

Curious Story of the Haunted Sentry Box.

LIGHT ON THE OLD LEGEND.

One of the Many Mysterious Disappearances From Fort San Cristobal Accounted For by the Revelation of the Lost One Himself.

Writing in the Journal of the Military Service Institution, Captain Arthur P. S. Hyde of the coast artillery tells this curious story of "the haunted sentry box" of Fort San Cristobal, the ancient Spanish built fortress which guards the entrance to San Juan, Porto Rico:

"A number of picturesque sentry boxes built of masonry and appearing like minarets are placed at points of vantage in and around the fort. One of these on the sea front, and reached only through a long and dark tunnel from the interior of the fort, is popularly known as La Garita del Diablo, or the devil's sentry box, usually, although incorrectly, translated the haunted sentry box. This name was given to it by the Spanish soldiers for the reason that a number of sentries stationed there disappeared in a most mysterious manner and were never again heard from.

"An American officer was once on duty that took him into the remote interior of the island, and while spending one night in a small settlement he engaged in conversation with a number of the inhabitants of the place. One old man, on learning that the officer was stationed at Fort San Cristobal, became especially interested and in the course of the conversation told the following story:

"I used to be a soldier in the Spanish army and was stationed at Fort San Cristobal. A number of soldiers while on sentry duty had mysteriously disappeared from the sentry box down by the sea, and we had all become convinced that it was haunted by the devil, who, we thought, used to come and steal the soldiers away.

"One stormy night it fell to my lot to go on duty in the devil's sentry box, as we called it, at midnight, and it was with some doubts and misgivings that I went with the corporal of the guard and relieved the former sentry. When they left me I listened to the sound of their footsteps reverberating from the walls and ceiling of the dark and narrow passage, ever growing fainter and fainter as they receded, until finally the noise of the storm and the sea completely drowned it, and I was left alone with the mad elements.

"It was a mad night and one well calculated to add to the feeling of awe that the devil's sentry box always instilled into the man on duty there at night.

"Presently my attention was attracted by some lights in a small tavern on the shore below the fort, where many of us were wont to go when off duty for a glass of rum. Then I began to think that I might be able to climb down over the rocks to the shore, get a glass of rum at the tavern and return to my post.

"The more I thought of it the more determined I was to go, so finally, leaving my rifle and belt in the sentry box, I climbed over the wall and down on to the rocks and so made my way with great labor and difficulty and no little danger to the little house, where the occupants were making merry with dancing and drinking. I soon fell to and enjoyed myself with them.

"When one is dancing with a fair senorita he sometimes forgets the passage of time, as I did on that fatal night, and not until long after 1 o'clock did I begin to think of returning to my post. Then, realizing that the corporal had made his inspection and had found me gone from my post and with my rifle and belt left behind, I saw only a court martial and the garrote staring me in the face, for in those days for a sentinel in the Spanish army to quit his post meant sure death, even in peace.

"To go back was out of the question. There was only one thing left for me to do, and that was to desert. My heart sank within me. If I should be captured, the same fate would be meted out to me; but, I reasoned, if I were to go back the fate would be a certainty, whereas if I deserted at least I had a chance of keeping out of sight of the authorities. I deserted and before morning was out of the city and on the way to the mountains.

"I have lived in this little hamlet for years and have never been back to the capital since that day, nor have I ever told my story to a single soul until tonight, but now that the Spaniards are gone I no longer fear for my life.

"Thus we have the story of the devil's sentry box from one of the very men who so mysteriously disappeared from it, and it would seem to be probable that the other disappearances could be accounted for in a similar manner were the truth known. Quien sabe?"

Captain Hyde mentions an interesting fact that, although for centuries Porto Rico was considered the legitimate prey of freebooters and was attacked at various times by regularly organized expeditions of the English and the Dutch during times of war, with more or less success, Fort El Morro has never been captured by an enemy, and its only surrender was to the Americans, together with the surrender of the whole island.

Gravity is only the bark of wisdom, but it preserves it.—Confucius.

WONDERFUL MIRAGES.

False Peak of Tenerife and Illusions in the Dardanelles.

The peak of Tenerife is known among deep sea sailors as the "false peak." Owing to some peculiarity of the atmosphere it is always seen by mirage in exactly the opposite direction from which it lies, and only the fact that all captains know that the mirage appears long before the true peak is visible through the most powerful glass prevents many a ship from sailing many miles out of her course. It is hard for a greenhorn to believe that the majestic purple mountain towering astern or on the port beam apparently only a short distance off is in reality miles away in exactly the opposite direction and the seemingly solid earth at which he is gazing is only a reflection on the clear mirror of the air. Many weird tales are told of shipwrecked men who have steered for the false peak in the expectation of finding land and have perished of hunger and thirst while pursuing the phantom mountain.

Sometimes the passengers and crew of a vessel on the lookout for the false peak see a much rarer and more beautiful mirage, that of a ship in the sky. It usually appears about 10 o'clock in the morning, about ten degrees above the horizon and under full sail, every delicate spar and tapering mast clearly visible against the blue ether and even the play of light and shadow in the billowing canvas plainly discernible to the naked eye. It generally remains in sight half an hour or more before gracefully fading away. The oldest mariner can never remember having seen the mirage of a steamer in that latitude, but always that of a full rigged ship, and this peculiar fact has given birth to many romantic legends about the ship in the sky, all connecting it in some way with the false peak.

The vicinity of the Dardanelles is the real home of mirages, and it is seldom that any vessel sails along the Syrian coast without seeing one or more. Oddly enough, the mirages of the Dardanelles are always the reflections of objects that can be seen with the naked eye and are invariably distorted in grotesque and fantastic caricatures of the things reflected. It is certainly startling to see a steamer bearing down with her masts where her water line and should be and the water line where the tops of the masts and funnel ought to show, while her decks are in the right place, thus adding to her uncanny appearance, but this is a frequent sight near the Dardanelles. There is one peculiar feature of the mirages which hover near the false peak—the real objects of which they are reflections are so far away that very often they are never sighted until long after the reflection has vanished, and sometimes not at all.—New York Press.

The Lion's Attack. As to a lion's method of attack Frederick Courteney Selous says in his book: "As a rule, I think, a lion seizes a sleeping man by the head, and in that case, unless it is a very old and weakly animal, death must usually be instantaneous, as its great fang teeth will be driven into the brain through the thickest negro skull." Similarly, when a lion attacks an animal it tries to get at the head or the throat—at the vitals of the animal. Says Mr. Selous: "My experience is that when a single lion tries to kill an ox or a buffalo it invariably seizes it near the muzzle with one paw and usually succeeds in either breaking its victim's neck or causing it to break it itself by its own weight in falling. When several lions attack an ox or a buffalo they will often bite and tear it all over and take a long time to kill it."

Curious Old Laws. Some of the old laws of Nepal, India, were curious. Killing cows ranked with murder as a capital offense, for instance. Every girl at birth was married with great ceremony to a betel fruit, which was then cast into a sacred stream. As the fate of the fruit was uncertain the girl was supposed never to become a widow. To obtain divorce from a husband a wife had only to place a betel nut under his pillow and depart. In Nepal the day is considered to begin when it is light enough to count the tiles on the roof or distinguish the hairs on a man's hand against the sky.

Trained. "My men work well," said a police commissioner, "because they are well trained. Training, you know, is everything."

He paused and smiled. "Two physicians were discussing," he said, "a certain pretty nurse."

"Was she a trained nurse?" said the first physician.

"She must have been," replied the other. "She hadn't been in the hospital a week before she was engaged to the richest patient."—Washington Star.

A Limited Luxury. Two Irishmen were discussing the phenomenon of sleep. Said one, "O! I hear as wan as thin poetry lads calls it 'bald nature's hair restorer.'"

"Yes," assented the other; "shape's a grand luxury. It's a pity a man can't kape awake long enough to enjoy it. Jist when he's thinkin' phat a foine long shnooze he'll be havin', begorra, it's mornin'!"—Judge.

Right overtrained turns to wrong.—Spanish Proverb.

CHAOS IN A LIBRARY.

Sarcey's Fearfully Bad Luck With Custodians of His Books.

Francisque Sarcey had a splendid library, of which he was very proud, and there are many stories told in Paris about the singular fates, comic and tragic, that overtook the librarians who successively looked after the late critic's books.

The first was a released convict, who pleaded that to be much among good books would reform him. Sarcey, pugnacious in print, was the kindest of men in practice. He yielded to the plea. Unfortunately his protegee carried the ethical cure too far, for one day he decamped, taking with him the best of M. Sarcey's good books.

The second was a distinctly minor dramatist, Debric by name and debris by nature. He had worn himself into an incurable melancholy by persistent addiction to the humorist vaudeville habit. Sarcey saw that abstinence from further composition could only be secured if the man had some light occupation with a living wage. He established him in the vacancy left by the convict. A few days later as the critic, returning from the theater, drew his carriage up before his door he heard a smash of shattered glass above him, followed a minute later by what he no longer dared to call a dull thud on the pavement below. The woe-begone librarian, wearied of life, had thrown himself out of the window. With his last breath he cursed Sarcey as his murderer.

Third in order was one Bernard, a gladsome youth, whose brittle temperament promised relief from the gloom cast by his predecessor. In the height of his glee he pulled out all the books so as to rearrange them in more logical order on the shelves. He stacked them in crazy pyramids all over the floor. But it happened to be the special day of the week whereon Sarcey was wont to have a few of his theatrical friends, male and female, to lunch with him. After lunch a dance followed as a matter of course. Nothing could dismay the librarian. He whisked the pyramids to four walls and joined in the dance. Next day he asked permission to go home and see his mother. He never returned. The pyramids had to be sorted out by Sarcey's manservant and put pell-mell on the shelves again.

The last librarian was Mlle. Blouska, an elderly Polish maiden, who proved an invaluable assistant until she perished miserably in the fire at the charity ball in Paris.

INDIAN MARRIAGES.

Peculiar Rites of the Hopi and the Navajo Tribes.

Marriage among the Hopi, a tribe of the Pueblo Indians, is an institution regarding which those most concerned have least to say. When the parents of a girl find it expedient for her to get married, they look up an available man and negotiate with his parents. After the matter has been arranged the principals are notified. The girl goes to the home of the groom's parents and grinds corn for them for three weeks, while the groom makes a kind of sash for the bride. Then one morning at sunrise they both bathe their heads in cold water, which completes the ceremony. There have been instances of the groom's refusing to go through the performance, which has then proceeded without him and been accounted valid, and several weeks later he has yielded and had his head bathed.

The Navajo ceremony is much more elaborate and impressive, but then the Navajo girls are much nicer. The regular tariff on a Navajo girl entering the port of matrimony for the first time is twelve horses. On the second occasion the tax is nine horses, while subsequent entries are free.

This is not purchase money, but is merely a tribute of respect to a mother-in-law and a token of appreciation of the care and expense involved in bearing and rearing the lady, a recognition not unworthy of consideration by civilized grooms. On the other hand, and deserving of great condemnation, is that law of many tribes, unwritten, but of much sanctity, that a man and his mother-in-law shall never meet after the ceremony.—A. W. Dimock in Outing Magazine.

Coral Islands. A coral island is sometimes torn to pieces by a great storm, showing that islands disappear in more ways than one. This happened to an atoll in the Marshall group in 1905, when it happened to be in the path of a terrible hurricane. Waves about forty feet high swept over the hapless speck of land, carrying every particle of verdure and every form of life into the sea, and not a human being was saved. The upper part of the coral was broken off and swept away, and a few days later nothing but the placid waters of the ocean was seen where the atoll had stood.

Music as Advertised. "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," with illustrated cover. "Trust Her Not," for 50 cents. "I Would Not Live Always," without accompaniment. "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," with full orchestra. "There Was a Little Fisher Maiden," in three parts. "The Tale of a Swordfish," with many scales. "Home, Sweet Home," in A flat.

Let Him Off Easy. Lola—Last night young Borem declared he would willingly go to the ends of the earth for me. Grace—And what did you say? Lola—I finally got him to make a start for home and let it go at that.—Chicago News.

No Wonder He Fleed.

A tall, solemn looking young man entered the restaurant with a mild, apologetic air and seated himself at a vacant table near the middle of the room. It was evident that he dreaded to intrude. He wanted to get as far away from other people as possible. He even blushed painfully when he gave his order, and the most casual observer could have told that he was bashful. Just as his dinner was brought to him a buxom looking woman with seven small children entered the place. The head waiter swept the field with his eye, pounced down upon the table where the young man had sought solitude, motioned to the mother, who clucked to the chickens, and a moment later they were all around that one table.

That young man's face was a serial story.

Other people entered the restaurant, glanced at the group, smiled significantly and seated themselves.

"He doesn't look it, does he?" queried a pleasant faced old lady in an audible whisper.

"She looks at least ten years older than he," murmured a girl at the next table.

He flew to the hatrack, tossed a half crown to the waiter and tried to get through the door without opening it.—London Telegraph.

The Left Twin.

The survivor of twins is sometimes credited with curious powers. In folklore he takes his place with the seventh son and with the child born with a caul. All these are supposed to have either special powers of healing or in some cases to be gifted with the mysterious power of second sight. "In Essex, England," says W. G. Black in his book on "Folk Medicine," "a child known familiarly as a 'left twin'—i. e., a child who has survived its fellow twin—is thought to have the power of curing the thrush by blowing three times into the patient's mouth if the patient is of the opposite sex." This is folklore, pure and simple. Another country notion generally held is that if twins are boy and girl the latter will never become a mother. The physiology of the subject is obscure, but there is probably ground for the belief. Another idea not infrequently met with is that the intelligence of twins is below the average. It is always difficult to prove a negative, but it is very doubtful whether facts support this notion of limited intelligence to any extent whatever. It is much more probable that their physical strength is likely to be something less than normal.

The French "Mrs. Malaprop."

Calino, the French "Mrs. Malaprop," does not amuse so much by the confusion of his words as by the quaintness and unintended plainness of his remarks. He entered the service of a well known doctor, who, after Calino had been buying hay for his horses for awhile, made up his mind that the hay was worthless.

"That is very poor hay that you've been buying," the doctor complained. "But the horses eat it, sir," said Calino.

"No matter. It's bad hay." "Yes, sir," said Calino respectfully. "I'll change it. I know you are a much better judge of hay than the horses are!"

One day the bell rang, and Calino came in. "A patient has arrived, sir," he reported.

"An old patient or a new one?" asked the doctor.

"New one, of course, sir," said Calino. "The old ones never come back!"

Calino admired very much the beautiful teeth of a lady among his master's patients.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Her teeth are as fresh and sound and white as a newborn baby's!"

"Are your bowels regular?" That is one of the first questions a physician asks when he is called to attend a sick person. To keep the bowels open and keep them regular is a prime necessity of health. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will keep bowels and liver in a healthy condition, and prevent many a fit of sickness.

Castoria.

CASTORIA

FOR INFANTS and CHILDREN.

Bears the signature of

CHAS. H. FLETCHER.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

In Use for Over 30 Years.

CASTORIA

The Centaur Company, New York City.

Bellefonte Shoe Emporium.

BIG REDUCTION IN LADIES OXFORDS

BEGINNING

FRIDAY, JULY 3rd,

and Continuing for 10 Days

I will sell all our Ladies Oxford Ties at Very Low Prices. This is very early for a reduction in Oxfords but I need the money and you need the shoes.

YEAGER'S SHOE STORE,

successor to Yeager & Davis.

Bush Arcade Building, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Lyon & Co.

Lyon & Co.

Lyon & Company.

SUMMER

Clearance :: Sale

of all Summer goods is now on. We will not quote a few "catch em" prices and charge more for other goods. We will make a clean sweep in prices of all Summer Goods, nothing reserved. We must have the room for the New Fall Goods so everything must be sold.

Organdies, French Lawns, Ginghams, Percales, Cotton Voiles, all this season goods at first cost. Waistings in plain, figured and stripe at clearance sale prices. Light colors in Wool stuffs at prices that means dollars saved for you. Long Gloves in black and white, all sizes. Silk Lisle and Cotton gloves at less than cost. Summer Hose and Summer Underwear for men, women and children. All must be sold.

SUMMER CLOTHING

for men and boys, must be sold regardless of prices. So washable Suits for children, ages 3 to 10 years, at manufacturers price.

Don't let a few prices quoted mislead you. We must sell off our Summer stock and the lowest prices will tell you we mean to undersell everyone. Come to our store and be convinced.

LYON & COMPANY,

12-17 Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.