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THE ACT OF A HERO.

He Snatched a Life Out of a Pool of Molten Metal.

Three men came up carrying a long iron shaft, which had been cut in two, so that an iron ring could be inserted between the two halves. An empty crucible a foot wide and deep hung in the ring. The forward end of the pole held a crossbar, making it, as it were, a huge T. Two men held the T part of the pole; the third grasped the rear end. The crucible hung between. The remainder of the molten metal from the caldron was tipped into one crucible, and the men trotted off with it, the two in front with strained faces, the man behind driving them complacently, the oddest team in the world. He steered them through a doorway, and they emptied their crucible into a small mold. As they went they kept step in an unusual manner. Instead of stepping out right foot with right foot the left man's right leg and the right man's left leg went forward together, knee with knee, foot with foot. We asked why.

"That," said our guide, "is to prevent them from slipping. If they should fall, you know, that metal would pour over them."

"Of course such a thing never happened?"

"Yes, it did once. One of the men went down. The other jumped clear, but the fellow on the floor swam in it."

"Horrible! Of course he died instantly, poor man?"

"No; the foreman of the carrying gang, taking in the situation, made several terrific leaps for him, jumped right into the middle of it, picked him up and threw him out of it bodily. Then he jumped clear himself, with the stuff dropping from his shoes. They both went to the hospital, but they are all right now. Heroic, wasn't it? By the way, that's him, the foreman, Jim H., over there now. He is still looking after those fellows."

We looked over to where a big muscular fellow was directing a gang of men manipulating molten metal. He was not disfigured, and he did not look like a hero, but thereafter the grime that covered him seemed noble indeed, and he would not say a word of his feat when we sought to talk with him about it. But Jim H. will probably never want for a job as long as Baldwin's is working.—From an Article on the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

ONLY AN OLD SONG.

But It Illustrated the Curiosity of a New York Crowd.

It was only a song, and an old one at that, but it came near causing a block on the Broadway surface line the other day. The singer was as black as the coal in the cart he was driving, but that fact cast no shadow on his exuberant spirits. As he swung his chariot from Broadway into Cortlandt street he raised his voice. Then the trouble began.

When the notes of "Old Black Joe" rang out high and clear above the din of traffic, expressions of blank amazement overspread the faces of the hurrying pedestrians who thronged the sidewalks. Necks were craned in a vain search for the location of some newly patented phonograph. Crowds collected and gazed vacantly upon the air, as if they expected to locate the sound in some office window; teams were drawn up until a long line of trucks extended up Cortlandt street to Broadway, barring access to the street, that their drivers might ascertain the cause of the crowd's curiosity. Suddenly a newsboy cried:

"Ah, rubber! Dontcher see it's only de nigger a-singin?"

The crowd laughed. The darky, now lustily holding forth on "The Suwannee River," turned sharply into Church street, totally oblivious to the excitement he had caused. The crowd then dispersed, and the long line of wagons began to move once more.

"Well," exclaimed a Jerseyman on his way to the ferry, "New Yorkers call country people curious, but"— He shrugged his shoulders and passed on. —New York Mail and Express.

Treasures of the White House.

There are doubtless in every large city in the country larger and more valuable collections of bric-a-brac and art furniture than that to be found in the private apartments of the executive mansion, but it is a question whether there is in the length and breadth of the land any other half so interesting. Rarity is, of course, a universal characteristic of the artistic gems scattered through the home of the presidents, but better than that is the fact that almost every piece is fraught with memories and associations that make it a prized possession. Of the whole number probably half are the gifts of kings and rulers, tokens of appreciation from friendly nations, and the remainder, having been fashioned especially for the White House, have no duplicates anywhere else in the world.—Woman's Home Companion.

THE MAN WHO DID.

All doctors in my town failed to relieve me of rheumatism. I have used about half a bottle of Nelaton and feel so much improved, that while I may not need it, I enclose P. O. order for $1 for one more bottle of the remedy that has been such a God-send to me. I cheerfully recommend Nelaton to anyone suffering with rheumatism.

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CINCH WENT FISHING

HE USED HIS HOOK AND LINE IN A BIG CLOVER FIELD.

It Puzzled His Comrades to Discover What He Was Angling For, but He Finally Landed the Prize For Which He Was Striving.

Some young men who enlisted during the war with Spain, but never saw any active service, were talking over their days in uniform one night and old, interesting stories of camp life. The young man who had been a hospital steward told this story:

"A month in our camp in Georgia was enough to drive a man to despair, for not only was it hot, but every day increased our belief that the government had no intention of giving us a chance to get into action or to let us go back to our homes. It was a mighty tough predicament for a lot of young men who had left business and everything else in a burst of patriotic enthusiasm and expected to get into a scrap in short order. The men worked every wire they could to get their discharges, but it was at a time when the man with a pull couldn't get any more than the man without a friend. After awhile the boys gave up trying to get their discharges and made up their minds to grin and bear it.

"As a hospital steward I used to hear a good deal about the health of the regiment from the surgeons, and one day I was very much surprised to hear one of them say that he was afraid Cinch of Company C was going to lose his mind. I knew Cinch as a big, good natured fellow, who tried to get a discharge as soon as he learned that we were not going to have a fight. When he failed, he became sullen and moody. The more we watched him the more convinced we became that something was wrong with him. Every time we came around we found him mumbling to himself, and one day a crowd of us found him seated on a stump in the middle of a big clover field, holding in front of him a long pole, attached to which was a piece of cord, on the end of which was a pin bent to resemble a fishhook. He would drop the hook into the long grass and let it stay there for a time. Then he would make a cast and when the hook fell would sit and watch the end of his line intently. Every once in awhile he would jerk the line out of the grass as though he had felt a nibble. Once one of the boys stepped up and said:

"'What are you fishing for?'

"He got no answer. All Cinch did was to turn a pair of hollow eyes on him and then resume his fishing. After that a gang used to go out and watch Cinch every afternoon. They would hide in the grass and almost burst with laughter at the seriousness with which the poor fellow would cast his line of wrapping cord and his pin hook and then sit and wait for a bite. Every once in awhile one of the boys would saunter out and say:

"'What are you fishing for, Cinch?'

"It got to be the regimental saying, and I suppose that the question, 'What are you fishing for, Cinch?' was thrown at the man from Company C a hundred times a day. By and by the news got to the officers that Cinch was going fast. They heard about his fishing in the fields, and one day the surgeon major went out and witnessed the performance. He went back and reported to the colonel that unless Cinch was discharged at once he would be hopelessly insane. The result was that his condition was telegraphed on to Washington and discharge papers were returned at once.

"The colonel in the goodness of his heart went to look up Cinch and give him the news. He found him sitting on a stump in the field fishing away, while around him sat about 50 of the regiment, one of whom would yell, 'What are you fishing for, Cinch?' every few minutes. The colonel stepped up and touching Cinch on the shoulder said:

"'Cinch, we think your health demands that you leave the service, and so we have procured an honorable discharge for you. Here it is,' and he handed Cinch the papers.

"Cinch dropped his fishing pole and grabbed the papers. He gave one look at them, and when he saw that they were all right waved them triumphantly over his head and shouted at the top of his voice:

"'This is what I was fishing for, dang ye all. This is what I was fishing for, and I got it too.' And with that he went dancing over the field, leaving us standing there, the first gleam of the truth creeping into our brains.

"The colonel looked foolish, and by and by we began to sneak away one by one. There was no doubt but what the regimental question, 'What are you fishing for, Cinch?' had been answered and in a most emphatic and surprising fashion. Cinch was as sane as anybody, but when he found he could not get an honorable discharge in one way he tried for it another."—New York Sun.

Couldn't Keep It.

After hearing evidence in an assault case between man and wife, in which the wife had had a deal of provocation, the magistrate, turning to the husband, remarked:

"My good man, I really cannot do anything in this case."

"But she has cut a piece of my ear off, sir."

"Well," said the magistrate, "I will bind her over to keep the peace."

"You can't," shouted the husband; "she's thrown it away!" — Pearson's Weekly.

The First Instance.

Wife—Do you mean to insinuate that your judgment is superior to mine?

Husband—Certainly not, my dear. Our choice of life partners proves it isn't.—Chicago News.

HE SLEPT IN SECURITY.

The Tonic a Small Boy Used For His Weak Feeling.

There is a 5-year-old boy in Massachusetts avenue who is of the blood of patriots. His grandfather was in both the Mexican and civil wars, and his father was also a soldier, consequently the little fellow has heard much "flag" talk in his short life and has exalted ideas of its protective qualities. He was the baby of the family till very recently and occupied a crib bed in his mother's room. When the new baby came, Harold was put to sleep in a room adjoining his mother's, and as he had never slept alone before his small soul was filled with nameless fears which he was too proud to tell in full.

"It's mighty lonesome in here, mamma," he called the first night after he had been tucked in his little white bed.

"Just remember the angels are near you and caring for you," replied mamma from the outer room.

"But, mamma," he objected, "I ain't acquainted with any angels, and I'd be scared of them if they came rustling round, same as I would of any other stranger."

"Now, Harold, you must go to sleep quietly. Nothing will hurt you."

"Can't I have the gas lighted in here?"

"No; mamma doesn't think it necessary, and it is not healthy."

There was silence for some time, and then the small voice piped up again. "Oh, mamma!"

"Yes, dear."

"May I have grandpa's flag?"

"Why, what for? I want you to go right to sleep."

"Please, mamma!" and a small nightgowned figure appeared at the door. "Just let me stick the flag up at the head of my bed, and then I'll go right to sleep, indeed I will! You know the other night grandpa said at the meeting that 'under the protecting folds of the flag the weakest would be safe,' and I feel mighty weak, mamma."

He got the flag, and when his mother looked in on him an hour later he was fast asleep, with a fat little fist under his red cheek, holding fast the end of the "protecting" flag.—Washington Star.

"JES' COMMON OLE MISERY."

Why Rufus Suddenly Decided That He Didn't Have Paralysis.

The boy's name is Rufus, and he was busily engaged in polishing the doctor's shoes while he was being shaved. As was his custom, the doctor said, "How are you feeling, Rufus?"

"I ain't much. Kindly poohly, thank you, doctah," answered the boy.

"What's the matter?"

"Paralysis."

"What?"

"Paralysis."

Had the doctor not been so well acquainted with the negro race, he might have allowed himself to show astonishment. As it was, he determined to see what would result from further inquiries.

"Where's your paralysis?" he asked kindly.

Rufus was drawing a rag swiftly across the left shoe.

"In the right hip, doctah," he answered.

"It's probably rheumatism," suggested the physician.

"No, indeed. It's paralysis. I reckon I knows rheumatism and I knows paralysis. This is suttenly paralysis."

The doctor drew a good sized pin from the lapel of his coat.

"Well, Rufus," he said seriously, "there is only one way to tell. Come here. I'm going to jab this pin in your hip. If it hurts, then you have rheumatism. If you don't feel it, then you are right, and you have paralysis."

The boy did not rise, but drew the rag thoughtfully across the shoe. Finally he said:

"Doctah, I reckon you mus' know more about them things than I do. I know it ain't nothin but jes' common ole misery."—Kansas City Star.

What Forty Poles Make.

A good story is told about a certain professor whose business it was to lecture to a number of students on surveying. During one of the lectures, the professor said that in his opinion the pole was of little or no value. To the astonishment of those present a Polish gentleman arose and, after accusing the professor of insulting his countrymen, demanded an apology.

The professor thereupon explained that the pole to which he referred was merely a term of measurement. The Polish gentleman, seeing his mistake, asked the professor to forgive his apparent rudeness. To this the professor smartly replied:

"You could not be rude, sir, even if you tried, for it takes 40 poles to make one rood!"

Quite Fit.

"Mr. Upner," said the prosecuting attorney, "this is an action in which the plaintiff seeks to recover damages for alleged injuries received at the hands of White Caps. Have you heard anything about the case?"

"No, sir," replied the talesman.

"We'll take him, your honor."

"Mr. Upner," asked the attorney for the defense, "do you know what a 'whitecap' is?"

"Yes, sir. It's a wave that's got foam on top of it."

"We'll take him, your honor."—Chicago Tribune.

A Good Cough Medicine for Children.

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