

### IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Life worth living? Yes, so long as a spring revives the year, and hails us with the cuckoo's song, to show that she is here; so long as May of April takes, in smiles and tears, farewell, and windflowers dapple all the brakes, and primroses the dew; while children in the woodlands yet adorn their little laps with lady's-mock and violet, and daisy-chain their caps; while over orchard daffodils cloud shadows float and fleet, and ouzel pipes and laverock trills, and young lambs buck and bleat; so long as that which bursts the bud and swells and tames the rill makes springtime in the maiden's blood, life is worth living still.

—Alfred Austin.

### HOLDING ...A... DOLLY-BAR.

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

In the early winter twilight that brooded over the vast, sooty, floorless shop of the bridgebuilders a dozen men were fastening a steel span. From a furnace glowing in a dusky corner a grimy Swede, with long-handled tongs, continually plucked forth red-hot rivets. These he flung in fiery twenty-foot parabolas to a comrade, who deftly caught them in a scoop, whence they were removed by the rivet tender and inserted, all glowing, in their respective holes, to be driven into place and shape.

It was the scoop-man who told me this story that night in his home, after his day's work was over.

"In July, 1895," said he, "I was working on a steel-framed sky-scraper in one of our large coast cities. We had reached the eighth story and as the floors were somewhat more than ten feet apart, the top beams were well up in the air.

"One afternoon I was inside an elevator well between the seventh and eighth stories, fastening the guide to the sheet-steel wall. One of the other sides was also covered with steel, but the other two were open. Charley Hoff, 'Dutch Charley' we called him, was driving rivets outside the wall, while I held the 'dolly' to head up the inner ends.

"This particular dolly was a round steel bar three feet long, weighing about fifty pounds. From its top ran a chain ending in a hook, which I had caught over the top of the wall a few feet above, so that the bar hung suspended against the guide, and all I had to do was to hold it against the rivet ends as they came through.

"At half past eleven we reached a set of holes six feet above the seventh floor. To get to these I was obliged to sit upon a board supported by two tall wooden horses, standing on planks laid across the shaft and forming a loose scaffolding. Through its openings I could look down clear to the basement, more than seventy feet below. Behind me, on the opposite side of the shaft, were lashed short perpendicular ladders, up and down which the men were constantly passing, for the elevator well was the main thoroughfare of the huge steel skeleton.

"I found that the holes would have to be reamed out before they would receive the rivets, so I told Dutch he needn't drive any more till after dinner. Meanwhile I went to work with my reamer, and by twelve had nearly finished.

"Noon struck. In less than a minute the ladders were covered with men climbing down. There were a lot of 'twelve-o'clock' fellows on the job, who would rather leave a bolt half-driven than work a second overtime. A gang right over me had just put a heavy steel 'header' in place on the edge of steel 'header' in place on the edge of driven into one end, but the other was as yet unfastened. It would have taken only a few minutes at the most to make everything secure; but at the first stroke of the hour they dropped their tools and hurried to dinner.

"I paid no especial attention to them, for I was putting the finishing turns on the last hole. By the time it was done there was not another man left on the building. I had been sitting in the middle of the board, facing the wall about eighteen inches off. Now I laid down my reamer, and started to hitch myself along toward one of the horses, so that I might descend.

"A sudden strong hot wind swept through the frame, making the loose planks rattle. Something grated above my head. I looked up and for a moment my blood stopped running. The rust had struck the nicely balanced header with just enough force to make it totter. Slowly its loose and swung downward; then it lurched quickly, and slid into the well!

"As it dropped it just cleared my head. It sheered through the middle of the scaffolding as if the thick planks were rotten paper. Down it shot gaining momentum with every foot, its lower end raking the opposite wall clean of ladders.

"Smash! Bang! Grind! All was over in a few seconds. Dust rose. And when the turmoil had subsided there was I, sitting on my board with seventy-five feet of empty air between me and the debris at the bottom of the well.

"For a brief space I sat motionless, gripping the wood with my fingers, too dazed for thought. Then I looked cautiously over into the abyss. Far below I could see a jumble of splintered timbers, like a heap of broken jackstraws, with the header sticking straight up out of their center.

"I shuddered as I thought of what would now be lying under that mass had the catastrophe occurred five minutes before, when the ladders were still

ed with men. Then, as I raised my eyes from the pit, I saw something that made me turn cold.

"The falling header had taken out the middle of the scaffolding, leaving only the side planks on which the horses stood. The shock had moved one of these planks two or three inches, so that a leg of the horse upon it just overhung the edge. A little more and the horse would topple into the shaft, taking its support from the board on which I sat and hurling me down to a frightful death.

"I was practically glued to my place. If I tried to reach either horse, the chances were that I should jar the leg clear. My only safety consisted in keeping absolutely quiet.

"In front rose the steel wall, with the dolly hanging against it. The smooth metal offered no handhold. Could I have stood upright and been sure of firm footing, I might have risked a leap to the beams of the next floor; but any attempt to gain my feet on that ticklish board would invite the very disaster I dreaded.

"I knew that I had been seen and my peril understood. The building was on a crowded business street and the crash of the falling beam had attracted the attention of hundreds of people. A great silent throng soon blocked all traffic. I could see their upturned faces and an occasional pointed finger. Their very stillness terrified me, for I knew that it was my mortal danger that held them spell-bound.

"It was extremely hot. The sun beat down fiercely. My head was protected only by a light cap and the heat set my brain boiling. The great iron framework, with its white figures and letters painted on the beams to show their dimensions and places, swam dizzily round me. I closed my eyes, but got little relief. A warm red light glowed before them. I seemed to be swaying regularly to and fro. Actually, I was as nearly motionless as fright could make me, but to my reeling head I seemed to be oscillating like a pendulum.

"A blast of wind passed through the skeleton frame, jarring me slightly. I looked down toward the leg of the horse. It had certainly moved a trifle. Another blast might dislodge it altogether. I sickened with terror. The crowd below appreciated my danger. A quick, convulsive gasp of pity rose to me from hundreds of throats.

"But there was one in that throng who did something more than sympathize. He was a sailor on shore leave from a United States battleship in the harbor. Running into a store he obtained a hundred feet of new, strong rope, looped it about his shoulders and began to clamber toward me. As there were no ladders left he was forced to swarm up the steel uprights.

"At first, however, I did not see him, for close to me something happened that drove everything else from my mind.

"A barely perceptible movement fastened my eyes on the leg of the horse. Painfully scrutinizing the spot where it rested, I saw that the plank was being pushed slowly but surely along by the lateral pressure of the other legs. I watched it fascinated. It was only a question of a very short time when I should be hurled into the pit.

"Suddenly, three stories below, I saw a man climbing toward me. He was dressed in a blue suit and a flat cap edged with white letters. A coil of rope hung around his neck. Up he came like a monkey, arms, legs, hands, feet, all doing their part. Would he be in time to save me? He was a swarthy, Spanish-looking fellow, not very tall, with black moustache and good-natured face. Two stories below his cap dropped off, revealing his thick curly hair. Several times he slipped back slightly, and I noticed the dull red smears on his clothing from the freshly painted beams.

"I watched him tensely. He glanced up and caught my eye.

"'Cheer up, mate!' he exclaimed. 'I'll have a rope round you in a jiffy!'

"Another slight movement of the plank. I groaned. The bluejacket heard me, and it stimulated him to do his utmost. It was a race between him and the retreating wood. On his little muscles my life depended.

"The leg now hung on its support by the merest fraction of its width. It might slip off at any second. I no longer saw the sailor. The sound of his climbing and his heavy breathing came to me, but I did not dare to turn my head.

"I closed my lids for an instant. When I opened them the leg was entirely off the plank. The horse tipped and the board under me tilted downward.

"I gave one last despairing glance at the steel wall and at the dolly suspended by its chain. Could those small, rusted links support one hundred and eighty pounds more? The thought flashed into my brain. There was no time for debating. As the board dropped from under me, I flung out my hands and twined my fingers round the chain with the grip of death.

"Over the top of the wall four feet above appeared the bluejacket's anxious face.

"'Quick!' I screamed.

"'Catch hold!' shouted he, and down on my head dropped a loop of rope. As I clutched it with one hand, a link in the chain pulled out, and the fifty-pound bar shot down to the bottom of the well. Two minutes later I lay safe on the working-platform above. Then everything turned black.

"When I came to myself, I was lying on a bench in the tool shanty. One of my friends was dousing me with cold water, while others were grouped round; but the sailor, to whose cool-

ness and dexterity I owed my life, was nowhere to be seen. He had fastened the rope under my arms, and lowered me down insensible. Then he had descended, picked up his cap and disappeared.

"I never see a bluejacket without thinking of the one who saved my life, and that is why I have always had a warm place in my heart for the sailors of the United States navy.—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

### THE ELECTION THEORY.

A New Explanation of the Nature of Electricity.

In "The Election Theory" Fournier d'Albe has endeavored to set forth a clear and popular exposition of that new and interesting scientific conception, the electron, and its bearings on the sciences of electricity and magnetism. "We all know," says the writer, "that electricity is a kind of subtle fluid consisting of electrons, or very small corpuscles, some 30,000 times smaller than the atoms of ordinary matter." All electric and magnetic phenomena are now to be expressed in terms of the distribution and motions of these electrons. The electron is said to be a centre of force moving swiftly in the vacuum tube, slowly along a current-bearing wire, and surging to and fro in the alternating current. Electrons emit waves across space into the receiver in wireless telegraphy, and move in orbits round the atoms of ordinary matter. An atom so accompanied is negatively charged. In the electrolytic cell, for example, where hydrochloric acid is split up into hydrogen and chlorine, each atom of the latter has an electron associated with it. By virtue of this it is negatively electrified, and repels every other atom so charged.

Electricity is connected with ordinary matter, and the electron theory with the atomic, as follows: The electron displaces the atom as the physical unit, or smallest particle that can exist, for the atom itself is made up of electrons. The elements differ from each other by reason of the different numbers of electrons contained in their atoms. The hydrogen atom contains the smallest number, viz., 800, and the elements with the higher atomic weights contain the greater number. The electrons repel each other, and move freely about within the atom with the velocity of light. While thus repelling each other they are supposed to be kept together by some force, which is probably a charge of positive electricity. But while negative electricity is conceived to be atomic in structure, positive electricity is not thought to be thus discontinuous. An atom of ordinary matter with one or more free electrons associated with it is negatively electrified, while an atom which has lost one or more of its normal number is positively electrified.

The remarkable emanations of radium and the other radio-active elements can be explained on the electron theory. The radium or other atom, instead of merely giving off a few electrons, and thereby becoming positively electrified without losing its identity, continues to lose them till it ceases to exist. And the electrons thus given off may be grouped, or afterward group themselves, to form new elements. Thus, Sir William Ramsay claims to have produced the gas helium, of smaller atomic weight and fewer electrons in the atom, from disintegrating radium, whose denser atom contains more numerous electrons. And the electron theory points to the possibility of the transmutation of any element into another of smaller atomic weight—that is, of fewer electrons in the atom.

When it is remembered that the size of an electron is only one thirty-thousandth part of an atom, it is somewhat surprising to find Prof. J. J. Thomson saying that at present it is better known. In order to get some idea of the size of an atom several somewhat abstruse lines of physical reasoning were followed out. These were found to converge in suggesting certain somewhat wide limits for the probable size of the atom. A drop of water magnified up to the size of the globe would show its constituent particles about the size of cricket balls. This was Lord Kelvin's suggestion to enable the mind to grasp some idea of the size of the atom. In contrast to this we have the definite statement that the electron has a diameter of one ten-billionth of a centimeter, and that its weight is one thousand-quadrillionth part of .61 gramme! The practical electrician has already accomplished "truly astonishing results," says M. Fournier d'Albe. "What he will do when he gets a grip on the electron we can only faintly guess."—LONDON GLOBE.

### Activities of Maine Women.

An item has been going the rounds about the prominent part played by women in the business and professional life of the town of Norway. Now Bridgton is heard from. Says "The News": "We now have a woman pastor of one of our village churches; one superintendent of schools; one holding the first commission as justice of peace ever issued to a woman in Maine; one assistant bank cashier, to say the least; two conducting business houses which they own; quite a few prominent in the business houses, and any number competent to do all the things mentioned as among the possibilities for Norway."—KENNEBEC JOURNAL.

### Blood Poisoning From Thorn.

William Bamber, a farm laborer, pricked his finger with a thorn while planting a hedge at Allston, near Preston, England. Septic poisoning set in, and Bamber died.

# Every Time You Buy a Cigar

You are paying for a certain amount of enjoyment. If your enjoyment is spoiled by a cigar of poor quality you have good reason to be sore—not so much for the money you wasted, but rather because of the satisfaction you looked for and missed.

Who are you going to blame?

If you simply ask for "any good 5-cent cigar" chances are you'll get one that isn't "any good."

Isn't it plain that you ought to know who makes your cigars—so you can place the blame for the disappointment in the right place and know whose cigars to avoid in future.

And isn't it still more important for you to

know who makes the good cigars, so that every time you buy you can look for the brands of that manufacturer.

We have made it easy for you to distinguish the cigars we make by stamping the boxes of our different brands with the Triangle A merit mark.

Whenever you see this Triangle A merit mark on a cigar box you know it marks one of the brands of the manufacturer who is willing to responsibly guarantee quality and value.

Whether our brands are better value and better quality than the irresponsible brands of other manufacturers we leave it for you to judge. We sell our cigars strictly on their merits. We know they are the best cigars made—and for the sake of your own smoking enjoyment you can't discover this fact for yourself any too soon.

Look for the Triangle A and know what you are getting before you pay out your cash.

For convincing proof of the better quality for which the "Triangle A" stands try

## The New CREMO

5 CENTS

Every box is now extra-wrapped in glassine paper to insure freedom from dust and make sure the cigars will be kept in good condition until the box is opened.

AMERICAN CIGAR COMPANY, Manufacturer



### NATIONAL GAME.

The Dartmouth team is making its first Southern trip.

Somebody sets forth the claim for Hans Lobert that he is the best of the hunters.

President Dovey, of the Boston Club, has started a crusade against gambling on ball games.

"Attendances at exhibition games have been bigger than ever this spring," says President Pulliam.

Each of the New York teams has a hunter that gives complete satisfaction, to wit, George Browne and Willie Keeler.

"We have the best pitching staff in the National League, with the possible exception of the Chicago Club," says Barney Dreyfuss.

The gross exaggeration of the size of baseball crowds already has started in. The national game draws well enough without inflating attendances. Griffith evidently thinks he can make a third baseman out of Laporte, especially when such a capable third sacker as Conroy is sent to the outfield.

According to report the Brooklyn team of the outlaw Atlantic League has signed Billy Gilbert, McGraw's star of the last two seasons, to play second base.

The collegian Stork is playing a fine game for the Pirates. Incidentally the Pittsburgh roster of players probably represents more colleges than any other team.

The Brooklyn are showing such a fast pace in exhibition games that there will be considerable disappointment should they fail to start off well in the pennant race.

Bob Unglaub is doing brilliant work at first base for the Boston Americans. The wonder is to those who have seen him play the bag is that he was not a regular major league first baseman long ago.

### American Flour in South Africa.

The Argentine Consul at Durban, British South Africa, according to the Northwestern Miller, reports to his government that Argentine flour is unable to stand competition there with that from the United States, because of its inferior quality and its uselessness in any of the industries in which flour is used except for the preparation of an inferior class of biscuit. In Natal Australian flour is mostly used, mixed with North American, which is "stronger" and whiter.

It seems probable to the Boston Advertiser that the balloon will be the distinguishing and interesting feature of the next great war, as the torpedo boat, submarines and other inventions have signaled the advance in recent wars. Warfare development having nearly reached the limit on and under the sea and land, the next sensation must be sprung in the air.

### SPORTING BREVITIES.

Sorel, in an automobile, made a record run of 16h. 15m. across France, from Paris to Nice.

Emanuel Lasker won the world's chess championship from F. J. Marshall without suffering a defeat.

Prizes aggregating \$5000 have been offered by the Aero Club, of St. Louis, for aeroplanes and dirigible balloons.

B. S. Osborn, secretary of the Arctic Club, announced that six automobiles were being built for "dashes" to the North Pole.

The fight fans of Michigan are in high glee, as the bill recently introduced legalizing ten round bouts has a good chance of passing.

Sir Thomas Lipton, in an interview at the Monte Carlo Motor Boat Show, said that he should like to see these craft built under Lloyd rules.

Allan Lard, of Washington, D. C., defeated N. F. Moore, of Chicago, 12 up and 11 to play, in the final for the Chief Cup, at the golf tournament at Pinehurst, N. C.

J. D. Foot, of Apawamis, and S. D. Bowers, of Brooklawn, with an allowance of five, won the best ball handicap with a net score of 66 on the Pinehurst links.

"Jack" Palmer, an English heavy-weight pugilist, who was recently knocked out by "Jack" Sullivan in Los Angeles, attributes his defeat to the climate in that country.

Beals C. Wright, the former American champion lawn tennis player, now is on his way back to the United States. Wright took part in the tournament at Cannes on the Beau Site courts.

George J. Gould is disposing of his stable of polo ponies at private sale and is withdrawing from the game temporarily. For a year at least there will be no polo games at Georgian Court, Lakewood, N. J.

Alabama is the first state in the Union—alphabetically. She is unique in another particular, declares the Boston Transcript. She has the most venerable senatorial delegation that is, has been or probably ever again will be from a single State. In another respect she stands apart from her sisters. Should either or both find the terms upon which they have entered outlasting their spans of life, their heirs have been appointed, not by them but by the people whom they represent. These are ex-Governor Johnston and ex-Representative Bankhead. Should life and strength hold, however, Senators Morgan and Pettus will be, one over ninety and the other close upon it when they come to the ends of their official service.

Travel in the United States has ceased to be a pleasure, laments the Pittsburg Press. It is now an extremely hazardous necessity and only those will travel who are compelled to.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

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Between 12th and 13th Sts., on Filbert St. Three minutes walk from the Reading Terminal. Five minutes walk from the Penn. & R. Depot. European plan \$1.50 per day and upward. American plan \$1.00 per day.

"I have discovered a better weather prognosticator than the goose-bone, the groundhog, or the weather prophet himself," said a Wichita (Kan.) street car motorman. "When the track is 'sweaty' in the morning it is a sure sign that it will be storming before another day."