

GAINS AND LOSSES.

Come the hours when we sit in the shadow... That falls like the drop of a wing... The ache when we try to walk softly...

THE ESCAPE.

BY W. DELAPLAINE SCULL.

The last palisade—over! and limbs long stiffened felt lissom once more with the life of twenty-five. Now for a slow and cautious creep along the gully...

San Jago. He went along the chasm and after an hour or two stood on the platform; bare rock and nothing else; he went on higher still, with hunger asserting itself...

Forward then he went, and the sand became thick and soft underfoot so that he had to use the long, Spanish blade to help him in walking. At last even that became an encumbrance and he would have cast it away...

At last the whole place swam round him, there came moments when he seemed treading over a crimson waste under a vermilion sky, and with the first pains of thirst deadening the ache of hunger he lay down in the shadow of the first rock he reached...

His wits were all ablur, but his bodily senses felt that the whole land lay on a vast upward slope, a continual gentle pressure back, as it were, to each tollsome step he took. In the late afternoon for a slight palpitation a sign that he was on an imperceptible descent...

As he lay there with his battered old hat over his face the stillness came terribly on him at times. He thought he heard distant voices calling, and fancied some had crept up to the other side of the stone and was peering round on him...

At last he could bear it no longer, but rose and ran on, then presently struck against one of the stones and fell, stunned, as he had fallen before out in the sand tracks. Still the man was not beaten...

So through the long hours he travelled, and at last shuffled out into places where the stones, that dreadful multitude all exactly alike, stood in groups only. The moon sped on her course, and the ground underfoot sent a ring from his steel staff...

Then the stones ceased altogether and a series of low ridges came; they taxed his shaky legs and arms to their full, and striking was free in that mire ever after, but each man paid for his own fun. In the end, however, they devised a more potent mode of warfare...

Looking behind, the sight of the fearful maze of wilderness he had wonderfully come through filled him with terror, and he fled away from it, down and on, only to fall again like a child...

Indeed, he did not think, but merely followed up his instinct when he crawled on to his feet and staggered along, swaying one way for many paces, then the other, hanging his hands and head, moaning in a dry, broken way...

Down he sank upon it, seized it, chewed the dusty leaves; there were little driplets of earth here and there. Another bit of green caught his eye; he raised his heavy head, and saw that 100 paces away the plateau on which he stood broke off sheer...

The poor, wasted creature raised his bony, cracked claws and gurgled with triumph. He had cheated the Spaniards and the Thirst Lands; hurrah! And there were more plants nearer the edge; to them he hastened, with the blade still dragging from his wrist...

Such was the escape of John Tisdien, whose bones have long become dust, the only man who ever crossed the Tierra de Sed. —[Black and White.]

Twenty-two Billions Insurance.

The enormous increase in the fire insurance business of this country in recent years is shown, remarks the New York Times, by some figures just collected by a well-known adjuster...

How They Strike in China.

There is an impression in America that strikes are unknown in China. My experience is quite to the contrary, says a writer in the Engineering Magazine...

When Father Molinier, the famous faith-healer, died a few months ago at Troy Hill, near Pittsburg, it was rumored that he had acquired wealth amounting to millions. Relatives from a distance have recently been visiting his late home to secure their supposed inheritance...

PHILLIPS BROOKS DEAD.

The Matchless Pulpit Orator Expires at His Home in Boston.

Heart Failure Put an End to a Life of Honor and Usefulness.

Bishop Phillips Brooks died at his residence, 233 Clarendon street, Boston, at 5:30 o'clock A. M., of heart failure, brought on by a fit of coughing. The death was entirely unexpected.

He was taken ill Thursday with sore throat but nothing serious showed itself. Dr. H. A. Beach, his physician, discovered diphtheritic systems, and considered a consultation advisable, and called in Dr. B. H. Fitz. At this time nothing serious was anticipated...

The Right Rev. Phillips Brooks, S. T. D., LL. D., was born in Boston, Dec. 12, 1835. He graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1855, took the divinity course at the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Va., and entered the ministry as assistant to Dr. H. W. McVicker, in Philadelphia...

He was elected to the general convention of the Episcopal Church in 1880 and member of the standing committee for many years. He was elected member of the Missionary Council for its creation in 1883.

He was consecrated Bishop October 14, 1891, by Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, and served as Bishop of the Diocese of New York, Little Rock, Louisiana; Diocese of Albany, N. Y.; Diocese of New Hampshire; Diocese of Pennsylvania; Diocese of New York, and Talbot, of Wyoming.

His literary works included five volumes of sermons, one being those preached in English churches; the Influence of Jesus; Bohlen lectures for 1879; sermons on preaching delivered before the Divinity School of Harvard College in 1877 and several pamphlets and tracts.

His father's family were communicants of St. Paul's in Boston, and as a boy Phillips Brooks was deeply influenced by its rectors at that time, the Rev. Dr. Vinton, of the Alexandria Seminary, one of his classmates was Henry C. Potter, now the Bishop of the New York Diocese, and between the young man grew up a friendship so tender that it often was said that he was the beauty and charm possible to social relations.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S mind continues to slowly fade. She is 85. One of her diversions is the singing of old songs by her sister.

BOSTON photographers are forbidden to work on Sundays any more. The city has so ordered, and the chief of police has notified the photographers that he will enforce the order.

MISS FLORENCE RASCOE, who will take the title of "Dr. D. D." from Johns Hopkins University, will be the first woman to receive such an honor from that institution.

THE Hopkins mission on Nob Hill, San Francisco, Cal., transferred to the State University regents in trust for an art school and gallery of paintings. Edward F. Scarce makes the gift, his guarantee \$500 for five years toward the expense of the school.

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THE heaviest income tax ever levied by a civilized government was imposed upon the people of the United States in 1861, and perhaps for the first time in human history, patriotism was so strong a passion that men readily paid a tax which they might have evaded.

JUSTICE LAMAR.

He Passes Away at the Home of a Friend in Macon, Ga.

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Justice Lamar died at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon at the home of a friend in Macon, Ga. He was 85 years of age and had been suffering from a long illness.

Justice Lamar was born in Macon, Ga., September 1, 1808. He was graduated from the University of Georgia in 1830 and was admitted to the bar in Macon in 1837. In 1849 he held the place of adjunct professor of mathematics in the University of Mississippi. He was elected to the Georgia Legislature in 1852 and 1854. Then he returned to Mississippi, and in 1857 was elected to Congress. He was re-elected in 1860 and resigned to take his seat in the Secession Convention of his State. Later he entered the Confederate Army as Lieutenant-Colonel in the Nineteenth Mississippi Regiment.

President Cleveland appointed him to the Supreme Court bench in 1888. Just after entering Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, he was married for the second time, the first being Harrietta D. Holt, widow of W. S. Holt, of Macon, Ga. He lost his first wife while he was a member of the House. By her he had two children, a son and a daughter, both now married, and well known in Washington society.

WORK AND WORKERS.

ALL the building trades in Chicago will demand increased pay on the 1st of April, and will also insist that only union men shall be employed.

ONE thousand factory operatives are out of work, and the general business interests of Muncie, Indiana, are suffering because of the Lake Erie switchmen's strike.

THE Ohio Iron and Steel Company's works at Zanesville, which had been closed last week, struck men work was resumed because the Amalgamated scale, started up with non-union men.

A DEPARTURE from Kokomo, Indiana, says that 70 men are out at the Diamond D mine, and the men in the ground and poisoning has been ordered to complete 12 openings each in 10 hours instead of 11, as was previously the rule, and their refusal has caused a general shut-down of the mine.

SEVEN thousand shop men on the Union Pacific system will accept, until the road agents succeed in striking, work eight hours a day instead of nine, as ordered, and seven hours on Saturday. The departure, so the officials say, is made necessary by the general unwell-factory condition of business on the main line and branches.

D. G. RAMSEY, Grand Chief of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, has just had all the differences between the operators on the Big Four and the officials on the road amicably settled, and has accepted of a salary suit on the Wabash road. In this former case, the increase of pay to the telegraphers amounts to \$24,000 a year. The increase to the employees of the Wabash has not been calculated.

WORLD'S FAIR.

THE Kentucky Legislature has passed the bill appropriating \$100,000 for the State's exhibit at the World's Fair.

THE International Union of Bricklayers and Masons, at Baltimore, voted in favor of Sunday opening of the World's Fair.

THE Illinois Senate passed a resolution memorializing Congress to repeal the World's Fair Sunday Closing Law by a vote of 29 to 19.

THE Senate of Indiana, by a vote of 22 to 7, instructed its Representatives in Congress to support Sunday opening of the World's Fair.

THE United States steamship Constellation arrived at Funchal, Madeira Island. She is on her way to this country with art works from France, Italy and Spain, to be exhibited at the World's Fair.

DIRECTOR GENERAL DAVIS has prepared a statement showing that of 3,642,812 feet of exhibit space in the World's Fair buildings, only 214,476 feet remains to be assigned to exhibitors.

THE plan to hold the ceremonies attending the opening of the World's Fair on May 1st in a small building at Jackson Park and charge \$5 for tickets was rejected by the Executive Committee of the local Board. The directors decided that the programme should be given in the open air and that all who paid to come to get to the grounds should have the privilege of hearing what was said and seeing what was done—provide that they could get near the platform.

The Arctic Highlanders.

The Arctic Highlanders are, from their environment, a nomadic race. They rarely have their summer abiding places where their winter settlements are, and the dwellings for the two seasons are of entirely different character. Their winter huts, or igloos, are of two kinds of construction. Those for temporary use while traveling are built of snow or ice. Those for permanent use are located where the fierce northwest winds are tempered by great cliffs, and are built of stone; an entrance to each is had through a long, low tunnel, and both are covered by turf. The interiors are about six feet square and high, and lined with skins, with the fur outwards. One-half the interior is taken up by a platform on which the family sleep and sit, and the other half is used as a receptacle for all kinds of filth and refuse. In these constricted quarters five, six and sometimes more Eskimos swelter in a terrific heat from a small oil lamp, and enjoy themselves during the long arctic night, which lasts from the first week in November to the middle of February. This enjoyment consists in eating, sleeping and visiting.

As soon as the spring thaws begin, the roofs of the stone igloos are taken off to allow the elements to cleanse the interiors, and the occupants betake themselves to tupics, or skin tents, set up perhaps miles from their winter habitations. These tupics are made of seal skin with the fur all scraped off, and all are made exactly alike, and of the same number of pieces. The interiors are fitted up the same as the igloos and are nearly as filthy. Indeed, filth and vermin seem a necessary accompaniment of their detestable water for washing purposes they detest with great heartiness. I believe a cat could be persuaded to submit to a washing more readily than an Arctic Highlander. Only a bribe of uncommon value would tempt one to undertake a bath. I tried the experiment on a woman at "Red Cliff House," Mr. Peary's winter quarters on one occasion, and it was only when I offered a thimble that the protesting and almost tearful creature consented. Crawling slowly to a near by stream she dipped one hand in the water and hurriedly rubbed it on her face from her eyes to her chin, and then scrambled back to the house as fast as her feet could carry her, where she wiped the objectionable liquid off on a towel belonging to one of Mr. Peary's companions, and demanded her reward. Her face looked a little brighter, but the accumulated dirt of years still remained on and behind her ears.—New York Independent.

At Minora the fisherman simply dives to a depth of seventy feet with a weight in one hand to carry him down. With the other hand he picks up as many pearl oysters as he can carry and brings them up to the boat.

WHEREVER the gospel is faithfully preached, somebody is going to believe it.

Words are powerless to express the gratitude I feel toward Hood's Sarsaparilla, for under God, I feel and owe to this medicine my very life. Twelve years ago I began to be followed by nausea at the stomach, and later with swellings of the limbs, accompanied by severe pain. This gradually grew worse until three years ago. Physicians told me the trouble was

Caused by a Tumor. For several months I had been unable to retain any food of a solid nature. I was greatly emaciated, had frequent hemorrhages, and was satisfied the doctors were right in saying my life was nearly over. One day a friend suggested that I try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and for four days I was able to eat and sleep, and for four days I was able to walk, and for four days I was able to feel better.

I Began to Feel Hungry. Could, after a time, retain solid food, increased in weight, the saffron hue left my skin, the bloating subsided, and I felt better all over. For the past two years my health has been

Hood's Cures. I feel good, and I have been able all the time to do the housework for my family. Mrs. OGDEN SNYDER, No. 10 Judson St., Albany, N. Y. Hood's Pills are the best after dinner Pills, as they digest, cure headaches, etc.

MOTHER'S FRIEND. A remedy which, if used by wives about to experience the pangs of child-birth, proves an infallible specific for, and obviates the tortures of confinement, rendering the dangers thereof to both mother and child, void by all druggists. Sent by express on receipt of price. 25c per bottle, charges prepaid.

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