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FIGHTING DEATH IN MIDAIR

Perilous Plight of Two Workers, and an Exhibition of Coolness, Presence of Mind and Heroic Patience—How the Difficult Rescue Was Effected.

During the fall and winter of 1870 A. T. Stewart, who had bought the Grand Union hotel at Saratoga, largely rebuilt that great hostelry of 2,000 rooms. The building has a mansard roof, and at the peak it is ninety-eight feet from the sidewalk.

One cold winter morning, when the work was virtually completed, two men, Harvey, the head roofer, and a helper named Dennison went up on the roof to finish the flashing round the base of the tower. There had been a slight mist that morning, and it had frozen upon the roof, but the two men had on india rubber overshoes to prevent them from slipping on the slates.

Suddenly, however, Harvey's feet began to slip. He went very slowly at first, for the upper roof of a mansard is not steep. He tried to stop himself, but there was nothing to which he could cling. He turned his head in Dennison's direction to see if he could not give some assistance, but Dennison, too, was sliding slowly down the roof.

Harvey's presence of mind did not leave him. "Lie down flat," he called. So both men carefully laid themselves at full length on the icy roof in order that the increased friction might retard, and perhaps stop, their descent. For an instant it checked the movement. Then the men began again slowly to slip nearer the angle of the roof and the steep pitch below.

It seemed like hours, although it was only a few moments, when Harvey felt his heels catch on a slight projection. A blind gutter had been built into the lower edge of the upper part of the roof to carry off the large amount of water that would fall upon such an expanse of roof. The upper gutter projected above the slate roof only about half an inch, but it was against this that Harvey's heels had caught.

There he hung on the very brink of the abyss—safe for an instant. He dared not move a muscle, however, or even turn his head to see if Dennison were still on the roof. He did not cry out for help, for he feared that the mere effort of filling his lungs and shouting might dislodge him. No one could see the men on the flat of the roof from the street below. The only hope lay in the carpenters who were at work inside the building. But how should they know what was happening up there on the roof?

Suddenly Harvey heard a voice, low, but distinct, come from the tower above him. "Hold on," it said, "and I'll help you!" Then after a long time Harvey heard the sound of several voices. Whoever had found him had got help.

The first voice spoke again: "Hold on! We will lower this rope to you!"

Presently something rubbed on the slate above Harvey's head. It was the rope, which they were slowly working down toward him.

"Can you get hold of it?" asked the voice.

"I don't dare move much," Harvey replied. "Can't you get it down near my hand?"

They had to give it a flip to get it by his shoulder. Then it traversed the length of his arm and finally touched his hand.

Harvey raised his arm very carefully and took hold of the rope. It was an inch cable that had been used in raising the slate from the ground to the roof.

"Can you turn over very carefully and climb up?" asked the voice.

Cautiously Harvey worked his hand along on the rope—it was his right hand—until he finally drew it taut. Then he carefully raised his left hand and, reaching across, grasped the rope with that hand too.

Then when the worst of the matter was over, he began to shake like a leaf. He lay there, flat on his back, clinging desperately to the rope and dreading inexpressibly the next step. How was he to turn over on that slippery roof when he needed both hands to cling to the rope?

At last he spoke hoarsely.

"Can you pull me up?"

They consulted together.

"I don't dare to turn over," he added.

There was a sharp tug on the rope. Harvey let them draw his arms up to their extreme length, still afraid to trust his weight to his rescuers. Then he felt his heels lose their grip on the gutter, and he began slowly to move upward.

It was not till he had nearly reached the tower that he dared turn his head in Dennison's direction to see if he were still safe. There he was, spread out on the roof, just as Harvey had been. He did not move a muscle. Patiently, heroically, he waited his turn. Then the men seized Harvey's shoulders and drew him into the tower.

In a few minutes Dennison was also rescued, looking a little blue round the mouth, but unharmed. Neither man suffered any ill effects from his terrible ordeal.—Youth's Companion.

The roads to this are always kept in good repair.

Circulation of the Blood.

The idea of some sort of movement of the blood in man and the lower animals was possessed by Aristotle and other Greeks and by the physicians of the Alexandrian school as well as by the doctors and surgeons of the middle ages. In fact, even the village barbers knew of such movement. But no one, not even the wisest of men, had any conception of a continuous stream returning to its source—a circulation in the true sense of the word—or of the functions of the heart as the motor power of the movement of the blood until it was demonstrated by Harvey in 1628.

Pilgrims at Benares.

Benares, an Indian holy city, is the victim of pilgrimages. Many of the pilgrims are in the last stage of illness and find their way to the city to have their remains cremated on the banks of the Ganges. A large number of hospitals have to be provided for the reception of the sick, and the distinction of being a holy magnet is not greatly appreciated by the residents of the city.—Exchange.

Brazilian Vessels.

All Brazilian vessels engaged in the coasting trade and carrying passengers, either casually or regularly, and making voyages of more than seventy-two hours between the place of departure and port of destination, must have on board a Brazilian doctor nominated by the minister of the interior.

An injury done to character is so great that it cannot possibly be estimated.—Livy.

Anyone wishing home made pies or cakes, phone the Wigwam or see Mrs. E. Lewin.—lf.

LODGE DIRECTORY

Masonic.

Bandon Lodge, No. 130, A. F. & A. M. Stated communications first Saturday after the full moon of each month. Special communications Master Masons cordially invited.

C. R. MOORE, W. M.

PHIL PEARSON, Secretary.

Eastern Star.

Occidental Chapter, No. 45, O. E. S., meets Saturday evenings before and after stated communications of Masonic lodge. Visiting members cordially invited to attend.

L. KATE ROSA, W. M.

ROSA BINGAMAN, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.

Bandon Lodge, No. 133, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.

S. E. HINES, N. G.

LOGAN KAY, Secretary.

Knights of Pythias.

Delphi Lodge, No. 64, Knights of Pythias. Meets every Monday evening at Knights hall. Visiting knights invited to attend.

G. R. McNAIR, C. C.

B. N. HARRINGTON, K. of R. S.

Loyal Order of Moose.

Meets Thursday evenings in I. O. O. F. hall. Transient Moose cordially invited. Something doing every Thursday.

Rebekah

Ocean Rebekah Lodge, No. 126, I. O. O. F., meets second and fourth Tuesdays at I. O. O. F. hall. Transient members cordially invited.

LENA DAVIDSON, N. G.

MINERVA LEWIN, Secretary.

W. O. W.

"With Charity Towards All" Seaside Camp, No. 212, W. O. W. meets Tuesdays, K. of P. hall, 8 p. m. Visitors are assured a hot welcome. By order of

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