WONDERFUL RESCUE.

HOW SERGEANT VAUGHAN SAVED A LIFE AT A HOTEL FIRE.

A Member of the New York Department Who Endangered His Own Life to Save a Guest of the Hotel Royal Who Had About Given Up All Hope.

Jacob A. Riis, author of "How the Other Half Lives," writes of "Heroes Who Fight Fire" in The Century. The article is one of the series "Heroes of Peace." Mr. Riis tells the following story of a heroic rescue at the Hotel Royal fire in New York some years ago:

Sergeant Vaughan went up on the roof. The smoke was so dense there that he could see little, but through it he heard a cry for help and made out the shape of a man standing upon a window sill in the fifth story overlooking the courtyard of the hotel. The yard was between them. Bidding his men follow—they were five all told—he ran down and around in the next street to the roof of the house that formed an angle with the hotel wing. There stood the man below him only a jump away, but a jump which no mortal might take and live. His face and hands were black with smoke. Vaughan, looking down, thought him a negro. He was perfectly calm.

"It is no use," he said, glancing up. "Don't try. You can't do it."

The sergeant looked wistfully about him. Not a stick or a piece of rope was in sight. Every shred was used below. There was absolutely nothing. "But I couldn't let him," he said to me months after, when he had come out of the hospital a whole man again and was back at work, "I just couldn't, standing there so quiet and brave." To the men he said sharply:

"I want you to do exactly as I tell you now. Don't grab me, but let me get the first grab." He had noticed that the man wore a heavy overcoat, and had already laid his plan.

"Don't try," urged the man. "You cannot save me. I will stay here till it gets too hot, then I will jump."

"No, you won't," from the sergeant, as he lay at full length on the roof, looking over. "It is a pretty hard yard down there. I will get you or go dead myself."

The four sat on the sergeant's legs as he swung free down to the waist, so he was almost able to reach the man on the window, with outstretched hands.

"Now, jump—quick!" he commanded, and the man jumped. He caught him by both wrists as directed, and the sergeant got a grip on the collar of his coat.

"Hoist!" he shouted to the four on the roof, and they tugged with their might. The sergeant's body did not move. Bending over till the back creaked, it hung over the edge, a weight of 203 pounds suspended from and holding it down. The cold sweat started upon his men's foreheads as they tried and tried again, without gaining an inch. Blood dripped from Sergeant Vaughan's nostrils and ears. Sixty feet below was the paved courtyard. Over against him was the window, behind which he saw the back draft coming, gathering headway with lurid, swirling smoke. Now it burst through, burning the hair and the coats of the two. For an instant he thought all hope was gone.

But in a flash it came back to him. To relieve the terrible dead weight that wrenched and tore at his muscles he was swinging the man to and fro like a pendulum, head touching head. He could swing him up! A smothered shout warned his men. They crept nearer the edge without letting go their grip on him and watched with staring eyes the human pendulum swing wider and wider, farther and farther, until now, with a mighty effort, it swung within their reach. They caught the skirt of the coat, held on, pulled in, and in a moment lifted him over the edge.

They lay upon the roof, all six, breathless, sightless, their faces turned to the winter sky. The tumult of the street came up as a faint echo. The spray of a score of engines pumping below fell upon them, froze and covered them with ice. The very roar of the fire seemed far off. The sergeant was the first to recover. He carried down the man he had saved and saw him sent off to the hospital. Then first he noticed that he was not a negro. The smut had been rubbed off his face. Monday had dawned before he came to, and days passed before he knew his rescuer. Sergeant Vaughan was laid up himself then. He had returned to his work and finished it, but what he had gone through was too much for human strength. It was spring before he returned to his quarters, to find himself promoted, petted and made much of.

A Bureau of Courtesy.

"A curious innovation," says the Boston Transcript, "at the coming Omaha exposition will be a bureau of courtesy. Not only is the idea novel, but it is surprising to learn that nearly all the people of the city will be enrolled in the committee. Every member will wear a badge, and visitors will be at liberty to address any one who wears the badge and ask for information just as much as he likes. The member, on the other hand, will be pledged to treat the visitor courteously and answer his questions, or put him in the way of getting them answered."

Coke In Different Countries.

The prices at which coke is quoted in different countries are given as $1.44 in the United States, $3.18 in Great Britain, $3.24 in France, $3.36 in Germany, $3.48 in Belgium, and in Spain $5.08. These figures are based on the quantity of coke used in the manufacture of a ton of bessemer pig iron.

The proportion of deaf mutes to the population is one to every 2,043. In 1851 there was one deaf mute to every 1,738 of the population. Physicians claim that this decrease is mainly traceable to greater knowledge and care in the treatment of scarlatina in children.

A SEEMING DISCREPANCY.

The Dear Lady Has Her Daughter's Interest at Stake.

She is a lady whose husband has accumulated a large share of this world's goods. She does not care how much anything costs and desires people to know that she doesn't care. So it was not through any fear that she was not getting her money's worth that she reproved her youngest daughter, who had been practicing at the piano. The little girl's efforts had been harrowingly persistent and dutiful, and she was hurt as well as surprised when her mother indignantly remarked:

"Dolly, I am compelled to remind you that we have employed the best teacher in the city for your musical education and that as we propose to spare no expense in the future you ought to be more conscientious in laying a foundation. You will gain nothing by slighting the work now. I am determined that you shall learn to play the piano no matter what it costs."

"I was practicing faithfully," the pupil protested.

"My dear, do not attempt to deceive your mother."

"But you heard me practicing, didn't you?"

"It may be," was the chilly rejoinder, "that your mother's advantages in early life were not so great as those I intend that you shall enjoy. But there is one study in which I was always good, and it will be useless for you to attempt to mislead me in anything connected with it. That is arithmetic."

"I never said you weren't splendid in arithmetic, but that hasn't anything to do with my piano playing."

"Unless my eyes are at fault those are five finger exercises that you are now supposed to be working on."

"Yes."

"Very well. Do not think that I forget myself so far as to speak in anger. But I should very much like to know what you mean by trying to play five finger exercises with both hands."—Detroit Free Press.

THE COST OF TRAINS.

Passenger Coaches More Expensive Than Many Fine Houses.

"Ninety-five per cent of the traveling public do not own in their own right or occupy through rental a dwelling house which, including all its contents, costs as much as one of the ordinary modern passenger cars run on any first class railroad."

The foregoing statement, which is calculated to arouse the incredulity of the average individual, was made recently by George J. Charlton, assistant general passenger and ticket agent of the Chicago and Alton railroad.

"Just let me give you a few facts to prove that assertion," continued Mr. Charlton. "The cost of the average passenger car today is from $6,000 to $7,000. A reclining chair car costs from $10,000 to $12,000. These figures represent the bare cost of the car. When you add to that from year to year the expenses of maintenance, instead of figuring, as the ordinary business mortal will figure, a return in interest for the capital invested you simply aggravate the situation.

"I once heard a prominent master car builder say that it cost $500 to simply look over a car after it had served five or six months on the road and had been sent to the carshops to be examined and put into presentable shape for another six months' run. He meant that the ordinary 'dressing down' and cleaning of a car would cost over $500, and if you extend your investigation to general shop repairs—perhaps adding a little upholstering here and there—you could easily get away with another $500."—Kansas City Journal.

The Trees of Paris.

Paris is probably the only city in the world which has trees that bloom twice a year habitually. These are the horse chestnuts. There are 17,000 of them planted in the squares and along the boulevards, and 26,000 buttonwoods. The trees in Paris are numbered, just like the people, the cabs, the animals, the lampposts and the matches. These horse chestnuts have only been doing this trick for about five years, and only some of them have made a practice of it. These die, or apparently die, in the latter part of July, and all the leaves fall off. A month or so afterward they all come out into flower again and little green leaves shoot forth continually until they are nipped by the first frost. There is a reason for this, and the scientists worked over the matter for a long time to be able to explain it. Briefly and unscientifically the trees lose their leaves because they are attacked by a little fungus which is blown upon them by the wind; then, being still full of sap, they start to put forth leaves all over again.

A Precautionary Measure.

"What are you doing now, doctor?" asked the actress.

"I am taking a snap shot photograph of you, madam," responded the dentist, "so that if any unpleasant consequences follow this operation and you sue me for damages for the loss of your beauty I can establish something in the nature of an alibi, as it were. I am ready now, madam, to extract the tooth."—Chicago Tribune.

Putting It Indirectly.

Inski—Look here! Is it you that has been circulating the report that I had not washed my face for seven years?

Sinski—No. All I said was that if a wasp wanted to sting you he'd have to carry a shovel.—London Tit-Bits.

The greatest men are not always in the most exalted offices. It is often with men as with building stones — the greater they are the harder it is to elevate them to high positions.

The readiest and surest way to get rid of censure is to correct ourselves.—Demosthenes.

HE IS A RAT DRIVER.

LUMINOUS PAINT SUCCEEDS WHERE BELLS, TAR AND TRAPS FAILED.

A Man Who Makes Good Money Clearing Warehouses and Other Concerns Around New York of Troublesome Rodents—Began the Business In Stockholm.

Haibtues of Riverside drive, between Seventy-fifth and Eightieth streets, on very sunny days have noticed a middle aged man carrying a case, which appears to be about three feet long by one foot deep and two feet wide. It is apparently a black leather case with an ordinary grip handle to the upper part, and the man, seeking some unfrequented piece of wall, generally one of the embrasures, places his case on the wall, smokes his pipe and loiters around, looking at the ever changing river and its traffic. If others come around, he moves on, but if not he may stay there from two to three hours in the full sun. He is a rat catcher, or rather a rat driver. He works only in large warehouses and does not touch the smaller dwelling houses or flats except in rare cases.

He is a Scandinavian whom nothing will warm to conversation but his native tongue. His case is wood on the back, ends and bottom and wire on the front and top. There are neat spring shades which roll down over front and top. In this cage are eight or ten large rats. If any one comes near, down go the shades, but as long as the coast is clear the shades are up and the rats are running around basking in the sunlight. If he takes you into his confidence, he will tell you that it is with these rats he clears buildings. The other day he said:

"When I was living in Stockholm, the large granaries were full of rats, and a reward was offered to clear them. Many tried. Traps were set by the hundred.

"One man built a room as large as an ordinary parlor, cased it with tin and fed the rats with oatmeal scented with oil of aniseed, gradually laying trains of this feed to the room until he had all the rats on a string. Then he fitted an automatic drop to the entrance, and when his rats were feeding he caged them all, several hundred. The first man who did this went into the room with dogs to kill them and was nearly eaten himself, like that farmer out west a few weeks ago. The second man starved and then poisoned his, but in a week there were just as many rats as ever. The supply was inexhaustible from the rivers and quays. Poisoning was no good because of the terrific smell, and so I took the matter in hand.

"I thought it over and finally set a trap and caught some rats. Then I tied a piece of wire round their necks, to which I slung a little tinkling brass bell, and then I let the bell ringers loose in the building they had been caught in. They knew the runs and went to join their friends and relatives, who of course ran from the bells. The more they ran the more ran the bell carriers, until the building was 'hoodoo' in rat language and not a rat would enter.

"If I could have lured back my bell carriers, all would have been well; but, familiarity breeding contempt, the rats grew accustomed to them and in a few months were back again, and as building after building had been cleared by this trick there was not a rat in the city who did not know of the bells. Then I tried tarring some rats with strong smelling coal tar, which rats cannot bear and will avoid if possible, and this answered for awhile, but a fire occurred, and a rat, tar coated, ran out of the blazing building with his fur ablaze and, going into another building not in danger, set it on fire—wood gets very dry in those old buildings over there—and so an ordinance was passed prohibiting the use of tar.

"I had made money, and I came to this country. I did well for some years, but in the depression my capital ran short and I failed; so then I took to clearing business places of rats again and am doing quite well. The first thing is to learn the lay of the building where the rats come from. If a grain elevator is near, clear the elevator and trap those in the other places. Rats very seldom run around more than one building, except as an overflow. Then, having determined that point, try the tar, then the bell, and after that these fellows in the cage. They are coated with luminous paint, and being exposed to the sunlight here can be taken to a building tonight, loosed and will fly through the runs, spreading fear wherever they go and creating a stampede. If you have ever seen luminous paint effects, you can readily understand it. The great beauty of this plan is that the rats do not live more than 24 to 48 hours after a coating with this paint, so the novelty never wears off. It is a preparation of lime, which I discovered for myself, and has to be newly made and mixed like a varnish. This closes the pores of the skin, and after chasing around to catch up with the flying relatives the rat is in a sweat, and that finishes him, and they never get used to it. Will a rat sweat? Well, you cage a rat, and then let a terrier roll the cage around for a few minutes, and you will see a rat as damp as if dipped into a pail of water. I get as high as $20 a month for keeping some places in this city clear of rats, and I work several other cities as well. The only thing I am afraid of is the society (Prevention of Cruelty to Animals), but I have nearly made enough to start in my own business again, and then I will cease rat driving. Sell my business? No, I may want again in this city of ups and downs."—New York Sun.

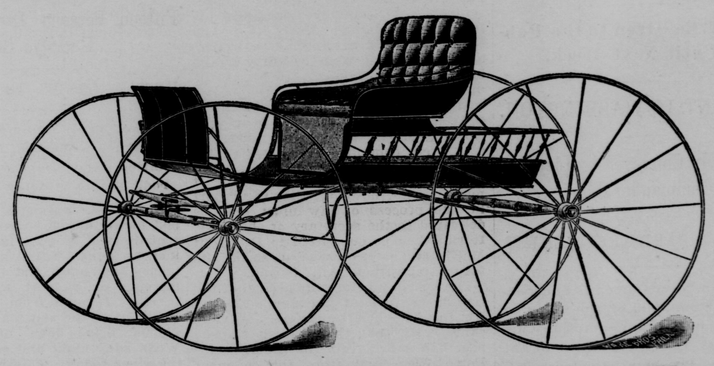
Chicago Modesty.

"Did she have a church wedding?"

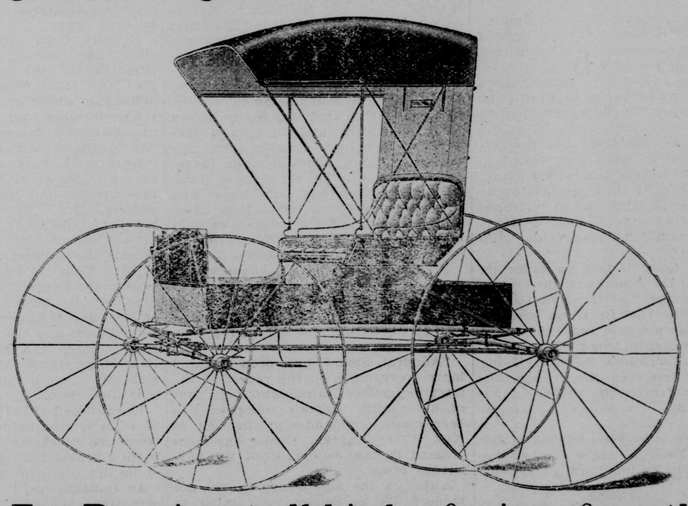
"No. There's no foolish desire for ostentation about her. Why, every time she's been divorced the case has always been heard in the judge's little side room."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NO AUCTION SALE

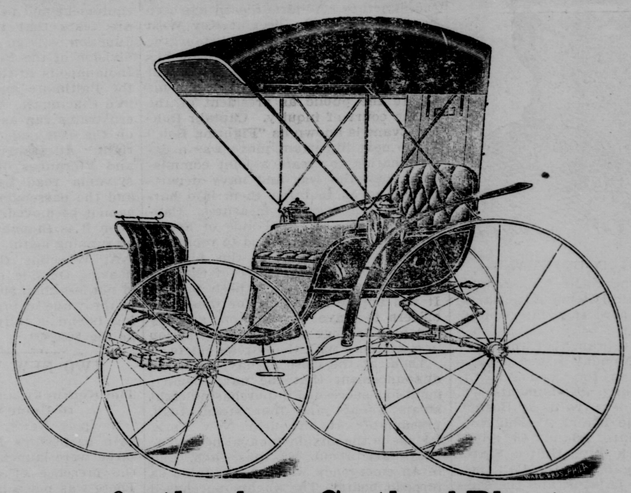
But an every day sale at very low prices. Prices less than auction prices guaranteed. An examination of work and rates will prove what I say is true.



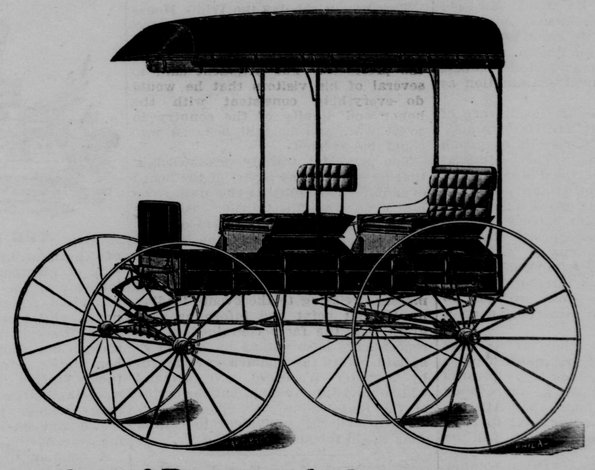
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