

ARTIST WAINWRIGHT.

The Adventures Abroad of a Painter from America.

BY SIDNEY LUSKA.

CHAPTER III.

That afternoon I again found myself in the Bischofsplatz. At X— one is constantly finding one's self in the Bischofsplatz. Nearly all the streets of the little capital give upon it; and the cathedral is there, and the Bishop's palace, and the Morhorn, and the principal cafe; and it is there that the military band plays of a pleasant evening.

At one of the open-air tables of the cafe I was seated, when a man passed me, clad in the brown garb of a Franciscan monk. He had a pointed black beard, this monk, and a pair of flashing dark eyes, and, though he quickly drew his head into his coat at our conjunction, I had no difficulty whatever in identifying him with my queerly hired fiddler and prison mate, Sebastian Roeh.

"Dear me! he has become a monk. It must have been a singularly swift conversion," thought I, looking after him with some wonder.

He marched straight across the Bischofsplatz and into the court-yard of the Morhorn, where he was lost to my view.

"The beggar! He is one of Conrad's spies," I concluded. And I searched my memory to recall if I had said anything of a nature that might compromise me in the course of our conversation.

A few hours later I sat down to my dinner in the best parlor of the Hotel de Rome. It is a small hostelry, though the biggest that X— possesses, patronized chiefly by commercial travelers and special envoys. The chef de cuisine commends it with an asterisk, which it deserves, being both cheap and good. Mine host rejoices in the name of Hildebrandt Strumpf, and on the occasion in question no less a person than himself was serving me. Scarcely, however, had he lifted the cover from my tureen of needle soup, when, suddenly, and without a breath of apology, he dropped



HE DROPPED THE COVER UPON THE TABLE CLOTH.

the cover upon the table-cloth, and dashed in mad haste from the room. Wondering somewhat at this precipitate conduct, I was about to fill my plate, when I was arrested in the act by a great noise of hurrying feet upon the pavement without. People were running and calling to each other, and altogether there was so much tumult that I said to myself, "Ah, another mob!" Then I, too, left the parlor, and hastened to the street door of the inn.

There I discovered honest Strumpf and honest Mrs. Strumpf, supported by the entire personnel of their establishment, from the boots to the billiard marker, all agitated with astonishment, as three loquacious citizens poured news into their ears.

"Otto is dead," said the first citizen. "He died at sixteen minutes past six—more than an hour ago."

"But that is nothing," cried the second citizen. "The great news is this. Listen to me—"

"No, to me," interposed a third. "I have it directly from one of the sentinels at the palace. The pretender, Conrad, has been knifed like a pig; and jolly well he deserved it, too. It was between four and five o'clock this afternoon. A monk, a young monk, a Franciscan, presented himself at the Mar-morhof, and demanded an audience of the Prince. The palace guard—and it is straight from one of them that I have the story—of course refused him admittance; but he was determined, and so at last the Prince's chamberlain gave him a hearing. The upshot was that he wrote a word or two upon a slip of paper, sealed it up with wax, and begged that it might be delivered to his highness forthwith, swearing that it contained information of the utmost importance to his welfare. The chamberlain conveyed his paper to the Prince, who, directly he had read it, uttered a great oath, and ordered that the monk be ushered into his presence and that they be left alone together. Alone accordingly they were left. More than an hour passed. At a little after six arrived the news of the death of the old Duke. An officer entered the Prince's chamber to report it to him. There, if you please, he found his highness stretched out dead upon the floor, with a knife in his heart; the monk had vanished. They could find no trace whatever of his whereabouts. Also had vanished the paper he had sent in to the Prince, but what the police regard as an important clue, he had left another paper, twisted around the handle of the dagger, whereon was scrawled in a disguised hand: 'In the country of the blind the one-eyed men may be kings, but Conrad only squinted!'"

"The grand point of it all you have omitted," put in the second citizen. "It was like a delightful old-fashioned blood-and-thunder opera, and I was almost behind the scenes. But oh! that hypocritical young rascal monk, Sebastian Roeh! What had become of him? Would he keep his promise to look me up? The police were said to be prosecuting a diligent endeavor to look

him up, but with, as yet, no positive results.

Of course, upon the accession of the new ruler to the throne all the loyal print-shops of the town displayed her highness' portraits for sale—photographs and chromo-lithographs; you paid your money and you took your choice. These represented her as a slight young woman, with a delicate, interesting face, a somewhat sarcastic mouth, a great abundance of yellowish hair, and, in striking contrast to this chameleon, a pair of brilliant dark eyes. I could not for the life of me have explained it, but there was something in her face that annoyed me with a sense of familiarity, a sense of having seen it before, though I was sure I never had.

In the course of a fortnight, however, I did see her—caught a flying glimpse of her as she drove through the Marktstrasse in her victoria, attended by all manner of pomp and circumstance. She lay back upon her cushions, looking pale and interesting, but sadly bored; and again I experienced that exasperating sensation of having seen her somewhere—where? when? before?

One night I was awakened from my slumbers by a violent knocking at my door. "Who's there?" I demanded, not too amiably. "What's the matter?"

"Open! Open, in the name of the Grand Duchess!" commanded a deep bass voice.

"Good heavens! What can the row be now?" I wondered.

"Open, or we break in the door," cried the voice.

"You must really give me time to put something on," I protested, and hurriedly wrapped myself in some clothes.

Then I opened the door.

A magnificently uniformed young officer stepped quickly into the room, followed by three gendarmes with drawn sabres.

"The officer inclined his head slightly toward me, and said, 'Herr Veinricht, ich glaube!'"

"His was not the voice that I had heard through the door; it was a much softer voice, and much more high in pitch. Somehow it did not seem altogether like the voice of a stranger to me; and yet the face of a stranger his face emphatically was. It was a very florid face, surmounted by a growth of short red hair, and decorated by a bristling red mustache. His eyes were overhung by bushy red eyebrows, and in the uncertain candle light, I could not make out their color.

"Yes, I am Herr Veinricht," I admitted, accepting this German version of my name.

"English?" he questioned shortly.

"No, not English. American, if you please."

"Macht nichts! I arrest you, in the name of the Grand Duchess."

"Arrest me? Will you be good enough to inform me upon what charge?"

"Upon the charge of consorting with dangerous characters, and being an enemy to the tranquillity of the state. You will please to dress as quickly as possible. A carriage awaits you below."

"Good Lord, they have somehow connected me with that infamous fiddler, Sebastian Roeh." I groaned inwardly, and began to put certain finishing touches to my toilet.

"No, no!" cried the officer. "You must put on your dress suit. Are you so ignorant of criminal etiquette as not to know that state prisoners are required to wear their dress suits?"

"It seems a very absurd regulation," said I, "but will you put on my dress suit?"

"But we will await you outside your door, but let me warn you, should you attempt to escape through your window you will be shot in a hundred places," said the officer, as he retired with his minions.

I donned my dress suit and opened the door.

The officer looked me over somewhat

critically, and at last remarked, "Yes, that will do. Follow me."

The whole population of the hotel were in the corridors through which we passed, and crowded after us to the street. A closed carriage was waiting there, with four horses attached, each horse bearing a postilion. Three other horses, saddled, were tied to posts about the hotel entrance. These the gendarmes mounted.

"Will you be good enough to enter the carriage?" said the officer.

"But my spirit rose in arms. 'I insist upon knowing what I am arrested for. I want to understand the definite charge against me.'"

"I am not a magistrate, sir. Will you kindly enter the carriage?"

"Oh, this is a downright outrage," I declared, and entered the carriage.

The officer leaped in after me; the door was slammed to; the postillions yelled at their horses; off we drove, followed by the rhythmic clank-clank of the gendarmes.

"I should really like to get at the meaning of all this, you know," I informed my captor.

"I must caution you that whatever you say will be remembered, and if incriminating, used against you," he replied.

"It is a breach of international comity," said I.

"Oh, we are the best of friends with England," said he.

"But I am an American," said I. "Macht nichts!" said he.

"Macht nichts!" I echoed, angrily. "You think so? I shall bring the case to the notice of the Minister of the United States, and you shall see."

"How? And precipitate a war between two friendly nations? Unfeeling monster!"

"You laugh! But who laughs last laughs best, and I promise you the Grand Duchy of X— shall be made to pay for this plesantry with a vengeance."

"This is not the first time that you have been arrested while in these dominions," he said sternly. "And I must remind you that less majeste is a hanging matter."

"Lese majeste!" I repeated, half in scorn, half in terror.

"Ja wohl, mein Herr," he answered. "But after all, I am not obeying orders. I added, with an inflection almost apologetic."

"Where had I heard that curious, soft voice before? A voice so soft that his German sounded almost like Italian."

Meanwhile we had driven straight across the town, past the walls, and into the open country. The night air, puffing in through the open carriage window, was sweet with the odors of dew-laden grass and vibrant with the humming of a million insects.

"You are perhaps conducting me to the frontier," I suggested, deriving some relief from the fancy.

"Oh, hardly so far as that, let us hope," he rejoined, with what struck me as a suppressed chuckle.

"Fark!" I cried. "Can you use the word in speaking of a pocket-handkerchief?"

"It is small, but it is picturesque; and it is paintable," said he; "and, what is more, by every syllable you utter against it, you weave a strand into your halter and drive a nail into your coffin."

The night was intensely dark, and I could see no further into it than the few yards of roadway illuminated by our carriage lamps. We drove on in silence, for perhaps a half hour longer. Then at last the horses' hoofs resounded upon stone, and we drew up. My officer descended from the carriage; I followed him. We were standing under a massive door, a sort of porte-cochere, lighted by a hanging lantern. Before a small door pierced in the stone wall fronting us a sentinel was posted, with his musket presented in salute.

The three mounted gendarmes sprang from their saddles.

"Farewell, Herr Veinricht," said my officer. "I have enjoyed our drive together more than I can tell you. If we should never meet again in this world, let us hope we shall do so in another and a better." Then, turning to his subordinates: "Conduct this gentleman to the tower chamber," he commanded.

The sentry stood aside. One of the gendarmes preceding me, the other two coming behind, I was conveyed up a narrow winding stone staircase, into a big octagon-shaped room.

The room was lighted by innumerable candles set in sconces round the walls. It was comfortably, even richly, furnished, and decorated with a considerable degree of taste. A vast worn-hued Persian carpet covered the stone floor. Books, pictures, biblots, were scattered indiscriminately about; and in one corner there stood a grand piano, open, with a violin and bow lying on it.

The gendarmes bowed themselves out, shutting the door behind them with an ominous clangor.

"If this is to be my dungeon cell," I thought, "I had better not be so uncomfortable after all. But how preposterous of them to force me to wear my dress-suit!"

I threw myself into an easy chair, buried my face in my hands and tried to reflect upon my situation.

Suddenly I was disturbed by the sound of a light little cough behind me, a discreet little cough.

I looked quickly up.

A lady had entered the apartment, and was standing in the middle of it, smiling in contemplation of my despairing attitude.

"Good heavens," I gasped, but not audibly, as her face grew clear to my startled sight, "the Grand Duchess herself!"

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Wainwright," her highness began in English, but slightly continental. "X— is a dull little place—oh, believe me, the dullest of its size in Christendom—and they tell me you are an amusing man."

Now, of course the reader has foreseen it from the outset; otherwise why should I be detaining him with this anecdote? But upon me it came as a thunderbolt, and in my emotion I forgot myself and exclaimed aloud: "Sebastian Roeh!" The face of the Grand Duchess had haunted me with a sense of familiarity; the voice of my red-headed officer in the carriage had seemed so strange to me, but now I saw the face, and heard the voice, tinged by that slight foreign quality of English, at one and the same time, all was clear.

"Sebastian Roeh!"

"You said?" the gracious lady queried, arching her eyes.

"Nothing, madame. I was about to thank your highness for your kindness, but—"

"But your mind wandered, and you made some irrelevant military observation about a bastion rock. It is perhaps aphasia."

"Yes, very probably," assented I.

"But you are a man of honor, are you not?"

"I hope so."

"The English generally are. You can keep a state secret, especially when you happen to have learned it by a sort of accident, can you not?"

"I am a very tomb for such things, madame."

"That is well. And, besides, you must consider that not all homicide is murder. Sometimes one is driven to kill in self-defense."

"I have not a doubt of that."

"I am only sorry it should all have happened before you saw his squint. It would have pleased your sense of humor, X— is the dullest little principality," she went on, "oh, but dull, dull! I am sometimes forced in despair to perpetrate little jokes. Yet you have actually stopped here. You must be as they say, that the English people take their pleasures sadly. You are a painter, I am told."

"Yes, your highness, I make a shift at painting."

"And I at fiddling. But I lack a discriminating audience. I think you had better paint my portrait. I will fiddle to you to your heart's content. Between whiles we will talk. Sometimes, I may tell you, I smoke cigarettes; one must have some excitement. We will try to enliven things a little, to galvanize a little life into this corpse court. Do you think we shall succeed?"

"Oh, I should not despair of doing so," "That is nice of you. I have a most ridiculous high chancery; you might draw caricatures of him. And my first lady of the chamber has a preposterous lip. I do hope I shall be amused."

As she spoke she extended her left hand toward me. I took it and was about to give it a friendly shake.

"No, no, not that," said she. "Oh, I forget; you are an American and a democrat, and the simplest a be of court etiquette is Sanskrit to you. Must I tell you what to do?"

To cut a long story short, I thought my lines had fallen unto me in extreme displeasure, and so indeed they had—for awhile. I passed a merry summer at the court of X—, alternating between the Residenz in the town and the Schloss beyond the walls. I made a good many preliminary studies for the Princess' portrait, while she played with her violin; and between whiles, as she had promised, we talked, practiced court etiquette, smoked cigarettes, and laughed at scandal. But when I began upon the final canvas I, at least, had to become a little grave; I wanted to make a masterpiece of it. We had two or three sittings, during which I worked away in grim silence, and the Grand Duchess yawned.

Then one night I was again aroused from the middle of my slumbers, taken in custody by a gray-bearded colonel of dragons, conducted to a closed carriage, and driven abroad through the darkness. When our carriage came to a standstill, we found ourselves in the Austrian vil-

lage of Z—, across the X— frontier. There my colonel bade me good-by. At the same time he handed me an envelope. I hastened to tear it open. Upon a sheet of paper in a pretty feminine hand, I read these words:

"You promised to amuse me. But it seems you take your droll British art a grand serious. We have better portrait painters among our natives; and you will find models cheap and plentiful at Z—." Farewell.

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Advertising that Pays.

On Friday an advertiser who has sent us a good many checks, says the Northwestern Lumberman, comfortably filled a good-sized arm chair, and during his stay talked considerably about advertising. "When I buy advertising, he said, I want to feel assured that the paper in which I have space goes to the men whom I desire to reach, and further that the people to whom it goes have a good opinion of it. I place my advertising on that basis. I used to think that I did not receive my money's worth unless I could trace a certain number of sales to some particular 'ad.' I am over that. I meet the demand of machinery in my line, and having done that I want to be known, and known all the time. I advertise, say in a dozen papers, and a man comes along and buys a big bill of goods. Can he tell me what particular paper directed him to my works? No, not once in a hundred times. I have been advertising for years so he may know where I am, and when he wants to buy he comes to me. Make first-class machinery, let everybody know where the machinery can be had, and then treat your customers white is the way to get business." That man knew what he was talking about.

Anecdotes of Charlie.

I must tell you one anecdote of our friend Charlie which is perhaps the most curious of any I have to record. There were two young boys, brothers, in the house, and their mother, Charlie's mistress was in the habit of calling them by name, Reginald and Albert, using certain familiar contractions when she did so. It was no wonder that Charlie caught these up; but what will be said of such an application of them as the following? The bird, as with most parrots, was not allowed water in his cage, so when thirsty he would call, in what may be termed his own voice:

"Reggie! Reggie—Reggie or Bertie! Charlie wants some water!"

Charlie has a great fondness for the paste of which pie crust is made, and this being known he was often treated to a piece. He naturally looked for this, and when forgotten he would invite himself to have some in the form of words which had doubtless often been used by his mistress. He would say:

"Charlie, do you like paste? Will you have a bit?" This would be said in the voice of his mistress or her daughter. He would then add, in quite a changed tone, "Oh rather!"

Doubts as to Truth and Duty.

Every thinking mind is liable at times to doubt both as to truth and duty. But a thoughtful mind will not formulate its doubts or regard them as convictions. If doubt is to some a natural phase of thought, it is also temporary, unless it is unwisely wrought into conduct. One who sincerely endeavors to live aright cannot long remain astray. Act on the truth which is admitted; do the duty which is plain and doubt as to the next step in either will soon pass away. The experience of life to the honest heart nearly always works to the confirmation of faith and to fidelity in duty.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Perilous Experience of a Mail Carrier—Towed by a Tarpon—Conquered the Eagle.

JUDGE FRANCIS ADAMS, now a San Francisco attorney, was one of the early pioneers of the great West, and few of the old-timers have witnessed more thrilling events than he.

"Perhaps the most narrow escape I ever had," said the judge a few days ago, in recalling scenes that antedate the gold discovery, "was an encounter with the hostile Indians in the year 1847." And here is the story. It reads like fiction after the lapse of fifty years:

In the above-mentioned year Adams, then a boy of seventeen, was engaged in carrying military mail between El Paso, Texas, and Albuquerque, New Mexico. The greater portion of the country through which he passed was a desert waste. One piece of the way was particularly dangerous, being in the vicinity of a frequent rendezvous of the Indians, and for the mail carrier's safety and protection a small troop of soldiers was regularly detached from the midway post of Manzana, on the Rio Grande, to meet the mail boy at a certain point of rocks, at which he always halted, and to escort him over that part of the road which was considered unsafe.

The spot in question was generally reached after nightfall. It so happened that the officer in charge of the troop was Sergeant William J. Graves, who afterward became prominent as a lawyer in this State, and who has long since joined the silent majority. Young Graves was of heroic build, brave as a lion and as reckless as he was brave.

Young Adams had on several occasions been hard pressed by savages, but he was well mounted, and his steed had always carried him through unscathed.

No incident worth mentioning had occurred for quite a little period, so that upon one occasion Sergeant Graves felt inclined to take matters rather leisurely. Then, concluding that he would miss the mail carrier if he rode to the point of rocks, the sergeant resolved to strike ahead and meet Adams on the highway.

As usual, the mail carrier halted. It was after nightfall, but the big silver moon made the night radiant, and objects could be distinguished clearly for a considerable distance.

The horse was allowed to graze about and Adams sat down to rest. Then he looked toward Manzana for the troopers, but they were nowhere to be seen. Soon the horse pricked up his ears and moved in a frightened way toward its master. Adams knew what that meant, and leading the animal to the cover of some rocks, peered about and discovered that the redskins were quietly closing in on him from all sides.

Delay meant death. Adams put his carbine in order, sprang into his saddle, selected an opening in his Indian line, and driving his spurs into the horse's side, made a desperate dash for life. The Indians were momentarily disconcerted by the bold movement. Adams used his carbine on the nearest of the enemy, and, despite a rain of arrows, plunged through the line.

Just as he thought himself fairly in the race to save his scalp he saw ahead of him in the pale light another band of Indians that he had not calculated on. He whirled to one side, and then a chase against heavy odds began.

For ten miles the painted warriors pursued him, gaining on him every minute.

The arrows pierced his clothing; the Indian yells almost drowned the noise of the hoof beats of his steed. His horse was wounded, but the faithful beast still struggled on. The sixty-four rounds of ammunition carried by the rider were almost exhausted. The horse fell dead.

At this juncture firing was heard afar. The Indians were stayed by sudden terror.

"Frank! Frank! where are you?" came a powerful voice.

"Here!" cried Adams. And through the hostile band Graves had burst his way, knocking Indians to the right and to the left. The savages scattered like children before him.

"Quick!" cried Graves, leaning far down from his saddle, extending his strong hand and looking it around the encumbered hand of young Adams. "Swing up behind!"

Adams mounted behind the sergeant. The Indians didn't recover from their surprise and shock of the young giant's charge until they were aware of two whites on a single horse riding away in the moonlight at a speed that mocked pursuit—riding away to be joined by the troopers. —Chicago Tribune.

Towed by a Tarpon.

A Texas sportsman, in the Forest and Stream, gives an account of a recent exciting experience while fishing for tarpon in Galveston Bay. He says:

"As I had made my arrangements to return to Houston at 2 o'clock, I told the boatman that if he would give me one more fresh mullet I would bait the hook, and when that was taken we would go in. He gave me the mullet, put his oars in the locks and was ready to start when I threw my bait overboard. It had not got three feet from the boat before there was a mighty splash. Water was thrown all over me, and my mullet was taken by a tarpon. I was scarcely prepared for him, but at the same time I prevented his getting too much line, and its reel sang the prettiest kind of a song, until he had gone about fifty feet, that I ever heard. At this distance he

jumped at least ten feet out of the water, and finding I had him safe, I gave him no more slack whatever. He turned immediately out the channel to sea against the tide and continued his rapid gait, jumping clear of the water every hundred feet or so until he had jumped nine times. He kept up the pace until he had gone three miles to sea and in very deep water.

"I had no control of him whatever, and he had taken on several occasions during this outward sea movement nearly all my line, at least 550 feet. After this distance he turned to the left and went at least two miles, until he got back into five or six feet of water. Then he turned back across the channel and went on the opposite side of it, probably a mile and a half. After two hours and a half he went back into water three and a half or four feet deep, and I had some hope of getting him into water where I could gaff him. But, without warning, he turned to sea again and did not stop until he had gone a mile and a half. This fish took an amount over the bay for five and a half hours, and a distance of not less than twelve or thirteen miles. I found I had no control over him, and I knew I had him found in some way, because no pressure that I dared to bring seemed to turn his head, and when I got him broadside toward me and endeavored to hold him I would draw him broadside to me and not head foremost, which told me I had him hooked somewhere in the side.

"After I had worn out Capt. Frank Marsh, my boatman and myself, and we had on several occasions almost decided to cut the line and let the fish go, we began to have a little control over him, and worked him toward shallow water, and at 6.15 I got him into water about three and a half feet deep and the captain got out into the water himself and worked up to the fish and gaffed him, as he had a gaff with a handle about six feet long. After he got the gaff into the tarpon he drew him toward the boat and I killed him with an oar."

Fight With a Hurt Eagle.

John Heller, of Cascade Valley, Broome County, N. Y., captured an American eagle after hard efforts recently. He had set a steel trap to catch a fox which had been stealing his hens. On Monday morning he discovered that the trap was missing. Searching about for it he heard a scream and commotion among a flock of crows in a grove near by.

In a moment a great American eagle arose from the woods, dragging the trap, which was fastened to one leg. It at once flew to a high tree. Heller discharged his shot gun at the bird and it fell to the ground, wounded in one wing.

Finding an old rope near by Heller endeavored to bind the eagle, but it fought vigorously with beak and talons, inflicting severe wounds upon the man. Seeing that he was beaten, Heller ran to a neighboring field, where a man was at work, and the two returned to the contest.

In Heller's absence the crows, seeing the eagle wounded and handicapped, had, attacked it, but it fought a good fight and killed six and wounded a many more of the crows.

The two men rallied to the attack, and succeeded, by the aid of a rope and a piece of fence rail, in overpowering the eagle and taking it to Heller's home, where it is gradually recovering from its injuries.

The bird measured seven feet from tip to tip and stands five feet high. It will be sent to Heller's brother, who is President of a New York club. It has been committing many depredations in the vicinity, killing lambs, fowl, etc. It is believed that the eagle is the mate of the bird killed by John Hendrix, of Gulf Summit, N. Y., in February.—New York Press.

Bravery of a Naval Cadet.

English residents of Yokohama, Japan, have asked the Royal Humane Society of England to recognize the conspicuous bravery displayed by one of the youngest officers of the United States cruiser Olympia, Naval Cadet W. H. Standley. He had on two previous occasions saved persons from drowning, and late in July he added to his record a third life saved at the risk of his own. While standing on a catamaran along side of the Olympia he saw a sailor from the American yacht Coronet swimming toward him. The sailor was intoxicated, and when about thirty feet from the cruiser he sank. Standley immediately dived for him, followed by Apprentice Youngs. Standley caught the man as he was sinking and was fiercely attacked by him, the sailor seizing him by the throat and then attempting to use his knife. With the assistance of Youngs Standley got him aboard the Olympia, where a stomach pump was used on him. After an hour's rest he recovered and was profoundly penitent.

Boy Saved Two Women's Lives.

There are many more heroes than those who fall in battle, or in shock of arms do mighty deeds. The seven-year-old boy La Porte, of Albany, Oregon, who plunged into the Columbia River and rescued two young women from drowning, deserves to rank with the heroes of the age. The drowning girls grappled the boy when he sprang, full clothed, into the swift current to save them, and the trio went to the bottom. After once rising, he realized that he could not swim to shore with his clinging burdens, and sank with them and crawled upon the bottom to shallow water, from from which he dragged himself and his charges more dead than alive.

The pan-Presbyterian council, at its recent session in Glasgow, Scotland, unanimously accepted the invitation to hold its meeting in Washington, D. C., in 1899.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO DRY SWEET CORN.

Take it when just right for use and get in any of the cob, put on earthen plates in a hot oven with the door open, stir often until it begins to dry. As it dries away empty two or three plates onto one. The next day it will be nearly dry and soon can be put in paper bags and hung in a warm room in the winter when you wish to cook it. Wash clean and put to soak overnight, keep covered in a dish in warming oven until ready to get dinner, then cook slowly twenty minutes in same water, add butter and sweet cream and salt.—New England Homestead.

ART OF SWEEPING.

Sweeping is an art, but there are lots of housekeepers who do not know it. Of what use is it to sweep if you leave the curtains dragging on the floor, the upholstered furniture to catch all the dust flying, and if you first half the lint into the air, to settle on the oiled furniture and on the walls? The proper and very easiest way to sweep is to push all the movable furniture into the next room and cover up with cloths kept for the purpose the tables, couches and such articles as cannot easily be moved. If you have upholstered furniture that cannot be moved, whip it lightly, then