

LOSS AND GAIN.

Who wins his love shall lose her, Who loses her shall gain;

He loses her who gains her, Who wades day by day;

Oh, happier he who gains not The love some seem to gain;

He dreams she grows not older The land of dreams among;

THE RAID ON THE STILL.

"Just thought I would stop by a minute, Miranda, if to say nothing more than I hoped you were all well," said Mrs. Jonathan Jackson to her friend, Mrs. Samuel Pearl.

"Take a seat, Elizabeth, and make yourself at home. It's precious little conversation, though, one can have with one's neighbor about what's going on in the mountains, with the men folks talking nothing all the time except their revenue sharks."

"How's Alice?" asked Mrs. Pearl, rather abruptly.

"Fair as can be expected, Elizabeth. The girl don't seem to be the same creature since Ike went away, though the Lord knows I thought a great deal of the boy; more so than I ever let on to Jonathan."

"Been five years now, Miranda, since Ike went away. I always wondered why he left here, but folks can't be personal, you know, and ask questions that don't concern them."

"Well, Elizabeth, knowing you don't talk about other people's business," and here Mrs. Jackson looked suspiciously as her guest—"I don't mind telling you of the affair. Ike Holland, you see, Jonathan took out of an orphan asylum when the boy was about two years old, and brought him home to Nashville, and thought nothing would be better than to bring the lad here."

"Twas a little before Alice was born, and the boy, it seems, became attached to the girl from her birth. But Jonathan was proud, and he used to tell Ike how he came to be in the family, and that he owed him a great deal. You know how Ike grew up in these parts there wasn't one who could stand up and fight the revenue officers like him? There's many a distillery which the lad saved by warning the owners, and Jonathan himself is under obligation to the boy on that score."

"But the day came when I saw that Ike thought a great deal of my girl, and that she wasn't at all displeased with his attentions. But Jonathan was blind; never seemed to see that the two were forever in each other's company. One day Ike, man like, tells Jonathan he wished to marry the girl. But Jonathan became furious, and told him he was, anything but a miserable outcast—an object of charity. He went further; he struck the lad a terrible blow. That was his answer, Ike did not strike back, I heard him mutter something, 'for Alice's sake.' But the lad raised his hand and swore that he would even up things with Jonathan, if it took until judgment day. Then he went away, and no one has ever heard of him since."

"Mrs. Jackson sighed softly to herself. Mrs. Pearl's eyes were wide open with surprise, and she wondered how the true story of Ike's disappearance had remained a secret so long."

"Getting dark, Miranda, and I guess I had better be going up the road," and Mrs. Jackson bade her friend goodby. The November sun was gradually disappearing behind the mountains and the long shadows of the fading sunlight cast spectral figures here and there among the trees.

"Mrs. Jackson then lighted the oil lamp and made ready for the evening supper. Presently the sound of a conveyance was heard in the roadway, and Jonathan Jackson and his daughter Alice alighted. They had been down to the village, a ride of twenty miles over the mountain roads, to provide themselves with some necessary supplies."

"What's the news in the village, Jonathan?" inquired his wife.

"Nothing much; some reports out about the revenue officers, the—g— I don't take much stock in the stories." And Jonathan relapsed into a moody silence.

"The rest of the meal was eaten in quiet, and after the dishes were cleared away Jonathan sat comfortably by the fire and smoked his pipe, as the November evenings were becoming chilly and unpleasant."

After an hour had passed there was the sound of a horseman approaching near the house, and a moment later some one knocked at the door.

Jonathan rose, surprised, from his seat, and opened the door.

"Does Jonathan Jackson live there?" inquired the newcomer.

"My name is Jonathan Jackson," answered the master of the house, "What is your business?" And Jonathan looked at the stranger with suspicion.

"I am making a journey over the mountains, and would like to stay here to-night at least."

"For a moment Jonathan Jackson looked surprised; then he bade the stranger enter, while he went outside and put up his horse.

"In the light of the room the stranger appeared to be a man of some thirty years of age. He possessed a dark beard of luxuriant growth, which concealed what would have been considered a handsome face were it bereft of his hirsute appendage. The guest took his seat near the fire and kept his peace. In a few minutes Jonathan returned and joined the family circle.

"It appears to me, stranger, I saw you to-day in the village," Jonathan ventured.

"Possibly; I was there," the guest answered.

"On business?" "On business."

"Then Jonathan was silent for a moment. He was apparently ill at ease.

"I suppose you have heard that it is pretty dangerous traveling in these parts?" again ventured Jonathan.

"Is it?" said the stranger, and Jonathan became more dissatisfied with his way of eliciting information.

"Stranger, it appears to me that it might be better that you give your name and business in traveling over these mountains," Jonathan spoke bluntly.

The stranger's eyes flashed like coals of fire, and then he answered calmly: "My name is Arthur Smith. My business was that of a moonshiner or keeper of an illicit distillery—that is, until I was driven out of North Carolina."

"Why, why tell me this?" Jonathan asked surprised.

"Because I believe I am speaking with a brother moonshiner. Probably you may be able to refer me to some in these parts who may need my services."

"We will have to see about it," said the master of the house, without committing himself, and in a few minutes Smith was shown to his room as the night was getting late.

The next morning Jonathan went out early and returned soon after with some of his neighbor's friends. Smith was up on Jonathan's return, and the men all held a short conference together, which seemed to prove satisfactory all around. The result was that the stranger, Arthur Smith, had joined the band of illicit distillers carrying on their calling in the mountains. For the present Smith put up at the house of Jonathan, and in the evening, before darkness approached, went to the latter's still, located at an old mill on the bank of a rushing torrent some distance up the mountain, which in days gone by had been used to grind their corn, which they purchased from the farmers on the lowlands below.

Reports had reached the mountaineers that strangers had been seen in the village at the foot of the mountains and the secret stills were rarely in operation of late. Smith, the stranger, owing to the late turn in affairs, had plenty of spare time on his hands, and would wander off alone up the mountain road, and turn off into the dense undergrowth to be gone hours at a time. He was a particularly reticent man, never ventured a question, and answered those put to him in the most laconic way imaginable. Once in a while, when the others were not looking, his gaze would be riveted on Alice, and Mrs. Jackson would shrewdly smile to herself and declare inaudibly that the girl had made a conquest.

One evening as darkness was coming on Alice returned from the house of Mrs. Pearl, where she had paid a short visit, and coming suddenly around a bend in the road she observed two men in earnest conversation. One was Arthur Smith, the other a stranger. Only for a moment did the two men seem to converse, and soon the newcomer had disappeared. When Smith reached Jonathan's house it was but shortly after Alice arrived.

Lately the mountain stills had been operated more frequently than for some time. The reports of the revenue officers infesting the mountains had become less frequent, and the stills were being operated with a greater degree of security.

some one who was returning from a visit to a neighboring mountaineer's home.

Soon the girl reached the old mill. In the evening twilight the dying sun was fast disappearing behind the mountains, leaving a faint glare in its wake, which lit up the scene with a soft, golden light. Smith, the stranger, was standing motionless in front of the mill, peering anxiously now and then into the dense undergrowth on both sides of the stream, which in past days had furnished the motive power for the now useless wheel. Alice Jackson watched Smith intently for a moment, and then approached him and laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"Ike, why do you hound my father like this?" spoke the girl softly.

Smith gazed at his questioner in a startled way for a moment, and then with an effort recovered his usual air of stolid indifference.

"You know me, Alice. I had hoped time had wrought such a change in my nature and looks that none would recognize me. You probably know why I am here."

"You are a revenue officer, and your presence here at this moment is to signal your men, who are here on all sides to trap my father and the few men who are in the still."

"I see you know all. When I left your father's house, as I did, like a beggar and an outcast, I swore to ruin him. If I signal now to my men in the woods in a few minutes I will have the evidence necessary to send him to the penitentiary. And, yet, if you had only taken my part, all might have been different." And Ike Holland's voice grew soft and sad.

"How could I take your part, Ike, except by going with you—and you never asked me to do that," spoke the girl feigning.

"And would you had I done so?" Ike did not need an answer to his question. In a moment he realized that he, the hunter of Jonathan Jackson, was still beloved by his daughter. In the growing darkness of the evening the two strolled back to Jonathan's house, and the men in the woods, who awaited their leader's signal, wondered what change had taken place in Ike Holland's plans. Jonathan also was disappointed in not seeing Smith at the still, and after that night he never saw him there again.

"I hear that Alice has eloped with that young man who was stopping here," said the irresistible Mrs. Pearl a few days after the events last narrated. "Some says as he was nobody other than Ike Holland, though I never did put much confidence in idle gossip."

Mrs. Pearl had heard of the late turn in affairs, and had paid Mrs. Jackson a neighborly call to verify sundry rumors, which interested her very much.

"Yes; Ike and Alice were married in Nashville two days ago," answered Jonathan's wife.

"And what does Jonathan say?" ruthlessly questioned Mrs. Pearl.

"What can he say?" and Mrs. Jackson's eyes flashed resentment at the question. "He's got sensible at last, and says he never would have given Ike Holland credit for such courage. Any way, now that he has got a son-in-law a revenue officer, he declares he is going to quit keeping a still and live an honest life. May be one of these days I may persuade Jonathan to run down to Nashville with me, but not just yet."—Washington Post.

Tricks of Animal Humbugs. In military stables horses are known to have pretended to be lame in order to avoid going to a military exercise. A chimpanzee had been fed on cake when sick. After his recovery he often feigned coughing in order to procure dainties. The cuckoo, as is well known, lays its eggs in another bird's nest, and to make the deception surer, it takes away one of the other bird's eggs. Animals are conscious of their deceit, as is shown by the fact that they try to act secretly and noiselessly; they show a sense of guilt if detected; they take precautions in advance to avoid discovery; in some cases they manifest regret and repentance. Thus, bees which steal hesitate often before and after their exploits, as if they feared punishment. A naturalist describes how his monkey committed theft. While he pretended to sleep the animal regarded him with hesitation, and stopped every time his master moved or seemed on the point of awakening.

Passed a School of Whales. The unusual sight was witnessed last Friday off Cape Hatteras by Captain Doyle, of the British steamship Bendo, of a school of large sperm whales sporting themselves at sea, says the Philadelphia Record. They were moving along at a slow, steady pace, and in the distance appeared like rocks on an unknown shore. A slight breeze springing up, a number of water-spouts appeared. The whales started in pursuit of these, evidently desiring to have the spouts break over them. As long as the Bendo was in sight of them the big fish could be seen playing about like children in a bathtub. Captain Doyle said that there was a fortune assured for any whaling vessel that might happen to strike the school.

State Care of Drunkards. A bill has been introduced into the Austrian Parliament to appropriate funds from the imperial treasury to build asylums for the care and cure of habitual drunkards. The bill provides that any habitual drunkard may be incarcerated in these asylums upon complaint made either by the victim's relatives or friends, or by the town authorities.

VENOMOUS PESTS.

INSECTS AND REPTILES INFEST THE LONE STAR STATE.

A whole Family Killed by a Centipede that Fell in a Coffee Pot—Fight Between a Blacksnake and a Rattlesnake—Red Ants, Screw Worms, and Horned Frogs.

"I spent a number of years in Texas, and while there learned much of interest in regard to the poisonous reptiles and insects of that state," said an old gentleman to a New York Sun reporter a few days ago.

"The centipede," continued he, "which is common to that state, is certainly the most dangerous insect to be found in any country. While other objectionable insects of its class are off attending to their own affairs it is crawling around your house trying to get in. You are just as liable to find it in your bed on retiring as anywhere else. It is a small brown insect from an inch and a half to three inches long and resembles what is called in this state a thousand-legged worm. It is provided with about twenty legs on each side, every one of which is surcharged with a poisonous fluid. It is said that it will crawl all over a human body and crawl off without doing any harm if not disturbed, but the instant there is the least agitation of the surface it will bury its feet in the flesh and death will be the result. But there is not a man living that could lie still and let this venomous insect explore his anatomy. The sting of the centipede is very deadly. The instant the lancets of the feet enter the body the flesh is killed clear to the bone and turns perfectly black. The poison contained in the centipede's body can be conveyed to the human system in other ways than through the insect's feet. Once two hunters were crossing the Brazos river bottom when their attention was attracted by the wailing of a child. They followed the sound and presently came upon a little emigrant's camp. The only living creature to be seen was an infant scarcely two months old. Lying on the ground were the father, mother, and three children, all dead. The hunters looked around for the cause of death, but no evidence of violence could be found. Presently they looked into the coffee pot and found the remains of a centipede. The insect had crawled into the coffee pot during the night and had been boiled with the coffee next morning. Happily this insect is getting scarce in Texas, and it is only at rare intervals that any one is stung by one of them."

"I had the good fortune once to see an exciting combat between a large rattler and an immense blacksnake. The latter is a perfectly harmless reptile as regards the human race, but he seems to have declared war on all his species. He puts in a large portion of his time trying to kill all the other snakes, which may justly be regarded as a commendable virtue. The blacksnake is a deadly foe, and game and poisonous as the rattler is, the latter doesn't want any business with him if he can help it. With several others I was out hunting one day, when I ran upon a big rattler out in a little clearing. He was already coiled ready to strike, and swaying his head to and fro while he emitted that discordant hissing sound that makes your flesh creep. I thought that I was the object of his wrath, and quickly brought my gun into position to shoot his head off. But my attention was suddenly attracted to a long, black object, gliding from the brush on the opposite side of the clearing. I instantly took in the situation and stopped to see the fun. The blacksnake glided around the rattler, keeping at a safe distance, while the latter was spending his strength striking at the empty air. They kept this up for almost half an hour, when I perceived the rattler was growing weak. The other snake saw it, too, and began gradually to draw in the line of his circle around the rattler. Fainter and fainter grew the strokes of the latter, when, quick as a flash of lightning, the blacksnake darted upon its enemy, coiling its long sinuous body around it near the head. Then the struggle began in earnest, and over and over they rolled upon the ground, the rattler vainly trying to get into a position to strike its antagonist. It was only a question of a little while when the contest was over, and the rattler lay limp and almost lifeless in the coils of the king snake. For some time the black snake held the rattler to make sure of his work, and then giving it a parting squeeze, uncoiled itself and gracefully glided into the bushes."

"Nearly everybody has heard of the tarantula. It is a very unobtrusive insect, keeping close to its nest, and is disposed to conceal itself when a man approaches. The tarantula is nothing more than a great big spider, whose body is full of poison. I have seen persons who have been bitten by one, but prompt remedies were applied and the effects of the poison neutralized before it mixed with the blood. It is currently believed, however, that the bite will prove fatal unless antidotes are used in a reasonable time, and even then it makes the victim so sick that he thinks he is going to die."

"The big red ant, a very harmless insect in this latitude, is a terrible pest in Texas. They live in great armies, and when they take up their residence in a place it is well nigh impossible to dislodge them. The ant mound is a familiar object in the sandy portion of Texas. Inch by inch the industrious little ant burrows into the earth, bringing out the soil, grain by grain, and depositing it on the outside, until a mound is erected, frequently extending three or four feet above the surrounding surface. On the summit is the entrance from which the paths radiate in every direction and extend nobod-

knows where. Around the entrance, hurrying to and fro, can be seen at any time countless numbers of these little busybodies, scurrying here and there, as if important measures depended on their haste. A favorite place for the ants to make their beds is the yard, just where they are the greatest nuisance. No vegetation will grow near their beds, as they are pretty active foragers, and get about every green plant or shrub within a reasonable distance. The sting of the red ant is very severe. Their beds being close to residences, small children frequently get into them. In less than a minute a hundred ants will cover a child's body, and the combined effect of so many stings frequently throws the little victim into a spasm that sometimes causes death.

"A funny little reptile out there is the stinging lizard. Its sting is right on the end of its tail, but it doesn't make any difference where you touch it, the sting will be right there. It bends its body right in the middle, so that its tail lies right along its back, with the end extending just beyond its head. This is the position it is always seen in when found in a rotten stump and under the decayed bark of logs. Their sting is not dangerous, but it is very irritating and will give intense pain for a time."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

EVAPORATED FRUIT. A Great Industry That Has Grown Up Around Rochester.

In 1871 Elam Hatch, a farmer living in the town of Webster, by accident discovered that sliced apples could be made a clear, pure white by the use of fumes of brimstone. The old way of drying apples was to slice them and carefully distribute them on trays, which were then hoisted to the roofs of outbuildings and sheds of farmhouses or elevated from the ground on posts, being left exposed to the rays of the sun, which, if the day was pleasant, would half dry them. The result of this method of drying the apples was not entirely satisfactory, however. The apples were always of a peculiar reddish tint, and lost considerable nourishment in the process of sun drying.

Mr. Hatch is said to have been the first one to have put into use the plan of preparing apples by the use of the fumes of brimstone, which dried them and left them of a particularly white color. When these dried apples first came into the local market they commanded a price far above that of the sun-dried variety, and were at once in demand. Other growers at once took up with the idea, and David Wing, of Brighton, began to deal in the product extensively. Men set about attempting to find the easiest and least expensive way of preparing these apples for the market, and the result was the building of many fruit evaporating towers. It was found that by shoving in a sieve laden with the sliced fruit and allowing the fumes to pass through it, then hoisting that sieve and shoving in another, then hoisting the two and shoving in a third, and so on until the sieve first put in had reached the top of the tower, the heat could be best applied and the process be best simplified. Patents were immediately applied for, but so many technical improvements were made that no one device ever came into any very extensive use. Through all these years the original plan of the drying tower has remained the temporary feature of the drying process of what has now grown to be an extensive industry.

The idea of bleaching by the use of brimstone is not a new one, instances being recorded of its having been used in the process of preparing barley and malt 2,000 years back, and it was in rather extensive use in Germany seventy-five years before it was put to any great use here. In 1847 a noted chemist of that country read a paper in which he practically foreshadowed the results which have since been achieved.

The fact of the matter is that the industry has grown to such proportions in the United States, and more especially in the immediate vicinity of Rochester, that the product is shipped to all parts of the world. Large shipments are annually made to France, Germany and Russia.

A man who has travelled much abroad and who has just returned to the city told a reporter of the Post-Express that when he was in France he met a foreigner interested in the fruit-drying industry. The foreigner learned that the traveler was from New York state, and he as once inquired if he knew where Rochester was located. The American smilingly said that he did. "Well," said the Frenchman, "all the people over here know a great deal about Rochester. It must be a great place. Do the people there do anything aside from drying fruit?" Being assured that the city was one embracing a great many various manufactures and noted for other industries he expressed surprise. He actually believed that nothing was done by the inhabitants here except the preparation of dried fruit, so well known is the Rochester product.—Rochester (N. Y.) Post-Express.

Wanted to See the Dispatches. Sir Robert Low, telling of the difficulties he had with the field telegraph in the Chitral campaign, says the native chiefs were at first very distrustful of the wire, as they thought it was a mark for parading out the country among the soldiers; but on being told that it was to send messages to the seat of Government in India they agreed to guard it. After several days' close watching they saw no signs of any dispatches passing along, so they cut off a couple of miles of wire and took it away to watch the messages more at their ease. Their investigations were interrupted by the return of the engineers to see what had happened to cut off communication.

SHOT AND BEHEADED IN CHURCH

A Drunken Desperado Horrifies a Congregation at Thomasville.

While conducting his Sunday-school class in the Baptist Church at Metairie, Ga., Col. John F. Lilly was shot to death by a desperado named John Ruslin. The tragedy occurred without previous warning. No words passed between the men, and the first intimation the large congregation had of the killing was the sharp cry of the minister, followed by the report of the pistol.

Col. Lilly fell to the floor, and Ruslin rushed to his side. Bending over the prostrated form Ruslin produced a razor and with one terrible sweep almost severed the head of Col. Lilly from the body. Still standing over his victim, his bloody razor and smoking pistol in hand, Ruslin drank the contents of a small bottle of laudanum. It produced no effect, save to cause him to vomit, and, drawing his weapons, Ruslin defied arrest. He escaped, swearing to kill the first man who attempted to arrest him. The panic in the church when the shooting occurred came near being fatal, the people scrambling over each other in their efforts to get out.

PELL WITH THE BRIDGE. One Man Killed and Two Others Injured Near Wheeling.

At the little town of McMechen, Marshall county, W. Va., the track of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad runs through a cut twenty-five feet deep, across which at the main street of the town is a wooden bridge for the accommodation of foot and vehicle travel. This bridge is a favorite resort and at 2 o'clock there were a dozen persons on it when it fell, precipitating all upon it out upon the cut. William Welling, a railroad repair hand, was instantly killed and Elias Shriver and James Malcom, both of McMechen, were probably fatally injured. Several others were slightly wounded but will recover. The bridge is thought to have been impaired by the late heavy rains.

A Duel to the Death. A special from Greenville, Ky., says: Tom Hall and Terry James became involved in a difficulty over a discussion over a protracted meeting held in the neighborhood. They came to blows, and both pulled their knives. Terry James was stabbed five times and died. Hall is cut seven different places and cannot live.

The imposition of new taxes caused renewed riots and fighting in various points in the province of Valencia, Spain. Conflict between armed bands and the police took place, and many persons were wounded. Eventually the cavalry was called out, and a number of arrests were made.

His Hanging Postponed. Governor Bradley, of Kentucky, respited Anthony Alcorn Lincoln 30 days. He was to be hanged Friday for murdering his father.

MARKETS.

Table with columns for BALTIMORE, GRAIN ETC., and prices for FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, etc.

Table with columns for CANNED GOODS and prices for TOMATOES, PEAS, CORN, etc.

Table with columns for BUTTER and prices for BUTTER-FINE CREAM, etc.

Table with columns for CHEESE and prices for CHEESE-N. Y. Fancy, etc.

Table with columns for EGGS and prices for EGGS-State, etc.

Table with columns for LIVE POULTRY and prices for CHICKENS-Hens, etc.

Table with columns for TOBACCO and prices for TOBACCO-Md. Infer's, etc.

Table with columns for LIVE STOCK and prices for BEEF-Butt, etc.

Table with columns for FURS AND SKINS and prices for MUSKRAT, etc.

Table with columns for NEW YORK and prices for FLOUR-Southern, etc.

Table with columns for PHILADELPHIA and prices for FLOUR-Southern, etc.