

WORKERS in the DEEP

Of all callings that embrace danger and romance that of diving probably comes first, and well it might, for not only does a diver work in an element foreign to his own, but he faces a score or more of dangers, any one of which might be fatal. Not only are there the dangers of accidents under the water, but the diver's life is always in the hands of his helpers, who must, while he is below, not fail for a moment to keep the life-giving air pump going, but they must be able to comprehend his signals and act accordingly and promptly.

Scores of stories of the work of divers have been written. Some of them are true, some are fiction, but whether real or imagined, they do not in the least detract from the romance that seems to shine like a halo around those who perform their work deep under the water.

Usually divers are associated with sunken treasure, wrecks, the gathering of shells, pearl oysters and sponges and but few give a thought to the fact that the diver is engaged in numerous other, and less romantic, occupations in which risks far greater than the mere going into a wreck are taken.

In bridge building, for instance, divers are frequently employed to lay the foundations for the great pillars of stone and concrete that will support one of the spans of the structure. A notable piece of work of this character was done on a bridge that was built a couple of years ago at Cape Colony. There it was necessary that a foundation be laid in 180 feet of water.

One hundred and eighty feet of water is a depth that is very seldom attained, and there are but few instances on record, yet the foundation was laid.

It is said that the record is held by Hooper, an Englishman, who descended 201 feet to the wreck of the Cape Horn, lost off South America. In 1896 A. Erøstarbe went down 180 feet to the wreck of the Skyro, off Cape Finisterre, and sent up bar silver valued at \$450,000, after first having blown the ship partly to pieces with dynamite.

Another deep-water record was established by Alexander Lambert, who recovered \$350,000 in gold from the wreck of the Spanish mail steamer Alfonso XII, which was in 180 feet of water. It is said that the last time he went down he remained four hours, this in itself being a phenomenal record, as two hours is regarded as about the limit of any diver's endurance.

Diving is a peculiar work and there are not many who can do it. It not only requires soundness of body, but one must be something of a mechanic as well, especially if he is going to engage in under-water building. Besides that he must be a man who is willing to take chances, must be able to keep his head at all times, no matter how scared, and then, maybe, he will die in bed.

A diver named Donovan recently came very near dying in Baltimore harbor, but he did not know of it at the time. He was working in 25 feet of water directing piles that were being driven by a 4,000-pound hammer. In some manner the hammer was released and the great weight plunged to the bottom of the harbor. Donovan was directly in the path of the huge weight, so close that it struck his air hose within two feet of his helmet.

Fortunately the force of the blow hurled the diver away from the weight, instead of under it. In the meantime the men above were almost frantic with fear. They knew that the diver was directly under the hammer and they naturally supposed he had been struck. There was terrific commotion and the life-line man began to jerk and pull as hard as he could to ascertain whether Donovan was caught or free. The suspense for a minute or two was fearful.

In the meantime Donovan didn't know just what it was that had thrown him. The water was so muddy and dirty that he did not see the weight; in fact, he was astonished by being jerked by the lifeline, and as soon as he overhauled his air pipe to prevent fouling it he tugged the signal to be hoisted. Up he went and it was with many sighs of relief that his big, round helmet was sighted at the surface. He climbed partly out of water and rested on the gunwale of his punt while his helper unscrewed the helmet.

"What the deuce is the matter?"



he asked as soon as his head was free.

His helper, pale and trembling all over, could scarcely tell him, but he finally managed to describe what he and the other workmen had thought.

"Humph!" replied Donovan. "Tell those fellows to be just a little more careful. Now put on that helmet and I'll go get that hammer."

In a few minutes he had a line fast to the hammer and it was hauled up.

Donovan doesn't take much stock in reports of diving deeper than 150 feet; that is, for practical purposes. He declares that a man cannot stand such a depth for more than an hour, or possibly an hour and a half, and that after he comes up he must rest for at least 12 hours before going down again.

"Where it catches one is in the abdomen," he said. "The upper part of the body is protected by the ribs, the arms and limbs are comparatively solid, but the abdomen has no bones at all, and there is where it hurts. I heard of a man who got \$10,000 for going down 204 feet, but he only lived seven days after. The strain ruptured his intestines. In deep water 75 feet to 100 feet, that is our greatest danger. The only way to overcome it is by wearing heavy weights and taking plenty of air. The air offsets the pressure of the water and the weights hold us down. If by chance the air pressure should lessen, even a few pounds, our situation is critical."

"In the water it is pretty much like it is on land," he continued. "If a man is hunting for trouble he's pretty apt to find it. I have been diving for 18 years and I've been all along the coast, from Halifax to Florida, and I have never been attacked by anything except a conger eel. He was a big fellow, too; six or seven feet long and as big around as my thigh."

"It has been my experience that if a man keeps busy nothing will disturb him. The fish are afraid of him; sharks are, anyhow, and he has no trouble. With this eel, however, it was different. He came at me without my doing a thing to him. I was so scared that I could not even find my spear, which I generally carry, and he stuck his ugly head right up to the glass in my helmet. Ugh! I could almost hear his teeth snap. I was that scared. I stuck my hands under my belt to protect them and stood still. I don't know how long, about two minutes, I guess, and then I gave the signal to go up."

"What did you come up for?" asked my helper when he had taken off the helmet.

"'Come up for something to eat,' I replied.

"'I reckon you did,' he replied. 'Why man, you're pale as a ghost.' 'I didn't let on just what had happened, and after getting a bite and taking a smoke, I went down again. This time I went after my spear and found it. Then I let everything else go while I looked for Mr. Eel. I soon found him, for he evidently was waiting for me. He was lying on a little ledge or rock, but before he knew just what was what I had that spear into him. Twist? Well, you have no idea how that fellow squirmed. It was all I could do to hold him down and we had as lively a ten-minute tussle as

you'd ever want to see. "But I finished him all right and sent him up just to show the boys what he looked like. That night some of the boys had him for supper, but I never did like eels so I let them have it all."

"As for sharks, well, I suppose they would attack a man if he worried them, but the worst sea creatures are seals. I remember once I was working down near Halifax; working on a wreck, and there was a school of about 100 seals around. I cautioned everyone about throwing anything at them and I went on down. It wasn't very deep, not more than 50 or 60 feet, and every now and then a seal would come along, kind of nose me over and then go on."

"Now, you wouldn't think cat fish would trouble you much, would you? Well, they will, and what is more, they bite hard.

"There's another queer thing about fish. If you are wearing gloves that are split and your knuckles or flesh shows through, the fish will worry you by biting at the exposed parts. You can hardly drive them away, but the moment you take off your gloves and expose your whole hand they won't trouble you at all."

While there has been but little improvement in divers' equipment, the rubber suit helmet or the pumps that send down the air, and the outfit of a decade ago is as up-to-date as the one made yesterday, yet the modern diver has a number of advantages over his contemporary of even a few years ago. The use of the telephone has been one of the improvements that comes in handy, but the greatest of all is the pneumatic tool.

By means of compressed air tools a diver can now do more in one hour than he could in five with hand-powered tools, because his diving suit so hampers the freedom of his arms. With a pneumatic tool all he has to do is to hold the machine still and the air does the rest. He can carry a pneumatic tool wherever he can go for the hose that feeds it is no larger than his air hose, and, besides, the pressure of the water greatly reduces the weight of the tool, so much so that in deep water it is necessary to weight it down so the diver can control it.

These pneumatic tools will do anything that can be done by hand. They will operate augers or drills and will also hammer. They are the greatest aid to the diver in all kinds of construction work.



Every naval ship of any size carries two or more divers, and there is always use for them. They are sent over the side to inspect the bottoms, scrape barnacles off to adjust outboard connections or to make new ones, for a ship, like a house, can always be improved a little by the addition of something new.

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2410 Washington St., Two Rivers, Wis.
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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. Frederick D. Rogers, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have found Fletcher's Castoria very useful in the treatment of children's complaints."

Dr. William C. Bloomer, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "In my practice I am glad to recommend your Castoria, knowing it is perfectly harmless and always satisfactory."

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 care 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 sure and reliable medicine for infants and children. In fact, it is the universal household remedy for infantile ailments."

Dr. H. F. 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 merits."

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Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Women waste a lot of powder when the enemy isn't in sight.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

A girl may not marry the best man at her own wedding, but she should try to make the best of the man she marries.

The Paxton Toilet Co. of Boston, Mass., will send a large trial box of Paxtine Antiseptic, a delightful cleansing and germicidal toilet preparation, to any woman, free, upon request.

A Lottery.
"Is that picture one of the old masters you were telling me about?" asked Mr. Cumrox.

"Yes," replied the art dealer. "It is a genuine treasure; absolutely authentic."

"I'll buy it. I already have three just like it, and somewhere in the bunch I'm liable to hit the original."

The Giveaway.
"Jane," said her father, "how does it happen that I find four good cigars on the mantelpiece this morning? Did Henry leave them for me?"

"No; he took them out of his vest pocket to avoid breaking them last night, and I guess he forgot all about them afterwards."

The laugh that followed made her wish that she had been as careful with her speech as Henry had been with his cigars.—Detroit Free Press.

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Pittsburg Chivalry.
"What's going on here?" demanded a man as he came upon two little boys battling in a vacant lot on the South side. The lad who was on top was rubbing weeds over the face of the under one.

"Stop it," said the man, grabbing the victor by the neck and pulling him away. "What in the world are you trying to do to his face with those weeds?"

"Do?" Why, he swore in front of some girls, and I rubbed some smartweed in his eyes to become a great man like Abraham Lincoln."—Pittsburg Sun.

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This Gold Fish Was A Banker

Fish stories are rife in May, and under the seductive influence of balmy spring new versions come to light of the same old stories we have heard since boyhood days. Congressman Plumley of Vermont, of portentously serious mien, asserted to a smiling group of colleagues that a couple of seasons ago he lost his watch and a \$30 gold piece overboard while waiting by a placid pool for a bite. The

next year, he declared under oath, he caught a fish in that self-same pool—a "gold fish" of course—and he found within the finny armor of that Vermont bass his watch, the \$20 gold piece and 30 cents accrued interest.

Fish Commissioner Bowers insists that this is another result of his labors to propagate thrifty habits among gold fish. He says that the monetary question has been so much discussed

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