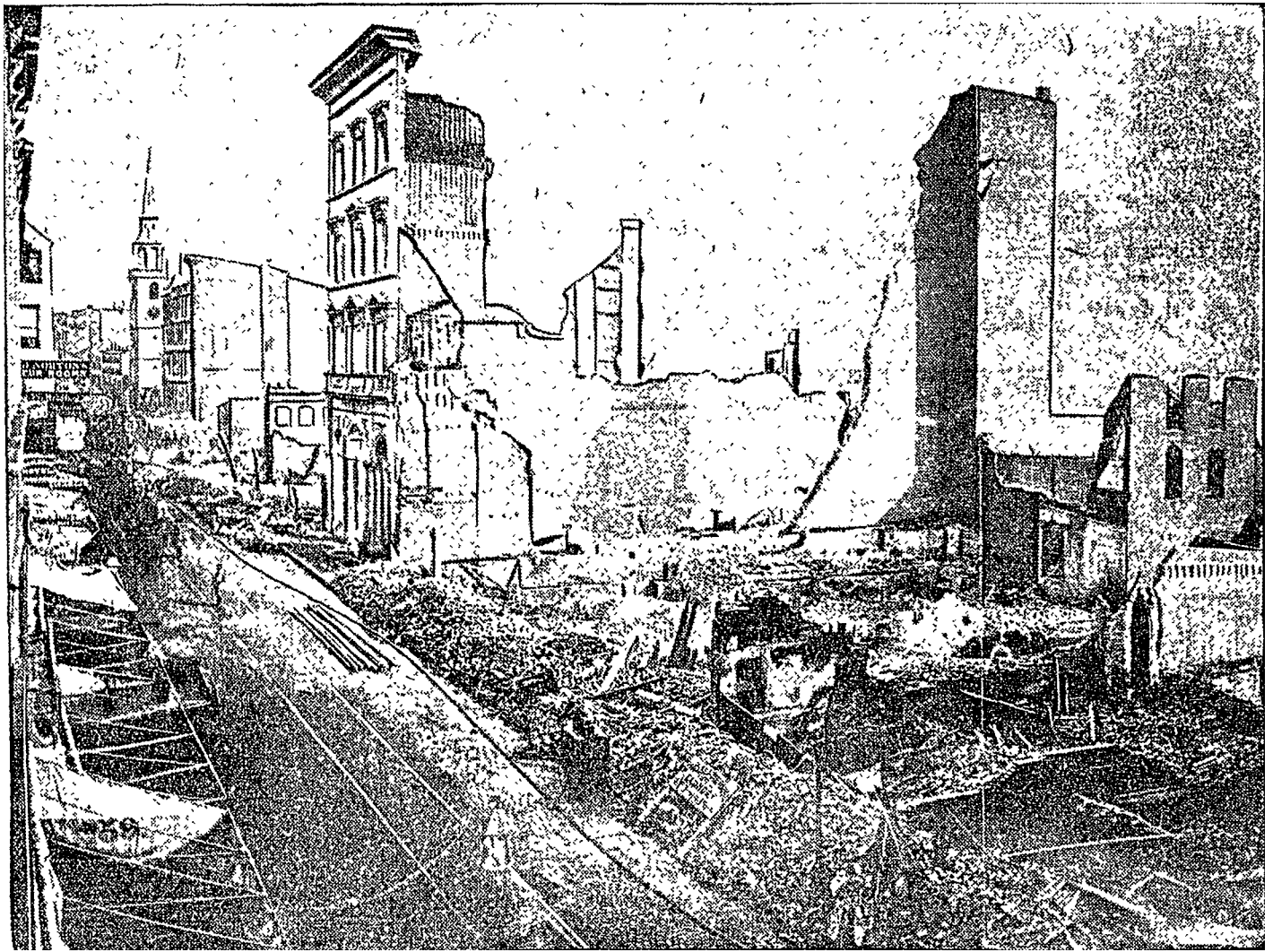


RUINS OF THE GREAT BOSTON FIRE.

Walls Left Standing on Washington St Which Saved the Old South Church.



WASHINGTON ST, BETWEEN SUMMER AND MILK STS, NOVEMBER, 1872.

This photograph gives a graphic representation of the appearance of the east side of Washington st, Boston, between Summer and Milk sts, on the day after the memorable great fire of Nov 9, 1872, which in less than six hours reduced to ashes 800 buildings in the heart of the business district, entailing a total property loss of over \$80,000,000.

Starting in a building at the corner of Summer and Kingston sts at 7 a. m. the conflagration practically obliterated everything within the territory that may be roughly bounded by Summer, Washington and Milk sts, to the water front.

This view, apparently taken from an upper window at the corner of Washing-

ton and Winter sts, shows as the most conspicuous object the tottering walls of Macullar, Parker & Co's building, which stood on the site of their present structure. Their condition was such that they were regarded as a constant menace to human life until they were demolished.

The walls which partly obscure the

Old South meeting house are those of the Transcript building, which had then been occupied but a few months, and which was so badly damaged that it was necessary to entirely rebuild it. But for the barrier which those walls offered to the progress of the fire we should have had no Old South today.

Matrimonial Arithmetic.

"My son," said the old gentleman in his fatherly way, "you have a good deal to learn about matrimonial arithmetic. As you say, your salary is sufficient for two, and you think you clinch the argument when you add that one and one make two. That's all right in business, but matrimonial arithmetic is one of the most confusing things that ever happened. In the first place, the minister takes the two of you and makes you one. That would seem to make it easy for you, but the history of the world shows that, figuring matrimonially, one and one make any old number up to 13 or 16, and I believe there are records that show a higher total. In many of

this, can you make the requisite showing with your present salary and future prospects?"—Chicago Evening Post.

First Bad Break.

The great publisher was very busy. "But just listen to one chapter in my new novel," pleaded the struggling author. "Beautiful Helene heard a step on the piazza. Thinking it was Jack, she rushed down! When she found it was the callow Reggy Rich, with a box of candy, she tossed the sweets out in the street and closed the door. Then—" "Hold on!" interrupted the impatient publisher. "If you think a girl is going to throw candy in the street these days you don't know enough about human nature to be an author!"—Chicago News

Fascinated by the Name.

"I was telling my wife all about Tibet last evening, but she seemed very little interested."

"Yes."
"When I got to Lhasa and told her it was called the 'Forbidden City,' she woke right up. 'Forbidden City?' she repeated. 'Yes,' I said, 'Forbidden City.' My wife smiled in that way she has when she is ready to shut off all opposition. 'Well,' she said, 'we will visit this Forbidden City when we go away for our next summer's trip.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.