

The Chatham Daily Planet.

(MAGAZINE AND EDITORIAL SECTION.)

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(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

Marvellous Escapes From Death

Experiences of Travellers in Switzerland, Workmen on Buildings, A Blind Boy and a Would-be Suicide.

Surely one of the most terrible experiences which ever befell man, says Pearson's Weekly, is that which befell the Hon. Gerald FitzGerald while on Monte Rosa, in attempting to descend to Macugnaga. He had left the Margherita hut, and was tied between two Swiss guides named Ainer, father and son.

On the way down they were passing along a dangerous ledge, when Mr. FitzGerald and the younger guide fell over. The rope held, however, and young Ainer succeeded in dragging himself up over the face of the rock. After he had saved himself he returned to the Margherita hut, whence he telephoned to Alagna for immediate assistance.

It was impossible for Mr. FitzGerald to raise himself, as he had broken his right leg. There he remained for seven long hours, supported by a rope and suspended over a precipice at a height of 10,500 feet. Could a more horrible situation be imagined? There he had to remain all those weary hours hanging between life and death.

It was the old guide who succeeded in supporting Mr. FitzGerald the whole of the time. Old Ainer stood motionless for seven hours, with his legs propped against a boulder, the whole weight of Mr. FitzGerald being upon his body. Eventually, when help arrived, poor old Ainer appeared utterly exhausted by the strain being put upon him. Eight guides and two physicians conveyed Mr. FitzGerald to Alagna. It is needless to say that all the inhabitants warmly cheered old Ainer as he came down the mountain.

A tourist named Gregorex has been on the edge of a precipice a much longer time than this, but still he was not suspended in mid-air. Mr. Gregorex was found on a narrow ledge of rock on the Emir, where he had been six days. Of course he had not the whole of the time there without food or drink, and if he had moved he would have fallen down the side of a precipice 600 feet deep. It is surprising how long life may be maintained in the most desperate circumstances. In Westmoreland a sheep has been discovered which was turned on Dent Fell for twenty-two days. It was got from the crevasse and thawed out, when it was able to walk a mile and a half home.

IMPRISONED ON A HIGH CHIMNEY.

There has been built recently a great factory chimney in connection with Lowfield Mill, Belfield, near Rochdale. One day three workmen, named Walter Dempsey, Jos. Evans and Samuel Bardsley, were engaged in winding up some of the material for the top when it became entangled in the scaffolding and would move neither up nor down. Thus it was that the men were effectually imprisoned in their aerial position at the top of the chimney.

Eventually the Rochdale steeplejack, Joseph Smith, was summoned to the scene and he devised a method of escape. Acting upon his advice, one of the men tore his shirt into strings and tied the pieces together to form a rope. One end of this shirt rope was let down and to it was tied a good stout rope which was hauled up to the top of the chimney and made secure. After this a saddle was fastened to the end of the rope and it was hoisted up, and eventually the men were lowered safely to the ground after four hours' imprisonment.

On the other day an errand boy, with a medicine box on his arm, jumped on the back axle of a cab at Teighmouth. The result was that the wheel of the conveyance dragged his box into the spokes and the boy after it. The boy's head was on the outside of the wheel and his legs inside, and in this position he was dragged a distance of 400 yards. At every turn of the wheel he revolved, and yet at the end of his remarkable ride he was not hurt.

Some little time ago the Keighley police were attracted to the pawnbroker's shop in Park street by the shouts of a man. There they found that the man had the upper part of his body protruding through the glass panel of a door. When the officers asked the man what he was doing, he replied that he was wedged in and could not get out. Then the constables tugged and pulled and jerked and pushed at the human carcass fastened in the door, but it was firmly wedged. It was necessary to break in the door before they could possibly release the man. When a policeman got inside the house to break the door he found a considerable number of articles of wearing apparel already packed in readiness for removal.

This is surely one of the most comical captures of a burglar ever known. When upon trial he appeared to be sent to Armlay goal instead of having to lie on the bare boards of Keighley police station; he told the magistrate, amid a considerable amount of laughter, that for a long time he would not like to have to sit sleep on bare planks.

Lance Sergeant Murphy, of the

Singapore water police, has had a remarkable adventure. It was set him to arrest two notorious gamblers who had taken refuge on a barge moored off the boat quay. Immediately the men sighted him they dived under the water. Sergeant Murphy, however, was not baffled, for he dived in after them and found the two criminals in the slimy mud at the bottom of the harbor. There he seized hold of them and brought them to the surface. He swam straightway to the adjoining steps with his captives, and took them to the police station.

A BLIND BOY'S ADVENTURE.

A blind boy, who was left in charge of a baker's horse and van near the Clifton Suspension Bridge at Bristol, had a most marvellous escape from a cruel death. The horse walked straight over the cliffs and fell to the bottom, a distance of 290 feet. The boy himself tumbled into a tree, whence he was afterwards extricated unhurt, while at the foot of the cliff the cart was found smashed to atoms. The miraculous escape did not end here, as it was found that the pony was uninjured.

The stout old ship Fannie Kerr has had a marvellous escape. She was abandoned on fire in the Pacific Ocean in May of last year, while on a voyage from Newcastle, New South Wales, to San Francisco. A short time ago this ship drifted ashore at South Cape, Formosa. She must have been a derelict vessel for over twelve months, and during the time she was abandoned it is calculated that she drifted nearly 4,000 miles. This is not bad for a ship that was abandoned as unseaworthy.

A remarkable escape from death is that of a girl who was admitted to the St. Bartholomew's Hospital in Rochester. This female patient was the daughter of a local police officer, and by some accident she had a needle thrust right into her heart. A remarkable operation was performed at the hospital, as a result of which, after a considerable amount of suffering on the girl's part, the needle was successfully removed from the heart.

THE ESCAPE OF A WOULD-BE SUICIDE.

At the thirty-first congress of the German Chirurgical Association, held at Berlin, a very remarkable patient was introduced to the congress. This was a young man who, attempting suicide, shot himself with a small calibre gun. The bullet had penetrated his heart, but the wound had healed up very rapidly. The Röntgen rays were turned upon the man's heart and the bullet was discovered in the right ventricle, bouncing about with each beat. The man was for all the world as though his heart was a rattle. After some time the bullet gradually became encased, and now it moves rhythmically with the heart without causing the slightest inconvenience to the patient.

Equally remarkable was the temporary escape from death of a domestic servant, named Ellen Kiesby. Some years ago she was accidentally shot near Northampton and the bullet lodged in her head but could not be located. Recently the girl said she thought the bullet had moved its position; later in the day she died. An inquest was held at Weedon, and it was proved this death was caused through inflammation of the brain, the bullet having been in the young woman's brain the whole of the time. An almost miraculous escape from death was that of two little children in a Bungalow in Bengal. A tiger rushed out of the jungle and broke in after the children. As he rushed at them he came across a looking glass, and there he saw what he took to be another tiger rushing at him. Furiously he attacked his reflection, smashing the glass into ten thousand pieces. The noise and excitement so frightened him that he fled into the jungle, leaving the children unhurt.

DER VICTIM.

Ven mill hands in some busy mill Goes on a strike and slush and kill Who was it has to foot der bill? Der public.

Ven mens refuse to dig more coal Und railroad beoples raise dot coal Who was it gets put in der hole? Der public.

Ven mens refuse to drive dot dray Und has some riots efr day Who has der lovely costs to pay? Der public.

Ven any folks stirr oop a peck Of troubles and just makes a wreck Who always gets it in der neck? Der public.

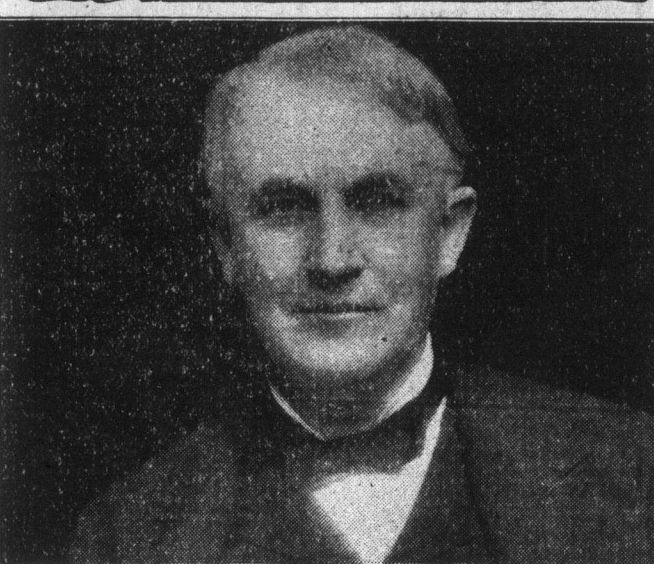
Think much, speak little, write less.

Making a mountain out of a molehill is what makes the real estate speculator rich.

It is generally easier to discharge a duty than a cook.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



THOMAS A. EDISON

The World's Greatest Inventor

The eight hundred or more patents credited to Thomas A. Edison means one for every three weeks of his fifty-eight years, and even this calculation is unjust to his mechanical genius, for it does not include his many inventions which never ventured into the publicity that patents demand.

This wizard of invention was a model of precocity. Born at Alva, Ohio, he had only one teacher—his mother; at seven he became a wage-earner; at eleven he was reading Newton's "Principia"; at twelve he was a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway, and in an improvised laboratory in the baggage car he began to dabble in chemistry. A broken bottle of sulphuric acid filled the air with an odor that was unpalatable, and the cruel hands of the conductor registered his disapproval by a brutal blow on the ear of the young disciple of science, which made him deaf for life.

He soon learned telegraphy and became so expert that the most rapid operators on the line could not rattle him by their fiercest speed, and all taken down in his small, clear, copper-plate writing. He showed then the remarkable ability to meet any situation instantly and perfectly. When he was in Canada, and the terrible storms cut off all telegraphic communication, and it was necessary to get word to Sarnia, an American town across the border, he mounted a locomotive and "touted" a telegraphic message again and again until the answer came.

His first patent was for a machine for recording votes for the State Legislature. It worked perfectly, but it was the very thing the Legislature most cordially did not want. In the same year he went to New York friendless, penniless, in debt, hungry, footsore and heart-weary at times, but with eyes wide open for chances. The Laws Gold Reporting Co., that reported stock transactions, had an accident that put all its machinery out of commission. Wall Street patrons fretted, chafed, grew frenzied at the delay. Young Edison diagnosed the difficulty, treated it instantly, and was at once known and recognized. A short time later he had a \$40,000 check in his pocket for a stock ticker he invented. Then real life began for him.

To tell of his inventions in a few lines is like seeking to condense a library into an epigram; but mention must be made of multiplex telegraphy, incandescent electric lighting, the phonograph, moving pictures, the microphone, the tasmeter, the odoscope, electric pen, his storage battery, the megaphone, which list faintly suggests a host of others.

Edited according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by W. C. Mack, of the Department of Agriculture.

A RIDE IN A GLASS-BOTTOMED BOAT

"Did you ever ride in a glass-bottomed boat, John?" asked Aunt Helen, who had been watching her nephew as he stood at the window, teasing to go out and sail boats in the gutter stream rushing along in front of the house.

"Never, Aunt Helen," he replied, still gazing wistfully toward the running water. "I don't believe it would be as nice as sailing my Cunard steamer and being the captain."

"Oh, yes, it would," encouraged Aunt Helen. "Would you like to hear about it?"

"Yes," admitted John. "If it won't take too long, for I think it is going to stop raining soon."

"Well, put down your Cunard and I will tell you about it. I'll begin by asking a question. Do you know that plants and trees grow in many places in the ocean—just as they do on land?"

"Why, no!" said John, growing interested.

"They do, and many other beautiful things are there also, and in order to see them one must go out in a glass-bottomed boat."

"Near Monterey, California, out in the Pacific Ocean, there is a sea garden, where plants and trees grow in the sea as they do on land. The trees and plants grow so tall that the place is called the Sea Forest. One time when your grandmother and I were there, we went down to the boat-house and engaged passage in the glass-bottomed boat that takes you out in the sea garden."

"The vessel is a very large row-boat with a high prow and stern. The center of the bottom is glass. Round this is a railing, on which we lean as we gaze down on the beauties below. Overhead is a framework, on which is draped a black curtain, shutting out the light from the top and sides. This is brought down back of us, and we sit on the edge, to hold it down."

"When we are comfortably settled, the oarsmen head right for the garden. The water is about sixteen feet deep, and so clear that we can see the bottom. At first we go through a patch of drifting seaweed, which, the guide says, breaks off from the plants and floats ashore. Then on the bottom we see a few shells, with turfs of moss, and here and there a frisky minnow darting in and out. As we row out farther the plants seem to grow under our very eyes, and we are delighted with a perfect fairy-land of pink and white seaweed, jellyfish and feathery ferns."

"We are slowly rowed over delightful beds of sea-anemone, at the

roots of which grow mosses of bright red, yellow and green. Everything is in pleasant confusion—plants with broad, flat leaves and those with fine, straying tendrils, tumble-grasses and sponges, with goldfishes darting in and out, and many colored shells. Glittering pebbles are scattered about, sometimes in piles, as though a child had heaped them up, and sometimes singly. We are lost in admiration and wonder, when the oarsman recalls us by saying, 'But you are still to go to the Sea Forest.' 'As we are rowed out into deeper water, the bottom of the ocean grows rougher. Large gullies and wild gullies lie beneath us. Huge rocks covered with red and green moss form a hiding-place for fishes of all shapes and colors. The awkward flounder, with both eyes on one side of his head, tumbles through the water. The long, slender convict fish—named from the black and white stripes which run round its body—glides noiselessly between the closest rushes and grasses. Here are regular valleys and hills, on which grow tall sea-trees, whose feathery tops lap the bottom of the boat. Long golden plumes of kelp reach from one to another, and there are hanging vines."

"The sea animals are larger and coarser. We see one large devil-fish, reaching out with its many arms, raking in all its range. A sea-horse swims slowly through the water until it comes to a strong seaweed, and here it attaches itself by its tail. The boat stops for a few minutes, and we remain silently gazing into the deep. Then we veer round, and are taken by a new route back to the dock, where we pay the man a quarter, and feel that that was a very small price; for to us it has been the revelation of a new world."—Youth's Companion.

NEW TRAIN-BEST ROUTE.

The Los Angeles Limited, electric lighted, new from the Pullman shops, with all latest innovations for travel comfort, leaves Chicago 10.05 p. m. daily, arrives Los Angeles 4.45 p. m. third day via Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line and the Salt Lake Route. Pullman drawing room and tourist-sleeping cars, composite observation car, dining cars, a baggage service. For rates, sleeping car reservations and full particulars, apply to your nearest agent, or address, B. H. Bennett, 2 East King St., Toronto, Ont.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne

Interesting Events of Ye Olden Times Gathered from The Planet's Issues of Half a Century Ago.

From The Planet files from Jan. 21, 1864, to Feb. 4, 1864.

The Latter Day Saints form a church in Chatham and one in Buckhorn, some twelve miles south of Chatham.

We are informed that at a recent meeting of the Chatham Branch Agricultural Society held at Louisville, the following officers were elected: President, W. A. Everett; Vice-President, Wm. McCubbin; Treasurer, Dupont McNaughton; Secretary, Robert Struthers; Directors, Duncan McVicar, Peter McKerrall, F. Davis, Jacob Killam, Samuel Everett, J. B. Grover, S. Knapp, Thos. Martin and Alex. Crow.

A grand military ball was held in Chatham.

Russia has ordered its supply of Blakely guns, evidently meaning business.

The sale of pews in Ward Beecher's church in 1863 amounted to \$32,000.

Moore's friends desire him to fight Tom King again in Canada. Prize, \$30,000.

Not a single person was injured or killed on the Great Western Railway in England in the year 1862, though eight millions and a half passengers were carried over it.

Tom Thumb retires on a quarter of a million. This is but a fair illustration of the freaks of fortune these topsy-turvy days. It seems much easier to make a fortune by littleness than by greatness.

Fuel is very scarce in Nashville. A car of wood brings \$30 in greenbacks.

King Charles of Athens is trying to play the role of Citizen King. He goes about almost unattended, has had his throne in the Cathedral taken down, rebukes courtiers who wear gold lace, and has mounted his establishment on a moderate scale. Greek bonds have not risen in consequence; but these symptoms seem to show a rule under good guidance and willing to be guided.

The election of Reeves and Deputy Reeves in the county resulted as follows:

Harwich—John McMichael, Reeve; Geo. Young, Deputy.
Chatham—L. H. Johnson, Reeve; Samuel Everett, Deputy.
Raleigh—Stephen White, Reeve; Nathaniel Hughson, Deputy.
Camden—James Smith, Reeve; Arthur Anderson, Deputy.
Dover, E. and W.—Geo. W. Foot, Reeve.

Died—On Thursday evening last, Margaret Elizabeth, aged five years and ten months, the second daughter

of David and Charlotte Walker, Royal Exchange.
H. D. Munroe, a former Reeve of Zone, was killed. He was accidentally shot with a revolver.

At the regular meeting of Excelsior Fire Company No. 1 the following officers were elected:
Foreman—J. W. Lewis.
First Asst.—Thomas McFall.
Second Asst.—John Webster.
Third Asst.—Vetal Ouellette.
Secretary—S. M. Smith.
Asst. Secretary—Jno. N. McDonald.
Treasurer—Robert O. Smith.
Fire Wardens—G. W. Houston, Richard Baxter and Chas. Morrell.

The following "ad" appeared on January 21:

Wanted—An hired girl of religious habits, a member of the Methodist church preferred. The highest wages will be given.
Robert Hughson and Walter King Howes dissolved partnership as millers in Blenheim.

The River St. Clair is now frozen over between Sarnia and Port Huron. On Thursday the ferry boats ceased running and were laid up.

The Windsor Record says that a man with more daring than sense rode from Chatham to Windsor during the heavy storm of Tuesday morning perched between the tender box and the baggage car. When the train arrived he was completely covered with snow and scarcely able to walk. How he managed to retain his position during his intensely cold ride is a mystery.

Fire destroyed part of Kenneth Urquhart's store on King street.

A friendly game of curling was played in Detroit and resulted as follows:

Detroit—Messrs. Wm. Paton, M. Young, Jr., M. Young, Sr., and Wm. Barclay, skip—7 shots.
Chatham—J. B. Ellison, Samuel Smith, James Crawford and David Walker, skip—16 shots.

Mr. Dolsen was elected Deputy Reeve for the town of Chatham.

Died—In Harwich, the 17th, Melissa Osterhout, wife of Wm. Osterhout, aged 47 years.

J. and J. Cleve are dealers in lumber and coal oil.

Peter Robert and Frederick Gervais, Trustees, advertise for a teacher for School Section No. 3, Dover East.

Leonard Gernay opens up a tailoring establishment in Chatham.

John P. Alma, barrister, of Morpeth, advertises in The Planet.

Thomas Mason is proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, near the Chatham depot.

GREAT DECEPTION IN INSECTS

In certain magazines some curious stories of the deception to which insects resort are told. It says: "Queerer still than the caterpillars which pretend to be leaves or flowers, for the sake of protection, are those perfidious Brazilian spiders, which are brilliantly colored with crimson and purple, but double themselves up at the base of leaf stalks, so as to resemble flower buds, and by this means deceive the insects upon which they prey."

"An Indian marks, or praying insect, a little less wicked, though no less cruel, than the spiders, deceives the flies who come to his arms under the false pretense of being a quiet leaf, upon which they may light in safety for rest and refreshment."

"Yet another abandoned member of the same family, relying boldly upon the resources of tropical nature, gets itself up as a complete orchid, the head and fangs being molded in the exact image of the beautiful blossom, and the arms folding treacherously around the unhappy insect which ventures to seek for honey in its deceptive jaws."—The Children's Tribune.

THE FAST TRAINS

To California are run over the Union Pacific via Omaha, 16 hours or less. No change of roads, no detours. "The Overland Route" all the way. Be sure your ticket reads over the Union Pacific. Inquire of H. E. Carter, T. P. A., 14 James Building, Toronto, Canada, or F. B. Choate, T. P. A., 126 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.

Youth changes its tastes by the warmth of its blood, age retains its tastes by habit.

THE BISHOP AND THE WAFFLES

It would indeed be a queer bishop who could not tell a good story on himself. The late Bishop Dudley of Kentucky, was wont to relate with much relish an interesting experience which he once had in connection with waffles.

At a fine old Virginia homestead where he was a frequent visitor the waffles were always remarkably good.

One morning as breakfast drew near an end, the tiny little black-coated black boy who served at table approached Bishop Dudley and asked in a low voice—

Bishop, won't y' have n'er waffle? Yes, said the genial Bishop, I believe I will.

Dez ain't no mo', then said the also little black boy.

Well, exclaimed the surprised reverend gentleman, if there aren't any more waffles, what made you ask me if I wanted another one?

Bishop, explained the little black boy, you's done et ten a'ready, an' I t'ought y' wouldn't want no mo'—Lippincott's.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

The fault of giving children medicine containing injurious substances, is sometimes more disastrous than the disease from which they are suffering. Every mother should know that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is perfectly safe for children to take. It contains nothing harmful and for coughs, colds and croup is unsurpassed. For sale by all druggists.

Don't judge by appearances. Many a warm heart beats beneath a pale skin east.