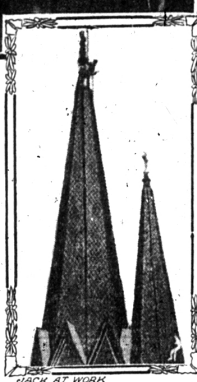


PERLS OF A STEEPLEJACK



GLIDING CROSSES

An object of unusual interest to residents and visitors in Troy, a "steepjack" has for several weeks past been swinging daily about the steeple of St. Joseph's Provincial seminary, the famous "Towers of Troy," as they have come to be called, occupied, with as much nonchalance and though on terra firma, in the task of making extensive repairs to those steeples and placing an eight foot gilded cross on each of the four spires. The "Towers of Troy," from their elevated position on the crest of the hill overlooking the city, form the city, form a landmark easily recognized for miles in all directions, and like stalwart sentinels they have stood guard over the busy commercial section of the city below these 30 years or more.

Weakened by age, a high wind several months ago carried away the pinnacle of one of the spires and drew attention to a general weakening of the others, so the Sisters of St. Joseph, who hold the seminary property, recently advised the contractor, strengthening the steeples and erecting a large gilded cross upon each. George Ferguson of Albany, a famous "steepjack" was selected for the job, and for the last six weeks he has been engaged with two assistants in performing the work. A few minutes of observation of the painstaking, methodical movements of the "steepjack" is sufficient to convince the observer that his is no easy task. Beside being a sort of mechanical engineer, the "steepjack" to be a success, must be a master of several trades. To observe a man seated in his boatman's chair, anchored against the side of a spire may give the impression that the work is easy, but imagine standing in a loose circle and sawing off a section of tower above one's head weighing nearly half a ton. Yet that was what was done on these towers. The old final ornaments, placed at the top of the spires when the building was erected back in the '70s as a Methodist university, were each 14 feet high and nearly four feet in diameter, and in their decayed condition considerable skill was required to prevent them falling in the wrong way and causing damage to the building.

Mr. Ferguson declares that the only part of the work which may be called easy is the actual climbing. This is accomplished in a novel manner, for the steeples, rising 75 or more feet in the

air, present nothing upon which a hold may be secured, and yet he climbs without scaffolding. Patiently — it may seem tediously — the steeples are climbed, by means of two ropes securely wound around the tower, leaving a loop to slip over the body. Alternating from the lower to the upper loop, similar to hitching up a pole, the "steepjack" gradually works up to the very top, carrying tackle and swing chair, from which he proceeds to repair or paint as required.

Mr. Ferguson inherited his profession of steeple-climbing from his father, who followed the business for more than 22 years, climbing the highest spires throughout the eastern states, and finally meeting his end by a fall of 20 feet from the Albany pentsteeple building in 1891. A decayed wall, capped by stone, gave way while he was pulling, and he was killed instantly. The son was serving at the time as an apprentice in the navy, a calling which presents some similar situations, and when he received his discharge in 1892 he succeeded to his father's business. Of modest but successful success, he credits the fact that he has had no accidents to his athletic build and temperate habits, for, as he strongly declares, drinking stout and steeple-climbing "do not mix."

The illustration gives an idea of the size of the crosses being gilded, for placed

The Strike in the Clarion Office

BY CAROLINE A. ULING
(Copyright by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Helen Leland looked sweet and charming in her fluffy white gown as she left the ballroom with Harold Manning.

"Shall we have an ice before we go home?" he queried. As they passed under an electric light on the grand piazza he glanced appreciatively at the delicately flushed face.

"No, indeed! Not just now. I must go to the office first and arrange my copy, then, while the men are putting it into type, if you please, we will have our ice. After that we will go back while I read the proof."

"I need no proof," she quipped gaily as they turned into the street toward the Clarion office.

"No one would dream of associating business with you, especially in that stunning gown," rejoined Manning with cheerful gallantry.

Helen smiled sweetly. "And yet if it is serious business," she said, "this being society order of an morning yet — even if we do go to balls in full dress and have a good time dancing."

Manning offered no contradiction, but really he could not associate anything serious with the petite, graceful figure at his side. To him she seemed a gay little butterfly, and even the question of her good looks scarcely presented itself to him.

Indeed, she was not beautiful, though possessing a charm that often serves in good stead. She was bright, vivacious, quick witted and tactful, always saying just those pleasant things that put her companions at ease. Rarely 22, and in the morning flush of glorious youth, Helen was full of enthusiasm and energy, and she quite as though she was spending it only for pleasure, with no idea of its being material for "copy."

The daughter of a country editor in a fading New England village, Helen was glad to earn a little during the day season by writing for other papers.

She faintly flew up the stairs. The men, sullen and dejected, had gathered in a group around the imposing door. "What does this mean?" she demanded. "Helen has just come in!" The Review must be on time or we lose the job."

"We want our money. We can't work for nothing," responded one of the clerks.

"How much does father owe you?" "Three dollars."

"And you?" she turned to another. "For my dress, but Hurst said that he gave your father three hundred last week and that he paid out most of it for a ball dress for you."

"I don't know where that man is," she cried. "I have my own dresses and — why — Hurst borrowed \$200 of father last week to pay for some paper. I am ashamed to allow that man to tell him. Can't you see that he is intoxicated and not responsible?"

When she read this paper out loud she can take his work elsewhere. My father has been kind to you as it is his own rank and this is the way you get your work and money to him. I am deeply grieved by your conduct. I will pay myself to see that you get your money with me now. Back to your cases, every man, and the strike was over — quelled by a girl in an evening gown."

Manning had been a silent but not a mean uninterested spectator of the scene, which had passed too rapidly for him to take part in it. No by turned to a watchman he had seen, his eye taking in the copy before him and his fingers mechanically putting the little slips of metal in the stack in his hand.

His mind was not upon the work that he was doing. Lancing before his mental vision was the picture of a young woman in a white gown, garbed in a fluffy white gown, with throat and shoulders modestly bared, and determination upon her face, her eyes alight with indignation, at variance with her costume, which of itself drew her out of place in the dingy printing office. He had seen the vision upon the rough workmen, of vision of femininity novel to their eyes, but so all compelling that it had been thoroughly subdued. As they returned to work and the girl left them he heard them mutter:

"I don't stand Mr. Hurst's work. We do anything for her. But if the Hurst comes up here again tonight we'll throw him out, food and plenty."

He had noticed that Helen had checked Hurst as he was about to re-enter the office, but he did not hear her say:

"You'd better rest awhile, Mr. Hurst. The men are angry with you just now. They will work better with me, and the fellow returned to me by your side."

The dawn was breaking when Manning took Helen home, for she had thought of the forms she had filled on the paper on press. A long cloak covered her white gown and there was no one on the streets to remark that she had been a foot, but his eyes were opened at last. This was the girl he had assumed to be a frivolous flirt. He had thought her a frivolous flirt, but he had not thought her even prettier. He had seen her as a lowliness incarnate, and in his heart he planned a germ for her future lusty growth and brilliant glances of young eyes glared at him indeed.



"I Used to 'Stick Type' When I Was in College."

pers, but was careful not to let it appear how much of this work she really did do. When she was freer if unembarrassed by the clamor of novelty seekers. That she was society editor of the daily Socialist, she did not get to know until it gave her opportunity to get material for her department and, incidentally, current gossip for her letter to metropolitan papers.

Harold Manning had no idea of the work she really did. Truth to tell he thought her rather trivial, though sufficiently amusing. He had met her casually and, attracted by her airy personality, because her cavalier, poor manner, he thought she was a free-lance. This morning, however, he had accompanied her to a ball at one of the largest summer hotels, her father, her usual escort, having a "publication" hour in her work. He had, after bringing out the Weekly Clarion.

They reached the office soon after midnight and giving him a "wom" with a pile of review copies on her desk, she turned to her work.

"Miss Leland, the copy sent up this afternoon by the printer is all wrong. There are not enough in there to get up the stuff in time to go to press at five o'clock." It was Mr. Hurst, the publisher of the Society Review, who spoke and it was evident that he had been drinking.

Helen, absorbed in her work, silently looked up with a puzzled expression.

"Can't we call your father? I can send one of the boys for him," the publisher suggested.

"Oh, no, indeed!" she replied. "Father was too ill when he went home, and I don't want to worry him. I will suffer all day to-morrow. I'll call up the Union office and see if they can spare a couple of compositors to help out."

"There is one 'sub' down there who will come at once," she said a moment later, saying when the receiver of her desk rang that she need not. A tiny form wrinkled the high forehead which Manning was beginning to admire.

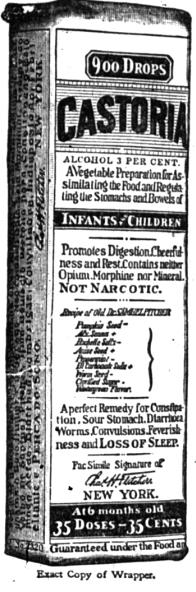
"Cannot I help out?" he hastened to ask, unwilling to witness her distress. "I used to stick type" when I was in college, but I don't know my way through. If you have got to stay here I might as well make my own copy."

Manning removed his dress coat and vest and, protecting his linen with the gingham "jumper" that Helen proffered — kept by her father for such emergencies — he mounted the stairs to the composing

Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent, or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent, or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium, or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.



Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. A. F. Peeler, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in many cases and have always found it an efficient and speedy remedy."

Dr. E. Down, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in my practice for many years with great satisfaction to myself and benefit to my patients."

Dr. Edward Parrish, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria in my own household with good results, and have advised several patients to use it for its mild laxative effect and freedom from harm."

Dr. J. B. Elliott, of New York City, says: "Having during the past six years prescribed your Castoria for infantile stomach disorders, I most heartily commend its use. The formula contains nothing deleterious to the most delicate of children."

Dr. C. G. Sprague, of Omaha, Neb., says: "Your Castoria is an ideal medicine for children, and I frequently prescribe it. While I do not advocate the indiscriminate use of proprietary medicines, yet Castoria is an exception for conditions which arise in the case of children."

Dr. J. A. Parker, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria holds the esteem of the medical profession in a manner held by no other proprietary preparation. It is a safe and reliable medicine for infants and children. In fact, it is the universal household remedy for infantile ailments."

Dr. F. M. Merrill, of Augusta, Me., says: "Castoria is one of the very finest and most remarkable remedies for infants and children. In my opinion your Castoria has saved thousands from an early grave. I can furnish hundreds of testimonials from this locality as to its efficiency and merit."

Dr. Norman M. Coer, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "During the last twelve years I have frequently recommended your Castoria as one of the best preparations of the kind, being safe in the hands of parents and very effective in relieving children's disorders, while the ease with which such a pleasant preparation can be administered is a great advantage."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

RURAL AUCTIONEER DREADED CHARACTER

Last Act of Tragedy Is Where He Plays the Leading Part—Novel Sights on the Day of the Sale as Old Farm Is Delivered Into the Hands of Strangers.

The most conspicuous character in the last act of the humble tragedy of the abandoned farm is very often the rural auctioneer, a man who, if it is his rings the curtain down with careless quip and boisterous jest. Perhaps his burly presence has been intruding the household for many years of gripping struggle with adversity. The land has been becoming poorer, the ambitious men of the family have gone away to seek their fortunes elsewhere, and on the heels of misfortune has followed the chattel mortgages, the creditors' harassing, credible economies, toll unceasing, have not sufficed to check the steady decadence of the farm and its affairs. Some day, when the ultimate disaster can no longer be held at arm's length, a printed bill, announcing the sale at auction of stock, tools, and household, is posted in the village store and the postoffice.

The heirs can stand the bill with curious interest, but with no marked symptoms of surprise. The auction has been a foregone conclusion for some time. The stakeholder remarks to his interested customers:

"Old Jonathan Woodman has been livin' alone on the farm for years and years. He's, the last of 'em. All peered out, ain't they? He's going to live with his grand-aughter in Newmarket, so they tell me. He's been longer than I expected, the old man did. Too old to do much tending, and no money to keep the place."

On the morning of the sale the roads leading toward the Woodman place are populous with vehicles more or less decorated with flags, banners, demurets, bugles, caryalls and rattling walds. An auction is a diversion, a mild excitement, and the women folk forsake their staid demeanors to enjoy a day's tuckling, with the banging dinner basket tucked under the front ready to begin their staid life again. Smiths and Moran haven't shown up yet. There are not enough in there to get up the stuff in time to go to press at five o'clock. It was Mr. Hurst, the publisher of the Society Review, who spoke and it was evident that he had been drinking.

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The Julep of Old Virginia

Old-Fashioned Host Explains How It Should Be Made, and Demonstrates.

"Virginia may be dry in spots, but this is not one of them," said the old-fashioned Virginia host, smiling the might he had just brought in from his garden.

"Sit there and I'll show you how to make a genuine old-time Virginia mint julep, like father used to make."

"First, you see, I pound my ice. I always steal one of my wife's best dinner napkins to pound it in. It gives it a flavor that beats this shoddy corn-corn they use for low hawdaws."

"Well, sir, having pounded your ice, fill a tall glass full of it and put it into the refrigerator. What for?"

"You'll see later. Now, in another glass, mix my whisky — smell the bouquet of this, sir. Flax, isn't it? My mint which I crush — yes, sir, crush in the word I used — and a little sugar. Water? What do you want with water in a mint julep? This is the old-fash-

oned way I'm showing you.

"Now, then, I pour the mixture into the tall glass; it melts the ice a little, and I stir it with the mixer you need. Then I fill it up with more ice, dash it with the best old French brandy, [mix it with a little shred of mint on the side — like the what you may see] — and the new hats, insert one strawberry or a cherry to give it color and taste. That, sir, isn't that the best? The gods! A straw? Upon my word, do you think you are at a soda fountain? What do you want with a straw when you can buy your own in mint like that? Fragrance and flavor, that's what."

"How do I get the frost on the glass?"

"Well, partly by chilling the ice box and partly by pouring into the chilled glass the warm mixture. I thought you could try it the best way."

"I will, sir. Try it for other old time's sake."

Reduces Price of Telegrams.
Spain has reduced the cost of telegrams to America 50 per cent.

WHAT WERE THEY THERE FOR

Reporter's Seemingly Superfluous Question as to Hangings at Cabinet Meetings.

Postmaster General Meyer is of a serious turn of mind, but he has a bit of humor in his makeup, nevertheless. Being looked upon as the shrewdest politician in the cabinet, he has been the objective point for newspaper correspondents on cabinet days.

Last week as Mr. Meyer emerged from the White House a newspaper man asked:

"Mr. Postmaster General, can you give us some news about the cabinet meetings?"

"There really is nothing to say," replied the cabinet officer. "We discussed nothing of especial importance."

"Do you mean to say you did not discuss politics?" the newspaper man queried.

The postmaster general burst into laughter. When he recovered his usual serenity he said:

"Do you suppose we were all muzzled?"

The Marital Grasshopper.

What is a grasshopper? The latest definition comes from western Australia. A business servant, an aimless, unprecourtable, thin, and wives have to do nearly all their own household work. The consequence is that they are compelled to recuperate at his bedside in summer. In their absence the husbands have to prepare their own meals and do domestic duty generally. Husband's no longer have come to be locally known as "grasshoppers." No doubt the word is the husband of the more familiar "grass widow." — London Chronicle.

A HOPEFUL PROSPECT.

W. N. U., DETROIT, No. 28-1909.

Dr. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, soothes the throat, and soothes the bowels. It is a safe and reliable remedy for infants and children.

Education.

Eve donned the fig leaves.

"My graduation dress from the school of experience," she said.

Herewith the program continued.

The real martyr never has time to enjoy the honor.

Down in the dumps

— from over-eating, drinking — had liver and constipation get many a one, but there's a way out. Cascares! Cascares! Cascares! Take one tonight and feel ever so much better in the morning.

Cascares! — the best, safest, most reliable treatment. All druggists. Biggest supply in the world — million bottles a day.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve distress from indigestion and too free eating. A perfect remedy for Diarrhoea, Nausea, Dizziness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Biliousness, and all the little ailments that afflict the system. Sold by all druggists and Grocers. Don't forget any elaborate SARGENT'S PILLS. Address Allen B. Sargent, LeRoy, N. Y.

Small Pills. Small Doses. Small Price.

GENUINE MUST BEAR FINE-SMILE SIGNATURE

THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

NO ROMANCE ABOUT IT.

The stricken man constantly moaned the name of the young woman who had jilted him.

"Tell her," he said to the medical man, "that her smelly killed her. Tell her I am dying from a broken heart."

"Aw, go on," he said. "That would be shamelessly unprofessional. Your heart's all right. It's your liver that's the trouble."

Writing to Obit.

Lady writing for portraits! — Please make my mouth small. I know it is large, but I wish it to appear quite tiny.

Artist (politely)—Certainly, madam. If you prefer, I will leave it out altogether. — Boston Transcript.

Shake into Your Shoes Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for your feet. It cures itching, and keeps your feet cool and dry. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all druggists and Grocers. Don't forget any elaborate SARGENT'S PILLS. Address Allen B. Sargent, LeRoy, N. Y.

Criticism should never expiate us; on the contrary, it should penetrate us, and even occasionally amuse us. — Max O'Fall.

A household once supplied with Haman's Hair Balsam will never be without it. In case of sudden mishap or accident, it is the only preparation of the family doctor. Are you supplied?

Men owe their resolution, and most of their success, to the opposition they meet with. — Renan.

The umbrella dealer has a lot put by for a rainy day.

