



WASHINGTON.

Welcome to the day returning,
Dearer still as ages flow,
While the torch of Faith is burning,
Long as Freedom's altars glow!
See the hero whom it gave us,
Slumbering on a mother's breast;
For the arm he stretched to save us,
Be its more forever blest!
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.



An Intimate View of Martha Washington.



HERE are few more charming spots than delightful old Mount Vernon, with its silent tomb, its quaint manston and its undulating acres on the banks of the broad Potomac.

But it was not to this mansion as it now stands that George Washington brought the admirable woman whom he married. Then the mansion was but two stories in height, with four rooms on each floor. Washington, who was fond of visiting here, inherited this place from his step-brother, Lawrence Washington.

Now approaching visitors are told when they set foot within the limit of the 8000 acres which were owned by George Washington, who himself described this estate as "in a high, healthy country, in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold, on one of the finest rivers in the world—a river well stocked with various fish at all seasons of the year, and in the spring with shad, herring, bass, carp, scurgeon, etc., in abundance. The borders of the estate are washed by more than ten miles of tidewater; several valuable fisheries appertain to it."

When at length Washington had taken a "fast, affecting and affectionate leave of his officers," other formalities being over, he prepared to settle down to delightful domesticity at Mount Vernon, he found that quietude was not for him. Seeing he had underrated his importance, he yielded to the inevitable and straightway planned to enlarge their dwelling, every line of it being approved by Mrs. Washington. There's the hall through the centre, with a splendid staircase. Opening out of it at the north are the west parlor and the music room. Beyond them is the state dining room, running the length of the north end of the house, and quite corresponding to the east room at the White House in Washington, D. C. From the south of the hall open the charming dining room (a west room) and the sitting room. Like the music room, it looks out upon the river. Beyond these, at the extreme south, is Washington's library (though some authorities say he had none and cared little for books). By a private stairway he could go up to his bed chamber above, a fine room, with two south windows and two dressing rooms. After the custom, this room was closed upon his death, and his widow removed to the attic room directly above, and from the dormer window of which she could see his tomb. And there she died.

Curved around from the mansion



MRS. LAWRENCE LEWIS (ELEANOR CUSTIS)
From the painting by Stuart.

away from the river are graceful colonnades, paved and roofed, which connect it with the offices at the north and the great kitchen at the south.

The gardener's domain and the butler's are still beyond.

Peculiarly enough, the kitchen reminds one of Lafayette. To begin at the beginning, Lafayette sent Washington a pack of French stag hounds, thinking in times of peace he would return to the pleasure of the chase. Vulcan was one of the most aggressive

of these animals, and distinguished himself by seizing a tempting ham which had been done to a turn in the great fireplace, and, in spite of the attack of tongues and pokers, bearing it off to his kennel. The General and the guests thought it amusing, but Martha Washington did not feel safe in her capacity as hostess until the hounds had been disposed of, and the splendid slopes, amid which is the simple but dignified tomb of herself and our first President, were stocked with beautiful deer.

Mrs. Washington had a passion for gardening and indulged in it not only at beautiful Mount Vernon, but even at such times as she joined her husband at his summer headquarters of the army, notably at Newburgh. To this day her favorite rose, among other plants, is propagated, and visitors to this Fairfax County paradise may carry away, for a consideration, a Martha Washington rose bush.

After Washington's death Martha Washington said: "Tis well all is now over; I have no more trials to go through." So the great law of compensation works through everything. She would have been glad enough to creep back to her White House plantation, after which the President's house was named, if she could have found John and Patsy Custis, the girl and boy she loved, waiting for her there.

To Jacky, Washington sent the letter informing his family that he had accepted the charge of the Colonial forces. He feared the effect of the news upon his wife. She, he knew, realized the task he was undertaking, but her ardent patriotism conquered her fears. "My heart is in the cause," she wrote to a friend. "George is right. He is always right." She may have been terrified by those booming guns at Cambridge, coming as she did from fifteen years' sweet seclusion at Mount Vernon, but under the guidance of his brave spirit she learned to look all hardships in

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

In a certain old Virginia family, where traditions have been garnered and kept as fragrant as the rose-leaves in the bowls of eighteenth century Waterford glass that adorn the low chimney-piece in the time-torn drawing rooms, Mrs. Washington is a vital memory. It is related that friends followed her rise on the arm of Washington with rounded and expectant eyes. Would she change for them and play the great lady on her summer visits to Mount Vernon? They had known her, a simple Southern housewife in the humblest of caps—a mob, crocking her sugar-loaf, directing the making of currant jelly or mulberry wine, and they eagerly awaited her coming after each step in her husband's advance toward the heights where the laurel leaves flash in the sunlight. But time made no change in her affections. She was faithful to all her early ties, and talked more to her neighbors of the affairs of her household than the affairs of the nation her husband was ruling. From the great coach, as it skirted the hill, she waved her hand to them, and when she tripped down its side steps it was to fall into their welcoming arms with tears and kisses. Washington, himself, was not expected to unbend to such a degree, and it is still whispered in Virginia that he did not even deem it correct to shake hands after he became President. A low court bow from the

waist was his excellency's greatest mark of favor. In thinking of the couple—and how few of us know them as more than shadowy names—we are apt in fancy to mold them into cold and austere beings; but they were not so. No man of the Revolution contracted firmer friendships than Washington did, and as for his Martha, her naturally warm heart was always going out to some one in secret. To that motherless young officer Alexander Hamilton she became so devoted that the Tory scribblers designated him as her "yellow tom-cat," and take, for instance, their mutual affection for the little son of Tobias Lebr. It has been frequently asserted that they had no liking for children; but old letters and papers prove that

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

In a certain old Virginia family, where traditions have been garnered and kept as fragrant as the rose-leaves in the bowls of eighteenth century Waterford glass that adorn the low chimney-piece in the time-torn drawing rooms, Mrs. Washington is a vital memory. It is related that friends followed her rise on the arm of Washington with rounded and expectant eyes. Would she change for them and play the great lady on her summer visits to Mount Vernon? They had known her, a simple Southern housewife in the humblest of caps—a mob, crocking her sugar-loaf, directing the making of currant jelly or mulberry wine, and they eagerly awaited her coming after each step in her husband's advance toward the heights where the laurel leaves flash in the sunlight. But time made no change in her affections. She was faithful to all her early ties, and talked more to her neighbors of the affairs of her household than the affairs of the nation her husband was ruling. From the great coach, as it skirted the hill, she waved her hand to them, and when she tripped down its side steps it was to fall into their welcoming arms with tears and kisses. Washington, himself, was not expected to unbend to such a degree, and it is still whispered in Virginia that he did not even deem it correct to shake hands after he became President. A low court bow from the

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and doing hissey-woolsey for her householdly duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!



FOX HUNTER'S EXPERIENCE.

Professor John F. Draughon, of Nashville, Tenn., who doubtless owns one of the best packs of fox hounds in this country, while talking with several fox-hunter friends recently, told some practical jokes on himself. What makes the stories more interesting is that Professor Draughon is a man of considerable means, being president of thirty business colleges, the biggest chain of business colleges in the world.

One of the stories related by Professor Draughon is as follows:

"Nashville people will remember that some months ago there was conducted in this city a very interesting religious revival—the Torrey-Alexander meeting. One day, during the progress of the meeting, I was asked by the pastor to take some of those conducting the meeting—persons from other cities—for an automobile ride, enabling them thus to see the places of interest in and about Nashville. I readily consented to the ride, and the necessary arrangements were soon made. I was introduced to those who were to accompany me, and even in the introductions my business may have been remotely referred to, but names and other details of introductions are oftentimes lost so far as future reference is concerned. Anyhow, all being ready, we started briskly on our excursion. One of the gentlemen sat on the front seat with me. Our conversation naturally dealt largely with automobiles, the gentleman asking me all about the machines. I told him all I knew, perhaps a great deal more; at any rate, it is likely that he thought I knew as much about automobiles as he knew about religion. Pretty soon he asked me how long I had been driving cars. I told him I had been driving cars about two years. He then asked me what cars I liked best. I told him I was then driving both a steamer and a four-cylinder gasoline, and as between the two, I had no special preference. He asked me if I had ever had any wrecks. I told him that I had had no serious trouble. Growing a little nervous, I sought to change the subject. I began to fear that my companions would become somewhat apprehensive, and this served to recall to me my first experience as an automobile driver.

"My first car was a second-hand one, purchased from our local telephone company. The company kindly volunteered to furnish a man who could and would show me all the intricacies of the car—its internal anatomy, its steering apparatus, etc.—and how to manipulate it. I invited Mr. Callouette, the gentleman who was to teach me on Monday, to go out with me on Sunday morning—knowing, of course, that I could not learn to drive a car on Sunday—and I also invited some of my friends to accompany us on this ride. We made a few trips up and down the Granny White Pike, and the running of the car seemed simple enough to me; in fact, it seemed to me to be as easy as the proverbial 'falling off a log.' The simplicity and ease with which it was run was so impressed upon me that I finally said to Mr. Callouette: 'That looks easy to me; let me try it.' He promptly changed seats with me, and I took hold of the steering wheel. We were then going downhill just beyond my home. As we began to ascend the next little 'rise,' Mr. Callouette said: 'Open your throttle. If you don't, you'll choke your engine down.' I pulled the throttle wide open, and immediately there was a very noticeable acceleration in our speed.

"We began going down the pike at a pretty good clip, when, just as we got in front of the Bible school, the car tipped over a ditch, into a wire fence, and rolled over against a telephone pole. Now, I am not positive as to which of two things that car wanted to do, enter the Bible school and enroll in a Sunday-school class or, from sheer force of habit, climb a telephone pole. Whichever it was, certain it is that the car was incapacitated for further service until it had been detained for some time in an automobile hospital. All the passengers escaped personal injury. One, however, needed a new derby hat.

"About the time we succeeded in getting from under the car, Mr. J. C. Synmes and Mr. John P. Davis came up at a very rapid rate, having seen from a distance that we were in trouble. One of these gentlemen interrogated me thus: 'Draughon, what in the world are you doing?' I replied: 'Don't get excited. It looks as if you could see what I am doing; but if you want to know what I have been trying to do, that's a different story. I've been trying this car to see if it could jump ditches and fences, while the chase is on, but I find it an inglorious failure in these particulars, for on the trial it turned over with us and tried to climb a telephone pole. It might, however, be good for coon hunting or for gathering permissives.'

"But back to my story. At the time the inquisitive gentleman of the evangelistic party was plying me with questions regarding my experience in driving cars, the remembrance of this narrow escape, of course, made me a little nervous, and I frequently tried to change the topic, even shift-

ing a time or two to the subject of religion; but the conversation would invariably revert to the original topic—automobiles. Again I gave, in answer to questions, every bit of information I possessed regarding automobiles in general, and particularly the car in which we were riding. But he pilled me once more. 'How much,' said he, 'do they pay you fellows down here for driving cars?' I replied: 'The size of the salary depends very largely on the amount of experience a man has had, the caution he exercises, and the skill he exhibits as a driver.'

"As I imparted this last bit of information to my questioner we were rapidly nearing the end of our journey. The skyscrapers and steeples, which but a few moments ago had seemed so far away, now looked directly down on us as we threaded our way through the tortuous thoroughfares of our city, and in a little while our evangelistic party were in the midst of the afternoon services in the great Auditorium, safe and sound in body and untrifledly fighting the hosts of sin. I am sure that if ever they come this way again and wish to take a safe automobile ride, they will call at the garage for the driver who wears plain, ordinary spectacles."

BREAKING IN A RHINOCEROS.

There is an old story about a man who had to have his arm amputated, and began by cutting off his fingers and then his hand, in order to get used to it before undertaking the larger job. It does not sound historically accurate, and may have grown up from a tale narrated by Richard Bell about a rhinoceros which was "broken in" to having his horn sawed off.

This animal, which lived in the London Zoo, was troubled by its horn, which grew down in front of its mouth, so that only with difficulty could it eat or drink. To save its life the keeper decided on amputation. The horn of the rhinoceros is not a horn at all, but an accumulation of hair and skin which has hardened and become cemented together by some gummy substances. The owner of this one had a very touchy temper and was not easily approached. Its keeper, however, decided to try what he could do.

For some days it required all his skill to persuade the beast to come to the front of the cage and put its horn through. Then for some days he stroked the horn—much to the animal's disgust at first, although later it seemed to like it. When it found he meant no harm it let him take the horn in his left hand, and then with the right imitate the motion of a saw across it.

When this had been done some time, and the rhinoceros no longer minded it, a piece of wood was held in the right hand, and at last, whenever this no longer worried the animal, a real saw was brought in and the horn cut off—without the slightest remonstrance from the owner of it.—Youth's Companion.

ing a time or two to the subject of religion; but the conversation would invariably revert to the original topic—automobiles. Again I gave, in answer to questions, every bit of information I possessed regarding automobiles in general, and particularly the car in which we were riding. But he pilled me once more. 'How much,' said he, 'do they pay you fellows down here for driving cars?' I replied: 'The size of the salary depends very largely on the amount of experience a man has had, the caution he exercises, and the skill he exhibits as a driver.'

"As I imparted this last bit of information to my questioner we were rapidly nearing the end of our journey. The skyscrapers and steeples, which but a few moments ago had seemed so far away, now looked directly down on us as we threaded our way through the tortuous thoroughfares of our city, and in a little while our evangelistic party were in the midst of the afternoon services in the great Auditorium, safe and sound in body and untrifledly fighting the hosts of sin. I am sure that if ever they come this way again and wish to take a safe automobile ride, they will call at the garage for the driver who wears plain, ordinary spectacles."

BREAKING IN A RHINOCEROS.

There is an old story about a man who had to have his arm amputated, and began by cutting off his fingers and then his hand, in order to get used to it before undertaking the larger job. It does not sound historically accurate, and may have grown up from a tale narrated by Richard Bell about a rhinoceros which was "broken in" to having his horn sawed off.

This animal, which lived in the London Zoo, was troubled by its horn, which grew down in front of its mouth, so that only with difficulty could it eat or drink. To save its life the keeper decided on amputation. The horn of the rhinoceros is not a horn at all, but an accumulation of hair and skin which has hardened and become cemented together by some gummy substances. The owner of this one had a very touchy temper and was not easily approached. Its keeper, however, decided to try what he could do.

For some days it required all his skill to persuade the beast to come to the front of the cage and put its horn through. Then for some days he stroked the horn—much to the animal's disgust at first, although later it seemed to like it. When it found he meant no harm it let him take the horn in his left hand, and then with the right imitate the motion of a saw across it.

When this had been done some time, and the rhinoceros no longer minded it, a piece of wood was held in the right hand, and at last, whenever this no longer worried the animal, a real saw was brought in and the horn cut off—without the slightest remonstrance from the owner of it.—Youth's Companion.

STRANGE SEA TALE.

A strange tale of the sea was given by the captain of the British steamer Kiburn, which arrived at Yokohama on October 4. When the ship, laden with coal, was passing down the Red Sea on her way to Japan, she went ashore on the Arabian coast, where she was ransacked by about 200 Arabian pirates. They made away with the personal belongings of the crew, the ship's furniture, even some of the portholes, riggings, tackles—everything that was movable—after which they took the crew captive, except the captain, of whom they demanded a heavy ransom. The captain, to save his head, parted with about \$500. Later a few of the British sailors escaped from the pirates and applied for protection to the Turkish government, which eventually conducted them to a place of safety. Subsequently the Turkish government dispatched a warship to the scene of the wreck, but the pirates had long since deserted the place.

FIGHT WITH LUNATIC.

Fighting a supposed lunatic for an hour and eventually wresting a knife from his grasp was the thrilling experience of Miss O'Connor, the twenty-year-old operator for the Monroe County (Iowa) Telephone Company.

Miss O'Connor was alone when a stranger entered and asked to talk with some one in Pella. Pella answered that no such person lived there, whereupon the stranger broke into a torrent of oaths. Miss O'Connor ordered the man away, and then he grabbed her around the waist and drew a knife. The girl fought with superhuman strength, finally secured the knife and the man vanished in the darkness.

When help arrived Miss O'Connor lay in a dead faint, with her hands bleeding from the knife wounds received in the struggle.

MADE A FLYING RESCUE.

J. G. Holloway, a fireman on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, running on a freight train between Evansville, Ind., and Nashville, Tenn., made a heroic rescue of a three-year-old girl.

As his train turned a curve near Sebree, Ky., the child was noticed on the track playing with her doll. She was only a few yards in front of the engine. The engineer quickly reversed the brakes and the fireman crawled out upon the cowcatcher, and, holding on with one hand, picked up the child with the other. The child was unharmed.

His name will be presented for a Carnegie medal.—New York World.



MARTHA WASHINGTON.
—The Portrait by Edward Savage.