

AN IDEAL FIREMAN.

GAVE UP HIS LIFE ACCORDING TO CONTRACT.

Pathos in the Taking Away of Chief John Egan of the Fire Department of Boston—The Hero of a Remarkable Escape from Death.

ASSISTANT Chief John F. Egan, who, with five comrades, perished while fighting flames in Boston, was an ideal fireman. He was a trifle over the medium height, weighed about 150 pounds, as strong as an ox, as supple as a gymnast, as sober as a judge and as brave as a lion. His head was always clear, and no man was quicker to calculate a fighting chance than he. Egan had many narrow escapes, the most notable of which was on March 10, 1893. He had gone to the roof of the burning Brown-Durrell building to open hydrants. While thus engaged he was cut off from all lines of escape except one. This was a telegraph cable that stretched across Kingston street to the Holmes building, opposite. Egan threw his hat down into the street as a signal of distress and swung himself overhand over hand and leg over leg, into space. The cable swayed and sagged. When he had reached the middle point he stopped. He could not climb on the up grade. A life net was brought and suspended at the spot where he was expected to fall. "Stick to it, Jack!" was the cry from the firemen. Egan hus-



CHIEF JOHN F. EGAN.

bandaged his strength very adroitly. He made no effort to ride the cable, but clung to it, side down, first with one arm and one leg and then with the other arm and leg. He hung on for what seemed a long time and everybody was expecting to see him drop when suddenly the cable began to sag. "It is giving way! It is giving way!" the people cried, and the men with the life net maneuvered to keep directly under the suspended form. Gradually the cable came down. The end of it appeared over the eaves of the Holmes building, and as it sloped to an angle of 50 degrees Egan began to slide with the pitch. Three men had, after making fast the cable with a rope, severed it and lowered easily away. From their position on the roof they could make Egan hear and he held on tight and didn't let himself slide until the pitch was such that he could no longer hold on.

Down, down he came, twenty feet, forty feet, fifty feet, sixty feet. He had reached the place where the rope was made fast and there was about twenty feet more. His strength was gone and he let go, falling squarely into the life net held by his companions. He was taken to the hospital, but came around all right in a few days.

An Interesting Toy.

A good deal of amusement may be furnished by means of what are known as Pharaoh's serpents. A small, oblong capsule is filled with a chemical compound, allowed to become dry, then a match is applied to one end, when a quantity of gray, ash-looking material creeps slowly out from the capsule, twisting and turning in a way to suggest the writhing of a serpent. These capsules are made by dissolving in hot water a small quantity of gum-tragacanth. When this is completely softened put it into a mortar and add one grain of dry mercury sulpho-cyanide. Work it in the mortar with the gum, using only so much as is necessary to make it into a manageable pellet. This is then shaped into whatever size may be required. The pieces are dried upon a glass. The most desirable shape to make them is quite long and slender. When perfectly dry, if the flame is applied to one end of the capsule, the gray, ash-looking substance at once begins to creep out, much to the surprise and amusement of the company.

Mark Twain's Joke.

New Orleans Picayune: At a New England society dinner some years ago Mark Twain had just finished a piquant address when Mr. Everts arose, shoved both of his hands down in his trousers pockets, as was his habit, and laughing remarked: "Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?" Mark Twain waited until the laughter excited by this sally subsided, and then crawled out: "Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?" Mark had the old man there.

SOME LOST DIAMONDS

Shiny Thing Which an Old Farmer Took Home to the Children. "Glad I am through with it," laughed the traveling man who had for years been selling diamonds by sample or directly from the stock which he carried about his person, according to the Detroit Free Press. "I've been followed for hundreds of miles and kept on the alert for twenty-four hours a day, but the biggest scare I ever had was in that lower part of Illinois known as Egypt. In hurrying to catch a train I had placed a book of the sparklers in my overcoat pocket and forgot all about them until I reached the hotel at my next stopping place. They were gone and I felt worse than any man who has lost his all through speculation, for I was the victim of my own carelessness. I recalled taking off my overcoat and sitting in the same seat for some time with a man who looked and talked like a countryman. But you can never tell. I have a habit of drawing such people out, more for my own entertainment than anything else, and I recalled his having told me where he lived, but he might have been fooling me. I telegraphed the house that I was sick, for I was, and then went in search of the old farmer. I was surprised to find him, and still more surprised to have him hand me the book of diamonds as soon as I had been made welcome. 'Didn't ever calculate to see you ag'in,' he said, heartily; 'but I reckon you was takin' them there shiny stones home for the kids, or they might be some kind of a keepsake. I was jest goin' to keep 'em a few months and then 'stribute 'em 'round 'mong the neighbor children if you hadn't showed up. They air purty, but they ain't no use but to look at.' When I slipped a \$100 bill into his hand on parting he looked as though he thought I was crazy, and said if I ever needed the money to let him know."

NEW SPECIES OF RED SNAPPER

Discovery of Scientific Importance Made at the Aquarium. It has been discovered that the red snappers at the New York aquarium, which were received from Bermuda last summer, belong to an entirely new species, says the New York Advertiser. There are about a dozen specimens in the tanks and they have attracted attention because of their fine color, liveliness and exuberant good health. Recently one of them became ill, and before it could be ascertained what the trouble was it died. But to the scientific man a dead fish is much more valuable than a live one, for the identification of live specimens is always difficult, sometimes impossible. It was found that a bit of gravel had lodged in one of the gills and that the fish had died of suffocation. It is the practice of the aquarium to send all fishes that die to the laboratory, where careful measurements and dissections are made. When that was done with the red snapper it was found that it did not conform to any known species, notes were sent to Washington, and it developed that the species was unknown there. The red snapper, which lives in the Gulf of Mexico, and is frequently seen on our tables, of an grows to large size; the new species seldom attains a length of more than one foot. The latter has been named Neomocis Hastingsii, in honor of Gen. Hastings of Bermuda, who gave much valuable assistance to the biological expedition to Bermuda last year, even giving up one of his islands for use as a collecting station for the New York aquarium.

OLD BANK IS TUMBLING DOWN.

The building in which the oldest bank in Omaha was located is in a very dilapidated condition. The porches are tumbling and its windows and tops of the doorways have been taken possession of by the sparrows. Not only was this the first bank of the town, but the first financial institution under the charter of the territory of Nebraska. Its president was Thomas H. Benton, son of the senator. Leroy Tuttle was cashier, and A. N. Wyman teller. In the panic of '57 the doors were closed. The ancient structure is decidedly picturesque in its dilapidation, and has frequently been put into pictures by local artists.

He Just Picks Up Money.

New York Sun: David Anderson, who for forty-seven years has been employed by the National Bank of the Republic, found a roll of bills amounting in all to \$50 lying on the floor in the office of the Metropolitan Trust company on Thursday of last week. On Monday he found another roll containing \$85, this time at the Bank of New York. The money at the trust company had been lost by one of its wealthiest customers, who rewarded Mr. Anderson with a \$5 note. An office boy had lost the money at the bank.

HER STRANGE LOVE.

PRETTY CAUCASIAN WEDS A SON OF HAM.

They Disowned Her and Then Her Husband Deserted Her—The Usual End of Such Affairs, Died in Dishonor and Poverty.



T O M I R A N D A Foote's people and to all her friends the tragedy of her infatuation for "China" Crawford, a colored stable boy, which resulted in their marriage, will always be a mystery. For the wedded life of this ill-mated couple came to an end eight months after their wedding day by the death of the young wife. And in those months, though her husband abused and neglected her, not a word of complaint or reproach ever passed her lips. To crown all this, her husband, although now a fugitive from justice, has made formal claim to his wife's share in her father's estate, which he says is about \$25,000. The beginning of this strange story of the marriage of a young, cultured white girl, only 18 years old, the daughter of wealthy people, to an ignorant colored boy, whose only thoughts in life were for horses and crap-shooting, goes as far back as Miranda Foote's childhood, when she received a fall, from the effects of which she never recovered. This put her away from the usual sports and plays of a country child, and her chief delight was to bring music from the organ which stood in the sitting-room of the old farmhouse. She went to the district school with her brothers and sisters, and though she received a good common school education, there was no greater pleasure for her than taking her music lesson and practicing scales and exercises. On account of her delicate health little or nothing was expected of the child about the house, and as she grew to womanhood the duties which usually fall to a farmer's daughter were either performed by her mother or sisters, and in every way Miranda's life was a sheltered one. Stronghurst, the birthplace of Miranda Foote, is a small village about thirty miles from Galesburg, Ill. Long before the village was there the Foote family was known for their wealth. Years ago B. F. Foote came to Illinois and purchased a few acres two miles from what is known now as the village of Stronghurst. As time went by and he was a successful stock raiser, he added to his land, and when he died several years ago this had increased until the estate embraced some 400 acres.

The small wooden house with which the Foote family had been content in the early days had long since been replaced by a big rough stone dwelling, which is known far and wide in the country around about as the stone house. Long before the death of Mr. Foote his self-earned fortune was placed at \$200,000, and as some of the younger children were far from of age the property was to be intact until the girls and boys had grown to manhood and womanhood. But Mr. Foote was not a greater money-maker than his wife, in whose management his fortune was left. Soon after his death she added the breeding of race horses to that of the other stock raising upon the farm. All the country around and about Galesburg is famed for its fine stock, but no horses for miles about are more famed than those raised by the mistress of the stone house. John Crawford went to the stone house last April to help in the care of these horses. From the time of his birth, a quarter of a century



JOHN CRAWFORD.

ago, he had been one of the familiar darkies of Galesburg. Crawford grew to manhood, doing what he liked most, to hang around livery stables or any place else where horses were kept. He did not care for school, but of music he was fond, and from his boyish days was always able to play all the sweet airs he heard, and play them well, too. This, no doubt, was the great charm that he had for Miranda Foote. While "China" Crawford was at the big stone house he received every kindness from the family, but it was in the eyes of Miranda he found the greatest favor, for by the hour he sang and played to her. The more intelligent of the farming people say the girl had never had a wooer, and that the colored stable boy made love to her in the most passionate way. The people who know of Miranda's love of music and heard her play psalms and hymns Sunday after Sunday, year in and year out, on the wheezy old organ in the little Baptist church, feel sure that the bond of sympathy be-

tween the two was the natural love that each had for harmony. Early in June John went to Galesburg, and to a few of his nearest companions confided that he was going to bring a white girl home to them. It did not appear to confound him that he had no other home than that of his uncle. This would all be overcome, he answered them, for the girl had "lots of money." One dark night Miranda Foote ran away, and her family did not realize that she had gone until she was bound for life to "China" Crawford. The girl must have planned her escape for days beforehand, for she gathered all her wardrobe and threw it from the window, from which she herself went out. "China" was waiting near, and they drove rapidly to Galesburg, where he had assured her he could gain a good living for her. It was not long before the girl was missed and her family feared she had wandered from the house and had become faint. Her brothers and sisters searched for her throughout the entire night. But before they heard of her again she had become the mulatta boy's wife. Justice B. F. Holcomb joined the lives of this colored stable boy and the white girl, and he fought as earnestly against it as he did long years ago for the freedom of the negroes. He begged her to take time to consider, and when she insisted that the marriage should take place at once, he told her as far as her family and friends were concerned her life was at an end. He told her plainly and simply that, come what might, she must remember that she was John Crawford's wife, and that nowhere else in life was there a place for her but at his side. But "China" did not



MRS. JOHN CRAWFORD.

spend much time by her side. He still kept unbroken his record as a "crap-shooter." He did not make much money and the poor girl would often have gone hungry if it had not been for the goodness of "China's" relatives and friends. For weeks her people seemed to forsake her. Then Mrs. Foote wrote that she was ready to take Miranda back if she would come alone. This the girl refused. After another interval one of the older daughters wrote that the mother was ill. She begged of Miranda if she wanted to see her mother alive to come, and come at once. The girl went. This plea she could not withstand, and though Mrs. Foote was a sick woman, she was not in such a dangerous condition as the letter seemed to indicate. At the end of two weeks the girl ran away for the second time. All she took with her she wore, dressed in a calico wrapper, a cheap little hat and a cape for her shoulders. She went back to her black husband and her dull life. But not for long. The hardships that she had to bear broke her down. She died on November 1. For a few hours John insisted that his white wife should be buried where and when he chose. But the girl's mother took her dead child back to the place of her birth and she was buried from the big stone house. Six days after his white wife's death, "China" was arrested with a lot of others in a gaming room. But his good luck did not here desert him. On the way to the station he escaped from the police. Last week he asked the circuit court at Galesburg to appoint an administrator for the estate of Miranda Foote Crawford. He claims he is entitled, as her husband, to a third of the property left by her. And he insists that her share of her father's estate is in the neighborhood of \$25,000. The sixty days allowed after death by the court had elapsed before "China" was aware that he was entitled by law to a part of his wife's father's money. After his crap-shooting escapade ended he hid himself for some time on a farm in McDonough county. He talked often of his white wife and her rich connections. He was assured that a part of this wealth should descend to him, and he has made the first step to acquire it.

Dawson a "Flush Town."

Dawson is the "flushiest" of all the "flush" towns in history. It is hardly necessary to repeat the many stories that have gone out about the new and greater California. Many of the tales may have been exaggerations in individual instances, but they hardly portray the reality. At the dance halls and saloons, where men mostly congregate, gold stands in rows of tumblers behind the bars. In the safe of the North American Transportation and Trading Company 20,000 ounces of left-over dust is stored. But with all that has been taken out the mines are not really at work yet. Hardly one-twentieth of any claim has been exhausted.

Muscles in a Cat's Tail.

There are three times as many muscles in the tail of a cat as there are in the human hand and wrist.

In Personal Affairs the Divorce

is the wisest part.

RACE OF VAGABONDS.

STRANGE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE TZIGANES.

A Class of Nomads Who Make Hungary Their National Home and Who Generally Resist All Attempts to Civilize Them.

Fashion's fondness of Hungarian orchestras the world over and a recent society scandal in which an American girl was implicated have drawn the attention of two continents to those curious people called Tziganes in Hungary, Bohemians in France and gypsies in England and the United States, says the New York Times. Hungary is the home of the Tziganes, in so far as they have any home. In all other European countries they were persecuted for centuries as emissaries of the evil one and enemies of Christianity. But Hungary took pity on them and treated the wanderers like lost children. It was in the fifteenth century that they first made their appearance there. King Sigismund received them hospitably and recommended to the charity and pity of the public "these poor, wandering people, without a home and hounded by every one."

There are now about 150,000 of these Tziganes in Hungary. They may be divided into three classes—those who go bareheaded and barefooted, the wandering gypsies; those who wear headgear and shoes on Sundays, the semi-nomads, and those who always wear hats and shoes, and who have to a great extent abandoned the nomadic lives of their ancestors. These latter are the most civilized, and are generally musicians, who excel in the playing of Hungarian tunes. When the Tziganes arrived in Hungary they were not trained musically, but they soon appropriated Magyar music, and out of it have made a crude and weird art of their own. Their favorite instrument is the "has alja," as they term the violin. Some play the harp, but they have a marked aversion for the piano because of the reason that it cannot be easily moved about. In Hungary no fete or festival takes place without a Tzigane orchestra. At election times a Tzigane band always heads the electoral processions, and no wedding is considered complete without their music for the dance. The Tziganes have become natural musicians, playing from inspiration, and generally being unable to read music. Liszt, who made a study of the Tziganes, says that music is to them a sublime language, a mystic song, which they often make use of instead of conversation, and that they have, in fact, invented a music of their own.

One of the favorite abodes of these strange people is near the frontier of Croatia. It is there that the typical Bohemians are seen at their best. Their "camps" are always set up at some distance from the nearest town or village, often in close proximity to some forest. The Tzigane huts—for they are nothing more—consist of a single room, unless the owner is extremely well-to-do, and generally devoid of furniture. The Tziganes eat and sleep on the bare boards. At all times of the day there is a smoldering fire in the hut, over which hangs a sandstone pot, for the Tzigane has no fixed hour for his meals, but eats whenever he feels hungry. The ordinary bill of fare consists of potatoes, stews, milk and lard. On festive occasions such tit-bits are indulged in as hedgehogs, foxes and squirrels. Cats are considered by the Tziganes a princely diet. Dogs are trained to hunt hedgehogs and foxes. They have a peculiar manner of cooking foxes. They are placed in running water for a couple of days and then cooked under hot coals in a hole in the ground. The Tziganes have a partiality for the flesh of dead animals, and whenever a farm or a stable takes fire they rush to the scene in the hope of finding the carcass of some dead animal. Like certain oriental races, they use their fingers in conveying food to their mouths.

Tzigane women, as a rule, go about half-naked, the young girls wearing nothing but a small apron, excepting when they go to the neighboring town. The men wear but little clothing, and until the time of their marriage, at between 12 and 15 years of age, they go about almost naked. After marriage, however, they attire themselves in the staid Hungarian national costume, of which they are very proud. Cast-off garments of some Magyar nobleman they have a great weakness for, and when they are able to obtain a bright red coat their satisfaction is complete. The Tziganes have horror of work or restraint of any kind. Even those who have a fixed residence like to roam about when they feel so inclined. So firm is this wandering instinct with them that they have no word in their language to signify "remain." Most of the trades they adopt are suitable for a nomadic life. They are either horse dealers, blacksmiths, sheep shears, or, and above all, beggars. It is quite impossible to take a country drive through some provinces of Hungary without coming across a band of Tziganes, some one of whom will surely follow a carriage for a half-hour or more until he has received a coin. The Tziganes have given themselves the nickname of "poor men" and the habit of begging is so thoroughly rooted in them that even well-to-do members of their race, whom one occasionally meets in Budapest driving pure blooded horses and wearing costly jewels, cannot resist the temptation of asking for money.

Many unsuccessful attempts have been made to restrain the vagabond propensities of the Tziganes. The Emperor Joseph II. once tried to compel

them to have a fixed residence, and allotted them land, distributed agricultural implements among them and ordered them to cultivate their land. But instead of taking up their residences in the comfortable houses they had been presented with, the Tziganes turned the houses into stables for their horses and cows and set up tents near by for their own use. To prevent the corriven them for seed from sprouting they boiled it. But the emperor was not discouraged. He abolished the Tzigane language, as he had already done away with the Magyar language; did away with the very name of Tzigane, and finally took their children from them, to be educated by German and Hungarian farmers, who were to bring them up according to a strict code of discipline. But the little Tziganes grew up with all the instincts of their race, and at the first opportunity they escaped and rejoined their parents.

"FAUST" AT CHINESE THEATER

Mephistopheles Promoted Like a Ballet Girl and Acted Like a Pirate.

They had the play of "Faust" in the Chinese theater the other evening. There was nothing outside the theater on Doyers street, where the sign "Chinese opera house" stands out in big English letters, to imply it, and it took a woman to interpret it, says the New York Times. The central figure of the play at the time of the entrance of the party of visitors was a round-faced, jolly-looking Chinaman, with a long white beard, who had much to say in a high falsetto voice. He had been talking and gesticulating for some time, when a number of "sapes" who stood around in very much the same way that Americans of the same order do, placed a stand in the front of the stake with a basin upon it. The jolly-faced Chinaman, who was undoubtedly Faust, began to wash his long white beard in the basin, and, after a moment, the "sapes" grouped themselves together in front of him, hiding him from view to separate again and show the rejuvenated Faust with the long white beard turned to intense black. Mephistopheles came in next. He was a fierce, practical-looking individual, also with a long black beard, showing lines of red on either side. His attire was something between that of a pirate and a ballet girl, and his acting showed traces of the two characteristics. He promoted, gave fantastic kicks, turned up his sleeves for fighting and cussed in a vicious manner two long, horn-like feathers, one of which stood up from either side of the top of his head, and then dropped, algonette fashion, down to two fan-like wings on his back. He also talked in falsetto tones, which may have been made necessary by the operatic part of the affair, which consisted of a number of heavy bass Chinese instruments in the back of the stage. Marguerite did not appear, and it was apparent that she was booked for the next evening, Chinese operas being long-drawn-out and given in parts.

Readers of Rubic

If the works of high-class writers are upon the shelves of those who make a practice of reading rubbish, those works remain unlooked at, while the low novel is sought with keen anxiety, and time is occupied in its perusal always at the expense of the intellect, and often to the neglect of duties of vast importance. People pay visits to libraries, procure books, and spend hours daily in reading, and often speak of it with apparent pride, but, as a rule, they only read what may be called pastimes. Such readers are consequently never in any way improved by their reading, though well up in the details of imagined murders and acts of immorality, which authors have put before them to amuse and gratify their shallow minds. Demoralizing literature does not find its patrons in any one class of society; on the contrary, such is read by the lady in the drawing room as well as by the domestic servant in the kitchen; by the man of good position down to the office boy, who has often been induced to become a thief or a forger in consequence of examples set before him in works of fiction.—Westminster Review.

Laconic Dr. Abernethy.

Dr. Abernethy was notoriously one of the most laconic of men. It is said that one day there was among his patients a woman who had burned her hand. Showing him the wound, she said, "A burn." "A poultice," answered the doctor. Next day she called and said "Better." "Repeat," said the doctor. In a week she made her last call, and her speech was lengthened to three words, "well; your feet?" "Nothing," said the physician, "ever are the most sensible woman I ever met."

Infantine Philosophy.

Tottie (aged 5)—I wonder why babies is always born in de night time. Lottie (aged 7, a little wiser)—Don't you know? It's cos they wants to make sure of findin' their mothers at home.—Harlem Life.

The Corned Philosopher.

"Though it may not be true," said the corned philosopher, "that every man has his price, yet when he does have his price it is always a heap higher than his intrinsic value."—Indianapolis Journal.

His First Thought.

Mrs. Burnham—Here's an item in the paper to the effect that women are now wearing skirts made of paper. Mr. Burnham—Why? Do paper ones cost more than the other kind?—Cleveland Leader.