

An Old Time "Fireman"

LIFE is a wonderful problem which none of us fully understand! How is it that memory every now and then brings back to us something we had long ago forgotten about; We would be almost led to believe that it is like the cylinder of a phonograph, which records everything and every now and then the producer brings back and repeats the same thing over to us again.

A friend of mine who was struck on the head and seriously injured some time ago lost his memory for about two weeks. When he commenced to recover, he could remember distinctly events which had happened years before and which he says were entirely forgotten.

They came back to me in visions, said he, and seem just as real as when they happened. The reproducer had only gone back again and reproduced what had already happened.

So while sitting quietly alone in the evening twilight my thoughts wander back to the scene of my childhood. I am young—only thirty—yet in this short time what joys and sorrows, laughter and tears, health and sickness have crowded in upon me. But in my mind, full of wandering thoughts, there is one thing which I can see above all others. It is the old school-house where I spent the happiest days of my childhood. It matters not who I am, or what my name: whence I came, or whether I am going; one thing I will tell you.

It is this: I had the supreme honor to act as fireman for the country school in the district in which I was born. Can you imagine any position more elevated than that? I cannot. It was the highest office in the district and carried with it the princely salary of three dollars for the winter months—and find your own kindlings.

The happiest days I have ever seen were the days when