

A FIREMAN'S BRAVE DEED.

How He Rescued A Little Girl From Drowning.

"Some years ago," said a gray-haired veteran in railroad, "we received a new locomotive on our road of very peculiar pattern, being equipped with many new patents, whereby great speed was to be obtained. I was superintendent of the road then and determined to take it out myself on a special schedule and ascertain if the new ideas were practical. I picked out a first class engineer and fireman to accompany me. The latter was 6 feet tall and built in proportion. Well, the locomotive proved to be all the builders claimed for her and ran the record up to 64 miles an hour, which is quite a speed for our road, being possessed of many sharp curves and grades.

"When the engine was going her best and had just rounded a sharp curve, I noticed directly ahead of me a little girl half way across a single track bridge that spanned quite a body of water. There was no room for us both on the structure, and in despair I pulled the whistle and tried, although I knew it was a hopeless task to stop the engine. As the shrill shriek of the whistle reached the little girl's ears she turned, and seeing the engine bearing down upon her ran ahead a few steps, and then, realizing the impossibility of reaching the other side before the engine would be upon her she sprang to the side of the structure and with a scream jumped into the deep water 20 feet below.

"As the little girl's form sank beneath the water another figure whistled through the air. It was that big fireman of mine. He had seen the child simultaneously with me, and acting instantly had jumped down between the engine and tender and as the girl sprang into the water he leaped after her. Owing to the velocity of the train his body whirled around like a ball before he struck the water. My fireman had hardly disappeared under the water than the girl was seen several yards in front of him, but he quickly came to the surface and struck out after her. The little thing went down a second time, but as she rose my fireman was by her side, and grasping her firmly managed to reach the shore almost exhausted. We immediately deserted the special and rushed down to the bank of the river and yelled encouragement to the brave fellow. As he came out, puffing like porpoise, we gave him three cheers and a tiger, and he only replied to it with the remark, "Christopher Columbus, but that water is cold."

SHE BECAME A SULPHIDE.

Sad Fate of a Charming Young Lady who Used Cosmetics.

It is well-known fact that the constant use of cosmetics has an injurious effect upon the skin, and sometimes leads to paralysis. People who use them may not, perhaps, fare as well as did the lady mentioned in this amusing anecdote:

A celebrated Parisian belle, who had acquired the habit of whitewashing herself, so to speak, from the soles of her feet to the roots of her hair, with chemically prepared cosmetics, one day took a medicated bath. On emerging from it, she was horrified to find herself as black as an Ethiopian. The transformation was complete. Her physician was sent for in alarm and haste. On his arrival he laughed immoderately, and said—

"Madam you are not ill; you are a chemical product. You are no longer a woman, but a sulphide. It is not a question of medicinal treatment, but of a simple chemical reaction. I shall subject you to a bath of sulphuric acid, diluted with water. The acid will have the honor of combining with you; it will take up the sulphur; the metal will produce a sulphate, and we shall find as a precipitate a very pretty woman."

The good-natured physician went through with his reaction, and the belle was restored to her membership with the white race. Young ladies who are ambitious of snowy complexions should remember this, and be careful what powders and cosmetics they use—it may use any at all.

The Pocket Handkerchief.

An interesting historical study on the pocket-handkerchief has just appeared in a German magazine. It appears that mankind is indebted to Italy for the introduction of that modest but indispensable accessory to civilization. According to the writer, the use of the pocket-handkerchief was unknown in society until about the first half of the sixteenth century. About the year 1540, an unknown Venetian lady first conceived the happy idea of carrying a "fazzoletto," and it was not long before her example was widely followed throughout Italy. The handkerchief then crossed the Alps into France, where its use was immediately adopted by the lords and ladies of Henry II's court. The handkerchief of that period was an article of the greatest luxury. It was made of the most costly fabrics, and was ornamented with the rarest embroideries. In the reign of Henry III, it began to be perfumed, and received the name of "mouchoir de Venus." It was not until 1580 that the handkerchief made its way into Germany, and then its use was long confined to princes and persons of great wealth. It was made the object of sumptuary laws, and an edict published at Dresden in 1595 forbade its use by the people at large. Slowly but surely, however, the vulgarization of the pocket-handkerchief has been accomplished, and to day even the humblest is superior in one important respect to Petrarca and Laura—Dante and Beatrice, who—it is somewhat painful to think—lived in a pre-handkerchief age.

A Nautical Wedding.

At a recent sailors' wedding in London, where the groom and the best man were admirals, the bride was attended by a boat's crew of pretty bridesmaids, dressed in charming nautical costumes. These were of white cloth, with coat bodies faced with moire silk and trimmed with naval gold lace, and having heavy gold bullion epaulettes. Long moire sashes, edged with the Union Jack colors, and white navy regulation caps, with the rear-admiral's flag in front, completed the toilets.

It was the first time that little Bessie had ever seen a snake, and as it writhed along she ran into the house breathless with her discovery. "Oh, mamma, come quick!" she cried. "Here's a tail wagging without any dog."

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SPEAKING WITHOUT TONGUES.

Prof. Huxley Says the Thing is Not at all Impossible.

Can we speak without a tongue? Prof. Huxley says yes. Persons suffering from cancer frequently lose their tongues and discover they cannot only talk as well as formerly, but also that their sense of taste is not impaired. The letters d and t are the only ones which, as a rule, those deprived of their tongue find any difficulty in pronouncing properly, and such letters are frequently turned into f's, p's, v's, th's. Many instances are on record of the speaking powers of tongueless persons. In 481 A. D. sixty christian confessors had their tongues cut out by order of Hunnerio, but in a short time some of them went out preaching again. Pope Leo III. is said to have suffered similar mutilation and to have regained his speech. Sir John Malcolm tells of one Zai Khan, who had his tongue cut out and who recovered his speech enough to tell the physician how it happened. Margaret Cutting was examined before the Royal Society of England in 1742. She had not a vestige of tongue remaining and yet "discussed as fluently and well as others." The tongue actually appears unnecessary to the development of speech.

He Doubled It.

Not long ago a resident of one of the small towns near New York came to the city to consult an eminent oculist, whose fee for a consultation is never less than ten dollars. He was rather green in appearance, so the doctor, who is something of a wag, and who was in particularly fine spirits that morning, thought he saw an opportunity to have a little fun at the expense of his rural visitor.

In the course of the examination a prism was placed before the eye of the patient in order to test the muscles. "Why, doctor, he exclaimed, I see two candles!"

"Indeed?" replied the doctor. "You are very fortunate."

"How so?"

"Why, just think what an advantage you have over the rest of us! You see everything double, and beautiful pictures, charming landscapes, and lovely faces are all repeated to you, and you must get just so much more pleasure out of them."

When the examination was concluded, and the prescription for the proper glasses written, the man, without a smile, laid a five-dollar bill on the table, with the remark, "There, doctor—there's ten dollars for you," and was gone in a moment, leaving the astonished physician to figure up the cost of his pleasantry.

When Daniel Webster Sang in Public.

Upon one occasion Daniel Webster sang in public. It was when Jenny Lind was in the U. S. and was singing at the old National Theatre in Washington. Webster and some of his friends were present in one of the boxes next to the stage. They had just come from a dinner where the wine had flowed freely, and Webster was under the inspiration. The sweet songstress was rapturously encored, and by no one more heartily or conspicuously than by Mr. Webster. She recognized his applause, and in response to one of the encores and out of compliment to him she sang "The Star Spangled Banner." This was more than Webster's inspired soul could listen to and keep silent, and in the midst of the song his bass voice was heard rising in concert with the glorious soprano of the prima donna. The audience instantly burst into furious applause, the fair songstress courtesied to Mr. Webster, and Webster, rising in his box, bowed to the cantatrice. The applause and exchange of obeisances continued for several minutes. It was like a contest of courtesies between Olympian Jove and the Muse of Song. The scene was one never to be forgotten.

House Moving Extraordinary.

A curious case of house moving was recently witnessed in the far West. A man who owned a residence at Seattle which cost him \$2000 to erect, removed to Olympia and did not have sufficient funds to build another house. He bought a lot and concluded to remove the building he owned at Seattle. Everyone laughed at him, but he persisted. Rolling the house down to the river, he loaded it upon a scow and it was soon at Olympia, a distance of about sixty miles. Then he had it rolled upon his lot and, strange to say not a timber was strained, not a piece of furniture broken, although he had not removed the contents before starting the house on its unusual journey.

Saluting the Princess.

An amusing scene occurred in Stuttgart the other day. The king's daughter, Pauline, always goes about in very plain attire. On this occasion she passed a sentinel who did not recognize her and neglected to perform the proper salutation. A sergeant across the street made violent gestures to make him grasp the situation, whereupon the guard said to the princess: "Say, miss, the sergeant over there wants to see you."

To Change the Voice.

A foreign scientific journal gives the results of some recent experiments upon the vocal chords which will prove interesting to singers. A baritone who wished to become a tenor succeeded by taking a course of inhalations, beginning with benzene, going on to caffeine and chloroform, and ending with eucalypta; while, on the other hand, the voice was deepened by using volatilisated Norwegian tar.

Afraid of Mistaken Identity.

Coachmen (applying for situation)—"You say you do not wish your coachman to wear livery?" Country gentleman (owner of sorry looking pair)—"No, I don't believe in that silly nonsense." Coachman—"Well, then, I can't accept a position with you." Country gentleman—"Nonsense, man; why?" Coachman—"I'm afraid I might be taken for the owner of that pair."

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THE BIG MAN'S BLUFF.

How the Little Man Silenced a Bullying Braggart.

A big Frenchman was talking in loud and blustering tones about his many achievements in duelling as he travelled the other day, in company with several passengers, in the smoking compartment of an English railway train. In the corner opposite to him sat a small man quietly reading a magazine, and to him he leaned over and arrogantly said—

"Monsieur, what would you do if you were challenged?"

"I should refuse," was the unhesitating reply.

"Ah! ah! I thought as much. Refuse and be branded a coward! But if a gentleman offered you the choice of a duel or a public whipping; then what?"

"I'd take the whipping."

"Ah! ah! I thought so. I thought so from your looks. Suppose, monsieur, you had foully slandered me?"

"I never slander."

"Then, monsieur, suppose I had coolly and deliberately insulted you; what would you do?"

"I'd rise up this way, put down my book this way, reach over like this, and take him by the nose and give it a proper sort of twist—just so!"

When the little man relinquished his grip of the big man's nasal organ, his neighbor slid away in abject terror, to escape the bullets which would surely be flying at once; but there was no shooting.

The big man turned crimson—then white—then looked the little man over and remarked—"Ah! certainly—of course—that's it—exactly!"

And then the conversation took a turn on the war between China and Japan.

Outwitting the Coroner.

Those gentlemen who have often been summoned to serve on juries, and have thereby had to suffer the loss of much time, with attendant inconvenience, will envy the ingenuity and resource of a countryman who, without telling a falsehood, managed to outwit the coroner completely. Each one must judge for himself whether or not the statement might be considered misleading; but, at any rate, the ruse was entirely effectual.

The man came breathlessly into the room where the inquest was to be held, and exclaimed—

"Oh, sir; if you can excuse me I shall be truly thankful. I don't know which will die first—my wife or my daughter."

"Dear, dear! that's very sad," said the unsuspecting and sympathetic coroner. "Your request is certainly granted; you are excused." We deeply regret the circumstances.

A few days afterwards the lucky jurymen was accosted by a friend, who, in tones of great concern, inquired—

"How's your wife?"

"Oh, she's quite well, thank you."

"And your daughter?"

"She's all right, too. Why do you ask?"

"Because only a few days ago you said at that inquest that you did not know which would die first."

"And that statement was quite true. That is a problem which lapse of time alone can solve."

Is it an Underground Convent?

A singular underground phenomenon occurs on the borders of the Red Sea at a place called Nakous, where the intermittent underground sounds have been heard for an unknown number of centuries. It is situated at about half a mile's distance from the shore, whence a long reach of sand ascends rapidly to a height of almost 300 feet. This reach is 80 feet wide and resembles an amphitheatre, being railed in by low rocks. The sounds coming up from the ground at this place recur at intervals of an hour. They at first resemble a low murmur, but before long there is heard a loud knocking somewhat like the strokes of a bell, and which, at the end of five minutes, becomes so strong as to agitate the sand. The explanation of this curious phenomenon given by the Arabs is that there is a convent under the ground, and these are sounds of the bell which the monks ring for prayers. So they call it Nakous, which means a bell. The Arabs affirm that the noise so frightens their camels when they hear it as to render them furious. Scientists attribute the sounds to suppressed volcanic action—probably to the bubbling of gas or vapors underground.

A Deserved Monument to a Pig.

Until recently, no monument has ever been erected to the memory of a pig. The town of Luneburg, Hanover, wishes to fill up the blank, and at the Hotel de Ville in that town there is to be seen a kind of mausoleum to the memory of a member of the porcine race. In the interior of the commemorative structure is to be seen a costly glass case, enclosing a ham still in good preservation. A fine slab of black marble attracts the eyes of the visitor, who finds thereon the following inscription in Latin, engraved in letters of gold: "Passers-by, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Luneburg."

A Precedent Cited.

The late Lord Coleridge was once cross-examining a Mistress of Novices in a famous convent case. The witness had described how the plaintiff in the action was found eating strawberries when she should have been engaged in some pious duty.

"Dear me!" said the famous counsel, "how shocking! And did you really think there was any harm in it?"

"No, sir," the witness replied, "not in itself, any more than there is harm in eating an apple; but you know, sir, as well as I, the mischief that once came from that!"

Closed for the Husking.

Culture is all right in its way and its proper place in the great west, but business is business. About twenty-five of the rural public schools in Dodge county, Neb., are closed at present "on account of corn husking."

If you suffer with neuralgia, bathe the parts freely with hot water and then apply Dr. Manning's germicidal, which is an infallible cure for this complaint.

Only a cell in the head, neglected, produces catarrh. Only twenty-five cents invested in Hawker's catarrh cure will effect a speedy cure. Try it. A dull sick headache in the morning with a feeling of nausea will be promptly relieved by a dose of Hawker's liver pills.

Piles are speedily cured by Hawker's pile cure, a mild and always certain remedy.