

TO MARKET, TO MARKET, AND WHAT SHALL WE BUY? SOME BEANS AND SOME BARLEY, SOME RICE AND SOME RYE. BUT NEVER MIND THOSE IF YOU'LL ONLY BE SURE AND REMEMBER SOME **SANTA CLAUS SOAP** TO PROCURE N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., CHICAGO, MAKE IT! ALL GROCERS KEEP IT! EVERY HOUSEWIFE WANTS IT!

THE ELDER BOOTH AND THE PIRATE.

How the Tragedian Saved His Money and His Life and Made a Friend.

One night in Louisville a number of people called on Edwin Booth, among them a doctor of local celebrity, who wanted to place in his hands a valuable relic that had once belonged to the elder Booth. He was shown upstairs by a little darky, who carried something wrapped up in a newspaper. It proved to be a well preserved skull, thoroughly cleaned, and the parts joined by springs and hooks.

The doctor told us this story of the skull, which proved romantic and interesting: Many years before Ted's visit the elder Booth had played an engagement in Natchez. After the closing performance he was taken down to the river with his trunk to wait for the upcoming steamboat. He found at the saloon at the wharf a rough looking set of men who by their talk he decided were thieves and outlaws.

Booth had \$1,000 in his money belt, and from motives of policy he invited the ruffians to take several drinks, which only served to increase their peculiar looks in his direction. There was no help near and escape was out of the question—he would probably have been followed and murdered.

Selecting the roughest and toughest man in the crowd, old Booth called him outside to say a few words. "Look here," said he, "my name is Booth; I'm an actor; you may have heard of me. I've a thousand dollars here in a belt and I'm afraid of being robbed. I want you to take it and keep it safe for me until the boat comes along."

The fellow looked earnestly at the old man, and then reached out for the belt. Booth never expected to see a dollar of the money again, but was glad to insure his personal safety. He slept on a table in the saloon, and was awakened early by the custodian of his treasure.

"Get up," said he; "here's your money. The boat's in sight." Booth was thoroughly surprised, but of course delighted. "What's your name?" he asked. "I always like to remember an honest man's name." The fellow hesitated, lowered his voice and answered: "It's Morrill; folks call me the chief of the river pirates. You trusted me and I appreciated the trust."

A year later Morrill was sentenced to the penitentiary for life. When Booth visited Natchez again he visited the prison and took Morrill some money and delicacies. At the last of his visits he found the man dying of consumption. "Booth," said he, "I've not long to live; I should die happy if I had something to leave you to remember me by. You have been good to me and I cannot repay you." Booth laughed and said, "If you are set on leaving me a legacy, let it be your head."

He spoke in jest, but the pirate took it in earnest, and on his death it was found that he had willed the tragedian his skull. Booth gave it to the doctor in Louisville to put in order, but dying himself soon after never claimed his bequest. The physician gave it to Ted. We used it for York's skull in "Hamlet."

When on a visit to his mother in Baltimore, she unpacked Ted's trunk while he was out, and came across the skull. Not knowing what it was used for, she decided to get rid of it with some other rubbish. So when Ted came in she told him how she had thrown that nasty skull out of the window, and that a coal cart, passing by, had crushed it into a hundred pieces.—Interview in New York Epoch.

AFTER A FIRE.

Men who may be the Ruins of a Conflagration.

Strange Things Happen That People Would Never Dream of.

The Work That Firemen, Policemen, Patrolmen, and Adjusters Do.

After the fire is over, what then? The average citizen sees only a heap of smoking ruins and thinks that nothing remains to be done but to clear them away and build anew. But to the initiated the details of the work are manifold. There are four bodies of men actively concerned with the ruins.

First, the firemen. They distrust the red dragon. He may be lurking under any of the heaps of bricks, ready for a fresh outbreak. So they do what they call overhauling. They turn over all the smoking piles and drench the embers and wet down the neighboring walls and remain on guard until everything is cold. Sometimes they have to wait nearly a week, and their work after the fire is very laborious, as in the Park place fire, where so many lives were lost.

Three days after the fire was over there were still fifty firemen at work on the ruins getting out the bodies and watching the place to make sure that no flames would start up again. Many of these fifty men worked for forty-eight hours incessantly, with only three hours intervals for meals. At the great fire that destroyed the Havemeyer sugar refinery it was more than a week before the ruins were cold enough to be safe.

Second, the police. They protect the firemen from the crowds of citizens who come to look on and the property rescued from the rubble who come to loot. They draw what is called a fire line about the burning building and keep it up after it is burned till the work of the firemen is done.

Third, the fire patrol. This is a professional band of property rescuers, maintained by the insurance companies. It was organized forty years ago, and was then composed entirely of members of the volunteer fire department. In 1863 it was incorporated under a charter which commissioned it to save lives and property at fires. In the first place it really was a patrol, walking about the streets from 7:30 o'clock each evening till 5:30 o'clock next morning looking for fires. Now it is called to fires in the same way as the regular fire department. Its men used to wear the same uniforms as the firemen, but there was a row over that and now they are distinguished by red stripes.

THE FIRE PATROL.

The men of the fire patrol go out with trucks, one truck from each station. Each truck carries eleven men and axes, ladders, brooms, shovels, crowbars and twenty-four immense tarpaulin coverings, with which the fire patrol rushes into a building comparatively safe from fire, but drenched with water, and covers up the goods there. The patrolmen usually work under the firemen. For instance, if there is a fire on the fourth floor they are busy on the third floor and the floors below covering up goods with the tarpaulins and removing them out of the way of water.

They also follow the hose lines where these lines run through buildings not on fire to stop all leaks in the hose or set buckets under the leaks or protect goods from spray. They can't tell till the fire is over whether the property they are saving is insured or not; therefore they go ahead without paying any attention to the question.

The fire patrol follow the firemen and fix things up, saving all they can for the insurance companies and stopping all unnecessary damage. When the firemen and police have gone away the fire patrol stays with the agents of the owners, guarding the goods till the insurance is settled or the rescued property is removed to a place of safety.

After all is said and done at the fire proper, come the insurance adjusters poking about the ruins. This is a small, high priced body of shrewd and experienced men, whose business is to find out on behalf of the insurance companies how much the loss was. An insurance adjuster will always tell you that his is a judicial function, just as a district attorney always contends that he is acting judicially, though the prisoner may not think so. The insured seldom agree with the insurance adjuster. He is sent on behalf of the insurance companies, and is on the watch for fraud.

THE ADJUSTERS' WORK.

The serious work does not usually begin till the ashes are cold. Insurance companies don't take inventories of the property insured nowadays. The contents of a store are constantly changing. They wait for the insured to make out their claim in itemized form. Then they call for the books and the vouchers. Maybe all books and vouchers are burned. In that case the memory of the owner must do its best to supply the deficiency.

Frauds are frequent, and the adjusters are usually in business for themselves—not attached to any particular company, but hired by the job, just like lawyers or private detectives. They have to keep their eyes wide open.

In cases like the Park place fire, where everything becomes a heap of ruins in an instant, and no books or papers or material evidence of any kind is left, the adjusters have to depend on careful scrutiny of the itemized claims; but in numbers of other cases where the fire department does its work rapidly the adjusters make most astonishing finds.

After the insurance is settled the owner of the building puts the ruins up for sale. There are a number of contractors in the city who will buy them on speculation.—New York Recorder.

AN ENGLISH TOURIST.

He Hears a Story of How Hermit Mountain Was Named.

American Commercial Traveler Tells Strange Yarn About the Lonely, Sick Miner of the Selkirk—The Man Was Named for Him.

and stopped near the heart of the mountain under the shadow of a great peak which the guide book said was Hermit mountain. The rock rose precipitously, culminating in a crest of jagged peaks for hundreds of feet to the north. The top of the crest seemed almost as sharp as a razor. With arms skinned on the full of the observation car was an English tourist, who wore a monocle and a stare, and seemed very much bored by the scenery. Near him stood a commercial traveler of Toronto, who was explaining how the mountain got its name.

"Follow the edge of the mountain from its front to the rear," he said. "Right where the edge breaks off you see a solitary pyramid. From here it seems to be only about six feet tall, though in reality it is about thirty feet high. Don't you see it bears some resemblance to a man? That is the hermit, and it is this solitary pillar that gave name to the mountain."

The English tourist suddenly showed indications of interest. He edged a little nearer, and remarked:

"Beg pardon, did I hear you say something about a hermit?"

The commercial traveler gave his comrade a dig in the ribs. "Why, yes," he said to the tourist; "didn't you ever hear the remarkable facts about the hermit here?"

"No," said the tourist.

A DRUMMER'S STORY.

"Well, I'll tell you the story," said the drummer. "It's a remarkable one, and every traveler ought to know it. You see, about the time of the gold excitement in the Fraser river country 'way back in 1856 a man came here to make his fortune. One of the miners had brought into this wild region his little family, and among them was his daughter, a very pretty girl, with whom this other fellow fell madly in love. He had a hated rival, of course, and in a few months this rival carried off the prize, and life became a hollow mockery to the disappointed lover. He became not only a woman hater, but a hater of his kind, and he made up his mind he would spend the rest of his life as a hermit."

"So he came to this mountain, and he clambered up that brush that you see alongside, and he built him a hut of stones and branches, and there he began his new life. He had a gun and lived on what he could shoot, a little flour he got from the settlement and the berries and roots he gathered. He lived that way a good many years, bringing down from the mountain an occasional fur or bear-skin, which he sold for provisions. For years now he has been old and unable to hunt well, but nothing has ever induced him to give up his queer life."

By this time the English tourist was all eyes and ears. "You don't mean to tell me," he said, "how on earth does he live now?"

"Well, once a week the people who live in this little hamlet you see here fill a basket with provisions and one of them takes it up to the top of the mountain. When the hermit hears anybody coming he leaves his hut and retreats into the woods. The man with the supplies leaves the basket at the door, and the next fellow who comes up with provisions leaves another basket and takes back the empty one."

THE TOURIST BELIEVED IT.

"The hermit never speaks to anybody. Early in the winter, before there is danger of a big fall of snow, a lot of provisions is taken up to him, for fear that a heavy snowfall will prevent any one from reaching the top."

"Why, doesn't he get sick and need a doctor sometimes?" asked the tourist.

"Nobody knows that he ever had a sick day. He is old, but he's well. You see the air up there is magnificent, and there's no reason he should be sick. There he is now," continued the drummer, in a state of wild excitement. "There he is; near the edge of that rock. Don't you see him?"

The Englishman looked, but could see nothing. He borrowed a field glass and was adjusting the focus when the man exclaimed:

"There, he's gone. I just caught a glimpse of him. He's up so high he didn't look bigger'n a speck, any way."

"Remarkable," said the Englishman, as he lapsed into a seat. He rolled it all over in his mind for a couple of hours. Meanwhile the story of the Englishman's interest in the hermit had been told to a number of choice spirits, and there had been much hilarity. One of the men who shared the fun was standing near the Toronto drummer, when the English tourist sidled up to him again.

"Now, look a-here," he said, "honest, is that really all true about the hermit?"

"Certainly, it's true," said the commercial traveler. "Most all tourists know it, and any one who lives in this country can tell you all about it. Ask this man here."

The Englishman turned to the other man, who told the story of the hermit over again, with some graphic and circumstantial additions. The Englishman will probably prepare an account of the wonderful hermit for the British press.—New York Sun.

Uncle Sam's Carpets.

Strangers who come to Washington discover things of the existence of which residents know nothing. How many people know there is a large room in the treasury building in which every yard of carpet used in government buildings all over the United States is cut and sewed? The work is done by contract and carpets are fitted from the architect's plans.—Washington Post.

Stealing a March.

"I want to give you a piece of advice."

"All right, let me give you one first—follow it."—New York Epoch.

The

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