PRISONERS IN THE ICE.

WOMEN WITH THE FLEET AT POINT BARROW.

Four of Them Are Wives of Captains of the Ships-Two Little Children, One 6 and One 8 Years Old, with Them-Much Suffering Prevails.

Away up in the frozen north, with only an Arctic sea as a landscape, are four women and two little children. Of course we have read all about the whaling fleet jammed in the ice at Point Barrow, and about the relief expedition sent out by the government in the revenue cutter Bear to carry food to the imprisoned whalers. The Bear has reached Unalaska, and overland expedition has started to the relief of the eight steam whaling vessels and their crews jammed in that awful sea of ice, says a recent issue of Chicago Tribune. The eight ice-bound vessels are the Orca, the Jesse H. Freeman, the Belvedere, the Rosario, the Fearless, the Wanderer, the Jeanie and the Newport, the crews of which number 265. The four women in the fleet are the wives of Captain Green, Captain Porter and Jesse H. Freeman, Captain Sherman and Captain Weeks. The two children who sailed away were Bert Sherman, the 6-year-old son of Captain and Mrs. Sherman, and Dorothy Porter, the 8-year-old daughter of Captain and Mrs. Porter. It was arranged that the sailors on board the Bear were to know nothing of the presence of the women and children until the fleet had been out three days, as there is a superstition among sailors, especially whalers, that a woman on board brings bad luck, and the newspaper reporters who were in the secret had given their promise not to mention the fact until after the vessels had sailed.

These four women are the first, with the exception of Mrs. Peary, to venture so far north. It's like reading a romance to hear the letters that at long intervals have come to the Oakland and San Francisco friends of this party, "I love it," Mrs. Green said the day before she sailed on this perilous voyage. "I have been on one little trip with my husband before, and it was such fun."

"Here are some of my trophies," she said, displaying swordfish teeth, long souvenirs of her first voyage. "But

RELICS AT FARNBOROUGH. Sad Memories of the Once Beautiful

Empress Engenie. The interior of the mansion at Farnborough, which serves as a home for the Empress Eugenie, is both sumptuous and comfortable, but its distinctive features are the constant presence of all that can recall those who have gone. Just before the departure of the prince imperial for Zululand the empress had decided to arrange for him an apartment at Chiselhurst into which all the historical and personal souvenirs in her possession of Napoleon I. and III, should be gathered. The room was barely finished when the news came of the death of its young master. An exactly similar one has been arranged at Farnborough, with the addition of one large piece of furniture. the upper part of which has glass doors. Behind these the mother has herself placed everything belonging to her son, from his earliest rattle to his favorite books. In the lower inclosed portion are locked up the accouterments of the horse he rode and the blood-stained uniform he wore on that tragic day, mournful relies brought to the empress by Col. Villiers and on which can be seen the lance thrusts of the Zulus. The old bedroom of the prince has also been reinstated at Farnborough, as it was at Chiselhurst. Near the narrow camp bedstead, which is always strewn with fresh flowers. stands the magnificent cradle, with its gilt bronze figures, offered by the city of Paris when France acclaimed the heir to the empire-the cradle in which

CHOOSES HIS OWN TOMB.

he reposed while all the dignitaries of

the state passed before the imperial

Amid the Most Glorious Scenery in the World.

While some of the newspapers have been busy of late killing Mr. Rhodes, it is announced in the Cape papers that Mr. Rhodes himself has selected his burial place, says the London News. It is in the Matoppo hills, in the neighborhood of his farm, that he desires "in the fullness of time" to be buried in the solid rock. A special correspondent, who calls the spot "World's View," thus describes the scenery: "At length we came to a halt and were led through the bushes up enormous slopes of solid granite onto the roof of a and cruel, and gloating over the grim | rocky eminence. Here the world's views lay unfolded like a panorama this time we expect to be gone longer. before our gladdened eyes. There were



WOMEN AND CHILDREN AT POINT BARROW.

you know, and farther-and-may-

That "maybe" did not include the real suffering that has overtaken the daring band, and much of this woman's life msut have been changed lately, owing to the distressed condition that prevails in the fleet at Point Barrow, for reduced rations and a blocked passage to the home country and the market have broken their spirits somewhat, no doubt. It remains to be seen what the relieving party will find among the men, women and children of that cold place.

Twas Ever Thus.

Many readers will feel a very unreasonable degree of sympathy with a bicyclist whose misadventure is thus described in the Washington Post, by a writer who received the story from the oculist mentioned: A man on a bicycle was scorching cheerly along the conduit road on his way to town, when suddenly there loomed up out of the darkness a heavy wagon headed straight for him. There was no time to turn out. The wheel crashed into the wagon pole, and the rider was thrown completely over the horses, falling between them and the wagon. The oculist ran to the rescue, expecting to see a mass of bleeding and unconscious humanity. Instead, he saw a kicking and angry person who was apparently auninjured. The bicycle was a Chinese puzzle of twisted wire. "Are you hurt?" asked the oculist. The angry person picked himself up and stopped swearing. He gazed at what had once been a fair young bicycle. "Hurt?" he said, in a tone of deepest disgust. "Hurt? Me? Of course I ain't hurt. I've got an accident poli-

An "Aggressive Policy." "What is an aggressive policy,grand-

"Well, it is a policy which makes a man so mad that he wants to fight, but which scares him so that he doesn't shorter than city hall tower in Philadore fight."-Detroit Free Press.

many traveled members of our party, but not one of them could say that he had ever seep anything like it. Here, surely, we were gazing down upon one of nature's battlefields, the disordered scene of some tremendous convulsion, in which Titanic forces had lifted the biggest bowlders the mind can conceive and tossed them to and fro like pebbles. As far as the eye could travel stretched an ocean of granite mounimmensity of the Matoppos or the beauty of the hillsides and valleys, where euphorbia, mahogany and mopana trees and all sorts of tropical and certainly no one can have any conception of the awe-inspiring granwondrous natural panorama."

Making Him Useful.

Seldom Fedd-It was mighty mean de way dat old ginger-whiskered farmer an' his two big, husky sons treated poor old Slobsy! Spoiled Spooner-W'at did dey do to him? Seldom Fedd -Deir harn needed paintin', an' de sons dragged Slobsy up an' made him breathe on it while do old farmer spread on de accumulation wid a broad brush. De result was a rich, dark red.

Wiseman-How often it happens that the little things we think of at the time of their occurrence prove to be the very making of us. Puttiman-That's so; if I hadn't been a little thing early in life I don't suppose I would have ever amounted to any. thing.-Richmond Dispatch.

Bunker Hill Monument Dwarfed. A Boston newspaper complains that the famous Bunker Hill monument, which, when first erected, was the tallest creation of man in this country, has now become quite insignificant in height. It is 220 feet high or 327 feet



T'S a shame for such a nice girl as Mary Hallett to go with a worthless, shiftless fellow like Bert Hill!" Mrs. Raymond was very much in earnest. "I'd say something

to her, only girls are such fools, it might be worse She looks

than to keep still. all tired out now, with her work and worry at home; how will she look when she's married to a drunkard?"

"It's an awful pity," said her neighbor, and as Jack Raymond passed through the room she glanced curiously from mother to son. She thought, I guess Bert Hill ain't much worse than your boy." What she said was, 'That's real pretty cloth you're work-

Jack went up the hill behind the house till he came to a spot where the April sun shone warmly under pine trees. He dropped upon the needlecovered ground, pulled his hat over his eyes, and calmly finished the nap which his mother's indignant protest had dis-

The wind blew softly among the pine branches, flies and wasps crept into the sunlight, bluebirds sang, and far overhead a hawk sailing on steady wings cried cruelly. At length Jack stirred, removed the hat from his eyes, and sat up. He hitched along on the ground till he got his back against a tree trunk. He gazed out upon the spring landscape meditatively. Then his lips began to move. He was talking to himself, inaudibly.

"It's a shame for such a nice girl as Mary Hallett to go with a worthless, shiftless fellow like Bert Hill, Yes, that's so. It ought to be stopped. Talking won't do any good. Something's got to be done. I suppose I might undertake the job." He grinned slightly at the thought. "It would be a good idea to go into missionary work. and I'm sure that is a good cause-to rescue Mary Hallett from Bert. She's a nice little girl, and it would be a pity for her to marry him. Bert doesn't even treat his mother well-what would he do to Mary?" He straightened up almost energetically. "I vow I'll do it," he said. Then he meditated again.

"Wonder if I can?" he mused, doubtfully. He felt in a pocket and took out a small, round mirror. He gazed in it earnestly. He took off his hat and brushed his blonde hair back from his forehead; then he gave a smile of affectation which showed his white teeth; then he put the mirror back in his pocket. There was a look of confidence in his blue eyes.

"Guess you'll do," he said. "Rather against you, being light, though; but where there's a will there's a way."

He got up and started down the hill. Half way he paused. "Suppose she



ARE SUCH FOOLS. I'd have to go back on her and break

her all up? It isn't likely, to be sure. but what if it should happen?" There was a rueful pause—then he said, "The end justifies the means," and went on down the hill.

Although Jack's friends maintained that he would be all right if he only kept out of bad company, the general tains, extending range beyond range to opinion was that he and Bert were the horizon. Few people realize the about evenly matched for worthlessness and shiftlessness. And when Jack began to go to Hallett's, people said, "O, dear! Two of them!" They continued to be shiftless; but it was rebushes flourish in glorious confusion, marked that, unlike Bert, Jack had given up drinking.

"You'll have to stop that." Jack had deur or the scenic splendor of this told himself. "This is going to be a sharp game, and you can't afford to muddle what brains you've got."

Some young men would have begun the campaign by going of an evening to call on Mary, but Jack's methods were different.

It was a Monday morning, just as Mary was carrying a basket of clothes into the yard, that Jack appeared on

the scene. He greeted her cheerfully, then went and took the clothes line from her. "I'll put this up." he said, and he pulled it tight and fastened it firmly.

"Now, you give me the big things to hang up," he said. "I can't do anything with handkerchiefs and such like, but I'm great on sheets and tablecloths."

Mary laughed. She was too surprised to object, and in a short time the clothes were all hung on the line and Jack had put the clothes pole under

"Now, if you've got any troublesome young brothers and sisters you'd like to get rid of temporarily, why, just send 'em along. I'll take charge of them and deliver them safely over to

you at noon." "O. if you would," said Mary. "They are so fretful this morning, and in my way all the time."

It was with a sigh of relief that, a

JACK'S REGENERATION | few minutes later, she saw Jack and the two boys and one girl passing down the road. She got her work along bravely, and just as dinner was all ready and her father had come in, Jack, true to his promise, left the three children at the door and went home without stopping to speak.

ANSWERS AND A RELIGIOUS CO. The Contract of th

The children gave glowing accounts of their walk, "And Jack's going to make us a kite and fly it the next windy day," they ended.

Nearly every day after that Jack took the children off into the woods and fields, giving Mary a vacation from their noise. When he went to get them, or when he brought them back, he always found some little thing to do to help her.

Then one Sunday he dressed with unusual care, looking remarkably fresh and clean, too, and went to church and home with Mary, holding her sunshade over her carefully all the way.

Mr. Hallett staid at home with the children Sundays, and it was rather tiresome for him. So when he saw Jack coming he brightened up and asked him to stay to dinner. Jack consented, much to Mr. Hallett's satisfaction, and the children's boisterous delight. Mary's father dearly loved to talk, and Jack appeared to enjoy listening equally well.

After dinner Mr. Hallett went into the sitting-room and fell asleep in his chair, while Jack insisted on wiping the dishes for Mary. The children swarmed about him and got in his way, till he declared that they were as bad as cats, and he'd have to sprinkle them and see if they would clear out then. When the dishes were done and Mary had taken off her apron Jack began to notice signs of uneasiness in her manner.

"About time for Bert," he said to himself; then aloud; "I should think you'd go crazy with these noisy youngsters around all the time. I'm going to take them away and you can rest, insteead of working as you usually

Down the road they went, and they were hardly out of sight in one direction before Bert Hill appeared from be other. He, too, was dressed with particular care, but though there was no denying that he was handsomer than Jack there was a certain set to his jaw and a kind of fierceness in his dark eyes which were not prepossessing. These softened when he greeted Mary, and he became agreeable.

But Mary, for some reason, felt uneasy and hoped he would not ask where the children were. She also dreaded their return. What would Bert say when he saw Jack?

But when the children came it was quite late, and Jack did not appear. Mary got them bread and butter, for which they clamored vociferously, and then at Bert's request walked up and down the road with him for half an hour while he smoked a strong cigar.

After he had gone she sighed wearily. irritated her by their constant resat in her own room and cried, because she was tired, she told herself.

She had not reached that state of mind, which came only a few weeks later, when she cried from perplexity and indecision as to the course she should take. She had honestly supposed herself in love with Bert, and it took her some time to find out her mistake.

When Bert learned what was going on between the Halletts and Jack he was in a towering rage. He met Jack one night and stopped short before him, blocking the way.

"What do you mean fooling around Mary Hallett, then?" Bert raised his voice.

"Have I ever interfered with you? Have I ever been in your way?" demanded Jack. "No, and you'd better not," Bert

threatened. "You'll be the one to suffer."

torted Jack, "unless you are more sober than you are now.'

That night Jack held earnest consultation with himself up in the darkness of the pines. He applied many uncomplimentary epithets to himself. "How could I be so base as to start in on this thing? To go to work deliberately to get a girl away from another fellow, with the firm intention of giving her up when I'd done it! It was vile. And how has it come out? It has come to this-that if she refuses to marry me I shall be the most miserable man alive, and will richly deserve it, too, for being so contemptibly mean."

"You've got to try and be half good enough for her now," he said. "And you'll have to work harder to do it than you ever dreamed of working before."

From that night it was noticed that a change had come over Jack Raymond. As time went on he could no longer be called shiftless. He was working hard, and people began to speak of him as "John." He continued to call at Halletts', but Bert's visits had suddenly ceased.

It was in September that Jack asked Mary an important question as they were walking home from church.

Mary answered with a "Yes," and then Jack, with some hesitatiion and confusion, confessed his original plot. "Do you suppose you can ever for-

give me" he asked at the end. Mary spoke so low that he had to bend his head to hear.

"I should have been grateful to you -after awhile-for saving me from him, even if you had not come to care enything for me yourself."-Ex.

The teeth supplied by most dentists are made of porcelain, which is far more durable than anything else that could be used for the purpose.

LEW ENGLAND IS GAINING.

East May Now Increase in Population Faster Than the West.

From the Philadolphia Press. New England is likely to show a larger increase in population during the present decade than it has during recent decades. The total population of the New England states in 1890 was 4,700,745, an increase of 690,216 over the census of 1880. But judging from the known increase in Massachusetts and Rhode Island between 1890 and 1895 and the estimated increase in Connecticut up to the close of last year, and approximating the increase in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, the increase in the population of New England during the past seven about 80,000 a year. With the same

a smaller number of people are emigrating from the former to the latter section, and that the increase in population throughout the union is equalizing itself.

CHIMNEY SWEEP'S MISSION.

Successful Work Being Carried On in : London District. The converted prize fighter or gambler is occasionally heard of in this country doing mission work, but a more interesting figure than most of these is that of J. T. Kingsbury, a chimney sweep, who is conducting a London, and wherever the chimneyhundreds of Christians who fail to show upon their faces the happiness they should feel, but Mr. Kingsbury does not belong to this class. He is known by all those with whom he comes in contact as one of the happiest and pleasantest of men. When preaching he often exclaims that in his younger days he was a sweep by trade and a sweep by nature, but by the grace of God he has forsaken the latter profession and been cleansed from the soot of sln. Mr. Kingsbury has some very loyal helpers, and as superintendent of his mission he insists that all who are willing should lend a hand. At his open-air meetings he calls upon his workers. Sometimes a carpenter steps forth, then a wood hawker, a sawdust dealer, a sailor, a clerk, in fact, many kinds of trades and callings are represented.

IN A DREAM.

The Mine in Which Carey Found His Gold Was Revealed.

Denver (Col.) special to New York World: There is no longer doubt that the big gold strike at the mouth of Indian Creek, four miles out of the town of Golden, is going to prove a made it. There has been a rush from Denver, as well as citizens of Golden and other towns of the Clear Creek their satisfaction. J. T. Carey, who made the strike, is confident he is gobluff, white-bearded man of fifty-seven. "If I ever become a millionaire," said Mr. Carey, "I will owe it to the fact that I was wise enough-some people might say crazy enough—to stake my money on a dream and risk everything I had on its fulfilment. I dreamed three times that I was being led to the scene of fabulous wealth near Golden. Col., and after the third dream I took up my journey from the East, and came here on the hazard. I am glad I came." Carey was born in Niagara, N. Y. He German inventor at Krefeld. He alters declares the site of his mine was revealed by the spirit of his old Indian at a pressure of three and a half at-

President Faure a Worker.

President Faure is a tremendous worker. Following the custom of his from the light, earlier life, he arises before dawn, and has accomplished much long before fashionable Paris is awake. He gives his personal attention to countless mat- the conservatory when he suddenly ters which are ordinatily looked after assed me. In my anger I cried, "What by retaries, and he conducts the do you mean?" Ann-And what did maninal affairs of the government on he say for himself? Laura-He simply strict business principles. All letters grid, "I'll show you," Ann-Well? are answered the same day they are re- Laura—He did. ceived.

IN MAMMOTH

EXHILARATING EFFECT THE AIR.

It Is Not Known by What Process the Atmosphere Is Sterilized Wonderfut Effect of Music in the Dark and Dry Caverns.

John R. Proctor, formerly state ge-

ologist of Kentucky, writes of "The

Mammoth Cave of Kentucky" for the

Century, the article having many

striking illustrations by Castaigne, Mr.

Proctor says: The entrance to Mammoth cave is reached by descending a picturesque pathway leading from the years has been at the average rate of hotel down the hillside over jutting moss and fern-covered limestone cliffs Sunday school. Afterward he walked average maintained during the next into a beautiful glen extending from few years, the total increase in popu- the top of the hill down to Green river. lation during the present decade in waich is 194 feet below the mouth of New England should be about 800,000, the cave, and about half a mile disgiving that neighborhood a population tant. If the weather is warm, as we of 5,500,000 in 1900. The obvious con- near the entrance we step into a bracclusion from these figures is that when ing, cool, pure air, welling up from the the census of 1900 comes to be taken ave and flowing down the glen beneath it will be found that the Eastern states the stratum of lighter and warmer air. have grown more rapidly in population [have stood near the entrance, and exsince 1890 than the Western tended one hand into a temperature states. This conclusion is for- of 90 degrees, while the other hand was tified by the census taken in extended into a cool flowing river of some of the Western states in 1895. air with a temperature of about 60 delowa barely maintained the rate of grees. The air within the cave has a growth it had made between 1880 and uniform temperature, summer and win-1890. The same is true of Minnesota, ter, of 54 degrees. The cave may be while the population of Kansas de- said to breathe twice a year-inhaling creased. The large increase shown in during the winter, and exhaling during New Jersey between 1890 and 1895 is the summer. This breathing of the another proof that the Eastern states cave, and the purity of the air and its are growing more rapidly than the freedom from germs, are among the Western. It is evident that with the most interesting problems to be studincreasing scarcity of arable land in ied. By what process the air in the the West the advantages of the East cave becomes sterilized remains to be are being recognized better. The more determined. But our faithful negro rapid increase of manufacturing in the guide has counted the party, selected East is also a factor in the growth of the requisite number of lamps, and population. In short, the census of given the word, and we follow him in 1900 will doubtless show that the East single file down the rude stone steps is no longer building up the West, that into the vestibule of the cave. Turning we look up at the beautiful effect of daylight which we are leaving, and admire the delicate cascade falling from the overhanging arch at the entrance. Here our lamps are lighted, and we enter this silent, mysterious, change less abode of eternal night, where the heat of summer and the cold of winter, the storms and thunders of the outer world, never penetrate. A few hundred yards, and we feel the pecellar sensation of emerging into expanding space. We catch only glimpses of white limestone projecting out of black shadows of the far-away walls and ceiling of an immense, almost circular successful mission in south London. room about seventy feet high, which Kingsbury is a fine specimen of the our guide proclaims the Rotunda. We average workingman. Gifted to an note the peculiar musical effect of the extraordinary extent as far as oratori- human voice. Years ago it was my cal talent is concerned, he is able to good fortune to hear a celebrated Gerwield a wonderful power over his fel- man musical society sing in this Rolows. He is now known all over south tunds. I went far away in one of the great avenues leading from here, blew sweep evangelist is announced to speak out my light, and sat alone in the She felt dissatisfied with herself; and there is invariably a good audience, darkness, and listened while the grand should fall in love with me, and then the children, as she put them to bed, The work of the Peckham Rye Mission anthems rolled and reverberated petition of Jack's name. Later she only crowded on Sundays, but often waves of melody. I could then appreat the week night meetings large con- clate the inestimable privilege of the gregations are to be seen. There are few who heard Jenny Lind sing here and who in the Star Chamber heard a member of her party render on his violin the prayer from "Der Freischutz." When the Rotunda is illuminated we note the perfect clearness of the atmosphere, the freedom from dust particles of any kind; and we soon learn that nowhere in the cave will even dust rise upon our shoes. We note also the exhilarating effect of the air upon the members of our party. It is believed that the air has become oxygenated by chemical process; certainly, from its purity and dryness, it enables one to undergo exercise for hours without a sense of fatigue. Here before us is evidence of the wonderful dryness of the air. The saltpeter vaterected in 1812, and the timbers which have remained in their present condition since then, show no evidences of decay. In these vats the saltpeter was leached from the ni rous earth abounding in the upper and middle dry avenues, and used for the manufacture of gunpowder. The war of 1812 was fought, on the American side, with gunpowder made from saltpeter takes from caves, and Mammoth Cave supplied the greater part. One wonders how, in the absence of germs and of decay, the earth becomes charged with bonanza to the queer dreamer who nitrogen. It has been claimed that nitric acid in the atmosphere, combining with the limestone, forms nitrate of calcium, and the disintegrated waste country, and they have verified it to from the walls and ceiling yields the great supply of nitrogen abounding it the cave. It requires a day and a half ing to become rich. He is a hale, hearty, to make the regulation journey through the cave; one half a day to what is known as the Short Route, and an en tire day to the Long or River Route But that by no means exhausts the objects of interest, and one may spend days in visiting avenues and chambers and domes not included in the regular routes.

Yellow Light.

A yellow light has oeen obtained with incandescent gar burners by a the burners so that the gas is supplied mospheres. A single jet of ordinary size then emits a light of more than 1,000 candle power, by which fine print may be read at a distance of 150 feet

Kissed Her Again.

Laura -We were standing alone in