

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE.

A Race for Life Out of a Fast Spreading Forest Fire.

The most exciting experience I ever had was in a forest fire near Manistee, Mich. I had visited a small lumber camp and retired to rest in one of the bunks provided for the choppers. I was awakened by a strong light from the north, and going outside of the wooden shanty it seemed to me that the entire world was on fire. It cracked and snapped, danced and jumped as if the demon of fire was holding a high carnival and celebrating the end of the world. From every side could be heard sounds like the firing of cannon and the shrieks of dying human beings. It was the falling of the boughs and the sighing of the wind, but I never heard so horrible a sound, nor witnessed so weird and terrible a sight.

Hastily awakening the other men in the camp I mounted a horse and fled from the flames. But the horse could not keep pace with the progress of the fire. The lurid heavens looked as though they were at molten heat; the air was stifling; the smoke almost suffocated me, while falling leaves and boughs burned my horse, and the sickening odor of burning flesh added to the horror. Within two or three hours I was in an opening, where I was no longer in danger, but my horse was badly injured, while my clothing was full of holes where embers had struck me. I will take my chances with cyclones or earthquakes, but not with a burning forest again.

MASON AND SEA COOK.

A Full-Blooded Apache Who Has Traveled Far and Learned Much.

Since the days of William Kidd, the talented but unfortunate buccaneer of the Spanish main, there has been a halo of romance over the head of sea cooks. They have been the heroes and villains of prodigious tales, and even their sons have been endowed with peculiar attributes. Not one, however, is himself more of a unique specimen than the cook of the British ship John Cook, which recently arrived at San Diego, Cal., after a long and dangerous voyage from Cardiff. This cook is a full-blooded Apache Indian, born in the White mountains of Arizona. His people, the terrible White mountain and Tonto Apaches, have caused no end of trouble to the troops and settlers in Arizona. This man was named Tumashaney (Silver River) and was taken when still a child to Mexico, where he was raised. He has followed the sea for the greater part of his life, and has visited every part of the globe, learning several languages, including English, and becoming some years ago a member of the masonic fraternity. In civilization he is known as John Levin. He is quite dark, with the Indian physiognomy, and although 60 years of age, appears hardly in middle life. He has a Mexican wife and family living on the peninsula of Lower California, and says this is his last voyage.

AN ICELANDIC INCIDENT.

Primitive Modes of Dealing With Criminals in the Northern Islands.

The laws of Iceland are so fully recognized that the services of a police officer are hardly necessary; criminals arrest themselves, and the authorities have little trouble in securing the punishment of an offender. A young Icelandic going across the desert from Reykjavik, met a man riding a pony. Such meetings are rare in those parts, and, like ships on the sea, the two hailed and spoke. And this was the manner and substance of their conversation:

"What's your name?" "Stefan." "Whose son?" "Thorstein's son." "Where are you going?" "To prison." "What for?" "Stealing a sheep." "No one taking you?" "No, the sheriff was busy, so he gave me my papers—the warrant for the arrest—and sent me on to prison by myself."

The men exchanged snuff and a kiss, and parted. A week later the young Icelandic was returning to Reykjavik, and near the same spot he met the same man.

"What!" he cried. "Stefan Thorstein! Why, you said you were going to prison!" "So I was, and I went, but they would not let me in." "Why not?" "Because I had lost my papers, and the sheriff said he could not take me without my warrant." "So they won't have you in prison?" "No." "And you are going home again?" "Yes."

Scored One in the Court.

A case was once tried in Limerick before Chief Baron O'Grady. A barrister named Bushe was making a speech for the defense, when an ass began to bray loudly outside the court. "Wait a moment," said the chief baron. "One at a time, Mr. Bushe, if you please."

The barrister waited for a chance to retort, and it came presently. When O'Grady was charging the jury the ass again began to bray, if possible more loudly than before.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said Bushe. "May I ask you to repeat your last words? There is such an echo in this court I did not quite catch them."—Seventy Years of Irish Life.

Origin of an Old Saying.

The question is often asked as to the origin of the oft-used phrase, "Dead as a door nail," but is not always answered readily. The following explanation recently appeared in the Chicago Journal of Commerce. "The door nail in earlier times was the plate on the door upon which the old-fashioned knocker struck to arouse the inmates of the house. As the plate or nail was struck many more times than any other nail, it was assumed to be deader than other nails. Hence the phrase, 'dead as a door nail.'"

LONDON'S OLD DIARISTS.

Observed Every Circle of Society and Set Down Everything Seen.

The diarist was always on the move, opened every door through which he could gain admittance, listened to the talk of every circle and set down all that he observed and heard, says the Quarterly Review. As we read, the old London, which the fire swept away, rises from its ruins, as well as the more stately city which so speedily replaced it. We see the river alive with traffic (nervous people dreading the almost inevitable drenching as they "shoot the bridge") and feel almost as though present in person at the yacht races, pleasure trips to Greenwich or "More-clacke" and the sumptuous water pageants which are so picturesquely described. The great palaces of the town, and its ancient churches reappear in their splendor; we are jostled along the narrow streets with their quaint signs and pick our way about the dirty squares. The life of the court and the city, the resorts of the learned, the haunts of the loungers, the excitements on 'change, the civic functions, the royal masques and balls, the "revels" at the inns of court, the festive dinners, the promenade in the parks and public walks, the recreations in the Mall, the diversions of Fox hall and Muirberry garden, the savage sports of the cockpit and of Southwark fair, the cruel sights of Tyburn and at Temple Bar, the pillory in Cheapside, the duels and street brawls, the accessories of the restored theater, the humors of "Pops" corner" and of Fleet alley, Slingsby's lottery, Lely's studio, and Nell Gwynne's dressing room, all moved before us in living tints on the canvas of this marvelous panorama. We can watch our forefathers at church and market, and notice their "company manners" and follow them into the privacy of their homes. The customs of Twelfth Night, May Morning and St. Valentine's Day assume a fresh interest when we see how they were observed by our hapless ancestors who had yet to learn that time was money. We watch the hackney coaches ply their slow course over the stones, mark the gleam of the link which escorts the belated banqueters home at night and are aroused by the monotonous call with which the sleepy watchman breaks the dull silence of the dawn.

Swiss Amusements.

"One of the pitties about Switzerland of today is that the people are forsaking their picturesque costume and dressing more and more in a conventional way," remarked a much-traveled New Yorker the other evening. "They don't seem to be such a lively people, either, as they did ten years ago. Only in the large hotels, among the waitresses, or on holidays, do you see the women in what used to be their national garb. So far as I have observed, they are forgetting how to smile or yodel. I saw a statement in a Swiss paper the other day which leads me to think that these people keep all their jollity to themselves during the tourist season for fear it may interfere with their acquisition of wealth. This paper said that the authorities of the Canton Berne recently gathered to discuss, among other things, the question of 'dancing and other public amusements in restaurants.' The curious fact was further brought out that in this one canton alone there are 918 public dancing saloons against 410 churches. The other cantons did not seem to be quite so bad, only that of Uri having more churches than dance halls. I judge from this that a Swiss peasant I once asked if the winter was not somewhat dull after the tourist industry had stopped in October told the truth when he replied: 'Nay; when you've all gone away the belt time begins for us.'—New York Journal.

Still the Gas Was Lighted.

A certain member of congress, who is somewhat impressed with himself and his own importance, went to Boston once upon a time and stayed at the Tremont house—they say Tremont in Boston, you know, and Tremont out in Chicago. He didn't like the hotel. He didn't like the table. The beds displeased him. The rooms were not properly heated. Nothing was as it should have been. When he went to the clerk's desk in the office to pay his bill on leaving the congressman's displeasure found vent in words. "I was never so uncomfortable in my life," he said to the clerk. "Your hotel is the worst in the country, sir, and I want to tell you one thing—one thing, sir—I am never going to stop at this house again—never, sir."

A quiet-looking man who happens to run that hotel was standing by. "John," said he, calmly, to the clerk, "I think you may light up this evening as usual."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Some Appropriate Epitaphs.

For the photographer—Taken from life. For the elevator boy—Gone higher. For the amateur actor—Beyond the stars. For the editor—Here lies. For the millionaire—Dust to dust. For the janitor—A mansion in the sky. For the tailor—Cut down. For the tramp—Rest, sweet rest. For the pigeon-toed girl—Flee as a dove. For the policeman—Where all is peace.

His Practical Eye.

"It's too bad," remarked the agent for the circus, "that they put that wooden expanse away up there on the roof of the new postoffice." "It seems like a false economy," "Economy! It struck me as a waste of material. If they hadn't put it away up there where nobody can see it it would have been a splendid place to post show bills."—Washington Star.

THE PROMISED LAND.

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American Patriotic Papers.

The following is but a partial list and does not give the particulars, which the editor had hoped to give, but will be more representative in the future:

- AMERICAN. Kansas City, Missouri. Weekly, \$2.00 a year. AMERICAN. Omaha, Neb. Weekly, \$2.00 a year. AMERICAN. Chicago, Ill. Weekly, \$2.00 a year. Blade, Aurora, Ill., weekly; \$1.00. American. Memphis, Tenn. Weekly, \$1.00 a year. American, The. 1146 D Street, San Diego, Cal. Weekly, \$2.00 a year. American Citizen. Boston, Mass. Weekly, \$2.00 a year. American Eagle. Kansas City, Kas. Weekly, \$1.00 a year. Standard, San Francisco, Cal., weekly, \$2.00. A. P. A. Magazine. Box 2607, San Francisco, Cal. Monthly, \$3.00 a year. Banner of Liberty. Cleburn, Texas. Weekly, \$1.50 a year. Boston Daily Standard. Boston, Mass. 6 days a week, \$6.00 a year. Denver (Col.) American. Weekly, \$2.00 a year. Freedom's Banner. Louisville, Ky. Weekly, \$1.00 a year. Independent. Kenosha, Wisconsin. Weekly, \$1.00 a year. Independent Leader. Bridgeport, Conn. Weekly, \$1.50 a year. Justice. Louisville, Ky. Weekly, \$2.00 a year. Liberty. Galesburg, Ill. Weekly, \$1.50 a year. Nation, The. Omaha, Neb. Monthly, \$1.00 a year. Patriotic American. Detroit, Mich. Weekly, \$2.00 a year. Portlander. Portland, Ore. Weekly, \$1.00 a year. Protestant Standard. Philadelphia Penn. Weekly, \$2.00 a year. Spirit of Seventy-Six. Seattle, Wash. Weekly, \$1.00 a year. Tocsin. Los Angeles, Cal. Weekly, \$2.00 a year. Toledo American. Toledo, Ohio. Weekly, \$1.50 a year. True American. St. Louis, Missouri. Weekly, \$1.00 a year. United American. Washington, D. C. Weekly, \$1.00 a year. W. A. P. A. Rock Island, Illinois. Monthly, 50c a year. Examiner, Butte, Mont. Weekly. America, or Rome, Pine Bluff, Ark. American Opinion, Rock Island, Ill. American Protestant, Cincinnati, Ohio. American Citizen, Tusculumbia, Washington. Chicago Sentinel, Chicago, Ill. Erie Advertiser, Erie, Penn. Loyal American, Altoona, Penn. Leader, Bridgeport, Conn. Lowell Herald, Lowell, Mass. Primitive Catholic, Brooklyn, N. Y. Progressive American, Lebanon, Pa. Southern Eagle, Augusta, Georgia.

Triumph of Thought, San Francisco, Cal.

Wisconsin Patriot, Milwaukee, Wis. AMERICAN, Cripple Creek, Col. Weekly, \$2.00 a year.

The Woman's Voice and Public School Champion, Boston, Mass. Weekly, \$1.00 a year.

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