

## IN THE AFTERNOON OF LIFE.

When a feller's eyes are fillin' an' his hair's a turnin' gray  
Some folks allow there's danger of his gettin' in the way  
Of younger people's pleasures, an' aside he'd orter stand,  
When youth an' laughter are a marchin' hand in hand.  
They say when starts the fiddle that he shouldn't have the chance  
Of showin' those around him "how the young folks used t' dance,"  
In truth he ain't expected any spirit t' display  
When he finds his eyes are fillin' an' his hair's a turnin' gray.

They say that with his youthful pranks a man should be at "outs."  
An' quiet by the time he's forty-five, or thereabouts,  
They wouldn't let a feller have the honest sort o' fun  
An' jolly good excitement when a pair o' horses run  
A mighty even quarter, on the race-track at the fair.  
In fact they say there's no excuse for one a bein' there  
An' layin' dignity aside, a man as home should stay,  
When he finds his eyes are fillin' an' his hair's a turnin' gray.

Now, mebbe I'm peculiar, but it's jes this way with me:  
I'm goin' t' look for pleasure jes as long as I can see!  
A few gray hairs won't stop me from a feelin' good, I know;  
I'm sure I'd laugh as often if my head was white as snow.  
There ain't no sense in bein' with enjoyment out-o'-tune  
Because the sun sinks lower in your manhood's afternoon;  
One orter plan some system t' be happier each day  
When he finds his eyes are fillin' an' his hair's a turnin' gray.  
—Roy Farrell Greené.

## Big Dan

Dan was a big, jolly Nova Scotian, with a heavy voice and a homely face. He was well liked from the day he joined the gang. The men called him "Big Dan" because he was six feet two inches in height and weighed more than two hundred pounds—nearly all muscle and bone.

Dan was a man of little education, and was a slow thinker, but his energy and the instinct of "common sense" was strong in him.

His working partner, Hubble, was much like Dan in physique, but very different in everything else. He had graduated from one of the larger Western universities the year before with a football record and a good, passing grade in mechanics. Ambitious to learn the business thoroughly, he had started at the bottom to work his way up.

In November John Johnson's gang, in which these men were working, was engaged in raising a forty-wire line over a new coal shed.

The setting of the new and higher poles was quickly accomplished, and Johnson turned his attention to getting the wires up the additional height without crossing or breaking them.

Johnson's knowledge and experience were too limited for the position of responsibility which he was holding. He evolved the idea that as the poles on each side were of extra height, on account of the building, the cross-arms could be raised the additional distance—nearly twenty feet—by sliding them up the new poles without "cutting slack into the wires."

This operation was made particularly difficult by the fact that the position of the wires below made the handling of blocks and tackle of much size almost impossible. It was Johnson's opinion that two men could carry the arms up the poles by main strength, climbing as best they could under their weight.

Dan openly scouted the idea, and Hubble shook his head over it but Johnson was firm. He looked over the little group of men and asked for volunteers. No one moved.

Probably it was the old-time pride of the college man asserting itself; it might have been a sense of duty; at any rate, Hubble put on his spurs at the second call and walked to one of the poles. He stuck his tools into his belt and began climbing, jamming his spurs into the soft pine with shocks that made the insulation rattle. No one followed him. Big Dan, still in doubt, was looking sidewise at the pole.

In three minutes Hubble had the arm unbolted and ready to be raised. He looked down with a smile at the group of men below.

"Coming Dan?" he said.  
Dan put on his spurs in silence and went up the pole.

Johnson could not have selected two men better fitted for the task than these two. Both were of almost the same height and weight, and were the most powerful men in the gang. They had been trained, however, in entirely different schools. Dan's was the strength which comes with a hard life in the lumber camps. Hubble was fresh from the football field.

They swung under the arm and went up with it, slowly. Progress at first did not require great effort, but as they increased the distance from the pole below, the slack in the neighboring sections of wire was rapidly exhausted. Hubble called a halt when they were half-way up.

"Hold her a minute, Dan! This is no race!"

"Gettin' tired already?" asked Dan. "Expected better of you than that." "I'm not tired yet. But hold your wind," answered Hubble; "you'll need it."

Again they started upward. The light braze sang through the tightening wires in a steadily heightening key. The ties on the neighboring poles were twisting with the strain.

The pressure upon the spur-shanks was so great that they bent from the men's legs, and the straps seemed to wear into the bones of their knees. If any strap broke both men would fall.

Johnson, on the ground below, saw his mistake now, and called to the men to stop. But it was too late. While it is possible to get a good grip with the spurs on creosoted pine coming up a pole, it is a different story when a man is going down with a heavy load.

At the first step downward the spurs would probably have cut out and both men would have fallen. Falling from where they were then would mean death, for they were working directly above the top of the old pole.

"Can ye stand it the rest of the way up?" he panted anxiously.

"Yes," was the answer, the same old, unflinching desire to reach the goal asserting itself.

Again they advanced. Only two feet remained, but they were much the most difficult and most dangerous of the entire distance. The blackened pine wood curled from beneath the men's spurs; the strain was telling there. At each step the spurs slid gradually down the pole, and fresh grips must be taken every instant.

Then Hubble's knowledge of the value of organized effort came to his aid. Hitherto they had been taking the arm up one end at a time.

"Let's pull together, Dan. Ready pull! Ready, pull!"

At each of these mad efforts eight or ten inches were gained, so that the arm was practically in place; but the most difficult task of all remained. Although the bolt was already placed in the pole, it must be driven through the hole in the cross-arm. One of the two men must hold his end of the arm with one hand while striking. Hubble volunteered again.

"Cinch your left arm over the cross-arm," he said. "Support it on your shoulder as much as you can, and hold my left hand around the pole while I strike."

Dan did so. Hubble lifted the handle from his belt, and leaned in close to sight the bolt.

"About two inches farther up. Ready, pull! Too far! Let it down! Easy. Now it's in the notch; hold it there!"

With that he swung at the bolt head with all his might, supporting his end of the cross-arm with his left shoulder, and relying upon Dan to keep him on the pole.

The axe fell true. The bolt shot through the arm, and their hard task was over. But in swinging the heavy arm Hubble had involuntarily followed it with his weight and his two hundred pounds were suddenly thrown upon a single spur. The strain was too great, and in an instant it had cut out of the wood, and he fell.

The whole thing occurred in a second or less. Before the bolt was fairly through the arm his spur was out, and Big Dan still grasped his left hand. When Hubble fell he swung clear of the pole and twisted Dan around, so that his spurs cut out also. Dan now found himself hanging by his left elbow to a loosely bolted cross-arm, kept horizontal only by its square notch in the pole and its unbolted braces. He was twenty feet above the old pole with its rough, jagged top and its network of insulators, pins and wires; and a two hundred pound man was hanging to his right hand.

The sudden swing unnerved Hubble completely, and he glanced up at Dan, his face blanched with fear.

"Dan, can you hold me?" he cried.

Dan did not answer. The same question had occurred to him, and he was debating it as fast as his naturally slow brain would allow. The situation demanded quick thought, for Dan was well-nigh exhausted by his severe exertion.

He looked down, first at Hubble, hanging there pale and motionless, and then at the top of the pole, directly below him. Then he began swinging Hubble slowly back and forth toward the pole from which he had fallen. The men below saw the agony this effort brought him, for the rocking came upon his elbow, and the sharp-cornered cross-arm tore it cruelly. Wider and wider became the swing of this human pendulum, every movement torturing the man above.

Dan's face was now upturned, and the men on the ground could not see the agony expressed there. Johnson, fearful of the injury which might reach the men by reason of his folly, was trying to get some spurs adjusted to come to their help. The whole event, however, occurred in so short a space that it was over by the time he reached the first arm of the lower pole.

Dan had swung Hubble so far that the latter touched the pole with his feet. One more effort, and he caught with his knees, set his spurs in an instant, and held. Dan felt himself relieved of the weight, and knew that Hubble was safe, then he swung back without his load, his strength left him at the same instant and he dropped.

The impetus of the backward swing threw him clear of the pole below, but he struck the topmost arm upon his right hip. Johnson, who had just arrived at that point, reached him in an instant, and balanced him over the wires until the men could lower him with tackle.

They found his right leg broken at the hip, and his left arm so lacerated

that the bone was visible through the torn muscles. It was six months—long, weary ones to an active man—before Dan went up a pole again. The accident cost Johnson his place, and was the means of getting Dan the subforemanship.—Youth's Companion.

## HANGING LAKE, COLORADO.

An Interesting Body of Water Up in the Rocky Mountains.

Hanging Lake is generally known as Dead Horse Lake, a name as inappropriate as it is possible to imagine, for the reason that no kind of a horse could possibly get up into the lake. This lake is situated about one mile from the canon known as Dead Horse Canon, which is opposite Shoshone station on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, eleven miles from Glenwood Springs.

It is one of the most beautiful lakes the mind can conceive of. The water is clear as the most perfect crystal. The minutest object lying on the bottom of the lake can be seen as well as an object floating on the surface. The depth is from two to probably 100 feet. This lake hangs in the corner of two perpendicular walls of rock which seem to tower 2,000 or more feet above it. The outer wall of the lake from one cliff to the other is circular in general form with a zig-zag edge from three inches to six in width, formed by the vegetation which has grown there and then become petrified by the water of the lake running over it. From the appearance of the wall it is growing and confining more water within its enclosure.

There are trees lying in the lake that are covered with lime, showing every limb, knot or indentation, no matter how small or great the indentation may be. There is no sign of animal life in the lake or anywhere around it. It is very doubtful whether it freezes over in the winter, for it is fed from an immense spring gushing out of the rocks several hundred feet above it. Underneath the lake are several caves that are some twenty feet long and ten feet wide and high enough for a man to walk upright in. But you will certainly receive a shower bath before you climb over the rocks and get where it is dry.

From the mouth of the canon to the lake are some very wonderful things. There are parts of petrified trees, broken stalactites of various sizes which have lain there unmolested for centuries perhaps. There are skeletons of the buffalo that have perished or that have been driven over the high cliffs in the midst of a terrible snow-storm long years ago, bunches of leaves that have gathered themselves together by a rock or bush lying in the little stream of lime water and have themselves become rock, and the size and form are as perfect as the leaves that grow on the trees the past summer.

About one-half mile from the mouth of the canon is a very large lime rock that formed itself around a large tree so long ago that the tree has decayed and passed out of existence, but the prints of the bark are as perfect on the inside of the hole in the rock as they were the day they were formed. From the appearance of the bark signs it was a red spruce tree about fourteen inches in diameter. There are several limb holes in the rock that are as perfect as the tree hole.

A few feet below there is another rock showing that it grew around a tree while it was standing up, but from some cause unknown to man the rock has been parted where the tree was enclosed and only the form of the tree body about four feet from the ground is left in the side of the rock.

Dead Horse Canon is certainly a canon of wonders. There may be hidden between those massive walls of rock some bodies of the buffalo that are petrified. From surface indications there have been hundreds of them perished there. Some of the old heads that are there show that the animal was of great size. Some of the bones have lain there for ages while others are in a good state of preservation.—Glenwood Advance.

## Ancient Choristers.

One of the most remarkable clubs of modern times has its headquarters in Alameda, Cal. It is known as the "Old Men's Singing Club," no one being admitted to it who has not the gift of song and who has not passed at least his sixty-fifth birthday. The club has 101 members, with an aggregate age of 6,666 years. The only woman artist was the Senora Benina Barone, aged 102 years, who danced and sang "La Tolla." This old Spanish woman was born in Mexico in 1798; she danced in the Spanish City of Mexico while in the first blush of womanhood, and the picturesque cavalliers of those times pelted her with roses. To the tinkling accompaniment of a guitar they sang love songs underneath her window. Those, she says, were merry days. The weary feet, which at their owner's request danced once more in order that a few extra dollars might be added to the fund for the poor, were as light as in the bygone days, and if the aged voice quavered no one noticed it.—The Strand.

## Sheep From Iceland.

One of the principal industries of the far-off, semi-Arctic island of Iceland is sheep raising. Last year no less than 52,762 Iceland sheep were exported to England. There were also exported from the island during 1901 3,521 ponies. The island is a Danish possession.

Revolutionize through the ballot-box.—Lincoln.

## A SEA OF MOULTEN ROCK

ONCE COVERED 200,000 SQUARE MILES OF THIS COUNTRY.

Washington, Oregon, and a Large Part of Idaho Were Once Overrun—Examined by the Geological Survey With Reference to Its Water Supply.

A lava sea 200,000 square miles in extent and upward of 4,000 feet deep is not usually thought of as forming a part of the United States, yet nearly the whole of Washington, Oregon, and a large part of Idaho were once overrun by such a sea of molten rock, the widespread remains of which form most of their surface today. Into the ancient lava beds the rivers have cut profound canons several thousand feet deep, some of which, notably that of the Snake, even rival the Grand Canon of Colorado, except in brilliancy of rock coloring.

Between the rivers, on the upland plains the country is a series of rolling plateaus on which the soil is thick and rich. Here is the great wheat-growing country of the Northwest, large areas being particularly adapted to agriculture. One of the greatest needs of the section, however, is a larger supply of water for irrigation in the summer season, for stock and for town and city needs. Thick layers of gravel and water-bearing rocks are known to lie between the lava sheets, and it is from these that water is looked for.

During the summer of 1900 the United States Geological Survey, through Prof. Israel C. Russell, made a detailed examination of Nez Perce County, Idaho, a typical portion of the lava covered country, with special reference to its water supply. The results of this investigation have just been published by the Geological Survey in its series of water supply and irrigation papers.

Besides explanation of the geology of the region on which the water supply depends, the paper contains suggestions of the localities where water is likely to be found, explains the principles for the occurrence or artesian waters and gives practical suggestions for testing wells during the process of boring. Mention is also made of the useful building stones to be found in the section, including the native limestones, whose value for the manufacture of cement is explained, and the probable location of the precious metals, such as gold, silver and copper, is discussed. The paper may be had on application to the director of the United States Geological Survey, Washington.

As a part of the water resources of the country the United States Geological Survey is studying the wonderful Florida springs and lakes from which most of the rivers of the state have their rise. Kissingen Springs, in Polk County, is one of these. The water has a temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit and is strongly impregnated with sulphur, iron and other ingredients that characterize artesian waters in that region.

The spring is evidently a natural artesian well. The water all comes from one point, gushing up vertically with great force through a circular orifice in the bottom of the basin, and although the basin is thirty feet deep or more the force is so great that the water directly over the orifice is considerably higher than the surface of the lake at the banks. While swimming in this delightful pool it is found to be exceedingly difficult to keep in a position over this spring and impossible to sink in the water at that point. The outflow of the spring as measured by the hydrographers of the Geological Survey was found to be 14,000 gallons each minute.

From \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 worth of fruit products are yearly shipped from southern California, a country which was in many places almost a desert until water was applied to it from its numerous streams.

There are still large tracts west of the Missouri river amounting to millions of acres which are awaiting development through the application of water. In time these lands will be the homes of large populations, adding their share to the business and development of the country when the rivers which run through them are used to make the land fit for agriculture and life. Many of these streams are now being studied by the hydrographers of the United States Geological Survey as a part of the water resources of the whole country and the facts concerning their flow and high and low water conditions are being collected which will be needed as demands are made upon their waters for the development of the adjacent lands.—Indianapolis Journal.

## An Old Superstition.

Superstition connected with the seventh child of a seventh child is commemorated by a tombstone in a village church yard near Bridgewater, Somerset. This inscription runs: "Sacred to the memory of Doctress Annie Pounsberry, who departed this life December 11, 1813, aged seventy-three years. Stand still and consider the wondrous works of God." "Doctress" was not merely an epithet, but a baptismal name, for she was a seventh daughter, and was, therefore, credited with powers of healing. She practiced in herbs and charms. For sing's evil this was her prescription: "Take the legs of a toad. Bake and grind them to powder with pestle and mortar. Place the powder in a bag round the neck of the sufferer."—London Chronicle.

The highest point in New York City is at Ocean Terrace and Tood Hill road, in Richmond borough, 409 feet above tidewater.

## SIGNALS INSIDE LOCOMOTIVES.

Austrian Invention to Keep Warning Before the Engineer's Eyes.

A new and highly interesting system of preventing railway accidents has been invented by Herr Bartelmus, an Austrian electrician, says a Vienna telegram in the London Chronicle. Herr Bartelmus announced it at last night's sitting of the Austrian Railway Officials' Club. The inventor employs a single electric current in order that a stopping or moving engine may transmit signals to the stations and signal boxes and vice versa. The invention, it is said, makes it possible to prevent accidents arising from trains meeting one another, from an express train running into the back of a goods train, or from leaving some carriages or trucks behind. The invention would further prevent one train colliding with another standing at the platform, or with a single truck or coach; likewise it would obviate accidents arising from opening the wrong points, or from the imperfect closing of them, to mention only the commonest causes of catastrophes.

Herr Bartelmus exhibited a model of his apparatus, and explained its working and construction. Before the engine driver there burns a white glow lamp to signify that the electric apparatus is in action. Should there be an obstruction on the line, a green lamp would take the place of the white one as soon as the train got within 2,400 metres of the obstacle, and at the same time a loud bell would begin to ring. The green light signifies "drive slowly." If the engine driver ignored that signal and the train got within 1,200 metres of the object, the green light would go out and a red one appear, the latter being the signal for stopping the train. But if the driver did not stop, but approached the obstruction within about 600 metres Herr Bartelmus' apparatus would automatically either shut off steam or else apply the brakes and stop the train in time.

When a train leaves the station bells are rung at the next two signal boxes, and possibly electric lamps are lighted, and a special apparatus indicates to these signalmen over which line the train is to travel. The advantage of this apparatus is that it enables officials at the station or signalmen to signal in time to an approaching train to stop. On the signal boxes an ingenious arrangement would be put up which would automatically prevent a train from proceeding should another train have stopped in the middle of the block, even though an attempt were made to alter the danger signals. Likewise, when a train approached any points it would be automatically set them right and would keep them locked until it had passed, thus preventing any unauthorized person from altering them.

## FLOATING ISLANDS.

One Island, Covering Two Acres, Seen in the Gulf Stream.

Of all the passengers carried by ocean currents floating islands are the most interesting, says Ainslee's Magazine. Many of them have been found voyaging on the Atlantic. These islands were originally parts of low-lying river banks which broke away under stress of storm or flood and floated out to sea. The Orinoco, the Amazon, the La Platta and other tropical rivers often send forth such pieces of their shores. Some of the bits of land are of large size and carry animals, insects and vegetation, even at times including trees, the roots of which serve to hold the land intact, while their branches and leaves serve as sails for the wind. Generally the waves break up these islands shortly after they put to sea, but sometimes, under favorable conditions, they travel long distances.

The longest voyage of a floating island, according to Government records, took place in 1893. This island was first seen off Florida, and apparently it had an area of two acres. It bore no trees, but it was thickly covered with bushes, and in one place it was thirty feet high above the sea level. It was in the Gulf stream, traveling slowly and with occasional undulations to show where the ground swell was working beneath it. Probably it got away from its river anchorage in the spring of the year, for toward the latter part of July it had reached the latitude of Wilmington, Del. No large animal life had been seen on it, though there must have been myriads of the small creeping things which are abundant in the tropics. By the end of August it had passed Cape Cod and was veering toward the Grand banks. It followed the steamer lane routes quite accurately, and several vessels reported it. One month later it was in mid-ocean, northwest of Azores, and its voyage evidently was beginning to tell on it. It was much smaller and less compact. It was not seen again, and probably it met destruction in the October gales. But it had traveled at least 1,000 miles, and if, as was thought, it came from the Orinoco, it must have covered twice that distance. It is quite possible that floating islands larger than this one, under more favoring circumstances, might during the past ages have made the complete journey from America to Europe or Africa and so brought about a distribution of animal species. Of course, it is not absolutely certain that this island went to pieces in October. It might, though this is not probable, have floated down into the region of clams and seaweed, where it would longer be preserved.

The New Zealand government is to teach swimming and life saving in its public schools.



THE YOUNG MAN'S DILEMMA.  
There was a young man named Ignatius  
Who lived in an attic quite spacious.  
When he tore his apparel  
He'd sit in a barrel  
Until he could mend 'em—My gracious!  
—Indianapolis News.

NO PROTECTION.  
First Lady—Dear me, I never say  
Mrs. Potts look so pale.  
Second Lady—Nor I; she's probably  
been out in the wet without an umbrella.  
—Pearson's Weekly.

TRIED TO EXPLAIN IT.  
Mr. Fatley—Yes, I'm a self-made man.  
Prof. Studiosis—Er—um—get the material at a bargain sale?—Chicago News.

AN ENTERTAINING TALKER.  
She—You say she is an entertaining talker?  
He—Oh, my, yes! She can entertain herself for hours at a time—Yonkers Statesman.

AN INTERLOPER'S EXPLANATION.  
"Now, then," cried the deep-voiced woman, "what has made female suffrage possible?"  
"Male suffrage," replied the rude man who had no business to be there at all.—Philadelphia Press.

LABOR.  
"Do you think a member of Congress really earns his salary?" asked the inquisitive person.  
"Of course I do," answered the newly elected statesman. "You have no idea what a lot of work it is to convince your constituents that you are working."—Washington Star.

PHYSICAL PECULIARITIES.  
"They say," he said more for the purpose of starting a conversation than anything else, "that American girls have large feet."  
"Yes," she answered, "and it is becoming pretty well known that some of the American boys wear very small hats."—Chicago Record-Herald.

AN URGENT CASE.  
When the doctor's telephone rang late one night he went to the instrument himself and received an urgent appeal from two fellow practitioners to come down to the club for a quiet game.  
"Emily dear," he said, turning to his wife, "I am called out again, and it appears to be a very serious case, for there are two doctors already in attendance."—New York Times.

HOME INDUSTRY.  
"I had no idea that my gambling at Monte Carlo would create so much of a sensation," said the very rich American.  
"Well," said the friend, "there is a strong local sentiment in America. People couldn't understand why, if you were determined to gamble for high stakes, you should not leave the money in Wall street."—Washington Star.

NEVER HIT HIM AT ALL.  
The Judge—What did you hit this man with anyway?  
Prisoner—I didn't hit 'im with' anything, yer honor.  
The Judge—But look at him. He's in a horrible condition. Surely you didn't do that with your fists.  
Prisoner—No, yer honor. I ketcht 'im by the heels and bumped 'im again a brick wall a few times. But I didn't hit 'im wit' anything wanst.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A MAN WITH A MOTIVE.  
"I'll go to dinner with you," said the friend, "on one condition. You must assure me that there won't be any special preparation on my account."  
"Well," said Mr. Meekton, "of course, it is just as you say, but it's a bit of a disappointment. It is only by inviting a friend now and then that I can vary the monotony of tea, biscuits and marmalade for our evening repast."—Washington Star.

HIS SUBTERFUGE.  
The patient was very talkative, and the doctor thought the consultation would never end. Finally he requested the lady to put out her tongue, and silence reigned while the doctor went on writing. When he had finished the prescription he handed it to her, and, reaching for his hat, started for the door.  
"But, doctor," reproachfully exclaimed the lady, "you have not looked at my tongue yet!"  
"That's all right," calmly responded the doctor, "I only wanted to finish the prescription."—New York Times.

SORRY HE SPOKE.  
He was in the parlor of a St. Louis residence while his fiancée was playing a Chopin sonata on the piano. Her mother was seated almost opposite her future son-in-law, and when the proper opportunity presented itself she said:  
"Don't you think Edna has a great ear for music?"  
"I certainly do," replied the young man. "If you'd stretch a few strings across it would make a lovely guitar."  
But he never finished his sentence.—New York Herald.