

## WRECKING A COWBOY.

## THE FIREMAN'S LIFE.

Now a Tenderfoot with a Silk Hat  
Did Him Up in a Little  
Gun Play.

"There is at least one cowboy in Arkansas whose head is three sizes smaller than it was a month ago," said the Chicago drummer, as he brushed the alkali dust off his coat collar. "At Tombstone I fell in with a young man from New Haven who was prowling over the country in search of a good thing, but not caring much whether he found it or not. One afternoon he stood with his back to the street, reading the posters on a billboard. He had on a silk hat, and presently a cowboy emerged from a store on the opposite side of the square. One glance at that hat brought out a gun, and there was a pop! pop! till six bullets had been fired. The tenderfoot never turned, nor let on that he heard the shooting. In ten seconds the gun was reloaded, and there was another fusillade. There were a hundred people looking on and shouting and laughing, but the tenderfoot kept his back to the street until the twelfth shot had been fired. Then he calmly turned about, removed his hat and placed it on the ground, and stepping back a pace or two, he drew his gun and shot it to pieces. The remains were yet smoking when he picked them up, crossed the square, and holding the handful of old hat out to the cowboy, he humbly said:

"If you have a couple of mouths to spare I might be willing to teach you how to handle a gun!"

"But hadn't the cowboy's bullets hit the hat?" was asked.

"Every blessed one of them," replied the drummer, "but no one knew it except the tenderfoot, and he destroyed all evidence by his own shooting. The crowd took it that the cowboy had missed and raised a laugh on him, and when he straddled his cayuse and loped down the street, he looked as homesick as a dog thousand miles from home."

## HAD SOME PRIDE HIMSELF.

Which Explains a Laughable Occurrence on a Chicago Street Car.

A few evenings ago a pretty girl got on an Indiana avenue car at Twenty-fourth street. In one corner of the car sat a belligerent Irishman, in the sentimental stage of intoxication. He was singing softly to himself! "There's Only One Girl in the World for Me," and lurching back and forth without regard to the comfort of the passengers near him. The man who sat next to the sentimental Irishman got up and offered his seat to the pretty girl. She hesitated and then said: "No, thank you; I'm only going a few blocks."

The intoxicated individual stopped as short in his song as if he had run against a rope. He braced up stiffly and his face took on a look of disappointment and injured innocence as he broke out with:

"She won't—she won't set down to th' side o' me. She—hiv—she won't set down to th' side o' me 'cause I'm an Irishman. Thash it; sure of it. Irishmen ain't got no rights. Proud lady refuse to set down to th' side o' em' an' ever blamed idiot in the car got t' giggle 'bout it. Sthop this car, c'nductor; got some pride lef', 'ain't nothing but Irishman."

And then, says the Inter Ocean, he accepted the help of the conductor in striking a balance and was set off the car gently at the next corner.

## PROFITABLE ENTERPRISE.

Flat Failure of Pessimistic Predictions Regarding the Sues Canal.

It was shown that from an engineering point of view the Suez canal was impossible, while from a commercial point of view it was proved up to the hilt that, even if the canal could be made, it would, so far as traffic went, be a failure as melancholy to the philanthropist as it would be disastrous to the investor, says the Engineering Magazine.

The great authorities who spoke with so much assurance are all dead, and it is well for their comfort that they are.

In 1869 traffic between the west and the east via the Cape of Good Hope was about 3,500,000 tons. In 1879 the traffic through the Suez canal was 7,986,961 tons, while that round the Cape of Good hope was at least 3,750,000 tons.

In other words, one direct result of the construction of the Suez canal has been that in 28 years the commerce of the world has been increased 8,000,000 tons annually.

It is hardly necessary to add that the return to the investor who risked his money in what seemed to so many to be a hare-brained project has been, to say the least of it, a fairly satisfactory character.

## Wanted to Bottle the Baby.

The naturalist's wife had gone out for a few minutes and left the baby in charge of her absent-minded husband. When she returned she was not a little disturbed to discover the baby crying dimly, and its father, with a collection of his largest bottles of alcohol before him, evidently at his wit's end. "Why, David, David!" cried the good woman, snatching up the child, "what is the matter?" "Well, my dear," responded the great naturalist, simply gazing at the baby, "it's very strange, but I can't find a bottle large enough to hold him anywhere."

## Nickle Steel for Yachts.

The latest application of nickel steel is for the construction of racing yachts. A German firm is to supply the nickel steel plates for the construction of the Shamrock, the yacht which is being built to sail for the American cup. It is being designed by William Fife, of Fairlie, and the work upon it has been

## THE ISLAND OF PALAWAN.

He Can't Always Dress Before a Mirror, But He's Not a Bit Dimmed by That.

"Of course everything about the fire department interests us always," said Mr. Glimby, in the New York Sun, "but there is one little thing in particular that I've seen I suppose hundreds of times that appeals to me more every time I see it, and that is the firemen getting into their coats as they go along. You see this among the men on trucks and on hose wagons; the men on the engine have to use their hands to hold on.

"It's a simple enough thing in general to see a man putting on his coat, but here he isn't standing up in his room before a mirror, but he's jumped out of bed and taken his coat under his arm and slid down a sliding pole, and is completing his dressing sitting on top of a rack of ladders going through the street like mad, drawn by three great horses, at one end, with a man down at the other end steering this outfit with a wheel. This sight never loses its novelty or its interest. You may see the same thing on a hose wagon.

"But what set me to speaking about this now was seeing a man on a fire patrol wagon, sitting on one of their long seats, facing outward, pulling up the tops of his high boots. Red wagon, galloping horses, banging gong, men in fire hats and rubber coats—the whole blooming outfit on the dead jump and this man sitting on the side seat reaching down for the tops of those boots and straightening up with each one as he got it and swaying back a little as he pulled it up into place, just as a man would sit on the edge of his bed at home to put on his stockings and slippers, and just as cool and comfortable."

## A TRAVELING POST OFFICE.

One of the Latest Experiments of the Government Being Tried in Maryland.

The first real "traveling post office" started on its rounds this month in Maryland, says Youth's Companion. It is a stout covered wagon, manned by a driver and postal clerk, which will leave the town of Westminster every weekday morning, make a circuit of more than 30 miles through the surrounding country and return to Westminster at night.

There are eight village post offices on the wagon's route. The traveling postmaster will carry mail to them and receive it from them. His wagon is fitted with cases and pigeonholes, so that he can assort mail while he travels; and he will deliver mail to all residents along the road who will take the trouble to put up letter boxes or to "wait for the wagon." He will be authorized, moreover, to sell stamps, register letters and issue money orders; and, a railroad town being the terminal of his circuit, the conjunction of the traveling post office and the railway mailcar will bring the farmer and the outside world very near together.

This traveling post office is, we need hardly add, one of the experiments by which the government is trying to solve an imperative problem—that of rural mail delivery. If the plan succeeds a long step will have been taken toward the adoption of a reform which everyone approves, and which is devised merely because no one has devised a practicable way to carry it out.

**MEN STRONG IN PICTURES.**

Penitent Veins and Paint Kept Muscles Show Up Well Before the Camera.

"I could tell you a tale about 'strong men photography.' Some of the minor limbs of the fraternity depend on the cunning of the camera for advertisement," said a photographer to Pearson's Weekly.

"One fellow, who visits country fairs and casual shows, goes through tricks of a kind wonderful to the unscientific mind. They are merely tricks after all, and his strength is a catch. He depends on his photos for advertisement.

In posing, he holds his arms tightly, dilates the muscles of his neck, and lines his veins with prussian blue. His picture gives you Hercules in his power of majesty; in private he is a well developed man, without any swagger or sinew or strength.

"Professional strong men are as clever at making up as a society actress. A few lines about the body add pounds to the weight of a strong man (in the picture), a studied pose imparts additional formidability.

The veins of a certain professional Hercules protrude like whipscords in the photographic cabinet. He dusts them with powdered ultramarine, and treats the high parts of the muscles with Indian red; otherwise his picture would appear quite ordinary.

"A strong woman, who comes here frequently, is a marvel of paint and stippling. She occupies her dressing-room for hours ere she faces the camera."

**Old Church Unearthed.**

The foundations of an ancient English church have been unearthed at Waverley Abbey, near Farham, Surrey, as well as the remains of the monk's dormitories, the kitchens and the disciplinary cells. Several old oaken coffins were discovered in a perfect state of preservation, among them that of William Manduit, third baron of Hanaple and king's chamberlain, who was buried in 1194.

**Soldiers Not Liked.**

Soldiers are despised in China. They belong chiefly to the coolie classes. The German officers engaged some time ago by the German government found that their most important task was to overcome the soldiers' own feelings that they were a lower order of beings than other Chinamen.

**NICKEL STEEL FOR YACHTS.**

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## LONGEVITY.

Why Men in Professional Pursuits Live Longer Than Those in Business.

In the majority of cases among city dwellers those who reach advanced ages are found to have been professional men. There are a good many reasons for this.

In the first place, the struggle for existence begins later in professional life than in other careers. The professional man seldom begins his work much before 25, while the business man or laborer goes to work at the age of 16. Thus the professional man has seven clear years of freedom from responsibility, moderate work and healthy existence. Secondly, the occupation of the professional man generally takes him to a considerable extent into the open air, and is very seldom entirely sedentary. Thirdly, the professional man generally enjoys that modest competence which saves him at once on the one hand from starvation or penury and on the other hand from idleness and excess. Fourthly, his holidays are generally ample. Fifthly, to a certain extent his livelihood generally depends on his leading at least a comparatively sober and moral life, violent excesses ruining both his standing and his business capacity. Sixthly, professional callings are exposed to very few special dangers. Lastly, since even a minor ailment often unfitts a man entirely for professional works, he has a special motive in taking particular care of his health.

## GOES WITH THE HOUSE.

At Least One Doorplate Is Kept in Its Place by the Will of its Dead Owner.

In the cross streets in the old village of Greenwich one will still find houses with green painted doors and brass knobs and doorplates. The brass is generally bright, as it was always kept in the old times when sand was used as a burnisher. The names on the doorplates are not always the names of the occupants of the house. A New York Sun reporter in his strolls in Vandam street noticed more than the usual number of doorplates, and asked a policeman a question, which elicited the following:

"Take the name on that doorplate," pointing to a door close by; "the man whose name is there has been dead nearly 40 years. And after him his family lived there for a long time, and the daughter married and she lived in the same house for a long time, and the name was never changed on the plate. Then she moved away. I don't know what became of her. The house was vacant awhile, and the doorplate remained all the time. Then the house was rented, and one day for curiosity I asked why the doorplate was not removed, and I was told that the original owner had it put in his will that as long as the house stood the doorplate was to stay on the door. And I suppose it's the same way with all the old houses that have doorplates."

**Youthful Ingenuity.**

In physics and natural history there are opportunities to direct and control the out-of-school activities of young people of which the enthusiastic teacher of science is not slow to avail himself. In describing the ingenuity of boys, a writer in the Atlantic Monthly gives the following: "One of the most astonishing facts of the time is the ingenuity of boys in constructing electrical apparatus, but with a few hints and out of the most meager material. I know boys who have built lines of electric tramways circulating in their garrets; and a boy who, last year, was in despair of his teachers, now deserved recognition in the manual training exhibit as the clever inventor of a most ingenious electrical device.

Hercules protrude like whipscords in the photographic cabinet. He dusts them with powdered ultramarine, and treats the high parts of the muscles with Indian red; otherwise his picture would appear quite ordinary.

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