

## Adventures of a Diver.

The diver's vocation descends in families much more generally than is the case with other callings. The son of an expert diver seldom looks outside of the home profession for his life work. In a certain family owning their own home in one of the slips by the East River there have been three generations to wear rubber suit. There are hundreds of divers working with the big wrecking companies who are foreigners, Swedes and Norwegians, who embarked in the calling more or less thoughtlessly and with no particular ambitions regarding it. But the New York divers in business for themselves are for the most part responsible citizens liking the work for its own sake and proud of any reputation they may have gained in it.

On days when the wind is very high or it is unusually cold these divers do not work but put in their time cementing patches on their suits or making up their accounts by the hospitable stove that is a feature of the front office. Then is the time that they can be induced to unlock their store of experiences and afford glimpses of the everyday ordinary affairs in the diver's world.

"I know the under water tracks of the harbor and the rivers about here as well as I know the city streets," said the conservative east river diver one day. "I have trudged up the bed of the east river more than once, and only lately went hunting for some car wheels that had tumbled off a freight boat. They were thought to have been lost somewhere between Thirty-fourth street and the Battery and the whole distance had to be gone over."

"The wheels were valuable. There were thirty of them to be hunted up and it wasn't a light job. The cables in the river hang seven, eight and ten feet from the bottom. The diver might walk under them but for the life line. I climbed over every cable on the route and my man holding the signal rope in the boat that went along with me had to use great care. I located the wheels, but when I got home I was sore in every joint."

"This is a great business for locating cranks," he added after a while. "Visionary, flighty-minded people are always hitting on some scheme by which the treasures of the deep are to be turned into their hands. I went hunting once for Lake Erie copper in fourteen fathoms of water. My employer was a private party, an inventor much interested in the subject of lost cargoes. He came on to New York to engage me purposely because I had a reputation for doing very thorough work."

"He said that there was good proof that 350 tons of copper had gone down in a certain boat in Lake Erie thirty five years ago and that he had invented an instrument guaranteed to point out the exact spot where the copper could be found. My part was to go down to the bottom at the place indicated, nail the copper with my spear and send up enough of it to the boat to be used as a sample. He offered fair pay, and said he had gone over the records so often and so thoroughly that he was satisfied there could be no mistake as to the location which his needle would show us."

"Well he chartered a fine boat and we went out to a place on the Lake about ten or twelve miles from the town of Erie and fished around persistently for three whole days at the point where the treasure was supposed to be. But no sort of wrecked cargo could I find, no trace of either boat or copper. Each time that I expressed myself as being certain there was no cargo to be found, my employer would say that the instrument had given a new tracing and we must move the boat in a certain direction and try again. His faith was something that would not be downed. At last realizing that there was no copper, but that I had to stay below the surface in order to satisfy my man I took to fishing."

"Fish show great curiosity about a diver. They swim round close as if trying to make him out by getting new points of view. That time there were numerous striped bass interested in me. It was as though they were fascinated, or else were trying to charm me. I amused myself by waiting until they were on a level with my head-gear, staring me straight in the eyes, and then spiking them with the spear I was to have hit the copper with. I got seven or eight of the beauties and tied them on to the hauling-up rope, and when I appeared on the top with that fine catch the boat hands shouted 'Hurrah!' The inventor himself ate some of the fish when they came to table, but they and they alone represented my reward for the mining trip."

"This lost-cargo fiend had risked all he was worth in getting out his invention and in hiring and equipping the boat. It was his expectation to realize enough on the copper deal to make up for all expenses. Later he showed me how cleverly the instrument could locate a couple of nickles flung out haphazard in a vacant lot, but he agreed that as a locator of copper sunk in fourteen fathoms of water for thirty years the invention was a disappointment."

The valuable diver is one who has learned the principles of stone masonry and building before he took up diving. He is hired to examine the abutments of bridges and seawalls and look into the underpinnings of waterside structures and decide whether they need repairing. He is educated and alive to the value of new inventions and reads the engineering journals for new developments.

The other sort of diver does merely the drudgery of the trade. He is put to piling up rocks or doing the plain work already mapped out for him, where blasting has been done or deep foundations are to be laid. He is really an under water workman of a similar caliber to the hod carrier and coal heaver ashore, except that his movements are more difficult because of his dress. The superior diver will work at depths anywhere from seventy to ninety feet, whereas those less proficient will not go below thirty-five feet.

"The best paying undertakings nowadays such as the raising of a great liner or the removing of some conspicuous obstruction, all go to the organized companies," said the expert diver. "The big wrecking houses have cut a good deal into the business of the individual divers, but still there is much work that demands care and tact, and a man of known ability always keeps busy."

"Only lately my son and I had a job that took considerable caution to execute. A lighter with dynamite aboard had been abandoned and sunk in the Hudson River. The authorities wanted the stuff done away with. Two separate companies of divers had investigated the matter and declined to undertake the removal before we took hold. The dynamite was in 196 fifty pound packages stowed away in with a cargo of coal bound for the State capital. There were several dozen boxes of gunpowder aboard also, a peculiar mixture that warranted a man's feeling when he tackled the game that it wasn't exactly worth the candle."

"It is not known what became of the lighter's captain and men, but it seems they must have been sharpers smuggling the dynamite under the head of coal so as to evade the laws regarding explosives. Probably when they got wind that the authorities were on to their game they sunk the lighter as the best way out of the scrape. They would have got several years in prison if caught."

"We hauled up the dynamite and dried it in short order without any funeral ceremony on the left bank of the North River on a slip of land there owned by the Government. We only made use of sufficient of the coal cargo to run our boats at the time; the rest is on the bottom yet. Some day we'll make a river man happy by giving him directions where he can get some fuel for nothing. The raising of that dynamite, although it sounds easy enough to tell of, wasn't an undertaking that we would want to tackle every day."

The grandfather in this notable family of divers was an expert in underwater affairs at Dublin port long before he emigrated to New York and took up the business here. He educated his son to succeed him in his business. The old man's first diving dress and helmet are kept as heirlooms and the grandson has also a picture of the diving bells in which his father, then a small boy, used to be taken down to see the wonders of the deep.

### Black Ever Popular.

That black in the fashionable world will take high place against all the colors in fashion's brilliant rainbow is an indisputable fact. Black is considered very appropriate for every occasion, and for women of every age and degree. Well worn, it rarely fails to bestow a certain distinction, and it is a safe selection where ideas respecting colors are crude or uncertain. It is, however, an indispensable condition—if the best effect is to be obtained—that the material shall be of the best of its kind, and the making (however simple) above reproach. These exactnesses fulfilled, there is nothing more to be said, unless, indeed,

the admiration of the beholder finds expression in speech.

It is true that special colors are more or less amiably disposed toward some individuals than others are, but there are times when one feels out of humor with a favorite dye, just as one wearies of a companion who persistently agrees with one. A little contradiction is more enlivening than eternal complacency, which often acts as a mental irritant, says the St. Louis Republic. No one wishes to dine entirely on plum pudding.

Love of change dictates a trial of the less familiar, the less or the more conventional. The woman who looks superlatively well in blue or brown does not wish to dress solely in that color, and in certain moods may take a dislike to it. Black seldom adds to the youthful appearance of the wearer, and, yet nearly all men and most women consider that a handsome black gown, richly trimmed and gracefully made, heads the lists for general demerit uses of all the smart and stylish creations in the realm of modern fashion.

### TRAIN HIT A BALLOON.

The Fat Engineer of a Fast Freight Describes the Queer Collision.

"One pitchy, dark night, early last summer," said the fat engineer, wiping his long-necked oil can with a piece of waste, "I was coming east with a fast freight. As we were approaching the top of Pecan Hill I noticed some kind of a light moving way up in the sky. First I thought it was a new star, but as the sky was all beclouded and I could see no other stars, I concluded that I was mistaken. The light seemed to be descending, but as we pitched over the top of the hill I dismissed the matter from my mind, having more important matters to attend to."

"The further along we got the darkness and fog seemed to thicken. I was a little bit skittish about going down the hill with that heavy train such a night and as the train dropped over the top of the decline I soaked the air on a little, to ease 'em off. Then I thought it was no use slowing up, if I didn't make time with the fast freight they'd take me off and put me on the pick-up again. So I put the air brake handle back in running position again and let the cars behind me set the pace."

"After we got about a mile down the grade we were going a clip that would make the Empire State Express look like a dingy old stage coach in comparison. Then I got 'cold foot' once more and thought it was up to me to jack 'em up again. Accordingly I put the air over in the service position, but 'thunder' it had no more effect on those flying cars than a thimble of whiskey on a Kentucky Colonel. They just kept on coming and shoving my Mother Hubbard engine along ahead of 'em at about a seventy mile an hour pace. I reached up for the whistle rope to pass a tip to the train crew in the dog house that they'd better get out and twist up a few brake wheels when ca smash we went into something."

"Some darned kind of a rubbery blanket enveloped my cheese box cab and came down over the windows, just as if some one had lassoed us with a big rubber bag. I made a frantic jerk at the whistle valve, but instead of the sonorous sound it usually handed off, the noise it gave out then was like the shriek of a penny horn. You couldn't hear it for a car length. I slammed the air over into the emergency notch but I had kept it on so long for a service application that the pressure was all out of the train pipe and it was like throwing straws under the car wheels. There was 'nothing doing' with the air."

"I was getting mighty scared because I didn't know what kind of a game we'd butted into. The rubber covering had settled down over the cab windows and was shutting off the outside atmosphere from me so that I could hardly breathe and I surely thought I would suffocate unless I got relief somehow. No one on the train, not even my fireman, knew what dire straits I was in. I made several ineffectual attempts to get out of the cab, but the rubber blanket had me completely cut off."

"I tried the whistle again, but it was smothered so by its covering that it hardly gave forth any sound at all. I had about given up hope when I heard the pop valve on the dome commence to blow off steam. At first this added greatly to my discomfort, but I realized that my only hope would be in having the safety valve blow off steam. At first this added greatly to my discomfort, but I realized that my only hope would be in having the safety valve blow off steam with sufficient pressure of lift the rubber covering."

### Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor.

Contains no acids or other injurious chemical compounds: is neither caustic, corrosive or irritating: but soothes and eases from the first application, and acts quickly. If you want an irritating and flesh eating remedy do not ask for Putnam's, it acts just the other way. For sale at all druggists.

## SPRING WEATHER.

### IS YOUR SYSTEM IN SHAPE TO CARRY VOY SAFELY THROUGH.

The Practice Of Taking A Tonic In Spring Is Descended From Our Wise Forefathers and Has Good Medical Endorsement—A Few Suggestions Regarding Health.

The practice of taking a tonic during the inclement weather of early spring is one that has been bequeathed us by our forefathers, who lived in days when a sturdy constitution and vigorous health meant even more than they do today. The custom has the highest medical endorsement, and the healthiest people are those who follow it. Thousands, not really ill, need a tonic at this season. Close confinement in badly ventilated houses, offices, shops and school rooms during the winter months, makes people feel depressed and 'out-of-sorts'. Nature must be assisted in throwing off the poison that has accumulated in the system, else people fall an easy prey to disease and are subject to many discomforts from boils, eruptions, and similar troubles. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the best tonic medicine known to medical science. These pills make rich, red blood and strong nerves. Through their use in springtime, jaded, listless, easily tired men, women and children are made bright, active and strong. Evidence of the wonderful health restoring virtue of these pills is given by Mrs. J. Langlois, 659 Lafontaine street, Montreal who says:—"Before I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was under the care of two doctors, who told me my trouble was developing into consumption. I was very pale and feeble; had no appetite and could hardly stand on my feet. I was very much discouraged and thought death was staring me in the face. I had often read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and finally decided to try them. After I had used three boxes my appetite was much better, and I felt a little stronger. I continued the use of the pills for three months when I felt fully cured. When I began using the pills, I only weighed 92 pounds, and when I discontinued them my weight had increased to 119 pounds. I also gave the pills to my baby, who was pale and sickly, and they made him a bright, rosy, fleshy child. I think there is no weak or sickly person who will not find benefit from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

It is a waste of money to experiment with other so-called tonics which are all cheap imitations of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Insist upon getting the genuine, and if they are not sold by your dealer send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

### THE NEW GAME OF 'PUT OUT.'

Invented by Gearhart, a Louisville Athlete. It Is Played in Western Gymnasiums.

A new game, in which are combined some of the best points of football and tug-of-war has been invented recently by Wilbur F. Gearhart, athlete of Louisville, Ky.

"Put Out" is the name of this new style of contest. It requires no ball or other apparatus, can be played by any number of persons, for any length of time, in or out of doors and at any season of the year.

It is a contest in which skill, agility, strength and endurance are important factors, and for that reason gymnasium and athletic associations in the west are giving it much attention. Several New York regiments and athletic clubs have become interested in it and soon will have teams drilled and ready for games. In effect, the game is the defense of a circle or fort by one team against an equal number of men on the other team.

The accompanying rules show how the contest is conducted.

1. Put out may be played by any number of players mutually agreed upon by the opposing teams.

2. The length of an inning shall be governed by the time required by an attacking team to put on a defending team.

3. The boundary for a regulation game shall consist of a circle 28 feet in diameter distinctly marked, inside of which shall be two smaller circles, respectively 21 and seven feet in diameter, marked parallel with the boundary circle.

4. The innings of the first play may be decided by 'toss' or mutual consent of both teams.

5. At the opening of a game players of the attacking team shall stand with both heels upon the inner circle, and at regular distances apart, facing the outer circle, with bodies erect and arms held to the sides. Players of the defending team shall occupy corresponding positions on the middle circle but they shall face the centre.

6. When the players are in position the referee may open the game by distinctly sounding the word 'put,' after which the attack and defense may immediately begin.

7. Catching hold of any player above the shoulder or below the hips shall be deemed foul.

8. Catching hold of any part of the body of a player below the shoulders and above the hips is fair.

9. Holding the arms of a player is fair; but twisting or roughing of any description that is injurious to a player is foul.

10. A defending player who falls down

during a play shall be considered out unless he has been tripped or thrown by an attacking player.

11. When any part of the person of a defending player touches the ground outside of the boundary circle, he shall be considered out.

12. When a player is out he shall immediately withdraw from the game until the inning he has been put out of is finished.

13. Attacking players may step over the boundary circle at will and return to assist it the attack.

14. Each inning shall be continued until all the players of the defending team are put out, or until a time limit is reached.

15. The time limiting inning shall be mutually agreed upon by both teams before the game is called.

16.—The opposing teams shall alternately occupy the offensive and defensive positions after each inning until the series of innings originally agreed upon shall have been played.

17. The team making the aggregate number of put outs in the shortest time shall be deemed the winner.

18. For regulation games there shall be appointed a referee, a judge and a timer.

19. It shall be the duty of the referee to call off outs as they are made and to decide all points of dispute. His decision shall be final.

20. The judge shall note the actions of players inside the boundary circle and he shall enforce the rules bearing on them.

21. The timer shall time each inning and at the expiration of the game give the total time taken for all the innings by each team.

### A Lesson From America.

During the Paris Exposition an American firm obtained permission to drive an Artesian well in the Bois de Vincennes near Paris. The city of Paris has two Artesian wells which required respectively nine and six years to be driven. The American well was sunk to a nearly equal depth, 1,935 feet last summer in two months. The French were surprised by the rapidity of the work, as well as by the homeliness and simplicity of the apparatus. The American company has since offered to donate the well to Paris as an addition to its water supply, and some of the French scientific journals express the hope that 'the practical lesson which the New World thus offers gratuitously will not be without its fruit.'

### Special From Kingston, Ontario.

Kingston, April 6.—It is a pleasure to announce that a new 25 cent size of Catarrhzone is now on sale in every drug store in Canada. This is the only remedy that can be implicitly relied upon to cure Catarrh, Asthma and Bronchitis. It cures quickly, surely, permanently. Relief from Catarrhzone is quick. Nose, throat, head and lungs are cleared at one breath from the inhaler. Try it today for that cold. Prepared by proprietors of Polson's Nerviline, and guaranteed to cure or your money back.

### Pretty Far Off.

A summer resident in a New Hampshire village a lady who, in Horace Walpole's phrase, 'sits at the top of the world,' was making her first friendly call of the season upon the family of an old widower.

Only the father was at home, one of the girls being absent on a visit to the other sister, who had been married during the past winter. Naturally the talk turned on the daughters.

"Yes," said the father, Mary made out real well. But I do know I'll ever work Lixbeth off. There's a young man been comin' here steady now for two year, an' he's no further on yet, ma'am, than me 'n' you."

It was in the village justices' court, and the incumbent of the office had fined an Indian for intoxication. The fine was duly paid, and the justice was reaching for his overcoat. "Hol' on," said the Indian, "me want receipt." "What in the world do you want a receipt for?" said the 'quire. "Well, bimby, Injun die—ago to the Great Father up there. Great Father say, John have you been good Injun an' paid all your debts?" I say, "Yes." Then he say, "Show me receipt. I get to go all the way down to hell to find Square Martin to get that receipt."

## THE PRESIDENT.

### A Slave to Catarrh.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Relieves in 10 Minutes.

D. T. Sample, President of Sample's Instalment Company, Washington, Pa., writes: "For years I was afflicted with Chronic Catarrh. Remedies and treatment by specialists only gave me temporary relief until I was induced to use Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It gave almost instant relief." 50 cents.