HOW THEY FIGHT FIRES.

Equipment of Different Cities in the World.

Few Destructive Conflagrations Occur in Europe, Although Means for Their Extinguishment Are Inadequate–Facts and Figures of General Interest.

Though we live in an age of cities few persons have much knowledge of them except their names. This is especially true of the cities of the old world. Our State Department has just published a volume of reports prepared by our Consuls, which not only gives the building regulations of many foreign cities, but presents the facilities they possess for extinguishing fires. Some of this information relating to the more important cities of Europe and Asia is here given. The city of Vienna has 800,000 people and 13,841 buildings. These structures are almost wholly of stone and brick, there being only 1,200 one-story frame houses, mostly gardeners' lodges. During the year 1891 there was no case where a fire extended beyond the building in which it originated. The city has only five steam fire engines, but has many hand engines. The water supply is ample, and electric alarms numerous. A reward of two florins goes to the person first sending in an alarm.

The city of Antwerp covers 3,500 acres and has a population of 250,000. Had Chicago as many persons to the acre as Antwerp its population would exceed 8,000,000. In the old portions of the city the buildings are thick together and have stood for two or three hundred years. The city has three steam fire engines and two steamboats with pumps for dock and river use. The Fire Department employs less than a hundred men. In 1890 there were 565 alarms, though the total loss by fire was only $55,000.

The buildings of the city of Brussels are all of stone and brick, and its present population is 500,000. Its Fire Department consists of 168 men, four steam fire engines, nine hand engines, thirteen water wagons, for in some portions of the city it is necessary to carry water in wagons to a fire. During the year 1890 no fires extended beyond the property where they originated. The daily consumption of water in Brussels is only twenty-seven gallons for each person of the population, or less than one-fourth of the per capita consumption of water in Chicago.

Copenhagen in 1890 had a population of 312,859, and its buildings are almost entirely of stone and brick; the older portions of the city contain a few frame structures. In 1890 only 262 fires were reported, and all were unimportant. The city has a compulsory insurance plan, so that all houses are insured. Two hundred and fifty-seven of the fires in 1890 were confined wholly to the flats in which they originated. The military forces stationed in the city turn out and assist the firemen.

IN FRENCH CITIES.

The buildings of Marseilles are almost wholly of stone, the small number of wooden structures not being noticeable. The population is now 400,000. In 1890 the city had only two steam fire engines, but had plenty of hand engines and carts. Among the fire apparatus we find 249 leather buckets and 874 linen buckets. The salaries of firemen here do not compare favorably with those in Chicago. The Fire Marshal gets $600 a year; First Lieutenant, $440; Second Lieutenants, $300; Sergeants, $240; and forty first-class firemen get $200, and sixty-seven second-class men get $195.

Paris, the second city in the world, has an area of 19,280 acres and a population in 1890 of 2,424,705 and the suburbs contain nearly as many more. Most of the buildings of Paris are made of hewn stone or rough stone covered with plaster, or of brick. A few workshops and sheds alone are built of lumber. Were Chicago as compactly built as Paris and its population equally as dense, it would have 14,480,000 people. The city has 200 public telephone fire alarms, and as many more private ones. The Fire Department is commanded by an officer who has the rank of Colonel and under him are fifty-one officers and 1,693 men. The water supply is excellent, and in many cases the pressure is strong enough to throw water upon a burning building by simply coupling hose to hydrants. Paris has all modern appliances for handling fires. In 1890 the department was called upon to extinguish 590 fires, and 344 of them were put out with water pails.

SMALL LOSSES.

In 1890 the city of Dresden had a population of 207,614 and 9,000 soldiers in barracks. The houses are wholly of stone and brick. Apartment-houses from two to five-stories high with stone stairways are numerous. In 1890 there were 325 fires, with a loss of only $50,000. Firemen receive from $250 to $400 a year. Of the causes of fires in 1890 we find fifty-nine of them attributed to carelessness with fire and light, thirty-five to upsetting lamps and candles, twenty-six to throwing away cigars and matches, and fourteen to children playing with matches. Steam fire engines had not been adopted here in 1890, and the cost of the Fire Department that year was $51,013.

The city of Hamburg, with a population of 80,000 in 1890 covered 18,268 acres, or had 20,480 persons to the square mile. The city has eleven steam fire engines, eight steamboat fire engines, many hand engines and an abundance of fire apparatus. In addition to the regular force there is a large volunteer department. The buildings of Hamburg are of stone and brick.

Florence, in 1890, had a population of 185,000, or sixty-eight persons to the acre. The city has no wooden buildings. During 1890 there were 158 fires, and they were all confined to the floors on which they originated. The Fire Department consists of 115 men, and has two steam fire engines and plenty of hand apparatus. Firemen are required by the municipality to be present at all public theatrical performances and at official funerals.

Rome in 1890 had a population of 430,000, the area of the city limits being 3,883 acres. The buildings of Rome are all stone and brick. The Fire Department is a military body as regards discipline, though dependent entirely upon the municipal authority. It numbers 500 men, and the wages paid first-class men amount to $8 68 per month, and second-class men receive $4 82 per month. The salary of the Fire Marshal is $965 per year. Electrical apparatus is in use for alarms, but in 1890 the city had only one steam fire engine, and that is used so little and is so seldom brought out that upon a recent call it took two hours to have it ready to throw water. Buckets and fire extinguishers are chiefly relied upon at fires.

IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

Moscow has 750,000 people, and wood is used here for building far more extensively than in the cities of Western Europe. The Moscow Fire Brigade is an old organization, originating soon after the great conflagration of 1812. The service is now voluntary, but subject to military discipline, and is incorporated with the public force and subordinate to the Chief of Police. The department contains 1,400 men, 450 horses, 106 water carts, 3 steam fire engines, 39 hand fire engines, with a large supply of ladders, buckets, axes, crowbars, etc. The men are uniformed in stout gray soldiers' cloth, and the officers in dark blue. Fire alarms are given by telephone, by signals and from watch towers and by special messengers. Water is brought into Moscow by means of aqueducts and wooden mains, and it is not generally supplied to houses by service pipes. Houses are supplied by carts from fountains in the open squares of the town. Nineteen of the division chiefs of the Fire Department get $143 a year as salary, but they have free quarters, fuel and light. The masses of firemen get only $65 a year, but with quarters, fuel and light free.

St. Petersburg, with 1,000,000 of people, had 574 fires in 1891, the total loss being about $600,000, the bulk of which was covered by insurance. The Fire Department has 1,000 men, 400 horses, 14 wagonettes, 30 pumps, 58 wheel casks for carrying water, 20 carts with automatic and 12 with hand ladders, 8 fire escapes and 3 steam fire engines. All the vehicles are provided with sledge runners for winter use. The water supply is abundant from the street mains, and the rivers and canals crossing the city are inexhaustible sources of water supply.

The city of Gothenburg, Swden, had in 1891 106,000 people and 3,835 buildings, of which 2,438 were of wood. Of the sixty-five fires in 1890 fifty-seven were confined to the floors of their origin, and the remaining eight were confined to the buildings of their origin, while forty of these fires occurred in brick and stone structures, and the insurance loss on all was only $15,000. The Fire Department numbers 70 men with 3 steam fire engines, 13 hand engines, together with fire escapes and all other needed apparatus.

The city of Constantinople, with 1,000,000 people, is far behind the cities of Western Europe in means for fire protection. Most of the buildings in Stamboul are wooden, while those at Pera and Galata are of stone and brick. No fire alarms exist here as we understand them. There is a cannon station on a mountain on the Bosphorus, and shots are fired when a fire is discovered. Signals, too, are at once put up on the two towers in Stamboul and Galata, being red balls during the day and lanterns at night, and fire runners are dispatched from these towers to notify the Fire Brigades. There were 571 wooden buildings burned in 1891. The marvel is that the city escapes desolating conflagrations. Aside from the regular Fire Brigades there are many volunteer and private organizations.

BRITISH FIRE LADDIES.

The city of Dublin in 1891 had a population of 254,709, covered 3,808 acres and had 25,980 stone and brick buildings. During 1890 the total loss by fires was only about $50,000. The water pressure in Dublin is sufficient to enable firemen to get water upon burning buildings by merely coupling hose to street hydrants.

In 1890 the city of Glasgow covered 6,111 acres, but in November, 1891, the area had increased to 11,861 acres, with a population of 656,185. In that year 504 fires occurred, with a loss of over $500,000. The city has no wooden buildings. All the fires were prevented from extending beyond adjoining property. The Fire Department is not numerically large, but is very efficient and is well provided with steam fire engines and a good fire alarm system. The water pressure, too, upon the water mains in some parts of the city is 100 pounds to the square inch. In all municipal matters Glasgow is looked upon as a model city.

The city of Edinburgh, including Leith, has a population of about 350,000 and covers 7,338 acres. The city is built almost wholly of stone, there being only a few brick buildings and no wooden ones. The stone used is a gray sandstone, abundant in the region. A fire seldom gets beyond the building where it originates. From a table giving the years of service of firemen we find that one has been in the service thirty-six years, one thirty years, one thirty-nine years, one twenty-six years, one thirty-four years, two thirty-two years and one twenty years.

In 1891 the population of the city of Liverpool was 517,951 and covers 5,300 acres. Its buildings are all of stone and brick. Five steam fire engines were in use and eight hand engines, and there were 256 men on the regular force. Five hundred and seventy-eight fires occurred in 1890, 28 of them from lighted candles, 87 from lights thrown down, 22 from children playing with matches, 30 from smoking tobacco, 23 from children playing with fire and 30 from sparks from fire. Firemen in Liverpool have the title of "constable," and have certain police authority.

LONDON'S DEPARTMENT.

The great city of London had within its corporate limits in 1891 4,231,431 persons, and about 2,000,000 in territory immediately contiguous; 557,134 is given as the number of brick and stone buildings in 1891, and the city has no wooden buildings. The number of fire alarms given in 1891 was 4,161, of which 1,029 were false alarms, 243 chimney alarms and 2,892 actual fires; 2,699 of these fires were confined to the floors where they originated, and 184 extended beyond such floors, six fires extended to adjoining property, and only three extended beyond adjoining property. The London Fire Department consists of 47 land steam fire engines, 95 land manual fire engines, 9 steam fire engines on barges, 8 steam tugs, 105 hose carts, 36 miles of hose, with ladders, trucks, fire escapes and an abundance of alarms, telegraphs, telephones, etc., to render the service of its 706 firemen very efficient. Nineteen million gallons of water were used during the year at fires, one-third of which was taken from the river, canals and docks. The causes of fires are curious: 59 came from airing linen, 150 from candles, 39 from children playing with fire and 62 from their playing with matches; 61 were caused by swinging gas brackets, 69 from escape of gas, 37 from curtains or blinds coming in contact with lights; 104 originated from hot ashes, 290 from spirit lamps (206 of them being from upsetting such lamps); 100 came from sparks of fire and 38 from improperly set stoves.

ON THIS SIDE OF THE WATER.

The city of Halifax, Nova Scotia, with only 40,000 people, has a volunteer Fire Department of 325 men, nearly half as many as in the great city of London. It has four steam fire engines, and nine-tenths of its buildings are wooden. Ottawa, which is larger than Halifax, has only one steam fire engine, and Quebec, with twice its population, has two steam fire engines and a paid Fire Department consisting of a Marshal and 50 men.

The town of Acapulco, Mexico, has a population of 5,000; the buildings are all of adobe brick. The place hasn't even means of giving a fire alarm; no fire insurance of any kind is carried there, and there is no Fire Department of any sort, and no water supply for fire purposes. Durango, with 35,000 people, had three fires in 1890, with small loss. The city has no Fire Department and no water for fire purposes. The place is built almost entirely of unburned brick, though a few dwellings are of stone.

In Buenos Ayres, Argentine, with 600,000 population, the houses are almost entirely of brick and stone, there being not more than 1,000 frame structures. The city has a paid Fire Department of nearly 200 men, and, being the capital of the republic, the firemen are paid by the State. The city has three good steam fire engines, with all necessary apparatus.

The city of Havana in 1890 had 218,000 people, and covers only 2,027 acres, making nearly 70,000 persons to the square mile. Except in China, so dense a population is rarely seen. The 18,000 houses of the city are built of limestone, brick being used to a very limited extent. Fires are of rare occurrence, there being only fifty-five during the year 1890, of which fifteen only had to be extinguished by firemen. One hundred and fifty men are assigned to fire duty only.

Beyrout, Syria, has a population of 100,000, the buildings all being of stone and brick. The town has 133 persons to acre of area. There is no Fire Department, and fires are not common. In case a fire breaks out the whole dependence for help rests upon chance volunteers.

The old city of Jerusalem has 45,000 people, and its buildings are all of stone. There was only one fire in the year 1891. There is really no water system here, and when a fire starts the Turkish soldiers take axes and march out as if they were going to a parade. They never run to a fire. They have at their barracks for use in the city one tub holding about half a barrel and a small pump with about twenty feet of leather pipe. But this apparatus is never used, as they never have any water. When the soldiers reach a fire they smash up everything they can with their axes. As the garrison is changed every year it is probable that not one of these soldiers in a hundred ever saw a fire. A photographer's shop burned in 1891 and soldiers stood within forty feet of it and not even gave an alarm.

In 1891 Bombay had 821,764 inhabitants and covered 14,246 acres. Most of the buildings are frame, depending upon timber framework for their stability, the spaces in this framework being filled up with masonry, mostly brick work. No houses having their external walls of planks or other inflammable materials are permitted. There are 33,393 buildings in the city and an average of twenty-four persons to a building. The city has seven steam fire engines, with many hand fire engines, and a paid department of 150 men. The number of fires in 1890 was only 55, and 1891, 58. In 1891 the consumption of city water in Bombay was only 19 gallons a day for each person of population about one-sixth the average for Chicago.

The city of Hongkong has nearly 250,000 of people, only 11,000 of them being British, but that element dominates, and has given the town the best of waterworks and a first-class Fire Department, with steam fire engines for both land and water service. The work of building the aqueducts, tunnels and reservoirs for the Hongkong water supply was simply prodigious.

The city of Bangkok, Siam, with 600,000 people, has no system of public water supply, no law regulating buildings, no insurance on buildings. In the walled portion of the city no fires occur, the buildings all being of brick and cement. Outside these walls the houses are of brick and bamboo, one-story high, and many are floating houses upon the canal.

The cities of Australia have pretty much all that is modern in the way of fire apparatus. The houses are almost entirely built of stone and brick and roofed with slating or iron. Melbourne has 300 firemen, 4 steam fire engines, with hand engines, 55 stations and 71,000 feet of hose.—Chicago Herald.

TENDERNESS.

Not unto every heart is God's good gift
Of simple tenderness allowed; we meet
With love in many fashions when we lift
First to our lips life's waters bitter sweet.
Love comes upon us with resistless power
Of curbless passion, and with headstrong will;
It plays around like April's breeze and shower,
Or calmly flows, a rapid stream, and still,
It comes with blessedness unto the heart
That welcomes it, or—bitter fate!—
It wrings the bosom with so fierce a smart,
That love, we cry, is crueller than hate.
And then, ah me, when love has ceased to bless
Our broken hearts cry out for tenderness!

We long for tenderness like that which hung
About us, lying on our mother's breast;
A selfish feeling, that no pen or tongue
Can praise aright, since silence sings its best,
A love, as far removed from passion's heat
As from the chilliness of its dying fire;
A love to lean on when the failing feet
Begin to totter and the eyes to tire.
In youth's brief heydey hottest love we seek,
The reddest rose we grasp—but when it dies,
God grant later blossoms, violets meek,
May spring for us beneath life's autumn skies!
God grant that some loving one be near to bless
Our weary way with simple tenderness.
—All the Year Round.

JOY AND GRIEF.

He shot an albatross one day,
As he sailed on a Southern sea,
And he brought the wings to his lady-love,
Who laughed aloud in glee.

She laughed aloud and her joy was great,
And she said how nice was he
To bring such overpowering wings
Afar from a Southern sea!

But her joy was turned to bitter grief
As at the play she sat,
For she found she couldn't bear their weight
Upon her new fall hat. —Puck.

A SPRINKLE OF SPICE.

"I am dying for love of you," he wrote;
"Life cannot long be endured."
And she answered thus—in a neat foot-note:
"I trust you are fully insured."
—Atlanta Constitution.

Buyer—There's a hole in the pocket of this ulster. Salesman—Oh, well, there's no extra charge for that. That goes with the coat.—Somerville Journal.

Hail, gentle spring!
But, gentle spring, do not,
We prithee, hail,
Unless you make it hot.
—Detroit Free Press.

In the spring a deeper crimson
Comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the maiden lays her
Head upon her young man's vest;
In the spring, a little later,
Maiden doth in hoops appear,
And the young man, at a distance,
Stands dejected—can't get near.
—Kansas City Journal.

"Don't you want to go out between acts to see somebody?" with a tinge of sarcasm in her voice. "Oh, no," he rejoined, sighing as he glanced at the crinolines between himself and the aisles.—Detroit Tribune.

It Wasn't There.—"You have specimens of the furniture used by the aborigines?" asked a visitor at the Smithsonian Institution. "Oh, yes," replied the attendant. "Then I should so much like to see the Indian bureau."—Vogue.

"I can dispose of a whole boat-load of sailors," remarked the whale, "but it's when I swallow their yarns that I feel worsted."—Elmira Gazette.

One of the redeeming features of a Wagner concert is that you can't hear the man next to you whistling his accompaniment.—Philadelphia Record.

Papa—Wonder how it is night-shirts last longer than dress shirts. Mamma—Because you don't wear them out.

Fashionable Physician—What you really need is change of climate. The Patient—Change of climate! Why, I've lived in New York all my life.

"Did Mr. Cumso seem annoyed at your calling with his bill?" asked Mr. Gaskett of his new collector. "No, sir," replied the young man. "On the contrary, he asked me to call again."

Gabriel—There's a stranger without. St. Peter—Without what? Gabriel—Without the gate. St. Peter—Well, tell him to get a gait on!

Wife—And so you've got your life insured for my benefit! That's lovely! Husband—Yes, my dear; but just remember, if you drive me to suicide you won't get a cent.

Adams—Did you ever see anyone so full of his business as De Sappy? Jones—What is his business? Adams—He's with the gas company.

"You have a pretty good beat, now," said the man who was waiting for a street car. "Oh, Oi don't know," replied the policeman, as he looked affectionately at his club. "Me muscle's all roight, but me tinder heart sort of holds me back."

George—Have I come too early dear. Laura—No, George. We have just had tea, and u always ought to come right after t."—Chicago Tribune.

"Binkerton is going into litigation." "What about?" "He got hurt in a duel and wants to collect his accident insurance."—Washington Star.

"Did you hear about the theatrical company that got stranded on a cannibal island?" "No." "Well, it happened, and the head of the tribe said afterward that the best part of the meal got away while he was eating the supe."—Providence Bulletin.

"Wonderful climate in Arizony," said the returned wanderer, "I knowed a feller to have twenty-seven bullets shot into him an' still git well as ever." "He must have suffered a great deal." "He did, pardner, he did. The pore feller was so full o' holes he couldn't hold whisky."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Hardpushed—What in thunder's all this bill for dress materials—$45 17? I thought you were wearing last winter's dress, which you made over yourself—and it only cost $20 when it was new. Mrs. Hardpushed—So I am, John; and I don't understand how it came to so much—for I made it over exactly according to the directions in the "Answers to Correspondents" column of the *Housewife's Helpmeet*.—Puck.

The Old Armchair.

The oldest armchair in the world is the throne once used by Queen Hatafu, who flourished in Egypt 1600 B. C. It is made of ebony, beautifully carved, and is so hardened with age as to appear to be carved from black marble.

Horsford's AcidPhosphate

Useful in all forms of dyspepsia.

Oliver Cromwell loved veal seasoned with oranges.

A SLIGHT cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate relief.

CAPTAIN CUSHING'S COURAGE.

Philip Cushing was in his way a very fine fellow; he was gentle in his manners, refined in his tastes and honest and straightforward in his dealings. Before, however, he had been long in the army, he found himself disliked and despised by his brother officers. The dislike was probably chiefly due to the difference between their habits and his. His principal pleasure of life lay in study and in intellectual society; theirs in rough and boisterous gaiety; and they resented what they regarded as his affectation of tastes superior to theirs. But the contempt that they gradually acquired for him arose from quite another cause. His behavior on one or two occasions had raised that worst of all suspicions in the case of a military man—the suspicion of personal cowardice. The suspicion was largely unjust. Probably in circumstancs of real danger, in the trenches or on a battlefield, Philip Cushing would have shown a cooler courage than many of his rough companions. But he was of a high-strung, nervous temperament, that at times made him display symptoms of uneasiness which unfriendly observers might easily mistake for fear.

As soon as the conviction that he was timid became firmly established in the regimental mind, Philip Cushing's life grew unendurable. He obtained an exchange into another regiment, and for a time things went fairly well. Soon, however, his old reputation followed, and overtook him, and he once more found himself the object of constant jeers and flouts in his own mess-room. He tried another exchange, only with the same result. Then, making his father's death and the necessity of looking after the estate an excuse, he retired from the army and took up his residence at the old family mansion in an out of the way corner of Doltshire.

His life at Cushing Hall soon became nearly as unhappy as it had been in the army. Philip Cushing had no taste whatever for outdoor sports; shooting was to him an abomination and hunting foolishness. Unfortunately, however, these were not merely the chief pleasures, but the chief occupations of his neighbors in Doltshire, and they could not understand how a man who had the opportunity of enjoying them could prefer to spend his days and nights in the garden and library. They felt that there must be something wrong, and, before two years were over, a military man who was visiting in the neighborhood supplied them with the key of the supposed mystery. Philip Cushing did not like field sports because he feared the dangers incident to shooting and hard riding. He was a recluse because he was a coward. And the military man enlarged on the contemptible reputation which Philip Cushing had possessed when he was in the army.

Being now independent of other people's opinion, Philip Cushing would have paid little attention to it but for one thing. Shortly after he came to reside in Doltshire he had fallen deeply in love with the only daughter of his nearest neighbor, Squire Huntley. Now, of all the fox-hunters in the country, Squire Huntley and his son Jack were the most enthusiastic, and of all the cross-country riders they were the most reckless, and to them to dislike fox-hunting was unnatural, and to fear its dangers was unspeakably contemptible. So, though Alice Huntley showed a partiality towards Philip Cushing, her father and brother looked upon his suit with marked disfavor. "To think," the Squire would say, in the privacy of his own fireside, "to think of my daughter marrying a man who's afraid to mount a horse! Would you disgrace the family, Alice?" And though Alice could not see the connection between fox-hunting and marriage, still, her father and brother's contempt for her lover acted evilly on her own opinion of him.

What, perhaps, further induced the Huntleys, father and son, to discourage Captain Cushing's suit so strongly, was the fact that Alice had another, and, from their point of view, a more eligible admirer. This was Dr. Grinley, the Superintendent of the great County Asylum, which was situated in the neighborhood. Dr. Grinley's post was a very valuable one, and, besides, he was known to have a large private fortune. He had some years before married an elderly lady of great wealth, and on her death she had bequeathed everything to him. As far as means went he had the advantage of Captain Cushing, whose estate was small and encumbered, but in other respects—those respects which appeal more to the lady than her papa—Captain Cushing had at least one equal advantage over him. He was 45, Captain Cushing 35; he was plain, Captain Cushing was good-looking; he was bald; Captain Cushing wasn't. So, whilst it is not strange that the Squire and Jack favored Dr. Grinley, it is not to be wondered at that Alice favored Philip.

It so happened that Dr. Grinley's assistant at the asylum was Philip Cushing's best friend in Doltshire, or, perhaps, in the world. Dr. Madden was a handsome young Irishman, of refined manners and cultivated mind. Alone, of all the people in the neighborhood, he did not despise Captain Cushing for his supposed timidity. Of dauntless courage himself, he did not feel it necessary to attract attention to this possession by sneering at those who were believed to lack it. He regarded the quality from a purely scientific standpoint, and its existence or non-existence in any given person was, in his mind, merely a result of certain physical peculiarities, and a man was no more to be blamed for having bad nerves than for having a bad digestion. His view on this point tended to create a kindliness towards him in Philip Cushing's mind, and this kindliness was turned into warm friendship by Dr. Madden's many endearing qualities, and by the similarity of tastes which marked him and Philip. Many an evening Philip, humiliated by some rebuff from Alice or sneer from her father, had made his way to Dr. Madden's house in the asylum grounds, and there, in a long talk about men and books, had forgotten his woes and returned late in the night to Cushing Hall, thanking fortune for providing him with at least one such neighbor.

One evening Captain Cushing walked over to the asylum to have one of his long chats with Dr. Madden. He was in rather depressed spirits, as that day Alice had been exceptionally cold with him. She had even done what she had never ventured to do before—hinted at his lack of courage. Captain Cushing was mortified to a degree, and angrier than he cared to show at what he felt to be an unjust reflection upon him.

When he was shown into Dr. Madden's sitting-room, to his annoyance he found that his friend was not alone. Two visitors was there, and they were just those whom of all the world he wished least to meet that night—his rival, Dr. Grinley, and Alice's brother, Jack Huntley. They and Dr. Madden were drinking whisky—that was a weakness of Dr. Madden's—while Dr. Madden tried to teach them how to play that charming national game "Beggar My Neighbor."

"Hillo, Cushing," Jack Huntley cried out, when he saw Philip. "Glad you've dropped in. Now we can get rid of this blackguard Irish game and have a decent hand at whist."

Philip, vexed at once at finding Jack and Dr. Grinley there, and at the unmannerliness of this speech, returned a chilly answer. He took his seat at the table and his hand at whist, to which Dr. Madden good-naturedly at once changed the game. A tumbler was placed beside him filled with whisky and water. Philip played and drank his liquor silently, while Jack, Dr. Grinley and Madden, all of whom had been punishing the whisky for some time before he arrived, talked and argued in a more or less excited manner.

This had gone on for an hour or so; the whisky had begun to dissipate Philip's annoyance, and bring out the true sociality of his character, when the conversation turned upon lunatics and the proper way of dealing with them. Both the doctors agreed that one should never show terror at their threats or behavior, however terror-inspiring these might be. One should talk with them as if they were rational beings, and treat their wildest delusions as if they were absolute facts. This was the burden of their talk, and Dr. Grinley told various stories of his own experience, all illustrating the justice of this position, and at the same time his own nerve and courage. These stories he at last varied by telling one about another great man—namely, the Duke of Wellington.

The Iron Duke, he said, once when he was seated at his writing-table in a country house, was disturbed by the sudden entrance into the room of an utter stranger. The Duke inquired what the stranger wanted. The stranger replied by asking his grace if he were the great Duke of Wellington. The Duke confessed the fact. "Then," answered the stranger, calmly, as he produced a pistol, "I have come here to shoot you." In a moment the Duke saw that he had a madman to deal with. Without showing the slightest signs of surprise or uneasiness, the Duke informed the madman that he was very busy just at present, and, if it were not inconvenient to him—the madman—the Duke would be much obliged if he could put off the shooting to the next day, when his grace would have more time on his hands. The madman immediately agreed to this arrangement, and quitted the room without the slightest demur. Of course, he was not well out of the house before he was in safe custody.

"Now, that's what a real soldier can do," concluded Dr. Grinley, glancing maliciously at Captain Cushing.

Philip felt the sneer, and being heated by the whisky he had drunk, he fitted the cap on his own head.

"It's what anybody might do," he replied a little angrily.

"Ah, yes, anybody might do it, said Dr. Grinley, "but a soldier should do it, and some soldiers could not do it."

"I suppose you're referring to me," cried Philip, angrily and foolishly. "Now, I'll tell you what it is, Dr. Grinley, you have been sitting there boasting all night about your coolness and your nerve, and I'll venture to say if we met an armed, raving maniac you'd be twice as frightened as I."

"Oh, no doubt," answered Dr. Grinley, contemptuously.

"We all know," Jack Huntley put in, "you're a regular dare-devil."

"I'm nothing of the kind," returned Philip, "and I never pretended to be, but I'm not such a fool as to think that I'm particularly brave because I can jump a fence or slang a strait-waistcoated lunatic."

"What would you do if you met, as I have often done, a homicidal lunatic not strait-waistcoated, as you call it?" asked Dr. Grinley.

"Well, I would not do what no doubt you did—run away," answered Philip, hotly.

Dr. Madden and Jack Huntley laughed. Dr. Grinley did not. He looked very viciously at Philip.

"Perhaps you may have a chance of showing your pluck on this point some day soon," he said.

"Come, come, you are all losing your tempers," put in Dr. Madden. "I don't understand it at all, but some way or other, in the case of Englishmen, whisky hasn't its natural soothing effects. I suppose it's a national idiosyncrasy."

The jovial Irishman did his best to restore the good humor of the company, but it was useless. Philip and Dr. Grinley were too angry to cool quickly, so Dr. Madden was quite relieved when, ten minutes later or so, some one proposed that the company should break up. Dr. Grinley and Jack Huntley went off together, while Dr. Madden saw Cushing a bit of the way home.

As the two friends were feeling their way through the large oak plantation which grew in the extensive grounds of the asylum, and gave the institution its name—Oak Hall—and through which lay Captain Cushing's shortest way home, Dr. Madden said:

"Look here, Cushing, I know Grinley pretty well, and you had better watch him. He was bitterly annoyed at you to-night, and he'll have vengeance on you if he can."

"What can he do?" asked Captain Cushing.

"I don't know that he can do anything," replied Dr. Madden, "but I'm pretty sure he'll try. See that he doesn't give you a fright some day and make you the laughing stock of the country side. That's the line his revenge is likely to take, in my opinion—so you just be on your guard."

With a hearty shake of the hands the friends parted.

Dr. Madden's words stuck in Captain Cushing's mind, and the more he thought over them the more convinced he became that they were just. Well, to be forewarned was to be forearmed. For some time forward he would go about with braced nerves, expecting, as it were, to be placed in a trying position at any moment and at any place. That especially would be the case every time he went near Oak Hill, where he was, in a sense, in the enemy's territory.

On the night of the quarrel it so happened that Dr. Madden, in the presence of Dr. Grinley and Jack Huntley, had asked Captain Cushing to dine with him on the following Friday evening, and the Captain had accepted. It was near dark when Captain Cushing left home to go to the asylum, and by the time he reached the little path which led through the oak wood night was beginning to fall. As he threaded his way along it occurred to him that if Dr. Grinley had any intention of giving him a fright this would be a good opportunity. The stillness of the evening and the gloom of the wood were enough in themselves to make a person not naturally very timid a trifle uncomfortable. To meet anything fearsome—such, for instance, as a robber or a dangerous lunatic—would be enough to try the stoutest nerves. Ay, if Dr. Grinley was a good plotter he would lay his trap here and now.

The thought had scarcely entered his head when the stillness was broken by a stealthy step. Captain Cushing paused and listened. The step had ceased. He looked carefully through the trees. For a few moments he could discover nothing. At last his eyes fell upon the form of a man standing in the woods half a pace from the path, apparently waiting for some one to come by. Bracing his nerves with all his might Captain Cushing left the open path and moved noiselessly through the trees towards this man. When he came nearer he noticed that the man was dressed as a lunatic, and had the mien of a lunatic. Last and most gruesome of all he held a revolver in his hand. For a moment Captain Cushing could scarcely refrain himself from turning and running away. He managed, however, to recover his nerves sufficiently to take a second look at the man. That look restored complete self-possession, for it showed him that the revolver which the man carried—a peculiar inlaid one that could not be mistaken—belonged to Dr. Grinley. Immediately the conversation on the night of the quarrel flashed into Captain Cushing's mind—the story of the great Duke's behavior with the armed lunatic, and Dr. Grinley's threat that Philip might soon have a chance to act in the same way—and he realized the situation at once. Dr. Grinley had sent this fellow, who was a warder, or, at worst, a harmless lunatic, with an empty pistol to frighten him and make him take to ignominious flight. Well, Dr. Grinley would be disappointed. Philip would pretend to act like the great Duke. He would walk up to the man and talk to him, and bring him back captured to the asylum. And Dr. Grinley would find the tables turned on him.

Stepping into the path again Captain Cushing walked boldly to where the man stood. The moment the fellow—who apparently was expecting him—saw him, he raised the revolver. Philip, determined to carry out his plan did not move a nerve.

"Hillo, how do you do?" he called out, cheerily. "Nice evening, isn't it?"

The man, who was very big and powerfully built, seemed surprised at the greeting, to Philip's private amusement. He made no reply, but, lowering the pistol, slightly, scowled inquisitively at Philip.

"Beginning to suspect he's found out," thought Captain Cushing.

"That's a very pretty pistol of yours," he added aloud. "Mind letting me see it?" By this time he was close to the stranger.

The man looked more surprised than ever at this remark.

"Eh? Won't you let me see it?" said Philip, holding out his hand.

The man looked greatly abashed, handed him the pistol in an awkward way. Philip examined it.

"Looks as if it could do some execution," remarked Captain Cushing.

"Ay, sir, I'm feared I 'a shot a keeper down there," replied the man.

"He's trying still to frighten me," thought Captain Cushing, inwardly amused. Then he said: "Dear, dear me you don't mean it? Let us go and see if the poor fellow's dead."

"I'm feared he is," answered the man, soberly, as he turned and accompanied Captain Cushing towards the asylum.

The man spoke no more as they walked somewhat quickly through the wood. As they emerged Captain Cushing noticed Dr. Madden standing bareheaded and in evening dress, a few steps from the end of the path, talking excitedly to four warders. When the group of men noticed Captain Cushing and his companion they started violently, and several of them seemed inclined to run away, but were checked by a muttered order from Dr. Madden. At the same time Captain Cushing's companion suddenly halted. Captain Cushing, not knowing well what to do, did the same.

"Hillo, Cushing," cried out Dr. Madden in a peculiarly jovial way, "I didn't expect to see you to-night."

This speech startled the Captain, as he knew it was utterly contrary to the truth. He noticed, to his further surprise, that while the doctor addressed him he was looking at his companion, and also moving with over-acted nonchalance but great rapidity towards them.

Before Captain Cushing could gather his wits to reply, Dr. Madden was close to him, and the next instant, without a word of notice, he had sprung forward and seized with both arms the strange man. In a moment the two men were on the ground, struggling fiercely. Dr. Madden was a fine, athletic fellow, but his antagonist was more than a match for him. In the fall he had contrived to get a grasp of the doctor's throat, and, as he shut his strong fist, the young physician gasped for breath. Captain Cushing realizing his friend's danger flung away the revolver, and, seizing the stranger's hand, twisted his fingers from his throat; the man then turning from Dr. Madden for a moment struck Captain Cushing a terrible blow in the face. Then the warders, who had, until now, seemed paralyzed with fear, recovered themselves, and, dashing upon the stranger, who had struggled to his feet, overpowered him and carried him away.

Dr. Madden rose from the ground covered with dirt, and bleeding at the mouth and throat. As he wiped the blood away he gasped out:

"How did you do it, Cushing?"

"Do what?"

"Bring that fellow in! He has shot a man already, and we thought that since he'd got that d—d revolver he would do for three or four more before we'd capture him. He's a harmless fellow as a rule, but old Grinley riled him half an hour ago in some way or other, and he suddenly went foaming mad, and chased the old boy into his own house, where Grinley locked himself in some cupboard or other. There, unfortunately, the lunatic, while rampaging about searching for him, found the revolver, and, after wounding a warder who tried to stop him, he escaped into the wood, where you found him. How did you bring him out?"

"I—I thought it was a plan of Grinley's," muttered the amazed Philip.

Dr. Madden looked at Philip thoughtfully for a moment.

"Did you?" he then said in a low voice: "Well, tell nobody, and you'll rank as a local hero for the rest of your life. Thanks for your timely aid, my boy, in taking his claws off my throat. I was beginning to feel bad. Let us have a glass of wine and a wash and then to dinner."

* * * * * * * *

Captain Cushing is now spoken of with profound respect by fox-hunters of Doltshire. Alice Huntley has become Alice Cushing, and Dr. Grinley has made way for his former assistant, Dr. Madden.—London Truth.

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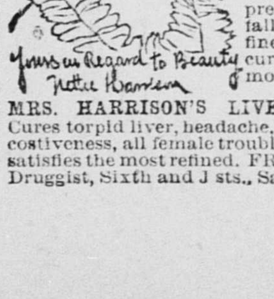

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