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WHERE LADY FIREMEN FLOURISH.

Enlisted in the Service to Give Other Women Courage.

The lady members of the fire brigade in Paris, who are the lions of the hour, are young English girls—the Misses Mortimer, Nicholls, Bessell, Pritchard and Jeffs—who have come over with the delegates of the English fire brigades. They are all Londoners. I had this evening a talk with the whole party.

Maj. Heath told me that to Miss Mortimer the honor was due of taking the first step. Mr. Louis suggested it to her. After a great fire he said to her that there was really no more danger in getting out of a high window than out of one on the first floor if there were nerve and a cool determination to hold on to the rope or ladder. The peril lay, he said, in flurry and want of pluck. Were some plucky girls to show women how easy it is to make descents from top windows, the victims from fire would not be so many. Miss Mortimer consequently tried. All the girls began with perilous descents, and were not trained gradually to make their plunges down life saving canvases. They have learned to go up ropes and ladders as well as down.

While we talked the young ladies, who were in ordinary clothes, were reminded that they had very little time to dress for a soiree in the Avenue de Wagram, where the prefect of police and his fire brigade staff were to meet the congress. After the soiree they were to be taken to the El Dorado, where 600 places had been engaged for the delegates of France and the foreign nations represented here. I remained to see them in their costumes, and talked meanwhile with Maj. Heath. He told me that Mme. Carnot had invited the girls to Fontainebleau, and that the president at the general review on Sunday was to see them at work. Every one, he said, treated them with respect and sympathy. The objects of the firemen's congress were to make known the best means of preventing and putting out fires, and to make insurance companies bear a great part of the expense of keeping up efficient fire brigades, and provide for men maimed in trying to extinguish fires in insured houses.

Resolutions to this effect having been carried, the young ladies came back dressed in their uniforms. They had red silk caps, dark blue short skirts, not descending below the calf, soft leather boots, neat bodices, with broad brass buttons, and turned up with red at the neck and cuffs.—London News.

Amilcare Cipriani.

The most striking figure, physically speaking, at the recent workingmen's congress in Paris was that of Amilcare Cipriani. Cipriani was born at Rimini in 1844. Nominally he is a journalist; actually he is a fighter. A Socialist since he was 15 years old, he has for thirty years fought and suffered. Twice he has been condemned to death; once to New Caledonia for life—actually ten years; to twenty-five years' hard labor in Italy—actually eight (chained to a log). He was delivered from this last by the persistence of the Italian people, who nine times elected him deputy. To defend his people against the triple alliance of Russia, Germany, Austria on the one hand, and against Boulangism on the other, Cipriani has started a universal federation of the people—a movement that has already spread widely in Italy, France, Spain and Portugal. He is a giant in physique, but with a beautiful tenderness of manner. His eyes, hair and beard are black, and the two last are graying here and there. He speaks French perfectly and with great energy and fire.—London Star.

Curious Atmospheric Phenomena.

A Boston lawyer, who has returned from a trip to Maine, tells of a curious phenomenon existing at the Livermore falls in that state. At the foot of one of the dams the descending water seems to be driven back with so much force that half way up the column of water there is an ever moving line of water, like a crease in a piece of cloth. This has an effect upon the surrounding atmosphere that is almost incredibly great. The phenomenon is not observable at all times, but when the "wave" is visible on the falling water objects suspended in the air at some distance from the falls are observed to vibrate perceptibly in a regular movement. The vibration, while perceptible at the time when the "wave" can be seen, seems to stop almost instantly after the "wave" disappears, and it seems almost certain that the latter causes the former.—Boston Advertiser.

The Mexican Monolith.

The removal of the great monolith, the Goddess of Water, from the ancient Mexican city of Teotihuacan, is attracting widespread attention among scientific men. The top of the statue is below the surface of the surrounding plain, and as it is over ten feet lower, it is seen that the task of its removal is no ordinary one. It is of granite, contains 2624 cubic feet of solid rock. Its weight is estimated at 25 tons. A temporary railroad track nearly three miles long will be laid from the station on the Mexican railway over to the place where the statue now stands. Its age is supposed to be about 1,400 years.—Chicago Herald.

A Scrantonian who has just returned from Lake Carey tells a good story at the expense of a Wilkesbarre young man. The Wilkesbarre chap took a lady out boat riding. When quite a distance from shore the boat was overturned. The man called loudly for help, and when it arrived and the lady had been lifted into another boat the Wilkesbarrean denied that it was the same lady that he had taken out with him. She lifted her hand to her head and was horrified to find that her wig had been washed away and that her gray hair was exposed.

In one neighborhood in Dakota last week there were only two lucifer matches to go around among twelve families, and persons were detailed to build fires and keep them alive night and day until a supply could be had.

The Octogenarian Cardinal.

Cardinal Newman, who is now in his 89th year, cordially receives American visitors whenever his health permits. He is simple to a degree in his habits, getting up until quite lately, even if he does not still, between 5 and 6 in the morning, both in summer and winter. He then says mass in a chapel adjoining his bedroom, and afterward takes his breakfast and during the day presides over the meals of the fathers at 1 o'clock and at 6. On great feast days, such as that of St. Philip Neri, who founded the congregation, or of Sts. Peter and Paul, the cardinal conducts the service of benediction for the boys in the school chapel, but even this light effort has been more than he could frequently undertake during the last two or three years.—Boston Journal.

The German emperor will present the queen with his bust in memory of his recent visit to England. The bust is now being executed and represents Emperor William in the uniform of the Prussian body guards. He wears his helmet, instead of being bareheaded, as in all previous likenesses.

Believes in Witches.

Samuel Armstrong, of Wapello, 82 years old and possessed of $250,000, is insane and at times so violent that it becomes necessary to confine him. His history has some queer features. For many years he was a prominent and successful contractor in Cincinnati, where he accumulated money and invested it in real estate in that vicinity. His largest holdings lay in Avondale, Greenville and Columbia, O., and they have become very valuable. About a score of years ago, as he was driving away from the place, a man who was trespassing hurled a heavy stone at him. The missile struck him in the back of the head, and from that time on he began to lose his mind.

While this infirmity was coming on, and before it had proceeded so far as to call for interference in his behalf, he was induced to transfer his Avondale estate to an unprincipled man, who, it is said, did not render him the slightest compensation for it. Litigation followed, and the sale was set aside.

Some time after this a Greenville man was appointed his guardian. The Avondale property was sold for $100,000. The rest of his property is still untouched. Armstrong was never married. His only heirs are his nephews and nieces, children of his sister, and nearly all of them live in Louisa county, not far from Wapello. Several years ago he was brought there and since then has made his home with his niece and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Paris. He is subject to several harassing delusions, principal among which is a firm belief in witches. He sees them come into his room through small openings, such as keyholes, and is greatly bothered by them in various ways. He keeps the crevices in his room closely stopped and wears straps around his ankles to keep the witches from crawling up the legs of his pants.—Chicago News.

The Remaining Territories.

After the admission of the two Dakotas, Washington and Montana, there will still remain five territories that will be candidates for admission. Four of these have at some time formulated constitutions that have been left to season. Two of these, Idaho and Wyoming, are now engaged in either revamping constitutions or making new ones. The third one, New Mexico., is about to engage in the same work. The question of the admission of these five territories will probably come before congress at the next session. The latest estimates of population made by officers of these several territories show the population to be as follows:

Arizona	80,000
Idaho	100,000
New Mexico	160,000
Utah	210,000
Wyoming	60,000

The figures here given, especially for New Mexico and Utah, will probably bear trimming down. No territory has a right to statehood by virtue of population or other qualifications. There is no statute conferring on a territory right of admission. There are, of course, numerous precedents. But the Federal government exercises the sovereign right of both admission and rejection.—San Francisco Bulletin.

A Queer Sect of Turks.

Among the last batch of Syrians arriving at Castle Garden were three Druses. Two were farmers and the third was a shoemaker. They went from Castle Garden to Baltimore.

These three men are the only Druses who have ever come to this country. An isolated and peculiar race, the Druses have lived for generations near Mount Lebanon. Their total number is about 40,000. Hakem, the third Fatimite caliph, is claimed by them as their founder. They honor him as a divine being, and faithfully observe the curious religious rites which he established.

They are divided into two classes—the elect and the ignorant. The elect are the high priests, and the ignorant are those who are too young and inexperienced to be initiated into the mysteries of their religion. The high priests guard the mysteries of their faith zealously, and tolerate neither Hebrews nor Christians. The ignorant are far less conservative, and frequently mingle socially with believers in their creeds.

The elect Druses believe that Jesus Christ was merely an ordinary prophet, and that Hakem was really God, manifested in the flesh. They are confident, too, that the number of orthodox Druses can never decrease or increase.

The three Druses in this country are fine looking men, and are evidently possessed of unusual intelligence.—New York Herald.

Where's the Aurora?

The aurora borealis is a phenomenon that for years has been conspicuous by its absence from these skies. Time was, and that not so long ago, when the northern heavens presented a spectacle of weird, bewildering beauty. Why this dearth of electrical display? The earth and the heavens and the sun and the air are the same, to all appearances. Yet the boreal horizon is innocent of its shifting canopy of northern lights. Nor has there been any reason given by scientific men for this disappearance. Big spots on the sun come and go. Their appearance has been in former years found to be coeval with the aurora, but the rule has not held good for a decade. Have the thousands of dynamos that have come into existence in that time ground out such a lot of electrical energy that there is not enough left in the atmosphere to fit out a single display in the northern heavens?—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Love and Law.

When two fellows are in love with the same girl, and one of them happens to be a postmaster, what a big advantage the latter has over his rival! A Maine postmaster recently found himself in this situation and made the best of his opportunity—or the worst, just as you may think. The girl sent her new lover papers through the postoffice. The seller of stamps thought all was not right, and upon investigation discovered that within the paper was a letter written to his fortunate rival. The postmaster reported the case and the girl was fined $10. The fine was subsequently remitted. And now the query is, doesn't the postmaster wish he hadn't done it?—Lewiston Journal.

A Western Inventor.

Edgar F. Lincoln, of Topeka, Kan., has taken out more patents during the last two years than any man in the country. His inventions cover all fields, and he has patented almost everything, from an improved electric light to a celluloid toothpick. Like a great many inventors he finds it difficult to make money out of his cleverness. Other men reap the profit of his brain effort. His latest design is a toboggan brake. It enables a toboggan to stop in the middle of the steepest incline instantly if any obstruction suddenly appears on the chute.—New York Telegram.

The son and successor of the dead Prince of Monaco is reported to be opposed to gambling, and the inference is that he will close the world (in-)famous gambling establishment in the principality, with its train of ruined lives and fortunes.

PRESIDENT CARNOT.

How the Executive of France Looks and How His Time Is Occupied.

President Carnot is not a hard worker in the sense that hard work is understood in America. He does not bother himself with details. He keeps a sharp eye on all that is going on about him, but he does not consider it his duty to perform a clerk's work. He would not dream of working as President Cleveland used to do and as President Harrison now does. Like all Frenchmen, he is a late riser. Coffee and rolls are served in his room. At 9 o'clock he appears in his little study, which leads from the big reception rooms in the Elysee palace. His private letters are opened and on his desk. He pulls his easy chair up to a window, puffs at a cigarette, and one of his secretaries informs him of the contents of his mail. Occasionally he dictates replies, and sometimes he answers letters by his own hand. The contents of his mail bag are curious. There are letters on all sorts of subjects, some begging money, some asking for presidential clemency, others asking for office and still others asking for autographs.

The little room denotes that its occupant is of a literary turn. There are magazines on the tables, novels and newspapers from America, England and Germany, as well as Paris. On one side of the room is a bookcase of choice literature. A vase of flowers on the mantel shelf perfumes the room. A tiny Scotch terrier sleeps soundly on a rug at the door, and a canary chirps merrily as it basks in the sunshine that comes streaming through the open window. At 10 o'clock President Carnot receives members of the government, leaders and deputies who have business with him. At 11 he has dejeuner, or breakfast, either in the palace or he may go out to the house of a friend. Dejeuner is a popular meal, and Carnot seldom sits down alone. His wife, children and one or two friends usually join him. At noon he receives such visitors as may have business with him, and just now a good many of these people are Americans, who have heard of the affability of the president of La Belle France, and wish to see him and shake hands with him. To these he is all politeness and attention. His manner would do credit to Chesterfield. He goes about the room from one person to another, making all feel comfortable and at ease.

Those of his visitors who have private or public business with him are taken into an adjoining room. At 1:30 o'clock such public documents as it is necessary for the president to see and sign are brought to him. About 2:30 or 3 o'clock he is free. Sometimes he goes for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, or for a walk, but at present he is devoting most of his time to the great exposition. At 6 o'clock he returns to the palace. He dines with his family and usually a friend or two at 7 o'clock. He is a good liver and his table is loaded with dainties. After dinner friends of the family are received. Sometimes there is music. Quite often the president goes to the opera or theatre, and at 11:30 he retires.

Yesterday I saw him in the department occupied by the United States exposition. A crowd surrounded him. He was chatting with some American visitors and seemed deeply interested. He is a man of medium height and ordinary appearance. His face denotes fair but not extraordinary intelligence. His dark beard is trimmed in the orthodox French fashion. To the casual observer he might be a lawyer of fair practice or a respectable merchant with a goodly establishment on the Rue de la Paix. He dresses in good taste, in quiet colors, and does not make much display of jewelry. Occasionally he wears one of his numerous decorations, but not often. In fact, he is plain in style and manner to the last degree.

At the time when the exposition of 1878 was held Carnot was a very obscure man. Even at the time when in the election at Versailles he so quietly slipped into the chair that M. Grevy, much against his will, was obliged to vacate, owing to the peculiarities of son-in-law Wilson, but little was known of him outside of France. But just at present he is very comfortable in the chair that was occupied by Thiers, MacMahon and latterly by Grevy. Thiers went the way of all flesh about the time that Marshal MacMahon met with his downfall. You may still see the tall, military form of the marshal duke at the Cafe d'Orsey, the old haunt of the nobility. But MacMahon is done with politics. M. Grevy may still be seen in his favorite haunts of Paris when he is not rusticating at his country place in the Jura at Mont-sous-Sandrey. But no one talks or thinks much about Grevy. He is what King Michael Kelly, of Boston, would call a back number.—Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Old Lady.

Mrs. Van Nostrand, of New Brunswick, N. J., who recently celebrated her 101st birthday anniversary, belongs to a long lived family. She was married in 1810 and her husband did not die until 1863, when he was 80 years old. She has had eight children, and all but one are still living, some of them being over 70 years old. She has not been called upon to mourn a loss among her children for seventy-five years, and has lost very few of her grandchildren or great-grandchildren.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Turning of the Leaves.

A lunch was given at Flushing, L. I., last week to celebrate the turning of the leaves. The walls of the dining room into which the guests were ushered were painted a yellowish cream, with brown tones in the frieze and a flush of red in the cornice warming the brown. The fireplace and the deep window seats were filled with maple boughs flushing from yellow into the most vivid crimson. Maple boughs hung from the chandeliers, and twigs of maple and oak and brownish yellow chestnut leaves filled a huge old yellow bowl that stood in the middle of the table. The hostess wore a cream colored silk, with brown brocade redingote and crimson sash, and flaming leaves fluttered down through the menu cards that lay by the napkins. Each guest received as a favor a chestnut twig bearing a prickly burr, which, when opened, proved to be a satin lined bonbonniere.—New York Mail and Express.

The Rivers of Russia.

The Russian Gazette has received some disturbing intelligence on the subject of the rivers of Russia, which play such an important part in the internal communication of the country. The Dnieper has become so shallow that navigation is difficult at even the deepest parts, such as between Kiev and Catherinoslav. Small boats can only pass now where vessels sailed formerly. The Volga itself is not much better, and the river steamers are unable to reach Nijni Novgorod. In consequence of these facts a strenuous measure of river dredging and stricter regulation for the control of the navigation of the greater rivers, such as the Don, the Dnieper, and the Volga, is being advocated, and it is believed that the minister of ways of communication has the subject under his serious consideration.

HOUSES OF SUGAR.

Claus Spreckels' New Idea and What Different Ones Think of It.

The scheme of utilizing sugar for building purposes in place of marble, which the redoubtable Claus Spreckels declares to be feasible, has stirred up lots of interest among the sugar men as well as stone cutters.

Spreckels says his sugar experts were asked to find a means for hardening the sugar he shipped to Mexico, and they did so. It had become necessary to get a process of this kind, as the sugars dissolved and washed considerably while en route there.

The success of the new process made him think the crystals could be hardened for building purposes and made to withstand heat and water.

It has been demonstrated to his satisfaction, he declares, that the thing can be done. The tests already made show that sugar blocks for interior decoration could even now be furnished. Great blocks for the exterior of buildings, he thinks, will be eventually, and he predicts that the proposed new wing of the White House in Washington will be of that material.

A reporter talked with a lot of the trust people the other day about the new discovery. They had consulted with their experts about it, and all were at a loss to conceive of a method which might effect the desired result.

No matter how hard sugar was made water would dissolve it, and it would melt under nominal heat. There was no comparison between sugar and marble. They were composed of entirely different elements. Marble, carbonic acid and lime, which form into a compound of carbonate of lime. Water has no effect on this substance, and it would take ten minutes of a white heat temperature to disintegrate it, the experts said.

Sugar is composed of oxygen, hydrogen and carbon, a compound substance that heat, water or shock readily drives back into its elements, and no chemical substance can preserve its integrity, the sugar men conclude, and rest contented.

Of a similar opinion is Dr. Gideon F. Moore, the eminent chemist, who is constantly called upon to make sugar tests. But he does not say that a process generally unknown to science at present may not have been discovered.

He showed the reporter a block of sugar about an inch square in thickness. It was perfectly transparent. It looked hard, but could be easily cut with a knife or bitten.

"There is the natural formation of sugar crystals," the doctor explained. "The sugar is in the same state now as it was when pulverized. Just taste it; you will see it is as sweet as ever.

"Pressure could not solidify crystals more than they are now, and I know of no chemical preparation that could possibly do it.

"If a way of making sugar harder than this has been found it is something new in chemistry, and if the blocks can be made insensible to water or nominal heat the discovery is wonderful."

The statement that Spreckels made about the new building sugar, putting marble completely in the shade, because of its superior beauty, no one who studies each specimen under a magnifying instrument will doubt.

The sugar is like a rainbow, excepting that each crystal represents an irregular block.

If finely cut as marble is, a block of sugar might reflect every ray of light, making it glisten like a diamond.

There can be no question about its beauteous effects, and if it can be prepared at all, it can be gotten up much cheaper than marble.

The only difficulty to be overcome is the natural disposition of the sweet stuff to melt. The trouble now is that sugar is sugar whether soft or hard, and a piece from the corner stone of a sugar house would taste just as good to the small boy as if it were stolen from a bowl.—New York News.

Home at Last.

The old darky, an account of whose trip from Louisiana to Georgia was published in The Eagle some time ago, found his young bosses at last. He belonged to Mr. Tillman, of Tatnall, and was sold as a slave long before the war and taken to Louisiana. As the shadows of old age began to gather around him, his heart yearned for his childhood's home, and so last spring the old fellow, with his wife and children, traveled all the way back in a horse and cart. He had got to Tatnall, but found that his old boss had gone the way of all mankind, and Mr. Joseph Tillman, one of his young bosses, with that feeling that every southerner has for the good old time darky, brought the old fellow to his home in Bulloch, gave him a house and land to tend, where, with his young bosses to help him, he hopes to spend the remainder of his days in peace and contentment. — Statesboro (Ga.) Eagle.

How Florida Girls Capture Clams.

One day last week four young ladies stopping at Colin Park went up one of the creeks after clams. They were rather late, and the tide was rising rapidly when they reached the clam banks. Not to be outdone, they hunted the desired clams by feeling for them with their feet, until the tide rose so high that they were in water up to their necks. When a clam was sounded a dive followed, and the clam was landed in the boat. Sixty-two clams were the result, and the chowder pot was large and well filled.—Savannah News.

The most famous barber now living, probably, is about to celebrate his silver wedding in Paris. He is M. Adolph Paques. He was the greatest of his kind sixty years ago. He numbered among his clients Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Theodolph Gautier, Mlle. Mars and Malibran.

Scenery for the Passion Play.

The Oberammergau Passion plays are fast becoming modernized. Hermann Burghardt, of Vienna, has received an order to paint the scenery for the new stage, and call bells will be introduced. The scenery is taken for the most part from the old masters—"The Last Supper" of Leonardo, and "The Crucifixion," after Raphael, etc. Two drop scenes, which are painted upon wood, are also being prepared, and will be shifted backward and forward by means of rollers. The stage receives all its light from above, being covered by a glass roof.—London Graphic.

Nineteen trade unions reported to the British board of trade in July on the state of the labor market. Ten report trade to be "very good," seven "good," and two "moderate." There are 191,023 members in these societies, of whom only 3,302 are out of work. The proportion of out of works is 1.7 per cent. as against 4.6 per cent. for July, 1888.

The Swiss Eiffel tower, on the Eschenberg, near Winterthur, has just been inaugurated. It is 100 feet high and commands a magnificent Alpine panorama, reaching as far as Lake Constance. The Swiss claim that the "Little Eiffel" is above the big model, as the elevation of the site so much exceeds that of the Paris tower.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

A St. Louis Ghost Story That Reads Like Some of the Old Novels.

Stories have been afloat for some time which have excited a great deal of comment among residents of the West End, and which have given employment to the tongues of the gossips. It is a veritable ghost story, and while the incredulous have smiled and affected a contempt for what they term nonsense of that kind, the fact remains that the tale continues to go the rounds and to increase in interest as the days go by.

The house which is the scene of operations for his alleged ghostship stands on the south side of Chestnut street, west of Twenty-ninth, and is just such a looking place as might be selected for such a strange inhabitant. It is a dark, gloomy looking structure, rearing its solemn front above the street in strange contrast to the cheerful aspect of its neighbors. From week to week the somber shutters which hide its windows from the eyes of the curious are never opened to admit the cheerful sunshine, and no noise of laughter or prattle of children at play ever greet the passer by. An air of mystery pervades the place, and a strange, uncanny feeling comes over those who pass it.

The weird visitor is said to be the ghost of a young man who, in days gone by, blew out his brains upon the very threshold of the house. A young lady, with whom he fell in love and who had plighted him her troth, grew tired of his attentions, and broke her engagement with him. By every means within his power he sought to regain her affections, but in vain. She turned a deaf ear to his most earnest entreaties, and finally forbade his visits entirely.

Still clinging to the hope that he might in time regain her love, he sought an interview, which was denied him, and, filled with despair, he resolved to end his life. He called to see her, but finding that she had gone to visit a neighbor he repaired to the house where it was supposed she had gone, and, reaching the door, he placed a pistol to his head and coolly blew himself into eternity.

It chanced, however, that he had mistaken the house, and the story is that his spirit, which had gone in search of the lady he had loved and failing to find her, has from that time, as each recurring day brings back the hour at which he died, returned to renew the fruitless search. Inhabitants of the house were startled by strange, unearthly noises, and on more than one occasion the weird visitor was seen to ascend the steps leading up from the cellar and go wandering about the house as if vainly searching for some one. It groped its way from room to room, and after accomplishing its rounds would disappear. So thoroughly frightened did the inmates of the house become, that, overcome at last by fear, they removed to another locality and for a time his ghostship was left in sole possession of the premises. Then the property was sold and the new owner, who had heard the weird stories that were told, resolved to remodel the house with a view to driving out the unwelcome visitor. The cellar from which the phantom had arisen on the occasion of his visits was filled completely up, in the hope that when its hiding place was gone it (the ghost) would take its departure, and the interior of the house was carefully rearranged, but without avail.

The ghostly visitant still remained. It is said that it still wanders through the house, and rumors go abroad of strange sights and sounds to be seen and heard at night. However it may be, no one has been able to solve the mystery, and the inmates of the house are seldom seen. They hold themselves carefully aloof from the outer world, and maintain an air of mystery that lends credence to the tale. No one is seen to come or go across the mysterious threshold, darkened by the blood of the self murdered man, and the neighbors glance at the house significantly and relate the story with an air of general belief.

A reporter, in order to learn the exact facts, called at the house, but was denied admission. Inquiry among the neighbors, however, verified the statements here made.—St. Louis Republic.

Presidential Trains.

"We don't like presidential trains," said a railroad man. "Why?" "For several reasons. They are very expensive. The best cars, the most competent train men are employed. The president seldom is aware of the fact that his train is guarded by detectives, but we have our secret service men there, just the same. Every other train must keep out of the way of the president's train. Fast freights that usually run within ten minutes of ordinary passenger trains are not allowed to be within thirty minutes of the president's special. You can see, it costs considerable to side track a train for thirty minutes. Passenger trains must take the siding and mail trains lay by. In the case of mail trains, we are under heavy bond to make a certain time, and just imagine how a mail car must run to make up time lost on side tracks. Bridges must be guarded and inspected, and nothing left undone that will insure the absolutely safe passage of the presidential party. Then the strain on every man employed is severe. We always feel greatly relieved when the presidential train leaves our division, and the fellows on the next division or the other road have to do the sweating. You never heard of a presidential train being wrecked, did you?"—Indianapolis News.

A Trophy of the Bloody Angle.

One of the happiest men who returned from the Gettysburg memorial encampment is C. W. Bishing, of Harvey's Lake, this county. He was a private in Capt. Rice's company, Fifty-third Pennsylvania volunteers. Bishing was shot twice at Gettysburg, his wounds being ugly ones, a bullet shattering an arm and another entering near his right thigh. This occurred near the bloody angle and not far from the spot on which the regimental monument stands. As soon as he received the wounds he set to work to bury his musket. He fell near a big rock, and, though suffering great pain and bleeding profusely, he managed to scoop out enough dirt at the base of the bowlder to slip his musket into the excavation. Afterward he carefully covered it and wondered whether he would ever see it again.

Bishing accompanied the surviving members of his old regiment, the Fifty-third Pennsylvania volunteers, to Gettysburg on the occasion of the dedication of their monument. While there Bishing, accompanied by several old comrades, started out to look for the musket he had buried twenty-six years before. The bloody angle was easily found, and he soon distinguished the huge bowlder at whose base he had fallen and where he had hidden the gun. It took but a few moments to dig the earth up, when, to his joy, he struck the old musket and quickly resurrected it. It had the appearance of Rip Van Winkle's fowling piece. The stock had fallen apart, but was still in a good state of preservation. The barrel was bound about with a thick coat of rust, and the lock and other portions were in the same condition. But Bishing lifted the old musket tenderly, and, as the recollections of the past filled his mind, he k