other Presidents of the United States; President Diaz, Thomas Edison, Capt. Shaw, Rufus Hatch, and many others of various nations. The back room contains a library, piano, and billiard table, an aquarium, and books in which the records of fires are kept. Between these two rooms is a large bedroom.

Knowing now the general arrangement of the building, let us suppose it to be the patrol’s bedtime, and watch the proceedings of the men until they are all asleep, and then see what happens on the sounding of an alarm in their district. Before going up-stairs for the night, each man sets at his place in the wagon his rubber boots, into which are tucked his coated-with-rubber-up-to-the-hips pantaloons; his rubber coat is also in the wagon, and his light fireman’s hat of compressed paper hangs outside. Three men sleep down-stairs near the horses; the rest go up to the bedroom whose eight or ten single beds are soon clustered around two well concealed trap-doors in the floor directly over the wagon. At the foot of each bed, under the neat white spread, is coiled a rope, with one end fastened to the bedclothes; the other end is now attached to a hook suspended overhead; then lights are put out, the men crawl in, and before long silence reigns.

We are now ready for the alarm. Here it comes, and what a commotion follows! At the first stroke of the gong all the electric machinery is set in motion; the gas is lighted, the bedclothes, by the rope connections, are jerked into the air out of the way, the men roll out of bed, fall through the opened trap-doors and slide down troughs into their pants and boots in the wagon below; the front door has flown open and the harnessing been done by the three men who sleep beside the wagon, and whose bedclothes have also been jerked off by electricity; the driver catches the reins from the seat, the superintendent, roused from his bunk, shouts the number of the box, takes his place on the wagon, and with clanging bell and gong the patrol is off,—and some distance off by this time, for all that has been described takes place in from four to six seconds.

Upon reaching the fire, each man shoulders an extinguisher or some covers and goes to work. Small fires are sometimes put out before the arrival of the city fire department; the covers are spread as rapidly as possible, five men being able to handle sixty of them in five minutes; and it will be seen that the men belonging to the patrol are obliged to work in the burning building, in hot, smoky, and even dangerous places, while the firemen can frequently throw streams from a safer and more comfortable distance. When the work of protecting goods is over, a man being left, perhaps, to guard the premises in the interests of the insurance companies, the rest return, the wagon is washed and its outfit replenished, wet covers are hung up to dry, and the men betake themselves to rest.

The apparatus of the other business district patrol company is similar to that just described, though of smaller proportions. The wagon of the Stock Yards Company is a chemical extinguisher, which is considered better than a steam fire engine for such a district, both on account of its lightness and its power of smothering burning grease. The buildings of the companies are models of convenience and good order, and their occupants are proud of the institution and its reputation, as they may well be; for the system of instruction and discipline is so excellent that various cities have sent representative firemen to Chicago to be drilled by Capt. Bullwinkle and his men.

T. W. F.

Spirits.

THE room grew gradually darker and darker, the air denser and denser, till the stuffed white dove that hung from the chandelier could no longer be seen, and one’s breath became labored. The music from the hostess and her colored servant died away into a faint and ever fainter dirge; the nervous rustle of the silk dress of the end lady was all that betokened the presence of anxious waiters for news from the spirit world — only the subdued buzzing of the curtained lantern in the corner, offered a fitting rhythmical accompaniment for the increasing obscurity of sensation. The curtain had long