

THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMAN.

One of the Hardest Worked and Least Appreciated of Employees.

It is doubtful if there is a man on the train who is less appreciated than the fireman. The public shakes heads with the conductor who has charge of the train, thanks the brakeman for many little courtesies, bows to the baggage master who looks after its luggage in transit—perhaps, if it is a masculine public, swears at him—trusts its valuables with the express messenger and talks long and loud of the "brave engineer," but the fireman—he who bends to his work and feeds the fire that makes the steam—is never mentioned. Sometimes a purse is made up for the engineer. No one ever heard of the fireman getting a purse, but the records show that he has performed as many deeds of valor as the engineer. Again, if the train leaves the track or goes into another train, the fireman has fewer chances to escape than any man on the train, except perhaps the mail clerk, shut up like a rat in a cage.

When the fireman is at work, and that is nearly all the time when the wheels are turning, he stands stooped over, shoveling in the fuel or raking the coals in the firebox. His view ahead is obstructed, and he cannot see the danger that may be dashing upon him. The rattle and roar of the machinery may drown the engineer's warning call—a crash—the tender pins him to the boiler head, and he dies a horrible death. Standing in the narrow gangway peering ahead, a sudden lurch around a curve may throw him off. Instances have been known when the coupling between the engine and the tank parted, and the fireman dropped between them to be ground to pieces. The records show that more firemen than engineers are killed in railroad wrecks.

General Gallifet is the most popular military personage in France. He commanded a battalion of the Versailles army during the Commune, and it is said to be owing to his energy that the insurrection was put down.

Dr. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, is the owner of the famous portrait of Robert Browning painted by Moscheles. It was the most satisfactory portrait ever made of the poet, not only to his family and friends, but also to Mr. Browning himself.

Mme. Lehmann says that her doctors will not allow her to sing in opera at all next season.

Ann Hathaway's cottage has become the property of the English nation. The price paid was \$3,000.

Ada Melrose declares that she has never missed or delayed a performance for any reason during her entire career on the stage.

Arthur Wallack, one of the sons of the late Lester Wallack, contemplates a short tour in three light comedies once in his father's repertory.

It is said that there are not 100 actors and actresses worth \$100,000. Joseph Jefferson and Joseph Murphy are the richest actors. Lotta is the richest actress.

Mary Anderson continues to enjoy absolute ease and quiet at her picturesque home in Tunbridge Wells, England. There has been a revival of the rumor that she contemplates returning to the stage.

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William B. Hincks and Benjamin Fish, executors of the estate of P. T. Barnum, have filed in the probate court, Bridgeport, an account of the first year of their stewardship. The estate shows a gain in value of nearly \$200,000. When they assumed charge its total value, according to the inventory, was \$4,279,532.

The Telephone Fifty Years Ago. The first telephone that was ever used was not electrical, nor was it a scientific instrument in any sense of the term. A little more than 50 years ago the employees of a large manufactory beguiled their leisure hours by kites flying. Kites large and small went up daily, and the strife was to see who could get the largest. The twine which held them was the thread spun and twisted by the ladies of the village. One day to the tail of the largest kite was attached a kitten sewed in a canvas bag, with a netting over the mouth to give it air. When the kite was at its greatest height—200 feet or more—the mewing could be distinctly heard by those holding the string. To the clearness of the atmosphere was attributed the hearing of the kitten's voice. This is the first account we remember of speaking along a line.—Sheffield Telegraph.

How to Take a Turkish Bath. It is not unusual to hear complaints that the Turkish bath has induced considerable depression, or even exhaustion, lasting perhaps several days, but the cause of this is that proper precautions have not been taken by the bather. The baths must be adapted to the strength of the patient. The bather should not stay too long in the hot chamber, and the bracing process should be applied only a few seconds with water not very cold. Twenty minutes is long enough for most persons to remain in the hot chamber, and a safe rule is to leave at the first symptoms of faintness or fatigue.—Exchange.

Gladstone's Perorations. Perorations are Mr. Gladstone's strongest point. He may confuse his audience with figures, overwhelm them with words, but when the time comes for him to round off his speech, and when his voice, dropping in volume, takes on the magnetic thrill that has helped to make its owner a power in England, then the audience mentally rises to meet the orator to the outgoing thrill comes back an echoing answer of emotion, and the great master of words sits down amid a storm of applause.—St. James Gazette.

Where Amethysts Are Found. The shores of the picturesque basin of Minas, made famous by Longfellow's poem "Evangeline," furnish many fine specimens of the amethyst. After the frosts of winter have broken and scaled the face of the bluffs, then is the most favorable time to hunt not only for the amethyst, but for other minerals, such as chalcodony, agate, malachite, calcite, ancoline, apatite, natrolite, etc., found there in the debris at the foot of the cliffs.—Minerals.

Chance For Heroism. Adorer (anxiously)—What did your father say? Sweet Girl—Oh, he got so angry I was afraid to stay and listen. He's in a perfectly terrible rage. Go in and appease him.—New York Weekly.

CHOS ABOUT MEN.

Rider Haggard thinks Egypt the most interesting and the least explored country in the world.

The writings of Mr. Gladstone fill two or two pages of the British museum printed catalogue.

Dr. James McCobb, late president of Princeton college, is now engaged in completing his literary works.

James Whitcomb Riley has found lecturing so remunerative that he does hardly any literary work now.

Madison Caswell, well known as one of the promising younger American poets, is an accountant in a business house at Louisville.

General Longstreet is writing a book of war tales in which he himself prominently figures. It will be entitled "A Soldier Under Two Flags."

One of the sights of the Bois de Boulogne in Paris is the spectacle of the English ambassador, Lord Dufferin, on his bicycle, accompanied by his son and an escort of attaches of the embassy.

General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, upon whom fortune has smiled but charily since the war, has recently acquired an interest in a Mexican silver mine that promises rich developments.

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BEHIND THE SCENES.

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TURF TOPICS.

The fastest mile run over the Memphis track was 1:42 1/2, by Ethel, during the late meeting.

Hal Pointer and Direct will meet at Washington park during the Northwestern Breeders' meeting.

Buffalo Girl, 2:12 1/2, and Direct have been mated. The foal will have an average speed inheritance of 2:09 1/2.

A. V. Pantlind, 2:20, by Hamlet, was sold the other day for \$160. He was speedy in his day, but a little faint hearted.

Governor Flower, of New York, has signed the bill to make it a criminal offense to tap the telegraph and telephone wires. This is a safeguard to the city poolrooms.

Charley Patterson, the driver of Twist and other well known Kentucky trotters, has become a knight of the pigskin, and will hereafter try his fortunes with the gallopers.

Conqueror, the horse that trotted 100 miles in the year 1853 in 8 hours, 55 minutes and 51 seconds, was sired by a son of Imp. Bellfounder, and out of a mare by the same horse.

Senator Stanford, of California, has three horses that he could probably sell for \$300,000, and could dispose of another \$400,000 worth and scarcely miss them off the ranch and then have \$1,000,000 worth left.

AROUND THE THRONES.

The queen of Portugal invariably sits by her husband while he does all his work.

The oldest reigning sovereign is Christian IX, king of Denmark. He is seventy-three years of age and has reigned twenty-eight years. Queen Victoria is the next oldest.

In many princely German families every male who is born is christened by the hereditary name. The result of this peculiar custom may be illustrated by the fact that in the reigning house of Rous the Henrys run up to Henry LXIX.

It may not be generally known that it was to the Empress Eugenie that Mile. Bonheur owed almost the first recognition of her talents, and it was from the empress' hand that the artist received her highly prized decoration of the Legion of Honor.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria is little renowned for anything save his huge collection of dressing gowns. He has a perfect mania for this kind of useful garment, and has paid as much as 100 guineas for an embroidered robe made up for him in Paris.

FAITH AND REASON.

Two travelers started by a boat. With trust and faith they sailed. One was a man with a good brain. And one a gentle creature. They joined their boats and sailed to be companions for a season. The gentle maiden's name was Faith. The other man's was Reason.

He sought all knowledge from this world. And every world near by. All matter and all mind were his. But hers was only spirit. If any stars were missed from heaven. His telescope could find them. But while he only found the stars. She found the soul behind them.

He sought for truth above, below. All hidden things revealing. She only sought it womanly. And found it in her feeling. He said: "This earth's a rolling ball." And so doth science prove it. He but discovered that it moves. She found the strings that move it.

He reads with gossamer eye. The record of the ages. Unfolding strata, he translates. Earth's wonder written pages. He digs around a mountain base. And measures with a plummet. She leaps it with a single bound. And stands upon the summit.

He brings to light the secret force. In nature's labyrinth lurking. And binds it to his onward car. To do his mighty working. He sends his message o'er the earth. For Faith has entered in with God. She sendseth hers to God himself. Who binds his ear to listen.

All things in science, beauty, art. In common they inherit; But he has only clasped the form. While she has clasped the spirit.

He tries from earth to forge a key. To open the gate of heaven. That key is in the maiden's heart. And back its bolts are driven. They part. Without her all is dark. His knowledge vain and hollow. For Faith has entered in with God. Where Reason may not follow.

—Elizabeth York Case in Home and Country.

The First American Bible. In 1633 the first Bible printed in America was published in Cambridge. It was unlawful to print an English version of the Scriptures, that right being a monopoly enjoyed by privilege and patent in England. The one printed in Massachusetts was Eliot's famous "Indian Bible," and although 1,500 copies were struck off they are quite rare, and "sealed books," as the tongue in which they are written is literally a "dead language," the tribe and all who had a knowledge of the dialect being long extinct.

Eliot's work is unique, being at once a monument to his piety, perseverance and learning. His literary successor was Newman's "Concordance of the Scriptures." This was compiled by the light of pine knots in a log cabin in one of the frontier settlements of Massachusetts. It was the first of its kind, and for more than a century was admitted to be the most perfect, holding its place in public esteem until superseded by Cruden's, which it suggested.—Philadelphia Record.

Meaning of the Word "Either." The legal meaning of the word "either" has been gravely argued in an English court of record. A certain testator had left property, the disposition of which was affected by the "death of either" of two persons. One lawyer insisted that "either" meant both, and in support of his views he quoted Richardson, Webster, Chaucer, Dryden, Southey, the story of the crucifixion and a passage from Revelation. The judge suggested that there was a song in "The Beggar's Opera" which took another view. "How happy I could be with either, were 't other dear charmer away."

In pronouncing judgment the court ruled that "either" meant one of two, and did not mean both. He said that it might have that meaning occasionally in poetry, but never in an English court of record.—Exchange.

An Unexplorable French Pit. The wonderful pit of Crens de Souci in France is situated in a sheet of recent basalt on the south side of the Puy de Montchal. The opening is 82 feet in diameter and 88 feet deep, but at that depth a hole about 10 feet wide communicates with a hollow 70 feet deep, at the bottom of which is a stagnant pool overlaid with carbonic acid, which forbids access to the water surface. The interior is a vast hollow, apparently formed in the basalt when semifluid, by an explosion of volcanic gas. The temperature falls from 54 degrees Fahrenheit in the open air to 34 degrees near the water.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Odd Echoes. In a cave in the Pantheon, the guide, by striking the flaps of his coat, makes a noise equal to that produced by firing a 12-pound cannon. In the cave of Snellin, near Viborg, Finland, a stone thrown down a certain abyss makes a reverberating echo which sounds like the dying wail of some wild animal.—Exchange.

Smuggling Mushrooms by Mail. An odd kind of smuggling is the sending of mushrooms by mail from Italy. They are of a peculiar kind, dried and are much relished by natives of that country in the United States. They come in small bags and are easily distinguished by smell.—Cor. Boston Transcript.

The soil of the state of Colorado in the irrigable parts is largely of disintegrated rock which is a perfect powder, highly susceptible to any vegetation it comes in contact with when heat and moisture are sufficient to insure the abortion of fertilizers.

Shellfish sometimes cause an itching skin eruption. Nausea, vomiting and giddiness are sometimes the indications that they disagree with those who partake of them.

Burton, when out of spirits, would go to the Thames, sit on the steps leading to the water and find pleasure in listening to the stories of the bargemen.

Kites rise against, not with, the wind. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.—John Neal.

It is said the city of Pittsburg now stands on ground once given in exchange for a volcano.

The "Animals' Mass."

"I spent the Christmas holidays in the Cevennes mountains," said Artist Grant Stewart of London at the Southern yesterday. "I was sketching the peasants, and on New Year's eve I was invited to attend the 'animals' mass.' The church is a miserably poor, little lichen covered pile, slowly crumbling to pieces. The old bell in the steeple is cracked and gives forth an unnatural sound. However, on New Year's eve the mountaineers, all dressed in their holiday attire, gather at the little church, and, each one holding a lighted candle in their hands, chant an old Cevennes hymn to the effect that night is more beautiful than morning. Then comes the celebration of the mass. There is nothing unusual about that, but when the 'Te igitur' is pronounced the priest again raises the host and chants the 'Magnificat' and proceeds to the door, followed by the entire congregation.

"Meanwhile all the oxen, cows, sheep and goats in the parish have been driven before the open portals of the church. As the priest appears the drivers and shepherds fall on their knees and an altar boy goes in among the cattle, sprinkling them all with holy water. Excited by the ceremony, the animals have all risen to their feet, and the venerable curate blesses them. The mass is ended in a loud hosanna, in which every voice—including the bellowing of the animals—is blended, and on New Year's morning the hills are as quiet and peaceful as though the animals had never been blessed."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A New German Field Gun. The new German field gun might be described as an enlarged rifle, for that is what it really is. The ammunition, like rifle cartridges, consists of one piece only. Ignition is produced by a ready fuse, and the four kinds of projectiles at present in use—i. e., shell, explosive shell, shrapnel and grapeshot—give place to a uniform projectile, an explosive shell possessing the combined characteristics of shell and shrapnel. Thus the possibility of a gunner mistaking in the heat of battle one projectile for another will be averted, while the loading, aiming and firing besides being quicker—for the new arm is loaded and fired in one-third of the time required in working the old gun, and the effect and precision are almost double—will be surer and unattended with danger.

The barrel of the new gun is made of cast steel, with a caliber of 8 centimeters, and the total weight of the gun, limber and carriage is slightly less than that of the old artillery weapon. Being lighter, the mobility of the new gun will of course be considerably increased. The limber and gun carriage are made of iron and iron plates. The limber box is open behind near the gun when in action. The advantage of this innovation is that the projectiles can be served out from the limber and ammunition wagon with greater rapidity. Another important feature is that the carriage is supplied with a brake, which counteracts the recoil, the process of loading and firing being thus simplified.—London Court Journal.

When Choosing a Wife. If I were asked by a young man or a young woman how to be guided in the choice of a life mate, I should, in the exercise of a judgment based on wide and studious observation, say: Choose that person who, after a reasonable period of association, proves to be most companionable. This broad law comprehends nearly all others that can be suggested. It were infinitely better to be single through life than marry one who would not answer to this condition. Speaking somewhat narrowly and selfishly, contentment is the most that can be got out of life, and when a contented couple is found it will also be discovered that they exhibit manifestly opposite characteristics of temperament, habit, taste and physique.

It is upon this fixed foundation that happy affinities are formed. It is an important doctrine in medical jurisprudence that "like cures like"—which is only another way for saying that like kills like—and it is equally true in the social realm that companionship is not felt between young men and young women who are closely similar in general appearances or disposition. On the contrary, it arises and leads to happy unions between persons who are often widely dissimilar.—J. L. Payne in Ladies' Home Journal.

Using the Hand in Counting. The natives of Erroob and some of the Cape Yorks of Australia have words for "one," "two" and "three," but for "four" they say "the whole." In western Australia they have words for "one," "two," "three" and "four," while the word for "five" means "the fingers being on one hand," and "ten" "being on two hands."

One author gives a word for "fifteen"—"mehr-in-bell-bell-gudgir-jura-banga," the exact meaning of which is "the fingers on the hand on either side and half the feet." The Lower Murray nations have words for "one" and "two" only; for "five" they say "one hand," for "ten" two hands. Very few Australian tribes can count beyond "four," their terms for "five" merely implying a large number.—Chicago Mail.

Octagonal Shafts. Speaking of broken shafts, a correspondent suggests that shafts might be made octagonal and hexagonal instead of round, outside of bearings, and a number of sleeves in half sections could be carried to be applied to cover any break and bolted together, which would make a strong joint. The idea seems founded upon solid sense.—Marine Journal.

Trouble in the Fly. "What's the matter?" asked the stage manager, who noticed that something was going wrong toward the end of "Hamlet."

"It's the first grave digger," said Horatio. "He says unless you give him the price of a good meal at once he's going to cut the loaf of bread they're using for Jerick's skull."—Exchange.

HUMOR.

THAT LETTER.

The Head of the Family Thought It Wasn't Just the Thing.

Some people readily forget that they were ever young, and never recognize the fact that history is apt to repeat itself in individual humanity as well as in wide masses.

The parents stood gazing with frowning brows at their daughter, while she was trembling and weeping. Their frowns deepened as the mother wiped her glasses preparatory to reading a letter found in the girl's pocket. It began:

"Angel of my existence"— "What?" cried the old man, "you don't mean to say it begins like that? Oh, that a child of mine should correspond with— But pray proceed, my dear."

"Existence" spelled with an 'a' too," added the mother.

"Why, the lunatic can't spell," said the old man.

"It is impossible for me to describe the joy with which your presence has filled me."

"Then why does he attempt it, the donkey? But pray don't let me interrupt you. Go on, go on; let joy be unconfined."

"I have spent the whole night in thinking of you"— "That's picturesque, anyhow,"— "and in bitterly deriding the obstinate, disagreeable old buffer, who will not consent to our union."

"Great Scott! So I'm obstinate, disagreeable and an old buffer, eh? Oh, let me get at him!"

"But, Theodoros, my dear," interrupted the old lady.

"Yes, yes—one moment. I was about to observe that the hand that could pen such words would not hesitate to poison the most cherished relative."

"Theodoros, I didn't see this over the leaf."

"Eh? Let me see, Hum"— "Yours, with all the love of my heart,"— "10th May, 1860. THEODOROS."

"Why, bless my eyes, it's one of my letters." (Sensation.)

"Yes, pa," explained the olive branch; "I found it yesterday—only you wouldn't let me speak."

"You may go into the garden, dear. Hem! we've made a nice mess of it,"— London Tit-Bits.

"Sae Muckle to Brag About!" One night in the commercial room of a hotel in one of our large towns some travelers were talking over the state of trade when one young man began to boast of the large orders he had booked.

An old Scotchman interrupted him, saying: "Na, na, mon; you've din naethin of the kind."

The young man very angrily retorted, "I'm a liar then?"

The old Scotchman replied, "Weel, that's nae muckle to brag about."

The room was convulsed with laughter.—Spare Moments.

What It Was. A gentleman found himself one evening in delightful tete-a-tete with a fair graduate of a well known finishing school for young ladies. She showed him the curriculum of the institution, and he, after simulating a profound interest in the matter and knowledge of the subjects, being in reality awed by the evidence of her large mental stature, asked her rather hesitatingly, with reference to the various courses of study, in what she had graduated. "Oh," she said sweetly, "I graduated in white Swiss."—Chichest Times-Star.

Callio as a Sailor. "My watch had dropped to the bottom of the sea. We were off the coast of Greenland. I dived, picked up my watch, but the ice had closed again overhead, and there was no getting through. To swim around would have been too long. I shouted with the rattle of a Stentor, 'Throw me a saw!' They threw me down one; I began to saw the ice, but the sawdust got in my eyes."—Aurelien Scholl.

Unfailing Symptom. "Judging from the dress and general appearance of that couple that has just got aboard, it's a case of bride and bridegroom. They are starting on a wedding tour."

"That may be, but they've both been married before."

"How do you know?" "Can't you see she's carrying all the bundles?"—Chicago Tribune.

Mute Eloquence. "Madam, the young lady to whom you introduced me hasn't a word to say."

"But she has a hundred thousand marks in her own right!" "Ah! certainly that speaks volumes!"—Dantes Allerlei.

Shopping by Proxy. "I'm going down town to shop a little. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes. Look in my basket drawer and you'll find my pocket book and 25 dollars and spend it for me."

"What shall I buy?" "Oh, anything."—Harper's Bazar.

