



SHEPPARD'S PROPOSED BICYCLE ATTACHMENT.
(Not patented, and strongly recommended to the notice of the City Council.)

JAMES ROOT.

THE HERO OF THE MICHIGAN FOREST FIRES.

FOLKS 'at thinks thar ain't no heroes
Livin' 'round here nowadays,
But you've got to go to find 'em
Back in Hist'ry quite a ways;
Or to story books and picters,
Or else to thezzyter plays;
Let sech folks step up an' listen
While my little horn I toot
'Bout a real livin' hero—
Engine-driver, Jimmy Root.

That's his name and don't forget it,
Jimmy Root, the engineer,—
His address is White Bear Village,
Yes, sir, he's a-livin' there
If his burns an' wounds ain't killed him,
(Which, please God, we need not fear),
He's the chap 'at backed that engine
And its train from Hinckley town,
While the fire fiends roared around 'em
Mowin' home and forest down.

'Twas like this: Says Jack McGowan,
(He was engine-mate with Jim)
"Pard, I'm goin' to set the headlight."
"Good idee," says Root to him;
"This here afternoon's so smoky
That my sight is mighty dim,"
So 'twas done, and then they started
South from Carleton through the smoke.
Due at four p.m. at Hinckley,
And they made it on the stroke!

There Jim seed the platform swarmin'
With a frantic, strugglin' crowd,
And the cars was packed with people
'Fore the train stopped, Jim allowed,
And they cried, and prayed and hollered,

Hidden in the smoky cloud
Black and hot; the fire was near 'em,—
Mighty near—Jim felt its breath,
And he knowed another minute
Meant a sure an' awful death.

So he jumped to pull the throttle
Meanin' for to go ahead,
When a sheet of flame and fury,
Veller, blue, an' green an' red,
Rose up like a wall afore him,
An' his senses nearly fled;
Quickly he reversed the engine—
"Six miles north's a marshy place,
'Tis our only hope," he whispered,
"Jack, we've got to make the pace!"

Back she moved, and faster, faster
Grew the speed with every turn
Of the drivin' wheels, and Jimmy,
With a face so set an' stern,
Stood right up an' held her to it,
Knowin' it was heat or burn,
While the flames like hell hounds folloed
Leapin', roarin' for their prey,
Paintin' Jim infernal colors
As the engine backed away.

One mile!—two! Jim wraps his jacket
Round his head, and fireman Jack
From the manhole, where he's sheltered,
Douses water on his back;
Three miles—four! God help the hero
Standin' firm an' roastin' black;
Five miles—six! The race is ended—
Stop her! In a trice 'tis done;
Here's the shallow Skunk Lake marshes.
Save your lives! plunge, every one!

Now the balled flames roar madly
Round about the scanty lake,
In whose waters, wallowing gladly,
All a speedy refuge take,
Saved, because this homespun hero
Did his duty for Christ's sake;
And they bless him, O, they'll hold him
In their souls forever dear,
And we all shall love and honor
Jimmy Root, the engineer!

J.W.B.

APPROPRIATE.

THE Patron Party may not have much practical experience in politics, but it has at least a fine idea of the fitness of things in electing a leader whose nametis Haycock. His first name ought to be Timothy, though it isn't.



THE FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

HE (*dreamily*)—"What lovely tones and tints mark the ever-changing bosom of the lake!"

SHE (a society "gairl")—"Yes; and what fashionable shades they are, too!"