

HUMAN WINDLASS JONES

Makes a Sunday Show on the Roof of His Home.

UNIQUE LIVING PICTURE

Chivalrous Efforts to Rescue an Imperiled Housemaid While the Neighbors Looked On—Ingenious Device That Won Him Fame

When Jones became a suburbanite in the Oranges it was with some misgiving. But he found the neighbors congenial and then he thought he would like it. Then came the Sunday morning when he slept late.

He was awakened by a tremendous rapping on his door.

"Get up! Get up!" cried his wife. "Mary is stranded on the roof!"

Mary was the housemaid, a woman of immense beam and great depth. Mary had decided that morning that a rug needed dusting. She was shaking it out of the window when it slipped from her grasp and slid down the roof of the extension.

Without thinking of consequences, Mary crawled down the roof to the edge and got the rug. Then she looked back. A few seconds' contemplation of the angle and the smoothness of the roof convinced her that without a mountain stick and guides and ropes there was no hope for her in returning the way she came.

That didn't reassure her. A careful measurement would have made the distance from the roof to the ground about thirty feet. Then she screamed. "Help! Oh, Mrs. Jones! Police!"

Mrs. Jones looked over the situation, became frightened and woke up her husband. By the time Jones had donned a dressing gown and appeared at the window, most of his neighbors and their servants were around the house shouting advice to Mary.

At the sight of Jones's tousled head and blinky eyes, they set up a cheer that echoed and re-echoed among the hills. Jones was not pleased a bit by the demonstration. He thought he detected a jarring note in the cheers.

The work of rescue had to be done, however, and Jones pulled himself together. "Get a ladder," he shouted, and waited for his command to be obeyed.

Some one found a three-foot ladder and it was brought around to the extension. When Jones thought it was in place he told Mary to step over the edge of the roof and on to the ladder. Mary peered over and saw the ladder twenty-seven feet away.

"Gracious, Mr. Jones," she shouted. "I can't reach that."

"Why not?" demanded Jones, who was tired of being a living picture for his fellow townsmen.

"It's too far away," explained Mary, and to convince Jones willing hands in the crowd held up the stunted ladder for Jones to look at.

With a roar Jones retired, while the crowd cheered again. Mary, left alone, began screaming with so much vigor that the crowd informed Jones in chorus that he was inhuman, but nobody made an attempt to help him out of his predicament, aside from making suggestions, some of which were intended to be humorous and others sarcastic.

Jones stormed around the house for a while, becoming angrier every minute, and then remembered that in the cellar he had a rope which he had used in packing furniture when he moved from the city.

Jones threw the rope to Mary and told her to tie it around her waist. Mary was a little squeamish as to what would happen after that and Jones had to explain. The crowd uproariously approved of the plan, which gave Jones some doubts about its outcome. He told Mary that after she had tied the rope around her waist he would keep it taut and she could walk up the roof using the rope as a sort of brace.

The scheme didn't seem to strike Mary as the most brilliant in the world, but she obeyed her master's instructions. By the time she had the rope fastened securely around her expansive waist Jones had been dragged half-way out of the window. There was not enough rope to encircle Mary's waist and at the same time give Jones leeway, so he had to untie the rope to allow him to climb back into the house.

If a circus had struck town Jones's fellow citizens—that is not the phrase he uses to describe them—couldn't have been more pleased. They howled at Jones until his ears began to ache. Jones hunted around the house for more rope. He had to upset everything in the cellar to get it, but finally found a piece that, added to the first piece, would be enough to let him stay indoors while Mary put it around her waist.

The crowd was pretty tired when Jones appeared at the window the third time, and he was permitted to throw the rope to Mary with a few weak cheers. The scheme was a great success.

Mary, with some trepidation, to be sure, walked up the roof with the assistance of the rope and Jones, and when she got to the top he "flung her in the window," as he explained to his city friends afterward.

To make matters worse a marked copy of the newspaper was sent to Jones's office. Now he has peace neither at home nor at work. If he can get his wife to consent he is going to give up his suburban home. —N. Y. Sun.

APPLAUDED HIS SPEECH.

A Good Joke on Himself Told by Senator Smoot of Utah.

According to the chroniclers, Senator Reed Smoot is not much of a politician, nor yet a Daniel Webster when it comes to oratory. He was assigned by his Republican Central Committee, therefore, to deliver his maiden effort before the foreigners in a southern Utah village. His advent had been widely heralded, and the hall in which the meeting was to be held was crowded with swarthy Swedish farmers when Mr. Smoot turned on his eloquence.

The applause was not all that he had expected. Only one person, an old man on the front row, seemed exceptionally interested. He applauded wildly, laughed at all the speaker's jokes and manifested every sign of excited appreciation.

After Mr. Smoot had finished, his enthusiastic auditor arose to speak. Feeling grateful the Senator determined to show his appreciation in like manner. The old man's remarks were entirely in Swedish, which was, to Mr. Smoot, denser than Greek, but not to be outdone, Mr. Smoot, followed the inflections of the speaker's voice and whenever he thought a climax was reached led the applause wildly.

"I cheered and stamped on the floor in a most undignified manner," said Mr. Smoot, in relating the story, "and I was at a loss to understand the curious looks centred upon me. Finally, a man sitting behind leaned forward and inquired if I understood the speaker."

"Not a word," I confessed, "but it's a good speech, isn't it?"

"Well," he replied, "you may be interested to know that he's translating your speech. None of these people understand English."

A Terrible Tiger Fight.

A desperate encounter with a tiger, resulting in the death of Mr. C. A. Pelham Rogers, Assistant Commissioner of Chanda (India), is recorded in the Pioneer of India. Mr. Rogers was out after a tiger at a place called Bomragarh, on April 22, and wounded the animal, hitting it in the forehead. The next day Mr. Rogers had an attack of fever and could not go out; but on the 24th he took up the pursuit, and his men having ascertained exactly where the tiger was lying, he boldly proceeded to walk it up. The tiger charged him suddenly, but he managed to get in two shots, breaking one or both of the beast's jaws. It seized him, nevertheless, and a protracted struggle ensued; the disabled tiger, with its jaw and one paw shattered, being deprived of its most formidable powers of mischief. Meanwhile, Mr. Rogers's "syce," who had accompanied his master with a spare 12-bore gun, and solid bullets, opened fire on the tiger, and after ten or twelve shots succeeded in dispatching it. Unfortunately one of these hit the sportsman, inflicting a severe flesh wound in the thigh. When delivered from the tiger Mr. Rogers was found to have sustained a terrible clawing, scarcely a part of his body having escaped. He was almost scalped, and his right arm especially was badly torn. Nevertheless, he retained consciousness, and after a long and distressing journey of 120 miles, was conveyed to Chanda, where he died from exhaustion six days after the accident.

Character in Necks.

Wise persons are always discovering some occult key to feminine character. Tests applied to the shape, texture and color of a woman's hands, of her feet, of her eyes and of her hair, show virtues and shortcomings in her nature. The woman with the swanlike neck is said to be a creature whose mentality, to use a modern invention in words, dominates her existence. Physically delicate, the long-necked woman is mentally much alert, but sensitive to an extraordinary degree. She is timid and suspicious, yet, where her trust is betrayed, bears her woe in silence without a sign.

The throat that denotes obstinacy is short and thick and usually belongs to the girl with athletic shoulders and not many inches in stature. The girl with anatomical traits of this sort is extremely good-natured, though she obtains her own way by persistence. She is also noted for her executive ability, and on this account does not mind mounting platforms or organizing societies that will help her sex a step forward on the road to complete emancipation.—Chicago Tribune.

Brief and from the Heart.

Little Alice always said her prayers regularly before going to bed. One night, however, as she rested her head on the pillow, she remarked, in a questioning way:

"Mamma, my prayers are so much longer than the one nurse says in the morning. Can't I say hers when I'm tired?"

"Does the nurse pray in the morning?" asked the mother, with a puzzled look.

"Yes," said Alice sweetly. "She says, 'Lord, have I got to get up?'"

Two-year-old Willie, who takes a ride every evening upon his father's shoulders, is always demanding a change of scenery, and thus keeps the old man wondering where under the sun he'll go next.

Diamonds were first brought from the East where the mine of Sumbulpour was the first known, and where the mines of Golconda were first discovered in the year 1584, those of Brazil in 1728.

PICKEREL AT A WEDDING

The Justice Insisted on Landing His Big Fish.

THEN HE TIED THE KNOT

Comedy as Well as Tragedy is Eternal All Over the World—Story of the Justice of the Peace—All Ends Well.

There is always something to see, to hear, or to learn, wherever you go. The eternal tragedy, the eternal comedy, go all over the world. Yesterday Art showed me a farmhouse, where a few months ago a discontented soul killed his wife and himself, shooting his wife while she held a three-months-old baby in her arms. "We were going to lynch him then," said Art artlessly, "but as I rode through the edge of the wood back of the house I saw him lying there looking at us. He was dead. He had shot himself three times. Nerve, wasn't he?"

Again, as we rode on, he showed me a little house by the roadside. "Old woman lives there, eighty-five years old," said he. "The town keeps her. Her husband died a while ago, and she can't run the farm. She used to be an English noblewoman years ago, and she ran away with the coachman and came to America. They lived here a long while. I guess she was an English noblewoman all right, too, for once in a while she comes down to town and gets a pint of alcohol, and she drinks it straight, and never bats an eye."

But, as I was going to say, I saw an odd-looking fly in Art's collection, a combination of squirrel hackle and apparently quill and silk body. Art said that fly was a very good one, very hard to wear out and very useful on the local streams. "The fellow that makes them lives here," said he. "His name's Hubbell. He's the Justice of the Peace." I somehow liked the sound of Hubbell, J. P., and presently looked into the matter. The room of R. W. Hubbell, Justice of the Peace, is more angling shop than justice shop, and here I learned how these very killing local flies are made, having a long talk over these and kindred subjects.

"I find that early in the spring this white silk grub I tie, with a bit of worm on the end, will kill trout before they will rise to the fly. My first fly is the black gnat—but you see I tie it different from any black gnat you ever saw. The next is what I call my Morning Belle, squirrel hackle and green body, and so. Then I make a mosquito, with gray body, and here's a grasshopper with yellow and brown body and gray squirrel hackles—I never use any feathers in any of my fly-tying. I'm proud of my grasshoppers. You don't have to chase 'em, and they don't come off. They're better than the real thing."

"Fishing?" said the justice, tipping back judiciously. "Well, it's more important than anything else, sometimes if not all the time. But there's some folks who don't seem to understand that. Now, not long ago I had a young fellow and a girl up before me. They'd been engaged, but had a falling out, and I guess the fellow was going to leave the girl because she changed her mind. I knew the pickerel were biting out here in the mill pond, and it was time to be out, so I heard the case fast as I could, fined the young fellow, sent 'em all out, and went fishing. In less'n'n' hour I heard some one hollerin', and saw a fellow motioning, over the bank. It was the town marshal. I didn't pay any attention to him, for I didn't want to be disturbed, but bimeby he motioned so hard I started over towards him, and just as I did I got a bite, and hooked a big pickerel. At last I heard what the town marshal wanted. 'Say!' says he, 'them folks wants to get married!'"

"Well, why don't they, then?" says I.

"But they want you to do it," says he. "Wouldn't that cram you? Here I'd just fined him, and now I was busy."

"There ain't no hurry about that," said I. I thought maybe she'd change her mind again. All this time that pickerel was just chargin' round, and I had all I could do to keep him out of the weeds.

"They can't wait!" hollers the town marshal. That made me mad. Couldn't wait! Here I'd just fined the man! "You go on back an' tell 'em they got to wait!" says I to the town marshal. "I'm busy, and I allow it's a sight more important for me to get this pickerel 'n it is for them to get married." So I went right on and played my fish, and at last I got him in the boat. He was a beauty. Then I went on in and married 'em, but not before. I want to tell you. Some folks are just naturally unreasonable." — Forest and Stream.

Editorial Modesty.

The Graham News man says he could not find the editor of the Jackaboro News at the picnic. He probably noticed a tall, handsome young man wearing a magnificent smile, who strutted around the grounds with the prettiest girl there. That was us.—Jackaboro (Tex.) News.

The French monument which is to be erected on the field of Waterloo is now complete. It consists of an immense eagle mounted on a granite pedestal.

There is this consolation about it—the young man who never cracks a smile is not likely to bore us with a cracked laugh when he is old.

PROFESSIONAL TASTERS.

Lucrative Industry Based on a Cultivated Palate.

There are many people in this world who make a good living by having a cultivated palate. Their sense of taste is such that by exercising it they can be assured of a big yearly income.

Any one who visits the tea district in New York will see in the offices of the big tea dealers men who forever taste tea out of tiny cups. These are the tea-tasters, and though they never drink tea, their sense of taste is so accurate that they can tell at once the grade and value of the tea in the boxes from which their samples are taken.

In every large wine dealing establishment there is a wine taster, who never swallows wine, but whose business it is to taste samples of all wines and decide upon their quality. He can tell when a wine is ready to be put on the market and just what its grade is.

But the most curious branch of the tasting profession is one which has lately become a paying business for women in Paris. There several women earn good salaries by driving from one house to another just before dinner is ready to serve and tasting the various dishes which the cook has prepared.

They taste, they criticize, they recommend addition of some flavoring or seasoning, and then rush away in their carriages to the house of the next customer.

They are called dinner-tasters, and a part of their duty is to suggest improvements in the manner of preparing dishes.

Thus, if one cook is inclined to use too much salt in his dishes and another too little, these things are jotted down, and a report made to the master of the household, who thereupon requests the cook to reform his ways.

This business of dinner tasting is said to be one which cannot be followed for any length of time without intervals of rest, for, paradoxical as it may seem, a dinner-taster, if she kept continuously at her trade, would be in danger of starving to death.

Of course, the taster never eats of the food which she examines, but merely tastes it, and this continual tasting of so many different kinds of food gives her a disgust for food of all kinds, so that it is with the greatest difficulty she can bring herself to eat a square meal.

So once in a while the dinner-taster has to take a month off; but she gets excellent pay while she works, and can afford to loaf at least one-third of the time and eat something.—Washington Post.

Underwater Signaling.

The cause of three-fourth of the shipwrecks and loss of life at sea seems about to be removed. It is not a wire or even the air, but the water this time that is used to transmit sound vibrations. For some weeks there has been installed on the steamers of the Metropolitan Company of Boston an apparatus which may yet make it possible for the vessel beating about the coast in a storm to know where the rocks and shoals are when the fog will not permit the light to be seen and the noise of the wind drowns the sound of the bell-buoy or the siren; for a battleship to know of the approach of a submarine, and a fishing smack of the approach of a liner off the Banks of Newfoundland.

The apparatus is extremely simple. It amounts to nothing more or less than ringing a bell under water which the pilot or captain can hear telephonically. Screwed on both sides of the vessel's hull are two receivers, which are connected by wires with the wheelhouse. These receive the vibrations from the bell hanging in the water on the side of the lightship. The navigator has only to put the earpiece to his ear and ascertain on which side the vibrations are the louder, in order to know the direction of the lighthouse and his own position in the fog with comparative accuracy.

For fishing vessels a ball receiver has been provided, and this is used to get more delicate intonations aboard a steel vessel. The value of the apparatus was put to a good test recently when the steamer James S. Whitney was approaching the Boston Lightship on her return from New York. The lighthouse was obscured by rain and fog. Thanks to the signal apparatus, the captain immediately heard the bell and got his direction. It was not until five minutes after that he heard the lightship's whistle for the first time.—Collier's Weekly.

A Day of the Pope's Life.

The daily life of Pius X. is as busy and as simple as that of his predecessor, Leo XIII. He rises at 5, celebrates mass at 6, which is served by his private secretary, Mgr. Bressau. After hearing another mass in thanksgiving, he breakfasts; this consists of a simple cup of black coffee. Then follows a walk of about an hour, during which a visit is made to a little grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes erected in the Vatican Gardens. The rest of the morning up to 1 p. m. is devoted to correspondence, interviews with secretaries and high officials, public and private audiences. At 1 o'clock the Pope dines, and his dinner consists of one dish of meat. After a short siesta he recites his breviary and then resumes work until 6, when he takes a walk in the loggia of the Vatican. Visitors and pilgrims are frequently received there. From 7 until 9 o'clock Pius X. is again at work, and then private devotions engage his attention until about halfpast 10 o'clock, when the day's work of the new Pope comes to an end.—London Daily News.



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Peary's Last Word

Explorer Tells of His Advance to the North

What is believed to be the final word from Commander R. E. Peary before his return from his attempt to reach the North Pole was received by the Peary Arctic Club of Brooklyn last week. The message came from Etah, North Greenland, and reads:

"Etah, North Greenland, August 16, 1905.—Cape York was reached August 7, twelve days from Sidney. The voyage was unusually favorable. No ice anywhere. Natives and dogs were secured and joined the Erik at North Star Bay, August 9; transferred to Erik and Roosevelt proceeded to Etah immediately to overhaul machinery and prepare for ice fighting. The Erik visited all the settlements, securing natives, dogs and walrus, joining the Roosevelt at Etah, August 13. Natives are in prosperous condition; plenty of meat, abundance of dogs and located this season deeper in Melville Bay and Inglefield Gulf than for years. The Roosevelt overhauled machinery, filled with coal and leaves Etah for the north with twenty-three Eskimo men and some two hundred dogs, August 16. Ice extends from Littlefield Island to Cape Isabella, but apparently is not heavy. This may make the establishment of base at Cape Sabine difficult. No ice was seen south of Littlefield Island. All well on board."

A later report from St. John's, Newfoundland says:

The Peary expedition auxiliary steamer Erik returned here from Cape Sabine, Greenland, last night, reporting that the Arctic ship Roosevelt with Commander Peary on board, left Cape Sabine for the north August 21. The officers of the Erik fear the Roosevelt will not get very far north this winter, conditions in the northern waters being very adverse. Ice floes are unusually heavy already, and much bad weather has prevailed. On the voyage to Greenland the Roosevelt proved an eminently satisfactory vessel.

August a Very Rainy Month

August, just ended was a very peculiar month in many respects, more rain fell in this August than for any August in thirty-four years, with one exception. That was in 1873, when 11.49 inches of rain came down. During August the rainfall has amounted to 9.51 inches, this being 5.16 inches above the normal. For the month the temperature was 12 degrees below the normal, which is 74. A peculiarity about the cool and warm days is that they are bunched to a great extent. There were three or four warm days and then as many cool days.

Washington Rich at 27.

Old Records Show the Wealth of the Father of His Country.

Recent examination of the records of Fairfax county, Virginia, show that George Washington owned 50,000 acres of land when 27 years old, and at the Fall slaughtering in 1780 the Washington family killed 150 hogs for their use.

The examination also brought out the facts that in 1787 the Father of his Country sowed 580 acres in grass, 400 acres in oats, 700 acres in wheat and 700 acres in other grains. He owned 140 horses, 112 cows, 500 sheep and had 250 negroes on the plantation.

The Hughesville Fair

The 35th annual fair of the Muncy Valley Farmers club will be held at Hughesville on Sept. 19 to 22, and it promises to be one of the best in the history of the organization. The exhibits will be larger and more varied than on former occasions, and a day spent on the grounds will not only be entertaining but instructive as well.

The Only Survivor

of the Hayes Arctic Expedition, Mr. S. J. McCormick, now U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor, Bliss Station, Idaho, says: "For years I have suffered from severe pains in the hip joint and back bone, depriving me of all power. The cause was Stone in the Bladder and Gravel in the Kidneys. After using Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., I was completely cured."

The popular view of the relation of the blood to human character and conduct is marked in many a familiar expression. We speak of there being "bad blood" between people at enmity, of "blue blood" as indicating ancestry, of "black blood" as describing a treacherous nature, and in many another phrase mark our belief that in the mental, moral and physical man, "the blood is the life." The one basis of a healthy, happy and useful life is pure blood. With the blood pure, disease has no permanent lodging place in the system. For this reason the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery rids the body of diseases which have their origin in impurity of the blood. It absolutely purifies the blood, carrying off the waste and poisonous matter, increasing the action of the blood making glands, and building up the body by supplying the blood in quantity and quality such as is essential to a condition of health. It cures ninety-eight people out of every hundred who give it a fair trial.

"We can't have everything in this life," said the philosopher.

"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "The ideal but impossible combination is a millionaire menu with a deck-hand appetite."

The Renewal a Strain.

Vacation is over. Again the school bell rings at morning and at noon, again with tens of thousands the hardest kind of work has begun, the renewal of which is a mental and physical strain to all except the most rugged. The little girl that a few days ago had roses in her cheeks, and the little boy whose lips were then so red you would have insisted that they had been kissed by strawberries, have already lost something of the appearance of health. Now is a time when many children should be given a tonic, which may avert much serious trouble, and we know of no other so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strengthens the nerves, perfects digestion and assimilation, and aids mental development by building up the whole system.

