

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 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.

These four women are the first, with the exception of Mrs. Peary, to venture so far north. It is like reading a romance to hear the letters that at long intervals have come to the Oakland and San Francisco friends of this party.

RELICS AT FARNBOROUGH.

Sad Memories of the Once Beautiful Empress Eugenie.

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 Chislehurst into which all the historical and personal souvenirs in her possession of Napoleon I. and III. should be gathered.

CHOOSES HIS OWN TOMB.

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.

JACK'S REGENERATION



IT'S a shame for such a nice girl as Mary Hallett to go with a worthless, shiftless fellow like Bert Hill!

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 needle-covered ground, pulled his hat over his eyes, and calmly finished the nap which his mother's indignant protest had disturbed.

"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."

"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 affection which showed his white teeth; then he put the mirror back in his pocket.



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?

Although Jack's friends maintained that he would be all right if he only kept out of bad company, the general opinion was that he and Bert were about evenly matched for worthlessness and shiftlessness.

"You'll have to stop that," Jack had 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.

"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."

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.

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 Sunday school. Afterward he walked 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.

"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, instead of working as you usually do."

Down the road they went, and they were hardly out of sight in one direction before Bert Hill appeared from the 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.

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?

After he had gone she sighed wearily. She felt dissatisfied with herself; and the children, as she put them to bed, irritated her by their constant repetition of Jack's name.

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," retorted 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 contemptible 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 hesitation and confusion, confessed his original plot.

"Do you suppose you can ever forgive me?" he asked at the end. Mary spoke so low that he had to bend his head to hear.

NEW ENGLAND IS GAINING.

East May Now Increase in Population Faster Than the West.

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 4,709,745, 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 years has been at the average rate of about 80,000 a year.

CHIMNEY SWEEP'S MISSION.

Successful Work Being Carried On in a 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 successful mission in south London. Kingsbury is a fine specimen of the average workman. Gifted to an extraordinary extent as far as oratorical talent is concerned, he is able to wield a wonderful power over his fellows. He is now known all over south London, and wherever the chimney-sweep evangelist is announced to speak there is invariably a good audience.

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 bonanza to the queer dreamer who made it. There has been a rush from Denver, as well as citizens of Golden and other towns of the Clear Creek country, and they have verified it to their satisfaction.

President Faure a Worker.

President Faure is a tremendous worker. Following the custom of his earlier life, he arises before dawn, and has accomplished much long before fashionable Paris is awake.

IN MAMMOTH CAVE.

EXHILARATING EFFECT OF THE AIR.

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

John R. Proctor, formerly state geologist 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 hotel down the hillside over jutting moss and fern-covered limestone cliffs into a beautiful glen extending from the top of the hill down to Green river, which is 194 feet below the mouth of the cave, and about half a mile distant.

Yellow Light.

A yellow light has been obtained with incandescent gas burners by a German inventor at Erfeld. He alters the burners so that the gas is supplied at a pressure of three and a half atmospheres.

Kissed Her Again.

Laura—We were standing alone in the conservatory when he suddenly kissed me. In my anger I cried, "What do you mean?" Ann—And what did he say for himself? Laura—He simply said, "I'll show you." Ann—Well? Laura—He did.



WOMEN AND CHILDREN AT POINT BARROW.

you know, and farther—and—maybe—" That "maybe" did not include the real suffering that has overtaken the daring band, and much of this woman's life must 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.

Twice 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 cheerily 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 uninjured. The bicycle was a Chinese puzzle of twisted wire. "Are you hurt?" asked the oculist. The angry person poked 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 policy."

An "Aggressive Policy."

"What is an aggressive policy, grandpa?" "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 dare fight."—Detroit Free Press.

many traveled members of our party, but not one of them could say that he had ever seen 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 boulders the mind can conceive and tossed them to and fro like pebbles. As far as the eye could travel stretched an ocean of granite mountains, extending range beyond range to the horizon. Few people realize the immensity of the Matoppos or the beauty of the hillsides and valleys, where euphorbia, mahogany and mopana trees and all sorts of tropical bushes flourish in glorious confusion, and certainly no one can have any conception of the awe-inspiring grandeur or the scenic splendor of this wondrous 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 Slobdy! Spoiled Spooner—Wat did dey do to him? Seldom Fedd—Deir barn needed paintin', an' de sons dragged Slobdy up an' made him breathe on it while de old farmer spread on de accumulation wid a broad brush. De result was a rich, dark red.

Pure Reason.

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 anything.—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 229 feet high or 327 feet shorter than city hall tower in Philadelphia.