

PART II. CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

As a rule, the more avaricious the nature, the more liberal remuneration was, after all, not without its effect upon the strange couple whose refusal to afford me refuge had so nearly endangered my life.

I had come across strange people in my travels, but I have no hesitation in saying that my host was the silliest, sulkiest, most boorish specimen of human nature I had as yet met with.

The long clock—that cumbrous eight-day machine which inevitably occupies one corner of every cottager's kitchen—struck nine. The woman rose and left us. I concluded she was going to bed.

"My good fellow," I said, "your chairs are excellent ones of the kind, but decidedly uncomfortable. I am horribly tired. If the resources of your establishment can't furnish a bed for me to sleep in, couldn't you find a mattress or something to lay down before the fire?"

"You've got all you'll get to-night," he answered, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"Oh, but I say!" "So do I say. I say this: If you don't like it you can leave it. We didn't ask you to come."

"You infernal beast," I muttered—and meant it too. I declare, had I not been so utterly worn out, I would have had that bullet-headed ruffian up for a few rounds on his own kitchen floor, and tried to knock him into a more amiable frame of mind.

"Never mind," I said, "but remember, civility costs nothing, and often gets rewarded. However, if you wish to retire to your own couch, don't let your native politeness stand in your way. Pray don't hesitate on my account. Leave plenty of fuel, and I shall manage until the morning."

"Where you stay, I stay," he answered. Then he filled his pipe, and once more relapsed into stony silence.

I dozed off for a few minutes—woke—dozed off again for some hours. I was in an uncomfortable sort of half sleep, dreamed full of curious dreams—dramas from which I started, wondering where I was and how I got there. I even began to grow nervous.

All sorts of horrible travelers' tales ran through my head. It was in just such places as this that unsuspecting voyagers were stated to have been murdered and robbed, by just such unmitigated ruffians as my host—I can tell you that altogether I spent a most unpleasant night.

To make matters worse and more dismal, the storm still raged outside. The wind moaned through the trees, but it had again changed, and I knew from the sound on the window panes that heavy rain had succeeded snow.

As the big drops of water found their way down the large old-fashioned chimney, the fire hissed and sputtered like a spiteful visen. Everything combined to deprive me of what dog's sleep I could by sheer persistency snatch.

I think I tried every position which an ordinary man, not an acrobat, is capable of adopting with the assistance of a common wooden chair. I even lay down on the hard floor. I actually tried the table. I propped up the upper half of my body against the corner walls of the room; but found no rest. At last I gave up all idea of sleeping, and fully aroused myself. I comforted myself by saying that my misery was only temporary—that the longest night must come to an end.

My companion had now succumbed to fatigue, or to the combined effects of fatigue and gin and water. His head was hanging sideways and he slept in a most uncomfortable attitude. I chuckled as I looked at him, feeling quite sure that, if such a clod was capable of dreaming at all, his dreams must be worse even than mine. I filled another pipe, poked the smoldering logs into a blaze, and sat almost nose and knees over the fire, finding some amusement in speculating upon the condition of the churl before me, and thanking the Lord I was not like unto this man. Suddenly an idea flashed across me.

I had seen this fellow before. But when or where I could not remember.

His features, as I looked at them with keener interest, seemed to grow more and more familiar to me. Where could I have met him? Somewhere or other, but where? I racked my brain to associate him with some scene, some event. Although he was but an ordinary countryman, such as one sees scores of in a day's ride, only differing from his kind on account of his unpleasant face, I felt sure we were old acquaintances. When he awoke for a moment and changed his strained attitude my feeling grew stronger and stronger. Yet puzzle and puzzle as I would I could not call to mind a former encounter; so at last I began to think the supposed recognition was pure fancy on my part.

Having smoked out several pipes, I thought that a cigar would be a slight break to the monotony of the night's proceedings. So I drew out my case and looked at its contents. Among the weeds was one of a lighter color than the others. As I took it out I said to myself, "Why, Old Brand gave me that one when I was last at his house." Curiously enough, that cigar was the missing link in the chain of my memory. As I held it in my hand I knew at once why my host's ugly face seemed familiar to me.

About a fortnight before, being in town, I had spent the evening with the doctor. He was not alone, and I was introduced to a tall pale young man named Carriston. He was a pleasant, polite young fellow, although not much in my line. At first I judged him to be a would-be poet of the fashionable miserabilist school; but finding that he and Brand talked so much about art I eventually decided that he was one of the doctor's many artist friends. Art is a hobby he hacks about on grandly. (Mem., Brand's own attempts at pictures are simply atrocious.)

Just before I left, Carriston, the doctor's back being turned, asked me to step into another room. There he showed me the portrait of a man. It seemed very cleverly drawn, and I presume he wanted me to criticize it.

"I am a precious bad judge," I said. "I am not asking you to pass an opinion," said Carriston. "I wanted to beg a favor of you. I am almost ashamed to beg it on so short an acquaintance."

"He seemed modest, and not in want of money, so I encouraged him to proceed."

"I heard you say you were going into the country," he resumed. "I want to ask you if by any chance you should meet the original of that drawing, to telegraph at once to Dr. Brand."

"Whereabouts does he live?" "I have no idea. If chance throws him in your way, please do as I ask."

"Certainly I will," I said, seeing the young man made the request in solemn earnest.

He thanked me, and then gave me a small photograph of the picture. This photograph he begged me to keep in my pocket-book, so that I might refer to it in case I met the man he wanted. I put it there, went my way, and am sorry to say, forgot all about it. Had it not been for the strange cigar in my case bringing back Carriston's unusual request to my mind, the probabilities are that I should not have thought again of the matter. Now, by a remarkable coincidence, I was spending the night with the very man who, so far as my memory served me, must have sat for the portrait shown me at Brand's house.

"I wonder what I did with the photo," I said. I turned out my letter-case. There it was, right enough! Shading it with one hand, I carefully compared it with the sleeper.

Not a doubt about it! So far as a photograph taken from a picture can go, it was the man himself. The same rugged beard, the same coarse features, the same surly look. Young Carriston was evidently a wonderful hand at knocking off a likeness. Moreover, in case I had felt any doubt on the matter, a printed note at the bottom of the photograph said that one joint was missing from a right-hand finger. Sure enough, my friend lacked that small portion of his misbegotten frame.

This discovery threw me into an ecstasy of delight. I laughed so loudly that I almost awoke the ruffian. I guessed I was going to take a glorious revenge for all the discomforts I had suffered. No one, I felt sure, could be looking for such a fellow as this to do any good to him. I was quite happy in the thought, and for the remainder of the night gloated over the idea of putting a spoke in the wheel of one who had been within an ace of causing my death. I resolved, the moment I got back to civilization, to send the desired intelligence to Brand, and hope for the best.

IV. HE end of that wretched night came at last. When the welcome morning broke, I found that a great change had taken place out of doors. The fierce snow-storm had been the far-well of the frost, the heavy rain that followed had filled the roads with slushy and rapidly-thawing snow. I managed to extort some sort of a breakfast from my host; then, having recompensed him according to my promise—not his desert—started, as

soon as I could, on the bare back of my unfortunate steed for Midcombe, which place, after my night's experience, seemed gifted with merits not its own.

I was surprised upon leaving the house to find that it was of larger dimensions than, from the little I saw of it during the night, I had imagined. It was altogether a better class of residence than I had supposed. My surly friend accompanied me until he had placed me on the main road, where I could make no possible mistake. He was kind enough to promise to assist any one I might send out in getting the dog-cart once more under way. Then with a hearty wish on my part that I might never again meet with his like, we parted.

I found my way to Midcombe without much trouble. I took off my things, had a wash, and, like a sensible man for once, went to bed. But I did not forget to send a boy straight off to the nearest telegraph station. My message to Brand was a brief one. It simply said: "Tell your friend I have found his man." This duty done, I dismissed all speculation as to the result from my mind, and settled down to make up arrears of sleep.

I was surprised at the reply received that same evening from Brand. "We shall be with you as soon as we can get down to-morrow. Meet us at station." From this it was clear that my friend was wanted particularly—all the better! I turned to the time table and found that, owing to changes and delays, they could not get to C—the nearest station to Midcombe, until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I inquired about the crippled dog-cart. It had been brought in; so I left strict instructions that a shaft of some sort was to be rigged in time for me to drive over the next day and meet the doctor and his friend.

They came as promised. It was a comfort to see friends of any description, so I gave them a hearty welcome. Carriston took hold of both my hands, and shook them so warmly that I began to fear that I had discovered a long-lost father of his in my friend. I had almost forgotten the young fellow's appearance, or he looked a very different man to-day from the one I had seen when last we met. Then he was a wan, sensitive, romantic, poetical-looking sort of a fellow; now he seemed full of energy, vitality, and grit. Poor old Brand looked as serious as an undertaker engaged in burying his own mother.

Carriston began to question me, but Brand stopped him. "You promised I should make inquiries first," he said. Then he turned to me. "Look here, Richard"—when he calls me Richard I know he is fearfully in earnest—"I believe you have brought us down on a fool's errand; but let us go to some place where we can talk together for a few minutes."

I led them across the road to the Railway Inn. We entered a room, and having for the sake of appearances ordered a little light refreshment, told the waiter to shut the door from the outside. Brand settled down with the air of a cross-examining counsel. I expected to see him pull out a New Testament and put me on my oath.

"Now, Richard," he said, "before we go further I want to know your reasons for thinking this man, about whom you telegraphed, is Carriston's man, as you call him." "Reasons! Why of course he is the man. Carriston gave me his photograph. The likeness is undisputable—leaving the finger joint out of the question."

Here Carriston looked at my cross-examiner triumphantly. The meaning of that look I have never to this hour understood. But I laughed because I knew old Brand had for once made a mistake, and was going to be called to account for it. Carriston was about to speak, but the doctor waved him aside.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS DEBATE.

Last a Fortnight Usually—Favorable Time for Speaking.

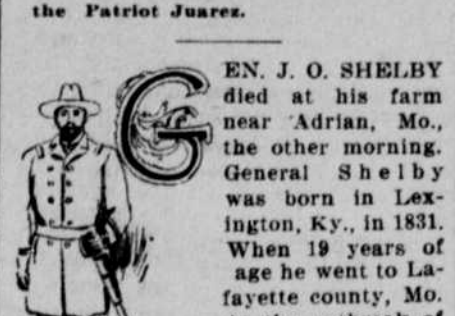
A big debate often lasts a fortnight—that is to say, it is carried on during the Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays of two weeks, the Wednesdays being usually devoted to the consideration of bills introduced by unofficial members, the Temple Bar. The order in which the leading members of the government and of the opposition speak is previously arranged by the whips of the different parties, and the speaker, being informed privately of the understanding, calls on these members in the order appointed, no matter how many small men may at the same time strive to catch his eye. A member of the opposition always follows in debate a member of the government. The opening of a sitting and toward its close, or before and after the "dinner hour"—that is, from 5 till 7 o'clock and from 10 till 12—are considered the best and most favorable times for speaking. It is during these periods of the sitting that the "big guns" on each side are brought into action. Under the rules of the house all opposed business must cease at 12 o'clock and the member who at that hour moves the adjournment of the debate has the right to open it the next evening. If a member of the government speaks last at night, the adjournment of the debate is moved by an opponent of the government, and vice versa; if a member of the opposition concludes his speech at midnight a supporter of the administration secures the advantage of resuming the debate on the following evening.

The smallest salary drawn by any national chief executive in the civilized world is that which the president of the republic of Andorra receives. It is \$1.50 a month, or \$18 a year.

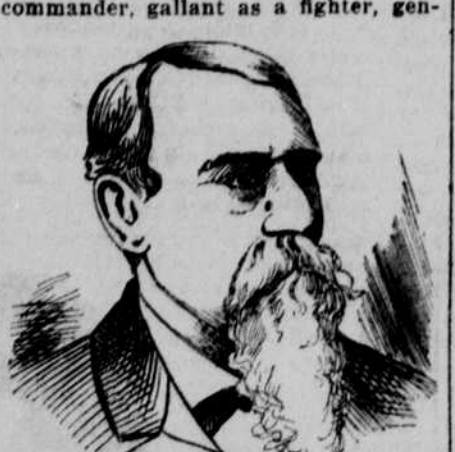
GEN. "JOE" SHELBY.

THE HERO OF MANY BATTLES RECENTLY PASSED AWAY.

After Being Left on the Field at the Close of the Civil War He Marched Into Mexico to Aid Maximilian Against the Patriot Juarez.



EN. J. O. SHELBY died at his farm near Adrian, Mo., the other morning. General Shelby was born in Lexington, Ky., in 1831. When 19 years of age he went to Lafayette county, Mo. At the outbreak of the Kansas border war, he espoused the southern side and went to Kentucky, where he raised a company of cavalry. He took the field in Kansas, and rendered great service to the pro-slavery settlers. When the civil war broke out, he joined General Price's command. Courage, courtliness and chivalry came to Shelby by inheritance. His grandfather was Isaac Shelby, the first governor of Kentucky, in whose days the fighting of Indians was a common occupation. His father was Col. James Shelby, who played a part at the battle of the Thames under William Henry Harrison, and came out of the war of 1812 with the luster of glorious deeds. General Shelby himself went into the rebellion as captain of the company he had raised himself and came out of the conflict with a major generalship and the admiration of friend and foe. Mistaken he may have been, but he was masterful as a commander, gallant as a fighter, gen-



MAJ.-GEN. JOSEPH O. SHELBY.

erous as a victor and admirable as a man. Once having accepted the verdict of the sword as final, he used his powerful influence with the unreconstructed element in Missouri, and was a great factor in restoring peace to this distracted commonwealth. Old foes forgave him his errors, and all Missourians swear by him. Shelby's Missouri division fought through Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. When hope became hopeless it was the last organized division of the confederate army west of the Mississippi. Shelby planned to continue the contest, but his men yearned for their homes and families. There was a dramatic separation on the field near Corsicana, Tex. There still remained with Shelby 500 hold troops, and they had an abundant supply of arms, ammunition and supplies. They determined to march into Mexico and become soldiers of fortune with Juarez or Maximilian. They marched to Waco and Austin in a well-disciplined band. Shelby was urged to seize the money in the confederate sub-treasury at San Antonio for his soldiers, but he was not a plunderer and hesitated. Texas bandits carried off the treasure before he reached San Antonio to protect it as he had protected public funds in Austin. Many exiles were awaiting Shelby at San Antonio. Among them were Generals Smith, Magruder, Hindman, Lyon of Kentucky, Laedbetter and Wilcox of Lee's army. Governor Murrah of Texas, Governor Morehead of Kentucky, Governor Allen of Louisiana, and Governor Trusten Polk of Missouri. Senator Harris of Tennessee and Senator Vest of Missouri were in that despairing company. From San Antonio Shelby led his band under military discipline to New Braunfels and thence to Eagle Pass on the Rio Grande. Crossing to Piedras Negras, the fugitive sold the cannon, the arms, the ammunition and the accoutrements to the supporters of Juarez among officers and men. Some Germans attempted to take advantage of a Mexican law and seize all of Shelby's horses having Mexican brands, and the treacherous Mexican soldiers supported them in the scheme. The confederate commander promptly sounded the call to mount horses, and the 500 Americans only awaited the word to begin a slaughter. The Germans fled and the Mexicans wilted. Shelby took a vote of his officers to determine whether they would cast their fortunes with Juarez, the Mexican patriot, or with Maximilian, the emperor sent to Mexico by Napoleon. They voted for Maximilian. The exiles buried their battle-scarred flag in the waters of the Rio Grande with tearful ceremonies and started for Monterey to join the French legions. At Monterey the command disbanded. Some went to Sonora to fight against Maximilian. Others went to California, British Honduras or Brazil. Shelby and a trusty band of 50 went to the City of Mexico and then settled in the Cordova colony of Carlota.

STRONG KINGS.

Rulers Who Have Been Famous for Their Physical Strength.

It is astonishing what a large number of kings and other rulers have been famous for their physical strength, says Tit-Bits. The late czar of Russia and the late German emperor were both remarkable for their strength of body. The latter, in fact, thought sufficiently well of his powers to oppose himself to a professional strong man, who wrestled with and defeated the monarch with difficulty.

Augustus II., elector of Saxony, was a man of immense strength. He once seized a monk who had concealed himself in the royal sleeping apartment by the waist and flung him out of the window into the court yard beneath.

Maurice, count of Saxony, a natural son of the above elector, was as noted as his father for his feats of strength. It needs no small amount of strength in the fingers to enable one to twist a long, thick nail into a spiral. This Maurice did and afterward used it as a cork-screw to open bottles of wine at a luncheon. At another time, while stopping at a farmer's to have his horses attended to, he broke half a dozen of the man's horseshoes by the strength of his hands like as many biscuits. That Maurice was equally strong in other parts of his body is shown by the following:

While traveling on foot in London he had an altercation with a dustman. The dispute developed into a quarrel, which the count terminated by seizing his adversary by the head and throwing him over his shoulder into the mud cart, which was standing near.

It is related of Dom Pedro I., emperor of Brazil, that while sailing in a small boat he suddenly seized hold of the two magnificently dressed chamberlains who accompanied him, lifted them out of the boat, one on each side, and ducked them in the sea. This was not done out of malice, but because it was carnival time and practical joking was the order of the day.

Scanderberg, king of Albania, was a giant in strength. From an early age he was in the habit of competing in feats of strength and skill with the Turkish nobles and was almost always victorious. He once in a fit of rage cut in two with one stroke of his sword two enemies who were brought to him bound together. The same powerful sword arm could cut in twain a man in complete armor.

METEORA QUITE HISTORIC.

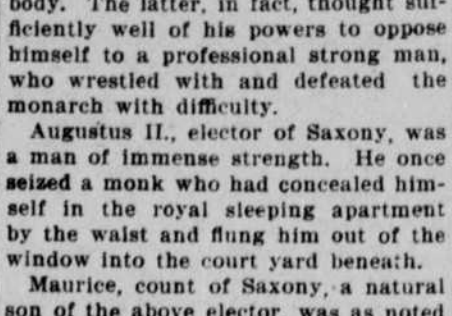
The Queen of Austria Will Seek Seclusion in Midair.

The empress of Austria, with a corps of scientists, will soon visit the home of the monks in northwest Thessaly, Greece. She will be doubled up on a net of stout rope and hoisted with a five centuries old windlass to the top of the rocky tower, a thousand feet high. There is no other way of reaching the place. The old-time hoisting apparatus, which has been in use for nearly 500 years, is simplicity itself, being constructed of heavy beams. The cylinder, as well as the lever, is made of wood, and the rope is likewise a home product of the monks. The traveler, after sitting in the net is made fast by sticks and boards. The pulling up process lasts five or ten minutes. When the car nears the summit, one of the monks grasps the rope with the crutch of his crozier and pulls it on to the landing place. Meteora, the name by which the settlement is known in history, means, literally translated, "floating in the air." The principal cloister is a tremendous structure, built after the manner of a place of defense, with bastions, towers, and mighty gates. The chapel is situated in the center of the courtyard, which has pil-

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A REVIEW OF THE FIRST QUARTER OF 1897.

Golden Text: "The Word of God Grew and Multiplied"—Acts 13:24—Bless, Progress and Loyalty of the Church of God.



Do thou assist a feeble worm The great engagement to perform; Thy grace our only assistance lend, And on that grace I dare depend.—Samuel Davies.

REVIEW SCHEME.

The theme The Apostolic Church. Our lessons give the history of the founding and early growth of that great institution upon earth, the Church of Christ.

I. The story takes us to four places. It opens at Bethany, on the Mount of Olives, with the ascension of Christ. Then we witness the establishment and growth of the pentecostal Church in Jerusalem. After the death of Stephen we see the Gospel spreading to Samaria and the close of the quarter finds it in Damascus. It began as a Jewish institution, we find it receiving Gentiles at the end, and shall observe still greater breadth in the coming lessons.

II. There are six important persons prominent in this history. 1. Peter the apostle, who appears in each lesson as the leader of the Church, its preacher, its ruling spirit, and its bold advocate. 2. Paul, whose meteoric career through the apostles into shadow; for it was unquestionably Stephen who opened the door of faith to the Gentiles. 4. Philip the evangelist, following in Stephen's footsteps, and preaching the Gospel for the first time outside the narrow bounds of Judaea. 5. The Ethiopian eunuch, a noble student of the Bible, the first fruits of a great harvest among the Gentiles. 6. Last of all, and destined to be the greatest of all, Saul the ardent first persecutor, then a believer, and soon to become a leader in the onward movement of the Church.

III. Each lesson shows us a distinct aspect of the Apostolic Church. In their order they are as follows: 1. A Praying Church (Lesson I). While the disciples were waiting for the promise of the Father they continued in prayer and supplication. Prayer is the life of the Church. 2. A Baptized Church (Lesson II). When the time had come, and the Church was ready, the baptism of the Holy Spirit fell upon its members, and they received power for their work. 3. A Revival Church (Lesson III). As a result of the descent of the Holy Spirit, under the preaching of Peter, a mighty revival broke out, and thousands were received into the Church. 4. A Miracle-working Church (Lesson IV). The healing of the lame man is only one of the many miracles of healing of the early Church. 5. A Christian Church (Lesson V). It possessed overflowing spiritual gifts. The bodily healings were an illustration of its spiritual power. Greater work was wrought in the Church through the name of Christ in the salvation of souls. 6. A Witnessing Church (Lesson VI). The members of the Church declared boldly that through the name of Christ these wonders had been wrought. 7. A Loving Church (Lesson VII). True loyalty is an ardent love for and fidelity to the state. The state which these men obeyed was the Kingdom of God. They obeyed the rulers of the nation only so far as was consistent with the higher law of the Kingdom of God. 8. A Triumphant Church (Lesson VIII). In the person of Stephen we see how the followers of Christ are victorious, not only over enemies, but even over death, by faith which sees the opened heavens and the heavenly throne. 9. A Spreading Church (Lesson IX). The Church is to destroy the Church only promotes its progress, for its disciples, scattered by persecution, planted the seed in distant fields. Instead of extirpating the Gospel from Jerusalem the enemies unconsciously plant the scattered seed in Samaria. 10. A Scriptural Church (Lesson X). Philip, in preaching to the Ethiopian, did what Peter had done before on the day of Pentecost: he preached the Gospel from the Scriptures and showed Jesus as their fulfillment. 11. A Transforming Church (Lesson XI). The persecutor was changed into Paul the apostle. Yet that which was wrought, repeated over and over again in the history of Christ's Church. 12. A Self-Denying Church (Lesson XII). While the follower of Christ is free to voluntarily deny himself his rights, and holds his desires under control for the Gospel's sake. These twelve traits of the Apostolic Church are characteristic of Christ's people in all ages, and show that the Church of to-day is in the true apostolical succession.

IV. The Queen of Austria will seek seclusion in Midair. The empress of Austria, with a corps of scientists, will soon visit the home of the monks in northwest Thessaly, Greece. She will be doubled up on a net of stout rope and hoisted with a five centuries old windlass to the top of the rocky tower, a thousand feet high. There is no other way of reaching the place. The old-time hoisting apparatus, which has been in use for nearly 500 years, is simplicity itself, being constructed of heavy beams. The cylinder, as well as the lever, is made of wood, and the rope is likewise a home product of the monks. The traveler, after sitting in the net is made fast by sticks and boards. The pulling up process lasts five or ten minutes. When the car nears the summit, one of the monks grasps the rope with the crutch of his crozier and pulls it on to the landing place. Meteora, the name by which the settlement is known in history, means, literally translated, "floating in the air." The principal cloister is a tremendous structure, built after the manner of a place of defense, with bastions, towers, and mighty gates. The chapel is situated in the center of the courtyard, which has pil-

DUG FROM A SNOW-BANK.

Man Located by Two Dogs, Which Saved Him from Death.

On the morning of Dec. 1, Frank Andreas was saved from an untimely death by his two noble dogs, says the Mountainhome (Idaho) Republican. He was on his way to the blacksmith shop, some distance from the mine, when he was caught by a big snowslide, which started about 200 feet up the mountain. He was carried quite a distance and lodged against the gulch and covered over with four feet of hard-packed snow. His two dogs, which are quarter St. Bernard, escaped the avalanche. They soon located their master and began to dig away the snow. By the faithful work of the dogs and the use of his left arm, which was fortunately in an upright position, Mr. Andreas soon gained a small opening, which enabled him to breathe. He declared that a few moments more and he would have been dead. One hour and a half of hard struggling and picking away the hard snow from his body and throwing it out of the opening made by the dogs brought a most welcome relief and one that will not soon be forgotten. The gulch proper was filled with snow ten feet deep for a distance of seventy-five feet.

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S TRIBUTE.

The school children of New Orleans are raising a fund of \$5,000 to erect a monument to John McDonough, who bequeathed more than a million dollars to New Orleans for educational purposes. The gift has resulted in the erection of more than thirty public school buildings, in which 18,000 children are at present enrolled. In each of these schools is a bronze bust of John McDonough, before which fresh flowers are placed every day. In further honor of his memory, the first Friday in May is observed by the school children as McDonough day.

A NOVEL ESCAPE.

It is said that in Yellowstone Park there is a fence which is composed entirely of horns of the elk, and includes over three hundred selected specimens. None of them have less than twelve and very many have fourteen points. They were gathered in June, 1855, by a party of gentlemen who found them during a four-days' hunt, all of them within a radius of ten miles of the Mammoth Hot Springs. Yellowstone Park contains nearly three thousand elk. They shed their horns in March, and during this time are very shy.