

GAINS AND LOSSES.

Done the hours when we sit in the shadow
That falls like the drop of a wing
Over the nest that is naked and empty
When the fledglings have learned how to sing.
Then was the heart for the old time,
The time that was busy and gay,
With the world and its clamor about us,
And we in the midst of the fray.

In the shadow we count up our losses;
We creep wher' we marched with the best.
Oh! the aches when we try to walk softly,
The cry of our soul against rest.

And we groan for the golden heads vanished
Our children are women and men,
And wistful and deep is the yearning
To have them but children again.

And we fret o'er the fruitless endeavor,
The labor that satisfied not,
Till the shadow grows thicker and longer,
And the blur in our eyes is a blot

On the lingering splendor of sunshines,
That taps with its lances of light
At the shut and barred door of our memory,
A after-glow radiant and bright.

Do we see nothing else but our losses,
We moun'ning there, fools and purblind,
With the crown and the kingdom before us.

The conflict tumult behind?
Shall the harvest lament for the seed time,
The bud be less blithe than the leaf?

Is there joy when the plough breaks the furrow?

And none when the hand binds the sheaf?

Oh! wings that are folded and drooping,
Spring wide in the evening's uplift;
Reach out to the stars that are showing
The skies in a silvery rift.

No day of our days is so hallowed
As that when we see, just before,
The light in the house of our Father
Shine out through His half-open door.

—[Margaret E. Saenger, in Harper's Bazar.]

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 by which water came into the township; later on he would bethink him of that narrow escape at the third doorway. Whish! a man's head in the road, and he bent down once more behind the earth-ridge and pushed his way upstream with difficulty, showing as little of himself as possible. It was an officer coming into the town late.

Very silently; the moon was trouble-some to one just escaping, but, praise the Lord, who watches over bold Englishmen, the guard had not yet discovered their loss, and the water was bearably cold. Never return thanks too soon! The officer reined his horse on a rising slope, and, turning in his saddle, glanced back over the shadow-dappled land so that his eye, running up the shiny ribbon of stream, suddenly saw the black dot laboring away against its current.

Instincts of destruction ran along the nerves of his hand; he drew a pistol and fired, sending a splash of water over John's head, while the echoes smote the fortress-walls and lost themselves in the woodlands behind. A low ch' or rose out of San Jago; John rose out of the stream and ran to the copes. The Spaniard spurred after him with drawn sword, eager for the pleasure of slicing him when caught up; in a few minutes he was alongside, but this being a shadowed spot he stayed his hand overhead till the stroke should be sure. In that moment John doubled like a hare and rushed desperately at the soldier, who reined up all at once and brought down his blade—vainly. For the cunning Englishman ducked under the horse's body, then popped out, seized his foe's leg and foot, and with a sudden fierce heave shot the soldier sideways out of his saddle and on to his head. There he lay broken-necked, while the victor grasped the bridle, bent to earth and snatched the sword, mounted the animal and stuck the weapon's point into its haunch; off shot the horse with a snort of pain, while the clatter of pursuers arose behind, finally sinking away as the pine trees lew by. Then, as the moon entered a thick cloud bank, they came to an open prairie, and onward into darkness they went without more than the slightest of stumbles. Several miles; the horse began to breathe hard and sob, then settled into a slow trot.

More miles. The trot became a walk, and the walk more difficult; more miles yet, very long ones, and the earth went up and down as the darkness became gray—there were low hills and shallow ravines, then came rocks, and ledges, and cliffs; the gray speedily thinned, the horse stopped at a cliff wall.

To the right, to the left, John looked for an opening; there was none. He raised his hands, licked a finger of the cleanliness, though he felt a faint freshness on the left side of it, and so turned in that direction. After some hundred yards he came to a crack in the wall; he pushed into it. There was a dark room at first, then widened into a chasm, and wound along in darkness with a band of light at the top—then came a sudden descent, and the wearied creature he rode stumbled and threw him into a pool of water.

The shock of the plunge brought him together again. He struggled beneath the water, came up at last, half choked, and pulled himself upon a rocky ledge with his wrist. Looking for the horse, he saw nothing but a violent commotion on the water surface, which presently ceased; a few air bubbles came to the top and broke, that was all; his rescuer had ended its life in the depths from which he had escaped.

Then he sat for a space, and thought; he could not stay there, they would track him to the rock wall and cleft; was there another way to the other side? The cold, shut-in lake was quite still now, the cleft by which he had come in was dimly visible across the dark level; he stood up and looked behind him; the cleft continued there like a narrow road upward. Then he knew that he had come to the hidden source of the stream that passed mysteriously underground, and came to daylight in the country where the Spaniards had placed Fort San Jago. He went along the chasm, and after an hour or two stood on the plateau; bare rock and nothing else; he went on higher still, with hunger assailing itself, miles and more miles yet. The sun came out and sent yellow rays across the pinnacles, casting purple shadows as queerly shaped as they. He climbed the highest of these rock-teeth, and saw a vast upward plain, with an orange-tinted rim; here and there gray twists, where a slight valley came, and a few lonely stones—really great boulders of a primeval set; he looked behind and only a faint green fringe on that horizon indicated the grass country of San Jago, but he felt that even now they might be at the cleft in the rock-wall; hurrah!

Down he sank upon it, seized it, chevèd the dusty leaves; there were little drifts of earth here and there. Another bit of green caught his eye; he raised his heavy head, and then saw that 100 paces away the plateau on which he stood broke off sheer. He had crossed the desert, for down there, 3,000 feet below, were great plains, palms, and a river, and beyond—the blue Pacific!

The poor, wasted creature raised his bony, cracked claws and gurgled with triumph. He had cheated the Spaniards and the Thirst Lands; hurrah!

lands who treated captives so hardly, so there was no course but forward.

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, only the knot had become twisted and would only take a little time to undo, so he kept it out of indecision and ebbing tides. Here and there came a harder surface which was restful to the feet, and then he would sink for a space and try to hope he might get across this place, then he went on and on, with the glare in his eyes from below and a hot, gray sky overhead.

The sun heated his wet rags; they became burning moist; they blistered his back, sore already from the payment of yesterday's forced labor in the fortress; he had to turn round at times and give his back a relief by being roasted in front.

At last the whole place swam round him, there came moments when he seemed treading over a crimson waste under a vermillion 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. There he stayed till the sun was left, shrinking away from the hot, encroaching yellow till he was at last covered by it, then rose again and plodded along through the scorching hours with burnt feet in his crackling old shoes.

His wits were all abut, but his bodily sense felt that the whole he lay on a vast upward slope, a continual gentle pressure back, as it were, to each tollsome step he took. In the late afternoon he felt a slight pulling tendency, a sign that he was on an imperceptible descent; then came a delicate long pleat in the sand, the ascent began again, and he fell stupidly down, with some indistinct fancy of staying there till nothing was left of him but bones—baked, dusty bones. But when his face touched the hot sand he got up again and trod on. He had no fear of pursuit now, for he was in the Thirst Land, no man entered to return. The Spaniards had spoken of it, and they had let him go into it, knowing it was but taking the labor of his destruction off their own hands. He could imagine them consoling themselves for the loss of the horse and officer by telling again the tales of the desert; how to go into it for an hour was to be lost, and to be lost was to wander round on one's steps, which meant death finally. Then he resolved to lie down and bear his pains as a valiant man might, till night should come and he could follow one of the stars. By this time a little shadow lay at his feet, there was a rock not far away, and he went and lay down there, trying to be sensible and steady-headed. He was glad he kept the sword now, because if his miseries became too sore he had with it a way to cut them; sleep was denied him by the keen thirst that baked his tongue into wood, but it was much to escape the red-hot fingers of the sun.

As he lay there with his battered old head 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 stealing round him—then it seemed to him as if he was lying on English sand and the sea was foaming round Plymouth breakwater by—then he raised his hat for the fortieth time to think for the fortieth time of this great Thirst Land, before his light-headedness began once more, together with the burning ache for water in every flesh-atom.

The shadow lengthened, the sand it cooled, the relief was grateful, though small. Later on the sun went down, a red globe in a purple haze; the stars appeared, and he followed one for a long time till he got among rocks and bruised his body against them in the dark. The year that has just closed has been remarkably severe for fire losses, and in Brooklyn and Milwaukee the field men are in a state bordering on consternation. This condition of affairs is the result of numerous causes, extending through a term of years. Increasing rates and decreasing commissions, together with a complicated agency system involving agents, brokers, and middlemen of high and low degree, have each contributed to the general demoralization of which the underwriters complain.

CONFEDERATE CASH.

UNIQUE COLLECTION OF PAPER MONEY OWNED BY UNCLE SAM.

How the Notes Were Made—A Big Business in Counterfeiting—Depreciation of the Notes.

Hidden away among the archives of the Treasury Department is a curious volume which few people have ever looked into. Though nothing more nor less than a scrap book, it is filled from cover to cover with money. Altogether it holds not less than \$200,000. The contents are real currency of legitimate issue, and yet the whole of them would not be accepted to-day in payment for a bag of flour or a box of soap. This is because Confederate notes and bonds, which compose the collection described, are worth at present nothing more than their value as waste paper, save in so far as certain specimens are in demand by collectors. Nevertheless the volume is extremely interesting by reason of the fact that it represents the most complete existing assemblage of the "shimpasters" put in circulation, as promises to pay by the government of the South during the Civil war.

Looking over the pages of the scrap book, the various issues of currency being arranged in chronological order, one follows from start to finish the history of the greatest civil conflict that the world has ever seen. The story of a nation is always told most interestingly by its money. "Two years after date the confederate states promise to pay," reads the inscription on the earliest notes, but very soon this is replaced by a more conservative legend, setting the date of payment at "six months after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the confederate states and the United States," and this latter form holds up to the end of the war. The money is patterned pretty closely after Uncle Sam's, but the clear lines of steel engraving are feebly imitated by the processes of photolithography. Why this method of printing employed is quite an entertaining anecdote in itself.

It will be remembered, perhaps, that Charles G. Meninger of South Carolina, taking office as the first secretary of the confederate treasury made a contract with the American Bank Note Company of New York for a supply of paper notes for \$1,000, \$500, \$100 and \$50. The order was filled, a considerable quantity of the currency being shipped to Richmond and safely delivered. The goods were found satisfactory the bank note company was requested to send on the engraved plates. This was done, but the United States government was on the alert and succeeded in capturing the plates on board of the vessel which was conveying them to Richmond. A few years later this matter was brought up in Congress very effectively as an argument against employing the American Bank Note Company to print United States money, its action in lending such services to the confederate government being denounced as disloyal.

Now, at the time when the war began, the American Bank Note Company had a branch establishment at New Orleans, which was conducted by a man named Schmidt, subsequent to the event just described plates for \$100, \$50, \$10 and \$5 notes were engraved there and printed from. This did not last long, however.

Blanton Duncan, lieutenant colonel of a Kentucky regiment, started a private establishment at Richmond for producing paper currency by lithography, obtaining contracts to supply the confederate treasury. Other shops were set up later on for the same purpose, and the rivalry of government contracts being very great, they all united against Schmidt. At this period any northern man residing in the south was an object of suspicion, being regarded as an enemy and presumably an abolitionist. Accordingly the governor of Louisiana, yielding to public sentiment, swooped down upon the branch office of the Bank Note company, and confiscating all the material in the shape of plates, tools, etc., distributed it among the lithograph printers.

The shadow was manufactured before the Christian era; but the art did not reach Europe until the sixteenth century. Pottery had been manufactured at least two centuries before; but, although constantly searching, chemists were not able to find the necessary materials for the manufacture of porcelain.

The art of glazing with salt was discovered at Burslem, England, in 1680, in a rather curious way. A servant while boiling salt for brine, in an earthen vessel, allowed the water to boil away; the pan became red hot, and when it was noticed was covered with a beautiful glaze. News of this discovery spread rapidly; and the potters taking advantage of the hint, salt glaze became common.

There are two kinds of porcelain, hard and soft; and there are several methods by which these may be distinguished. The soft paste can be scratched with a sharp knife on any part not covered with the glaze. It also has a somewhat soapy, warm feeling to the touch, and the fracture has the appearance of cream. Hard, or, as it is sometimes called, "true," porcelain is heavier than the soft, is a pure white, and is cold to the touch. When broken, the fracture looks like alabaster; and, as a rule, the rim underneat the plates and other pieces escapes the glaze.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A WELL-KNOWN Episcopal Bishop from a Western State was in New York a short time ago, and during his visit ran across a young English curate walking the streets foot-sore and weary. "I came over to America," he said, "just to get a bit of experience, don't you know, and am hoping to find a small parish with a vicarage." "Just come right along with me," said the Bishop. "I am going away to the Southwest and will give you a chance to get all the experience you want." The young curate gladly availed himself of the opportunity and shortly afterwards arrived at the scene of his future labors. That very day the Sheriff of a neighboring county came with a six-footer who was jailed on a charge of triple murder; there was a freight collision "up the road;" the curate was overtaken they were pillaged and in one of them were found the funds of a military paymaster. About \$30,000 of the confederate money seized was crammed into a gunny-sack and delivered to the officer quoted. In response to a request he gave the entire sum to a sergeant, who afterward informed him that he had been able to dispose of it at the rate of \$5 or \$100 to confederates, the presumption being that the latter expected to be able to use it profitably in parts of the south where the currency had not yet dropped to nothing in value.

One of Butler's Fees.

The late General Butler used to de-

light in telling of one feather that he secured.

His son, Paul Butler, owned a fine dog

which he kept at the family home, in Lowell. Paul, on his way from the house mornings, would sometimes drop into the meat market where the family supply came from and leave orders.

The dog knew the store and formed the bad

habit of going around there to have the

butcher throw him a bone. This

butcher neglected to do one morning,

and the dog satisfied his want by taking

from the block a fine sirloin steak and running off with it.

A few days later the General and the

butcher happened to meet. The butcher

had allowed the theft of the steak by the

dog to rankle in his mind.

"General," said he, "if a dog should

come into my meat market and steal a fine

steak, what remedy should I have?"

"Send a bill for the steak to the owner