

WORSE THAN A BOILER SHOP.

To Make Yourself Heard at All You Must Shout into the Ear of a Companion—The Economy of Space and the Simplicity of Arrangements.

Climbing down ten rungs of an iron ladder into the interior of a submarine is like going into a boiler shop where there is one continuous deafening, ear-splitting racket like a dozen trip hammers chattering at a tattoo amid a grind and rattle and thump of machinery as if especially designed to burst your eardrums.

At first the noise in that narrowly confined space is painful and bewildering. To make yourself at all heard you must shout into the ear of a companion. So intense is the strain, says a writer in St. Nicholas, that you marvel how day in and day out human ears can withstand the ordeal.

You find yourself inside what seems an enormous steel cigar painted a neat pearl gray, a color which is serviceable and does not dazzle the eye. Light comes to you partly through portholes and in part from incandescent lamps placed fore and aft in the darker parts of the hull.

You have expected, of course, to land in a tangle of whirling machinery that fills the inside of the boat from stem to stern, threatening with every revolution to take an arm or a leg off. Instead the first thing you see is an uninterrupted "working space," or deck, measuring 7 by 25 or 30 feet.

At the stern, far in the background, are the machines and engines. In fact, this section of the vessel is nothing but machinery, a rumbling mass of silver steel and glittering brass revolving at the rate of 600 times a minute, so compact that you wonder how the various parts can turn without conflicting or how it is possible for human hands to squeeze through the maze to oil the machinery.

But this economy of space is as nothing to what you will see. The floor you stand on is a cover for the cells of the storage batteries wherein is pent up the electricity with which your boat will propel herself when she runs submerged. The walls amidships and the space in the bow are gigantic ballast tanks to be filled with water that will these are tool boxes and hinged bunks for the crew to sleep in.

The four torpedoes, measuring sixteen feet three inches long, eighteen inches in diameter and weighing 1,500 pounds each, are lashed end for end in pairs at either side, and directly over these are tool boxes and hinged bunks for the crew to sleep in.

The very air which is taken along to keep life in you in case the boat should be detained beneath the surface longer than usual is compressed in a steel cylinder 2,000 pounds per square inch, a pressure so intense that were the cylinder to spring a leak no larger than a pin hole and were the tiny stream of escaping air to strike a human being it would penetrate him through and through and drill a hole through an inch thick board behind him.

And yet everything about the interior arrangements of this boat is so simple that you can see at a glance its purpose. Away forward, where the tip of the cigar comes to a point, are the two torpedo tubes out of which the gunner will send his deadly projectiles seething beneath the waters at the rate of 35 knots an hour against an unsuspecting hull.

Directly under the conning tower is a platform, three feet square and elevated three feet from the deck, upon which the captain stands, head and shoulders extending into the tower, so that while at his post he is visible to the crew only from the waist line down, and at the feet of the captain and on a level with his platform is stationed another of the officers, in charge of the wheel that controls the diving rudders and the gauges that register the angle of ascent and decline and show how deep the boat is down.

The two officers are in personal communication, so that in case of heart disease or other mishap either can jump to the other man's place.

Time to Wake. Judge Wheaton A. Gray was once harangued by the prosecuting counsel on a warm day at the end of a long harangue by the prosecuting counsel.

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he noticed one of the jurymen asleep. As soon as the argument was completed the judge addressed the jury in this peculiar manner: "Gentlemen of the jury, the prosecuting attorney has completed his argument. Wake up and listen to the instructions of the court."—San Francisco Argonaut.

One Was Enough. "Dad," said the white faced lad, "how many cigars does it take to hurt a boy?" "How many have you smoked?" "One."

"That's the number," said dad, and, taking down the strap from behind the door, he soon convinced the boy that he was right.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ASLEEP UNDER WATER. One of the Funny Incidents Possible in a Diver's Life.

As showing how much at home a man may be today under water I may relate an amusing story. Some months ago while a great battleship was at Malta one of the seamen divers went down to clear her propeller from some sotsam that had become entangled, and he failed to come up. It chanced that the rest of the battleship's divers were ashore, and grave concern was felt on the ironclad for the missing worker. Signals by telephone and life line were sent below without avail. In the launch above the throbbing of the air pump's cylinders went on, but the attendants looked at one another in dismay, fearing some strange tragedy deep down in those heaving green seas.

The worst was feared when some big brushes and other tools came floating to the surface, and thereupon the navigating lieutenant sent ashore an urgent message for one of the other divers. The man came on board, dressed immediately and went below, only to come up full of indignation.

"Why, that fellow's been asleep all this time!" he said wrathfully. It was true. The man had just had his lunch, and, finding the work much less serious than he had thought, he finished it in a few minutes and then sat comfortably on one of the giant blades of the battleship propeller and went to sleep with inquisitive fishes swarming around him, attracted by the dazzling searchlight on his breast. The officers were so amused at the occurrence that no punishment was inflicted on the lazy one.—St. Nicholas.

The Kind of Boy He Was. That Marshall Field of Chicago knew how to wrest victory from defeat and make stepping stones of stumbling blocks is shown by the following story told of him by a friend:

When a boy young Field went to a great merchant and asked, "Do you want a boy?" "Nobody wants a boy," replied the merchant. "Do you need a boy?" the boy persisted, not at all abashed. "Nobody needs a boy," was the reply. But he would not give up.

"Well, say, mister, do you have to have a boy?" "I think likely we do," replied the merchant, "and I rather think we will have to have a boy just like you."

Some Few Escaped. "Oh, John," whimpered the wife as she seized the morning paper. "See what that editor has done with the account of our musicale! He has placed it alongside the column of death notices. It's a shame. And we had such prominent people as guests too."

"I suppose," said the husband wearily, "that the editor wishes to call attention to the fact that some people are more fortunate than others."—Bohemian Magazine.

A Doubtful Proposition. "Should a man go to college after fifty?" "Well, he might pass muster at tennis," answered the expert. "But a man can't expect to do much in baseball or football at that age."—Pittsburg Post.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER.

A WAR TRAGEDY. Pathetic Incident at the Siege of Port Hudson.

At the siege at Port Hudson, La., there was one gun commanded by Alphonso Dubreuil. He was a young sugar planter who had opposed secession, but maintained that if Louisiana seceded he would go with his state.

Dr. Chartrand, his neighbor, was a violent secessionist, and Dubreuil and the doctor's daughter Amelia were lovers. Louisiana seceded. Alphonso raised a company and proved so brave a Confederate that the doctor, who had opposed his daughter's marriage, readily consented, and the pair were married.

His bride was accorded special permission to go into the bomb proofs of the fort, where in comparative safety she could be near her husband. There she saw him operating his enormous gun, but her heart was torn with fear for his safety. Suddenly she became excited by the noise of firing and, rushing out from her place of safety, was struck by a piece of shell and fell back lifeless. Dubreuil ran to her side, saw death in her face and went back bravely to his gun.

The next morning was beautiful, and the sun shone gloriously. There was cessation of hostilities that the dead might be buried. Thus engaged, a request came from the enemy to allow the body of a young lady to pass through our lines. It was granted. The little cortege came, preceded by a military band playing a mournful dirge, and halted at the outpost. The old musket box used as a bier was accompanied by two ladies and several officers. One of the latter, a handsome young fellow with long hair, walked calmly and slowly, but his face betrayed the greatest grief. A detail of Confederate privates acted as pallbearers. Our men uncovered their heads.

All were blindfolded and led through our lines to the steamboat. They bade a last adieu to the dead bride and returned blindfolded.

It was the saddest sight I ever saw.—G. N. Saussey in Spare Moments.

In the Depths of the Sea. The quantity of light emitted by many minute deep sea animals is so great as to supply over definite areas of the sea bottom a sufficient illumination to render visible the colors of the animals themselves. Some cephalopods are furnished with apparatus which reflects the light from their phosphorescent bodies upon the sea bottom over which they float. This reflecting apparatus is spoken of as an "efficient bullseye lantern for use in hunting through the abyssal darkness."

The Contrary. "I dropped some money in the market today," announced Mr. Wyss at the dinner table. "Again?" exclaimed Mrs. Wyss reproachfully. "No," replied Mr. Wyss mournfully; "a loss."—Judge's Library.

Outreasoning Reason. Little Raymond's mother had told him that she should put him to bed if he disobeyed her command in a certain matter. Temptation overcame him, and when his mother proceeded to fulfill her duty sobs of anguish filled the room.

"But, Raymond," said the mother gently, "I told you I should punish you in this way if you disobeyed, and your mother must keep her word, you know."

Between muffled sobs Raymond managed to say, "You needn't break your word, mamma, but couldn't you change your mind?"—Woman's Home Companion.

The Tactful Doctor. A physician in a small town in northern Michigan got himself into a serious predicament by his inability to remember names and people. One day while making out a patient's receipt his visitor's name escaped him. Not wishing to appear so forgetful and thinking to get a clue, he asked her whether she spelled her name with an "e" or "i." The lady smilingly replied, "Why, doctor, my name is Hill."—Success Magazine.

Your Enemies. Don't make enemies unnecessarily. Your friends don't do much for you, as you all know, but your enemies will be awake nights looking for opportunity to take a shot at you. And you all know that too.—Aitchison Globe.

Great Britain has the longest coast line of any country in Europe. Italy, Russia and France come next in the order given.

Pills vs. Pills. A little pill may often save a big bill for medical service. When the bowels are clogged a condition is created which invites disease. One of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets as a regulator of the bowels will prevent this condition, and if there is constipation habit the use of the "Pellets" will effect a complete cure.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. More than men, says Dr. McComb, and one reason is that their nervous organizations are more delicate. True, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the nerve-builder, appetite-giver, and blood-purifier they need.

WOMEN WORRY. More than men, says Dr. McComb, and one reason is that their nervous organizations are more delicate. True, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the nerve-builder, appetite-giver, and blood-purifier they need.

FOR THE LADIES.—Miss Jennie Morgan in her new room on Spring St., lately used as offices by Dr. Locke, is now ready to meet any and all patients wishing treatments by electricity, treatments of the scalp, facial massage or neck and shoulder massage. She has also for sale a large collection of real and imitation shell pins, combs and ornaments and will be able to supply you with all kinds of toilet articles including creams, powders, toilet waters, extracts and all of Bidout's preparations.

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Travelers Guide. CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA. Condensed Time Table effective June 17, 1908

Table with columns: READ DOWN, Stations, READ UP. Rows include Bellefonte, Sunbury, Lewisburg, etc.

Table with columns: (N. Y. Central & Hudson River R. R.), Jersey Shore, Wm's Port, etc.

Table with columns: BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD, Schedule to take effect Monday Jan. 6, 1908.

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