

For the Indianapolis Sentinel. WAIL THE CLOUDS ARE ROLLING BY. (An Exposition Song.)

BY ISAAC N. HAYWARD.

It is no time for doubting, the skies are bright and fair. The darkest day is over and the night of our despair. Joy cometh in the morning! Look up, behold the sky! The Exposition's glowing, while the clouds are rolling by.

"In gloria Dei patris! In excelsis! Domini!" Ho! all ye patriot brothers, ye millions of our land, Come to the "Feast of Love," and by it take your stand. Come to the "Feast of Nations," spread out before your eyes. Kind Heaven smiles upon it while the clouds are rolling by.

The earth is clad in beauty, and glows the flowery sod. The green and gold commingling, while hearts are praising God. For such a land of beauty, of gorgeous golden sky. As the sun goes down in glory, while the clouds are rolling by.

Come, brothers of the frozen north, come to our sunny shore: Come view the world's great wonders, an endless golden store. We have set the feast for you, and you will no have us sigh. That you refused our welcome while the clouds were rolling by.

Although your mountain homes are rich, come see our leveling sod. Come see what God hath done for man and man hath done for God. Behold the marching progress in this our century—What sunbursts of intelligence, while clouds are rolling by.

Flee, like your birds, from frozen lakes to sunny climes and fair. To sparkling rivers, rivulets and perfumed, balmy air. Till spring again smiles on your plains and swallows homeward fly. Come see our glorious sunsets while the clouds are rolling by.

Our larch-strings are all out, and we wait your coming here. Our hearts are like our homes, full of love and Southern cheer. The birds are singing gaily, and shall I tell you why? 'Tis your welcome they are singing while the clouds are rolling by.

No, it is no time for doubting, the skies are bright and fair. The darkest day is over and the night of our despair. Joy cometh in the morning! Look up, behold the sky! The Exposition's glowing, while the clouds are rolling by.

"In gloria Dei patris! In excelsis! Domini!" New Orleans, January 20, 1885. (Written for the Indianapolis Sentinel.) META WOODRUF.

By Mrs. Addie Dettch Frank. CHAPTER XVIII.

Next morning Mr. Woodruff was not able to leave his bed, which seemed very strange, as the day before he sat up almost the entire day. When Arthur spoke of going away he insisted upon his remaining until he was better. To which Arthur consented very reluctantly, for he was anxious to get away from the one he knew was ever ready to tempt him to ruin.

During the day Madam Reek found time to pay Gertie a short visit, much to that lady's disappointment, for she had hoped to keep the fair nurse several days or weeks, if possible. They had much of interest to say to each other and no time was wasted in idle gossip.

"You say that uncle is a great deal worse this morning?" asked Gertie. "Yes, and has asked for your husband. Tell him to come as soon as he returns home. Good bye."

"The little woman in black was soon in her place at the bedside of the sick man. She was never idle a moment but always found something to do for her patient. He would often look up into her face with a thoughtful smile for something she had done for his comfort. Once he ventured to ask her to remove her glasses for a moment, that he might see her eyes. He thought they must be full of love and sympathy for every one; but she refused, saying they were too weak to be exposed to the light for one instant; he believed her and was satisfied. It was not long after Madam Reek returned to the Hall before Dr. Grey arrived. He was met at the door and escorted to the sick chamber by Lina. She treated him as though he were her dearest friend, smiling graciously at every remark he made, and seemed very anxious about her husband's illness.

can not accomplish it any other way, as a plain of a severe headache. I will remain out in the hall until every one has retired, then steal in here softly. I have no doubt but that she will try to accomplish her hellish crime to-night."

"But Arthur, what is to be done with him?" he heard Mr. Woodruff ask him to remain with him to-night. "I had not thought of him," he answered, in a voice which showed how disappointed he felt.

"Dr. Grey, we must let him into our secret. He must know the true character of the woman he has dishonored himself by loving."

"A man, who would act as he has can have no honor." "You are wrong, Doctor, for he has seen his folly and resolved to do better."

"Then I will tell him to excuse himself in some way to Mr. Woodruff, when he sees me enter. God grant that we may find out the truth."

Re-entering the sick chamber, they found Lina leaning affectionately over her husband, gently bathing his face and moistening his parched lips. She was ignorant of the trap set for her destruction. Had she known it she would have acted differently. Her face was flushed, and she was nervous and excitable. Toward evening she confessed to feeling greatly worried over her husband's condition, and Madam Reek noticed her take a glass of wine several times. She was evidently preparing herself for the termination of her foul crime.

How strange it is that an immortal being can meditate the killing of a fellow-creature, yet it is done day after day in the very face of the hangman and his rope. Dr. Grey met Arthur in the park, as he left the hall, and revealed to him his suspicion and his plan of detecting the criminal.

It seemed to Arthur, as he walked back to the Hall, that a mad had been suddenly lifted from before his eyes. He now knew why Lina asked him if he would marry her if she were free before he married Meta. Not a thought or suspicion ever entered his mind of her trying to kill her noble husband. But he now remembered every little incident, almost every word and action of hers that had led up to this fatal end.

Who or what the unknown hailer was I could not imagine, as in the direction from whence they came I knew was the open sea. We could see nothing, as the night was pitchy dark. Woodruff's great distrust of them could see our lights and would remain in the vicinity until morning. All through the night the cries were heard at intervals.

In the gray of the morning we saw a strange looking boat about half a mile from us, and in it was a man, who stood upright, making motions. It looked like a shaggy bear, but we knew it was a man, and immediately put off a boat. He was brought aboard, and on reaching the deck fell down and was unable to move, being exhausted from travel and exposure. We removed his heavy fur covering and chafed his limbs, and after restoring the circulation and bringing him around gave him warm drinks. Soon he was able to sit up, and he said his name was Timor Bonifussky, by birth he was a Russian, but had spent the last seven years in exile in the mines of Siberia, having been sent there on suspicion of being a nihilist. Driven to desperation by the inhuman treatment which he had received at the mines, he took advantage of the first opportunity offered to make himself scarce there. He spent nearly nine months, as near as he could reckon, in wandering over the bleak and barren country, subsisting on whatever he could find. Sometimes he met with hospitable tribes who treated him well. He was bent on reaching the seashore if possible, and there trusting to luck to being able to get aboard some vessel. The hardships which he endured on his long and perilous journey, at last he reached the seashore in a half-starved condition, no food having passed his lips for two days. The seashore was even more barren and bleak than the country through which he had traveled. The jagged rocks among which he lay, were for shell-fish cut his clothing and flesh in a horrible manner. His clothing now consisted of furs, which he had been supplied by a nomadic tribe into whose clutches he had fallen.

He lived on fish and roots for many days, all the time crawling along the coast in search of a habitation. Whether he was going north or south he knew not and cared little. At night he slept in clefts of rocks. One morning he was awakened by a series of strange voices, and on opening his eyes he saw a dozen or more dark faces peering over the rocks at him. They were natives, clad like himself in skins. He saw they were inclined to be friendly, and made signs to show that he was hungry by pointing toward his mouth. They gathered around him, and he followed them. After a long journey they came to an encampment of about thirty tents, spread on the shore at the very brink of the surf. The natives treated him well. They gave him a large bowl of warm drink made of the leaves and sawing. He was also glad enough to put himself outside of a huge piece of walrus flesh. There were several of the natives of Esquimaux, as I guess they were, who could utter a few words of broken English. They were all gathered from the whalers and other Europeans with whom they had come in contact during their trading excursions. Well, to make a long story short, as the saying is, he stopped with the natives for a long time. He does not remember exactly how long, but he remembers all track of time. He learned their guttural language, and finally married one of the women of a subchief, or a sort of half lord who owned a good many dogs and a reindeer. He was also set up in life by his father-in-law, presenting him with a drove of dogs and a couple of sleighs. With these he accompanied the natives into the interior on their trading excursions with other tribes. He became an expert seal fisher. Their flag nets were made of fine cut strips of walrus hide, netted with a three inch mesh. One day a misfortune occurred which cast him again adrift. The women of the tribe, he said, were in the habit of going out along the beach and catching the walrus which were in a colony of seals or walrus which had escaped the notice of the men. From one of these excursions Timor's wife failed to return, though he did from a fishing trip down the coast. Search was made, and his wife was found by him on the shore, with a spear, such as they use, through her heart.

When Timor came back, was seized and accused by his father-in-law of the murder, he denied it, but it was of no use, and the natives, more grateful a man, when he returned he would be killed. He drifted on the open sea, and at the mercy of the elements, for nearly twenty days. His provisions ran out and starvation stared him in the face, when he sighted the light of our ship, a more grateful a man, when he brought him around. I never saw him.

"On what part of the Siberian coast do you think he was, Captain?" asked the reporter. "Well, I think it must have been somewhere between Cape Shelagskiel and the southern part of Berings Straits. I think the name of the native tribe there is the Tschuktschee."

"A regular jaw breaker," said the reporter. "Yes," laughed the Captain, "but I wish you would come to my bark and see Timor. He could, no doubt, give an interesting story."

"What is he going to do?" "Oh, he swears he'll remain by me as a sailor, and as he has proved to be a good one, I think I'll keep him."

Sedentary urants Undoubtedly have a tendency to beget dyspepsia, but we not unarily meet persons who lead out door active lives who are badly troubled with it. It is common to men and women of all vocations and of the most diverse physical constitution. Bad food and water may cause it. To persons who are casually or constantly its victims, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a boon of value, since it relieves and prevents it, neutralizes bad qualities in food and drink, acts as a general as well as effective medicine. Pallid cheeks and in-door operatives in unwholesome factories, markets and railway travelers, compelled to bolt food hastily, will do well to provide themselves with a supply of this pleasant tonic. It is a reliable defense against fever and ague and cholera, relieves rheumatism, is a good appetizer and exerts a tranquilizing and invigorating influence upon the nervous system. It is a fine tonic, too, in infirm old age.

The Old Attic Room. I remember the dear old attic room. Where I kept what a little boy, In the farm-house beside the hill, When life was a perfect joy. I remember the chairs so old and quaint, And the chest of drawers beside the door, Where the apples were always kept.

A WEARY TRAMP. A Russian Refugee's Flight Across the Snows of Siberia. (San Francisco Call.)

The water front reporter was weary. He had spent the greater part of the afternoon in a valuable search for news, of which there was an alarming scarcity. The virgin page of his note book was as yet unutilized by the blur of the pencil. He had just come to an unsatisfactory conclusion that the day was an unpropitious one for inquisitive newspaper men, when he met an old friend in the person of Captain Brown, master of a whaling bark lately returned from a cruise in the Northern sea. After the usual greetings were over, the scribe requested the Captain to detail some account of his last voyage.

"You must have had some startling adventures," he said persuasively. "Well, shiver me, it would be a dull whaling season if we didn't," replied the Captain slowly, as he lit a pipe which he had been filling, and took a seat upon the top of a pile, but this season we had a very uncommon one. I wish we were aboard the bark, I've got a man there who could tell you the story better than I can. He's a Russian, but he palavers pretty good English. We left here last December, and of course headed for the north. As you know, the season just closed has been an all mighty light one. I never saw whales so scarce. It was well on toward March before we struck our first. In the latter part of March, and when we were about twenty miles to the northwest of the West Islands, the incident I am about to tell occurred. One night I was aroused from my sleep by my mate, who, as soon as I came out, told me that the watch reported cries, evidently human, from the windward. The cries had been several times repeated. I sat up and listened, but I knew that long before I heard what sounded like a loud drawn "Hullo-o-o." How far away it was we could not reckon, as the northern air is clear and very deceptive, slight sounds being heard for miles sometimes. I made a trumpet of my hand and returned the cries, receiving responses.

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Sparkling eyes, blooming cheeks and a light and buoyant step are the outward signs of health and strength. Invalids suffering from kidney or liver troubles, or dyspepsia, can speedily be brought to this enviable state by the use of Milner's Herb Bitters. George Kelley, of Jersey City, whose health had been shattered by a severe case of gravel, was speedily restored to health and strength by the use of this great medicine.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS. For the Cure of all diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, DOGS, HOGS, POULTRY. Used successfully for 20 years by Farmers, Stockbreeders, Horse R.R., &c. Endorsed & used by the U.S. Government. Pamphlets & Charts sent free. HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., 109 Fulton St., New York.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Specific No. 28. In use 20 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration from over-work or other causes. 1/2 per. of oil or vital and large vital powder, for \$3. No return postage on receipt of price. Address Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

Quick Relief! When a man has suffered from Rheumatism in a little while, and is relieved from his pain, he is happy and delighted. But suppose he has suffered for more than a third of a century.

Alvin Grim, of Vale, Iowa, writes: "ATHLOPHOROS has helped me much. The pain in my back is gone, but some times it comes in left yet, and will there might be. For I have been troubled for thirty-five years with Rheumatism." Mrs. A. B. Baker, of Chicago, Had rheumatic pains in her back for fifteen years, and Mr. Baker had been the victim of Rheumatism until his head was drawn down over his left shoulder. Mr. Baker writes: "Half a bottle of ATHLOPHOROS made me as good as new. My wife has taken the other half, and has not complained of her backache. She says her back never was so free from pain and ache as it has been. Since she has taken the ATHLOPHOROS."

COPY OF STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE American Fire Insurance Company, On the 31st day of December, 1884.

Located at Nos. 308 and 310 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. The Amount of its Capital is \$500,000 00 The Amount of its Capital paid up is 400,000 00 THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Table with 2 columns: Asset Category and Amount. Includes Cash on hand, Bonds owned by the Company, Loans on Bonds and Mortgages of Real Estate, Debts otherwise secured, and All other securities.

LIABILITIES. Losses adjusted and due, Losses unadjusted, Losses in suspense awaiting for further proof, Amount necessary to reinsure outstanding risks, Total Liabilities.

COPY OF STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE PHOENIX INSURANCE COMPANY, On the 31st Day of December, 1884.

Located at No. 16, Court Street, in the City of Brooklyn, County of Kings and State of New York. The Amount of its Capital is \$1,000,000 00 The Amount of its Capital paid up is 1,000,000 00 THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE AS FOLLOWS:

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COPY OF STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Lion Fire Insurance Company, On the 31st Day of December, 1884.

Located at No. 223 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn. M. Bennett, Jr., Manager. Home Office: London, England. The Amount of its Capital is \$4,125,000 00 The Amount of its Capital paid up is 550,000 00 THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY IN THE U. S. ARE AS FOLLOWS:

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COPY OF STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE National Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, On the 31st Day of December, 1884.

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