



SA T U R D A Y . . . . . F E B . 7 , 1 9 0 3

BRAVE FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Bridge Painter Fell One Hundred Feet and Saved Himself by Not Losing His Head.

A thrilling incident is told by the St. Paul Pioneer Press of the marvelous escape from death of a man while painting a bridge 100 feet above the Mississippi river:

One afternoon Anderson was swinging happily like a bird on a twig six feet below the roadway of the high bridge, and about 100 feet above the Mississippi river. The seat of the swing was a short piece of plank. It was attached at each end to ropes, which, passing through a block, returned to the swing as a single rope. By lengthening or shortening this rope the man could raise or lower himself.

"I was hanging close to one of the steel rods," said Anderson, "a rod that I was painting. My rope was good and fast. I had no warning of any danger, when the sky and the clouds and the bottom of the bridge dashed past my eyes, and the air whistled in my ears like a typhoon on the China seas. I knew I was going down head first.

"I wasn't frightened. I said to myself: 'Now, I'll strike the river before long and if I keep going this way I'll hit the water head first, which will be just as good as diving; and, being a good swimmer, I can easily get ashore.'"

"But about 60 feet down—I didn't measure the distance then—my head struck one of the cross-rods a slanting blow. My legs sort of huddled up as I fell, probably, and came down full force against the rod. I could hear the bones crack. They made quite a loud noise like a percussion cap. Then I thought to myself: 'Well, this is your last cruise, for sure,' and things got black before me. I guess I fainted."

"But the cold water brought me to. I bobbed up as natural as a harbor buoy. But as soon as I made my first kick, or, rather, tried to make it, I found that both my legs were hanging as heavy and dead as shot in a canvas bag. They didn't pain me, though. But when I found I couldn't swim I felt my gun was spiked for sure.

"Just then I heard the crew up aloft hollering: 'Good boy, sailor! You're all right! Keep it up! Boat's coming! Keep a-paddling, Jackie!' It did sound fine and hearty, let me tell you. And so I kept a-paddling until a man reached me in a boat 15 minutes after I dropped down."

SCREECH OWL TALKS.

Tells Our Boys and Girls How It Lives and the Delicacies It Enjoys Most.

Good evening! Do you wonder why I did not say good morning? Well, it is just because my day begins with the dusk, and in the morning I go to bed before you get up.

Did you ever get caught when you didn't want to be? One evening when I was sitting in the old pear tree near the woodshed, wondering where the plumpiest mice would be most likely to appear, a farmer boy sneaked up behind and grabbed my legs. He put me in a cage and then his big brother, who was an artist, made a picture of me. But I



SCREECH OWL'S PORTRAIT.

equated one eye all the while so I would look very wise and knowing.

But they were very kind to me and tried to give me food and water. They gave me a raw chicken neck—bah! I don't care much for chickens, not even little ones, and I never eat them unless very hungry indeed. Why didn't they bring me a live mouse?

I ate some of the chicken neck because I was nearly starved, but after several days my toes began to curl up and cramp and I couldn't sit on my perch, so the big brother said they must let me go again. When I was free I got a nice breakfast of mice the very first thing, though my toes so numb. They call me Screech Owl. I know you are frightened sometimes and run home when you hear me in the lonely woods, but that's just because people have told so many bad stories about me, half of which are not a bit true. They have said I eat little chickens, but I don't, though I do sometimes dine on English sparrows. Still, as long as there are plenty of mice I don't want anything better.—J. Marion Schull, in Orange Judd Farmer.

The Almighty Dressmaker. Mabel—Clothes do not make the man, you know.

Jack—Of course, not; but it's quite different with women, isn't it?—N. Y. Herald.

A JUMP AT CONCLUSIONS

THE end of the day had found me ten miles from my camp, and I was sitting at the fire of the lumber camp listening to the boys swap lies as they broiled and ate choice bits of the tenderloin from my deer—the relics of which hung from a sugar pine limb in the edge of the wavering fire-light. The conversation turned on the subject of drinking. "They's a special Providence watches over drunk men!" said a grizzled old logger.

The sentiment seemed to meet with approval. "I has in mind one special case," continued the old fellow, "an' that is Bill Keeney. This yere was so long ago you fellers don't come in none on them retrospections, but I remembers it as well as though it happened yesterday. Bill shure had a special Providence watchin' over him an' he kept it busy day an' night!"

"I was workin' in a big camp down on Mill river them days. We was loggin' away up on Gopher mountain, and had a little narrow-gauge railroad runnin' back to the lumber camp, with a dinky engine an' a string o' flat cars. We'd get out a trainload of logs, load 'em aboard the train, an' run 'em down to the top of the bluff above Mill river. There we had a big board chute half a mile long, which went as near straight down as it was possible to slide a log an' have it keep in the trough. As I says, this yere chute is half a mile long; but we turns a log loose in it an' in exactly 13 seconds the big stick plunges into the deep water of Mill creek at the bottom!"

"Of course they's a lot o' friction from first to last; so consequent we has to keep the bottom an' sides of the chute greased all the time. Even with that the boards takes fire occasional an' burns up a big section of the works."

"This yere Bill Keeney I mentions is employed at the bottom of the chute. It's his business to watch that no tenderfeet don't come rompin' around there seein' the sights an' a-gettin' mixed up with them flyin' saw logs none. He also attends to greasin' the chute an' clearin' away the splinters when a log hits the bottom wrong-jams across the chute an' flies to pieces. Bill watches the top. When we takes down the red flag, Bill works in the chute after puttin' up his own red flag. When we puts up our signal Bill gets in the clear an' stays there till the trouble's over."

"Once or twice Bill takes too big a drink, an' forgets that the red flag's up. I recalls two different times when several thousand feet o' solid timber whizzes past his head so close it knocks his hat off; but that there special Providence is on duty reg'lar, an' Bill don't get killed none."

"But one day they's something happens that riles Bill all up, an' leads to them excitin' episodes I contemplates relat' to you when I starts out to round up this yere tale. It happens this way: Bill had just got in a four-gallon jug that mornin', an' he was devotin' himself to it most assiduous. Didn't have much time to spare for 'tendin' to the chute he was that busy with his jug. We're late that day, an' we're firin' down the timber at a great rate."

"Durin' a lull in them festivities, an' while Bill is back of his shack an' amplyin' of his jug, Bill's ole razorback sow gets into the chute an' starts in to eat up all the grease. If they's anything she's plumb loco on it's rancid grease. She grunts with joy, an' absorbs that grease with a thankful prayer. She's the only hog in all that country, an' she figures she has the grease market cornered."

"Now, it's just at this interestin' moment that the biggest log of the whole bunch arrives. It hits that ole sow, goin' at a rate of speed that would make a streak o' lightnin' look like the efforts of a sick lightnin' bug winnin' away out in the marsh. They ain't no sow left then, but Bill Keeney happens to reel out of his shack at that sad moment, and he hears the squeal goin' by on its way to glory."

"Now, Bill loves that sow, an' he takes on powerful over her obsequies. He goes back to his shack, loads up to the limit, an' then heads for the top o' the bluff, where we're workin' away as innocent as sheep. That special Providence helps him up that hill, an' past the precipices, an' when he arrives in our midst he is in a fightin' rage. He mentions that he means to clean out the camp, an' seein' that he carries his ax, an' judgin' by the mean glitter in his eye we deem he means about what he says."

"Now, it happens that I'm the nearest to him, bein' just on the other side of a log we're in the act of startin' gently down the chute toward the long slide. Bill starts over the log at me swingin' his ax, an' cussin' plentiful an' copious. I yells at him to go back, but he thinks I'm scared of him, an' he comes on. When he's on top o' that log, it sudden hits the incline, an' away they both go together, Bill goin' down headforemost, a-stickin' to the log like a big black lizard."

"Well, we're mighty busy that day, an' the boss 'lows it ain't no use wastin' the afternoon goin' down to gather up the remains. He considers such a wanton show of idleness downright sinful—especially when we all lays a hundred dollars to a white chip they ain't half an ounce of remains down there to pay the corner for his trouble. But after talkin' it over we decides that it's a proper show of respect for the departed for a committee to go down. Bill ain't such a bad chap when he's sober, an' he's been with us a long time. So me and Jack Burke goes down an' puts on a look of woe as we approach the dreadful scene."

"We nearly faints; for there's that Bill Keeney, calm and sober, greasin' the bottom of the chute!"

"He looks up with a siseepish grin when we approaches, an' tells us he hopes we ain't come down with no hard

feelin's; he'd been drinkin' a little fit the mornin', an' wasn't exactly responsible.

"We assures him they's nothin' to forgive, an' we all goes over to the shack an' has a drink. It was durin' the fifth drink, if I remembers correct, Bill mentions that he made the trip



"BILL GOIN' DOWN HEADFOREMOST."

easy an' graceful, an' a special Providence personally conducted that log an' kept it from rollin'. 'I hits the water head-first,' says Bill, 'an' the next thing I knows I pops to the surface a hundred yards down stream. Then I swims ashore, an' goes to work!'"

The old man shook his head sagely. "But they's such a thing as trustin' Providence beyond the limit!" he said. "At the end of the loggin' season Bill went exploitin' down around Yuma, and drunk a quart of mescal on a bet. Now, they ain't no special Providence they's able to hold cards agin Greaser whiskey. So consequent, when them orgies is over, Bill's tumin' up his harp in a better land!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

DISCOVERY IN GALAPAGOS.

Many New Species of Birds and Reptiles Have Been Found in the Islands.

Since the recent announcements made concerning the results of the Rothschild expedition to the Galapagos islands scientists have been much interested in the reports. The expedition took place in 1897, but the members of the party were pledged to secrecy about it until Walter Rothschild, who defrayed the expense of the trip, should have published his scientific book upon the researches of the expedition. That book has recently appeared in London.

The expedition was under the direction of Prof. Charles N. Harris, and was sent out for the purpose of collecting natural history specimens from Gallapagos islands, which are situated directly on the equator, 4,000 miles from San Francisco. The explorers brought back with them important contributions to science, 64 tortoises taken alive, and among which were two new species; 3,500 valuable bird skins, 16 new species of birds and many species of hitherto unknown reptiles. Altogether 3,500 specimens were collected.

Sixty of the 64 tortoises have already been sold for the sum of \$30,000. The rarest of the tortoises were found in the craters of extinct volcanoes at a depth of 400 feet. They weighed from 100 to 200 pounds apiece and some of them as much as 600 and 1,000 pounds. So there was an immense amount of labor involved in getting them out of the interior and then down the outside of the mountains to the coast.

The ornithological specimens found were quite as valuable as the tortoises. The most remarkable of the 16 new species was a hitherto absolutely unknown species of cormorant. It has been named after Prof. Harris "Phalacrocorax Harris." Its most unique feature is a perfectly developed wing—which, however, is so small as to be absolutely useless for flight.

Another newly discovered subspecies has been named the Webster gaunt. It is as large as a Pekin duck and flies 100 miles out in the sea to feed, returning the same night. A new variety of albatross, the Diomedea Irrows-Tribune, was found, says the Detroit News-Tribune. It is of magnificent proportions, very tame, and it indulges in a curious pastime much resembling fencing, two birds fencing in pairs and using their beaks as foils.

The Caspian is a land-locked sea 84 feet lower than the ocean.

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"Indeed!" "Yep, I've known him myself to go home loaded and compel the keyhole to remain stationary until he got his key in."—Baltimore News.

Had a Prosperous Look. Farmer Peavine—By jingo, four different fellers stopped me on the street to-day and axed me if I didn't want to put a thousand in an investment that paid 600 per cent. a month. Good, I guess I must look like Jay Gould or Jay Cooke, or some of them feenagers.

City Nephew—Oh, they undoubtedly took you for one of the jays, uncle.—Kansas City Journal.

The Up-to-Date Domestic. "Does your cook ever wear your wife's clothes?"

"I guess not. Why, my wife hasn't anything the cook would be seen wearin'."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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The Happy Days. No use to hunt the happy days—They're with you all the time; They're loadin' with you 'long the ways An' singin' in a rhyme. No use to search the world around An' think they're far and fleet; The brightest of 'em still are found In violets at your feet. —Atlanta Constitution.

SO POLITE.



He—Won't you sit in this chair, Miss Spooner? Miss Spooner—After you.—Punch.

The Saddest Words. To the girl who sees the swift years go The saddest words of tongue or pen Are these: "He asked me; I said No—The poor fool never came again." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Blackmail. Caller—I've found that there dorg that y'r wife is advertisin' five dollars reward fer. Gentleman—You have, eh? Caller—Yep; an' if ye don't give me ten dollars I'll take it to 'er.—N. Y. Weekly.

Simply Inexcusable. La Fiancee—I am sorry to hear papa is speculating so heavily. Le Fiancee—So am I. Really, it is almost criminal for a man to speculate with money that ought to be saved for his son-in-law.—Tit-Bits.

An Artist. "I understand she's an artist." "An artist! Why, that doesn't begin to describe her. She's a genius. You ought to see the way she can make over a last year's gown or hat."—Chicago Post.

Particular About That. "Miss Kitty—Darling," he began, "Sir, interrupted the young woman, "you will oblige me by not pausing so long between my first name and my last."—Chicago Tribune.

The Surprised Statesman. A mighty speech he paused to frame, And zealously displayed it; And yet the world went on the same, As if he'd never made it. —Washington Star.

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