preoccupied does not argue that he is indifferent to his wife, writes Mrs. Philena T. Barnum in *The Ladies' Home Journal*; he may be depressed, and yet not feel that marriage, for him, is a failure; he may be capricious and fretful, yet feel no irritation against his wife. I am not advising men from the obligation to be aggressive to their womankind, nor endeavoring their frequent injustices of the code of manlike amenities; I am only sending you, for your own good, that these things are often the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual disconsolance which you have not caused, and about which you would be useless to grieve. Learn to wait, and by-and-by you will find that business went wrong that day; or he sat in a draft, and all his nerves jarred with an incipient cold; or he had eaten an indigestible meal (not at home of course), and was depressed, he knows not why. Wait! wait! and when you have found out what the matter was, you will be thankful you did not worry him with foolish questions.

Jewels of a Woman's Life.

There are as many jewels that may be worn day and night, as many gems that are always and only your own, that you need not grieve for those that show their brightness only by day. There is the jewel of Consideration, that you may wear just over your heart; there is the moonstone of Hope, that may glitter over your brow; Silent your eyes with brightness; there is that brilliant stone of Sympathy, the emerald, that makes your right hand of help; and there is the beautiful one of Loving Kindness, that makes the left hand help its right. But above all, overshadowing all, pinning down your trusses, is the diamond of true Love, love which endureth all, suffereth all, hopeth all. Are not these better than jewels dug out of the earth? Yes, indeed, these jewels come from the heaven above.

The grip of an ant's jaw is retained even after the body has been severed from the head. According to the *Medical Record*, this knowledge is possessed by a certain tribe of Indians in Brazil, who put the ants to a very peculiar use. When an Indian gets a gash cut in his hand, instead of having the hand sewed together, as physicians do in this country, he procures five or six black ants, and, holding their heads near the gash, they bite their jaws together in biting the flesh, and thus pull the two sides of the gash together. Then the Indian pinches off the bodies of the ants and leaves their heads clinging to the gash, which is held together until it is fully healed.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office at Salt Lake City, Utah, February 28, 1891, which, if not called for before two weeks, will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, D. C.

LADIES' LIST.

Bare Alice M	Miles Mary L
Barlow Mrs Ann	Morrow Mrs A E
Bayless Mrs	Neale Mrs Frank
Bayness Mrs G H	Morris Mrs Martha
Bell Miss Ada	Ney Mrs Amelia
Bragg Mrs T	McCutchen Sarah
Bee Sabrina Belle	Meisner Lillie
Brannan Mrs Lois	McKay Mrs H
Brown Mrs Jane	Nelson Mrs J
Bulkholz Mrs Mary	O'Hearn Nellie
Bowen Mrs Jerre	Pongs Anna
Clemens Mrs Fanny	Pitman Lizzie
Christensen Mrs	Pierce Mrs J M
Carter Mrs M Y	Page Mrs J
Cleary Miss Mary	Pettinger Christine
Christensen Mrs	Rice Mrs Annie
Cullen Mrs Mary	Rees Mrs Sophia
Dunn Mrs	Rees Mrs Caroline
Dorey Miss Nellie	Reese Nellie
Evans Mrs Augustine	Robinson Sophia
Freeman Miss Agnes	Rice Hettie
Freeman Miss Florence	Sherwood Sadie B
Fox Mrs E	Sessions Mrs F J
Edwards Widow	Shiels Anna Kathleen
Ellis Mrs Ann	Sure Edith Beatrice
Ellis Mrs L S	Stretch Miss Annie
Emerson Mrs Lizzie	Smith Mrs Elizabeth
Evans Mrs O H	Stuart Mrs
Emmett Jane	Sons Carrie
Eggers Mrs E L	Summer Miss
Hughes Mrs R H	Thomson Mrs E P
Hemmington Mrs Georgie	Thomson Mrs Ellen
Hills Mrs J C	Taylor Rose Marion
Hill Mrs Ann	Tyler Mrs Deborah
Jay Susan	Vale Mrs Mina
Jackson Julia	Warner Mrs
Jones Mrs	Webster Mrs
Kemp Mrs A E	Wilson Miss Annie
Kay Mrs Margaret	Wilson Mrs H M
Lyons Mrs	Wilson Miss Mattie
Lowery Susie May	

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Armstrong & Johnson	Hartman Jos
Allen F R	Hallett G T
Allen W T	Hoagland Geo
Austin A J	Hoagland Charles
Aussell	Hanson Anton
Anderson	Hanson Jens
Anderson & Sons	Hoffman C H
Ashton	Hoffman Jos
Ali Mr	Hoffman Jos
Allred Chas	Hansen S L
Cook Ed	Hansen W A
Brown Wm	Hagenbuchen
Bard Vernal	H G
Bond G W	Hickenson M
Beck Jos	Hoss
Brunwood J A	Hunt Frank
Butler Taylor	Hill
Bailey Jas	Hoagland
Black	Jensen
Bonner Ed	Johnson P E
Bennett Frank	Jones Richard
Barlow Hunt	Johnson H
Bradley J F	Johnson S A
Bigler Martin	Jackson
Bell	Jackson
Brown Moses	King Gott
Bailey Geo	Kimball Moses
Bailey Bros	Kimball Moses
Bailey Bros	Kimball Moses
Berkeley J	Kimball Moses
Bennett Ed	Kimball Moses
Bush L A	Kimball Moses
Bailey Eddie	Kimball Moses
Carter Jas	Kane Jas
Cowan A Lee	Kelly Wm
Bell E M	Lewis L H
Cullen John T	Lewis L H
Cooke W J	Lewis Chas
Cowdell Frank	Lewis Frank
Cannell J W	Lewis T H
Case Henry L	Lewis T H
Case J L	Lewis T H
Crane & Co S K	Lewis Henry
Cooke D P	McAllister E H
Carlson Gust	Murphy Patrick
Campbell Jas	Mc
Carlson Jos A	Malen Jas
Clawson J W	McKenzie Ed
Cowan J W	McCoistin Jas
Cozzens Geo	McCoistin Jas
Cozzens W H	McKinnon M H
Davis Wm	McKinnon M H
Dorius Jas	McKinnon W A
Dunn Geo D	Moore L F
Dunbar Jas	Morley Conlon
Douglas Geo	Mills Geo
Dunbar C V	Mitchell Lew
Dunbar Jos	McArthur Jas
Dennis C J	McArthur Jas
Dennis Jas	McDonald R D
Dennis Jacob	McDonald R D
Dunn M	Kimball J S
Erickson P A	Kimball J S
Fetzer Geo	Simms A J
Fetzer Pierce R	Simms A J
Fowler T	Simms A M
Fowler T T	Gibbs Chas
Fearon P H	Gibbs T
Godwin Chas	Page Alfred
Grant Jas	Page Alfred
Gee R S	Parson Frank
Gibbons H H	Parson Frank
George Henry	Patterson F P
Hudson Mr	Patterson F P
Hunter Chas	Patterson J T
Howard L B	Prettyman

PACKAGES.

Lofgreen Mrs W	Albert Miss Ophelia
Bennett Miss	Dunbar Miss Ann
Dalton Emma	Harrison Miss Alice
Dalton Emma	Wood Fanny
Lewis Minnie	Kimball S M
Lewis J D	Christensen G R
Fulton A A	

PACKAGES.

Cowley Miss	Jackson Frank W
Dugins Edward	Nelson J E

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for "Advertised." Letters not given the date of the list.

L. A. BENTON, Postmaster.

This story is told of a man, who took the lessons of his clock to his maker to have the time of day set right, but he never came for it. Of course, the clock maker had to go to the trouble to do it for the friends. Now and then a man comes into our establishment for his watch full of good intentions to be a better boy, but he never comes for his watch. It pays the boys and girls, young and old, to be good boys and girls. If you have some intentions by way of improvement, come to our store and buy a watch. It will be your friend and monitor. It will tell you when it is time to be at the Sunday School, or Meeting, or Sacrament, or Prayer Meeting, or Medical Discovery, or Cascarets, or Sozodont, or Ayer's Pills, or Hood's Sarsaparilla, or Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, or Ayer's Hair Vigor, or Ayer's Sarsaparilla, or Ayer's Ague Cure, or Ayer's Cathartic Pills