

## The Twist of a Rope.

'I'm not afraid of the storms on the lake, or of the dark of the night when the waves are higher than the pilot-house and the old tub rolls as if she would go under, but I was scared badly once in my life, and that within the last few months,' said Olaf Anderson, once a sailor, now one of the few men of Chicago who daringly earn their daily bread by scaling high steeples and chimneys.

Anderson's reputation among lake captains is that of a man possessing iron nerve—that steadiness of head in time of danger which is uncommonly needful when the fierce lake storms are at their worst. He is a Norwegian by birth, twenty-eight years of age, blue eyed, little given to talk, and very fond of the water. He does not drink, nor does he swear, two things which make him a wonder to certain disappearing class of tars.

On the morning of July 4, 1898, the city of Chicago knew, in an indirect way, that the American flag had been destroyed the first of Cervera, off Santiago de Cuba. That Chicago did not know more about it was due to the fact that every newspaper in the city had suspended publication. A difference of opinion between the stereotypers on the papers and the publishers had led to a strike, and for nearly a week Chicago had to do without her local newspapers.

In consequence of this the news from Santiago came slowly, and the mass of the people really did not know until the night of the Fourth of July that a great victory had been won for the flag. But early on the morning of that memorable day one man in Chicago certainly did believe that Cervera had been defeated, and he was Superintendent Edward Williams, of the Masonic Temple building, the twenty-three-story structure at State and Randolph Streets, whose flagstaff top is three hundred and twenty feet above its ground line. Mr. Williams saw various telegrams from the East in regard to the victory, and he decided that the staff of the temple should float at once, as the sign of rejoicing, the largest national flag on which he could lay his hands.

To get the flag was easy enough, but when it came to hoisting it from the great dome, up the slender staff, with a stiff wind blowing and a hot sun beating down, there was trouble. In pulling the halyards, the flag caught at the top of the staff, twisted itself into every kind of shape and was so snarled that it could not be displayed.

Several men tried to climb the staff and disentangle Old Glory, but their heads failed them almost before they started. It is a dizzy look down from the dome of the temple to the busy streets below, where the walking people look only half their natural size.

'Go anywhere,' said Superintendent Williams, 'and get me a steeple chaser—anybody that can climb.'

Olaf Anderson was at leisure that day, standing at the main entrance to the city post-office, two blocks from the temple, wondering how he should celebrate the national holiday, when he was roused by the hail of a man who asked him: 'Can you climb? Do you want to make five dollars?'

Hesitating a moment, Anderson replied: 'I can climb if there is anything to hold on to. As to five dollars—yes, I should like five dollars.'

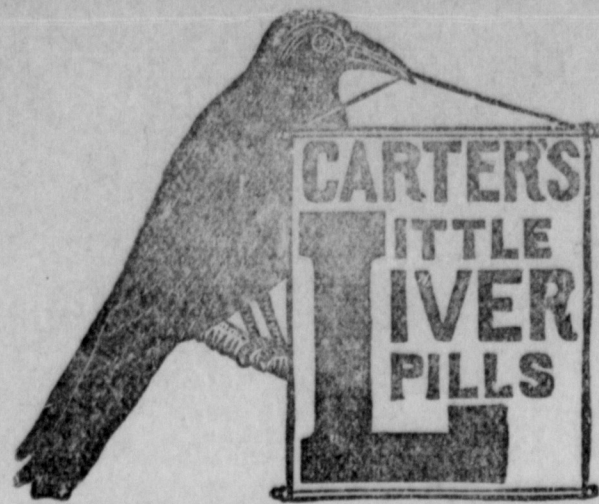
The man laughed at the form of the answer, and then explained as to the tangled flag on the staff of the temple.

Anderson went with him to the dome of the building, and from that point glanced upward to the top of the flagstaff, where the flag was bunched. As to what happened after that, let him tell the story. He said:

'It didn't seem like much of a job—just a shin up, a little pulling and hauling, and a slide down. True, I'd be up in the air over three hundred feet, and nothing beneath me, if I came down to quick, but a steel roof or the paving stones of the street below, but I didn't plan to come down any way but my own. I tossed off coat, gave my belt a hitch, and up the staff I went.'

'Now I hadn't figured that the staff was affected by the wind, but when I was up seven or eight feet I felt that I was awaying back and forth at a great rate, and the higher I went, the more it seemed to move. Of course my imagination helped some, but when I could put my hand on the top of the ball of the staff and was right with the flag, it seemed to me that with every blast of the wind I was swinging over the edge of the dome and then coming back, just as the pendulum of a clock does.'

'I had one leg on the pole with a snake-twist, one leg free and one arm free. I



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the fraud of the day.

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found the halyards caught in the little guide-wheel of the staff, to which they run to the flag, and the flag, by one of those tricks that nobody can explain, had tied itself and the halyards and the other ropes into a good knot. I pulled and hauled and tugged away at the knot, and the sweat just ran off of me in big drops, and the wind was rising every minute I could look away out over the Lake Michigan front, and saw the waves were choppy and white. Looking toward the city, I could see I was above every chimney and dome about the temple. Once I gave a look downward, but the street seemed far away, and the roof, with its steel girders, looked too hard.

'Finally I got everything straightened out, and glad I was, for to say nothing of the five dollars I was too have, I wanted to see the flag wave myself, for the good of what our boys had done at Santiago. I'm an American citizen, and I feel toward it at flag just as I do toward my old mother who is still alive in Norway.'

'When I got the flag free, the wind caught it up and whipped it out in great shape, and I took a good glance at the stars and the stripes, and just for the sake of the thing I loosened my grip a little, so that I could take my hat off and bow to the colors. The men on the roof were cheering. What happened next I don't know to this day.'

'As I raised my hat and waved it, my leg slipped. I made a grab for the staff, caught a rope, slipped a bit, and suddenly found myself hanging, head downward, from near the top of the staff. I didn't fall to the roof, because the rope and my left leg were so mixed up that I was tied up just as if I'd done it on purpose. Now that was a fine situation for a man to be in, and an old sailor at that! There I was, three hundred and twenty feet in the air, feet up, head down, tied to the top of a miserable little flagstaff, and the wind swaying us back and forth just as it pleased.'

'I could see the fellows on the roof, and they were dancing about, but they didn't know what to do. If they'd cut the ropes, down I must have come. As for me, I was thinking. I wasn't certain how tight I was tied up there. If I wriggled I was afraid I might get loose and drop. Then there was a let up in the wind, and the flag, which had been out straight, settled down in folds by the staff. It was right within my reach.'

'Thinks I to myself, 'Old Glory has pulled many a man out of trouble before, and I guess she won't go back on Olaf Anderson this day.'

'I threw out my hands, caught the folds, and pulled up. The hitch in the rope that held my legs gave way, but that helped me for I am nimble. I pulled with my hands and grabbed with my legs, and between the flag and my quickness I was on the staff in a jiffy, head up and safe. I let go of the old flag and it went out again on the wind, while I came sliding down, for fear I might get caught again.'

'The few seconds that I hung there head downward I was pretty badly startled. I thought my end was at hand, but the feeling went away when the flag came down to help me. Then I knew that I was going to get out of it all right. After I was on the roof again I picked up my hat, which had come down before I did, and bowed to Old Glory the best I could.'

'As for Mr. Williams, he was so glad to see me back that he gave me ten dollars, and the money came back with so

little work that I decided to do all the high climbing I could get after that, and let the water alone.

As Anderson finished he gave his trousers a hitch and laughed, as if what he had gone through was nothing to speak about—only a common incident out of his daily life.

### WITH THE FEET TO THE EAST

An Old Time Burial Practice Now Fallen Largely Into Disuse.

There was recently reprinted from a Western newspaper, a paragraph about the disinterment and reburial of a body in a cemetery, because it had been buried in the wrong way. 'The undertaker,' so the paragraph said, 'was a new man at the business, and the body was placed with its feet to the east, in accordance with the popular custom.'

New York undertakers say that hereabouts bodies are buried according to the situation of the burial plot; with the feet to the path in front, however that may bring the body with regard to the points of the compass. It was a common custom in old times to bury the dead with the feet to the east, so that when they should rise, on the day of resurrection, they would rise facing whence the summons was expected. There are, it is said, whole churchyards filled with dead, all facing east; but with the growth of cities, and of cemeteries, outside of churchyard burying grounds, this practice fell into disuse. Cemeteries were variously situated, to start with; and then they were laid out in such a manner as to bring the land within them most advantageously into use. Obviously, for illustration, of a double tier of lots joining at the back and each tier facing on a path, one tier of lots would face one way, and the other tier in exactly the opposite way. A body buried in any of these lots, facing either way, would be buried with the feet to the path upon which the lot fronted; so that the bodies in the two tiers of this double tier of lots would face in exactly opposite direction; and it might be that neither faced exactly East.

In laying out cemeteries there are likely to be curving roads and there might be roads crossing diagonally; with the result of some plots of irregular shape, and some triangular; and there are likely to be found in cemeteries some circular plots. In a circular plot that was enclosed by other land, it might be that the graves would be made with the feet toward the monument at the centre of the plot; if, as would more likely be the case, the circular plot had a path around it, then the bodies would be placed with their head to the central monument and their feet to the path, the graves radiating from the centre; and so lying as to the points of the compass, in various directions. In triangular plots the bodies might not be interred with feet to a path, but lengthwise of the plot in its longest section; in this or other irregular plots they would be buried as they could be most appropriately to the plot.

But in most lots it is possible to bury the body with the feet to the path and this is now without regard to the compass points substantially the common practice. And if a body were disinterred from one lot and reinterred in another it would, upon its reinterment, be placed with its feet to the front of the new lot whether this faced in the same direction as the old one or not. It is the location of the lot that governs; the practice being to bury with the feet and thus, of course, the face, toward the path.

But while the direction in which bodies shall lie buried in nowadays commonly thus determined, there are those who still prefer to be buried facing east; and who accomplish that result simply by buying a lot that faces in that direction.—N. Y. Sun.

### NO CENSORSHIP.

In Giving the News of the Great Cure Effected by South American Nerve—It Has Saved an Army of Sufferers From the Pangs of Indigestion and Nerve Trouble.

L. M. Holmes, of Parrsboro, N. S. was taken severely ill about a year ago with nervousness and indigestion, and for some time was completely prostrated. He consulted best doctors but they failed to help him. A newspaper advertisement brought South American Nerve to his notice. He tried it with the result that he was greatly benefited from the first bottle, and six bottles completely cured him, and he would be pleased to give all details of his case to any person asking him. Sold by E. C. Brown.

### Scientific Guesswork.

Sir Joseph Prestwich, a distinguished English geologist, acquired extraordinary skill in making deductions from the surface formation of a piece of land. To some of his simpler neighbors his science seemed pure divination.

In 1864, Sir Joseph purchased an estate near Sevenoaks, and built a house upon it. The farmers about were amazed at his stupidity. His house was on a dry and treeless chalk hillside. There was not a drop of water to be had.

So confident was Prestwich in respect of water supply, however, that he at once engaged an old well digger to sink a well one hundred and sixty eight feet deep.

The boring proceeded, but when a

The three great vital factors of this body of ours are the heart, the nerves and the blood.

It is because of the triple power possessed by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills of making weak, irregular beating hearts strong and steady, toning up run down, shattered, nervous systems and supplying those elements necessary to make thin, watery blood rich and red, that so many wonderful cures have been accredited to this remedy.

Here is the case of Mrs. R. J. Arnold, Woodstock, N.B., who says:

'I was troubled for some time with nervous prostration and general weakness, feeling irritable, debilitated and sleepless nearly all the time. My entire system became run down. As soon as I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I realized that they had a calming, soothing influence upon the nerves. Every dose seemed to help the cure. They restored my sleep, strengthened my nerves and gave tone to my entire system. I think them wonderful.'



depth of one hundred and sixty eight feet was reached, the two workmen went to the city and sought an interview with their employer, whom they found at his desk. They explained to him that there was no sign of water, and that in their opinion it was useless to bore to a greater depth.

'Go on,' was the quiet rejoinder. 'You will come upon water tomorrow. You are within two feet of it.'

The next day it proved exactly as Prestwich foretold. And ever after, among many of the denizens of the valley, Sir Joseph had the reputation much to his amusement, of not being quite 'canny.'

### THE HEART WAITS.

Of Thousands Have Been Turned Into the Joy Song of the Cured by the Almost Magic Medicine, Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—It Relieves in Thirty Minutes.

Mrs. John Fitzpatrick, of Gananoque was for five years a great sufferer from heart disease—spent some time under experts in Kingston hospital without getting any benefit and was pronounced incurable. She commenced taking Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and when she had taken three bottles all dropsical tendencies, palpitation and pain left her, and she has had no return of it, and ascribes her cure to this greatest of heart remedies. Sold by E. C. Brown.

### In Another Character.

If clothes do not make the man, they may be said, in a certain sense, to make the dignitary. A railway train came to its destination in a large city. As the passengers were filing slowly out of the cars one of them, a lady of somewhat severe aspect, was observed to pause at the top of the steps.

'What do you mean, sir?' she said, sharply, to a man standing on the platform below.

'What do I mean?' he responded, 'To help you off, madam, of course.'

'You are an entire stranger to me, sir,' she said. 'I prefer to get off without your assistance.'

'I am the conductor,' he explained.

'I think not.'

'But I am,' he persisted. 'This is the end of my run, and I have changed my coat and hat.'

Then you are not the conductor, sir. You are not in uniform, and are merely a private citizen. Please stand aside.'

'I don't know but you're right, ma'am,' he said, complying with her mandate.

Perhaps she was right, as a matter of principle, although she might have been a few degrees more civil about it.

### 'SUFFERED UNTOLD MISERY.'

South American Rheumatic Cure Thwarted Disease and Cured Him Outright.

Robert E. Gibson, merchant, Pembroke, says that ten years ago he contracted rheumatism in a very severe type, suffered untold misery—resorted to fl-blisters and other severe treatments with no lasting good or relief. When hope of recovery was well nigh gone he was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. The first dose gave him instant relief, half a bottle cured him out-right. His own words were: 'It is the best rheumatic remedy on earth.' Sold by E. C. Brown.

Carrie—They were discussing last night whether a sweet voice or a sweet face was the chief charm in woman. What do you think, Fred?

Fred—'It depends upon circumstances. In a telephone girl, for instance, I should say that a sweet voice laid all over a sweet face.'

## FLASHES OF FUN.

Did ye save the country, Pat? 'How's that?' 'Be your vore?' 'No begorry. But I saved the rent.'

Jinks—What do you call your new dog? Binks—We call him 'Admiral,' because we gave him a home.

The Kind Lady—What causes your terrible appetite for liquor? Dismal Dawson—The high price.

He—Women act like idiots in a rush for a street car.

She—I'll admit they act like men.

'What work does your father do, my young man?'

'Oh, he doesn't have to work! He's a policeman.'

Slowboy—I am going to kiss you tonight when I go.

Miss Willing—Don't you think it time you were going?

She—It's a woman's privilege to change her mind, you know.

He—Yes, and her age too, but she takes her time in doing it.

Teacher—Do you know what a franchise is?

Pupil—Not exactly; but I know its something you grab.'

Mrs. McPhidget—Who wrote the song, 'There's Only One Girl in the World for Me?'

Mr. McPhidget—Adam, I guess.'

'St. Gobble, why am I kept out of the heavenly roost?'

'The cook forgot to singe you; just step down to the other place for a minute please.'

City Nephew—Is that what you call a penknife? It looks more like a machete. Uncle Silas—Waal, it's the one I stick pig with, and if that ain't a penknife I don't know what is.'

Henderson tells me he means to name his new boy George.'

Old or new style?'

'What do you mean?'

'Washington or Dewey?'

Mr. Stuffing—That saucy Miss Lipp told me at dinner that I reminded her of a popular bird.

Miss Whyte—What was it?

Stuffing—A turkey gobbler.

'Beware of the man who loves secrecy,' said the person who deals in generalities.

'He's got me scared now,' answered Sen. Sorghum. 'I always did say this Australian ballot was a mighty bad idea.'

'Now, George, to what class of birds does the eagle belong?'

'Birds of prey.'

'And the turkey, where does he belong?'

'On the table.'

'So you engaged a lawyer?'

'Well, I'm not just sure about that. Sometimes I think I engaged a lawyer and sometimes I think I was hypnotized by one. I'll know more about it when the case is finished.'

Hixon—According to the market reports hogs are scarce.

Dixon—Oh, I don't know. I went into a barber shop last Saturday night to get shaved, and there were three fellows ahead of me waiting to have their hair cut.

Foreman (quarry gang)—It's sad news Oh how fur yes, Mrs. McGabarraghty. Y'r husband's new watch is broken. It was a toine watch, an' it's smashed all to pieces.

Mrs. McG.—Dearie me! How did that happen?

Foreman—A 10-ton rock fell on 'im.

'I don't believe professors know so very much,' said Mamie.

'Why? How can you think so?' replied Maud.

'Well, I don't see why Mr. Fullpate should have seemed so surprised and puzzled when I asked him to say rubberneck in Greek.'

Hicks—Did you hear the news that the Beetletown R. R. Co. has been sued by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?

Wicks—No. Is that so? What has the company been doing?

Hicks—Been running its cars over the frogs along its line.

Mr. Especk—Do you think that man who acknowledges having 42 wives should be imprisoned?

Mrs. Especk—Imprisoned! Why, the wretch ought to be hanged!

Mr. Especk—Yes, I guess you are right, my dear. That would put the poor fellow out of his misery.

'You can bet if only the politicians had to go to war there would be no wars.'

'You are wrong. There would be more wars. The people would make 'em fight in the hope of getting them killed off.'

Jones—your wife doesn't seem to care much for her wheel any more.

Smith—No, she insists on me doing it now.

'Poppa,' said Miss Lucetta, who has recently graduated from the village academy, and was consequently learned and accomplished a great plenty, 'do you know the story of Rip Van Winkle?'

'D'no, 'z I do,' replied honest Farmer Gapp.

'What'd he do, Lucetty?'

'Why, for 20 years he remained in one spot, motionless and—'

'Aw! interrupted the old man. 'Mixed up in a game of chess, hey?'

Yellow will dye a splendid green by using Magnetic Dyes—10 cents buys a package and the results are sure.