

Quenching a Blaze in a Hurry on Board a War Vessel.

PRANK OF A TRICKY MASCOT.

There Were Lively Times on Deck When the Big Monkey Got Himself Mixed Up With Hot Pitch and Gun Cotton and Took a Trip Aloft.

We were making passage from Norfolk, Va., to Lisbon, Portugal, in the United States steamship Alliance. It was shortly after 4 o'clock. I had just gone to my room for a pipeful of tobacco when the sailmaker came to my door with a scared face. "Got any water in your room, Mr. Du Bois?" he said.

"Yes; here's a pailful." "For God's sake give it to me quick! The sail room's afire, but don't say anything! I'll have it out in a minute!"

I handed him the pail of water, but was not going to take any chances of a fire on a man-of-war with fifteen tons of powder not six feet away, so I ran to the ship's bell and rang the fire alarm as furiously as I could. In less time than it takes you to read this hand grenades were being thrown and water was pouring into the now stifling mass of burning canvas. Men jumped in among the great bundles of furling sails and passed them out, and when one could not endure the smoke any longer another took his place. At last the danger was over, and I began to look around and take stock of the affair.

I had often wondered what I would do in case of a fire on the ship. I would save my watch. A watch is never used at sea, so it hung from a hook over my desk. I would be sure to take along my best girl's picture, and there were a few other little belongings which must not be parted with. Well, when the thing was over, what had I gathered together? Not my watch, not my best girl's picture, not anything that I had thought I would, but I had filled my pockets with extract of beef and nothing else. Dumb instinct, not a thought of anything but of something good to eat in dire extremity.

How did the fire start? The sailmaker, whose duty it is to keep the sails in good order, is privileged to go to the sail room at any time, but he is supposed to always carry a peculiar lantern, consisting of a common candle set in a globe of horn, sufficiently opaque to give enough light for his needs there. The candle does away with any danger from oil that might be spilled and catch fire, and the globe, being of horn instead of glass, precludes a possibility of breakage. This time the sailmaker, desiring a little more light, had taken out the candle. It had dropped from his fingers away down into the bight of a furred sail, and the cloth had caught fire. There was a terrible mess of burned and smoky sails in there, and they were all hauled up on deck and spread out in the sun to dry and to find out just what the damage was. In the bottom of the room on the floor one of the men found the stump of candle and put it in his pocket. The sailmaker was a favorite on board, and the officers never found out how the fire started. They thought they knew. The captain "broke" the sailmaker—that is, reduced him to the decks. But he couldn't prove anything. So after a week or so he restored him to his old rank.

We came near having another fire once, and while it might have been very serious, it was really funny. We had several hundred pounds of gun cotton on board, and, fearing that it might have gathered dampness, the gunner's gang got up the cases from the magazine, pulled it all out and spread it on the warm decks far aft in the sun to dry. Away forward the boatswain's mate and his gang were busy with tar pots and ropes putting some of their stuff in order.

We had on board a mascot in the shape of a monkey, one of the largest I have ever seen. He would stand quite three feet high, and he was the very old Nick for mischief. He was a great nuisance, that monkey, and must always be doing what he saw any of the men doing.

Well, Mr. Monkey saw the men with the warm tar, and nothing would do but he must have a hand in the job. Literally, so he ran forward and dipped his hands into the pot and in a minute was all besmeared with the sticky stuff; then he bolted aft as fast as he could scamper and rolled in the gun cotton, got himself well covered with it and ran aloft into the rigging. Sailors have a saying, "The devil to pay and no pitch hot," but the pitch was hot this time, and the condition was actually appalling. Some of the men ran after him, but it was impossible to catch him. He was too shrewd for that. The gunner's gang gathered up that gun cotton as men never did so fast in their lives before and put it back into the cans, for had that fool monkey dropped from aloft into it he would have blown the ship to kingdom come. They got it out of the way without disaster, but for several hours that creature sat up there picking gun cotton from himself and throwing it overboard. As I said, the episode would have been comical had it not been fraught with so much danger. It might have been "another sea myrs, very," but it was not.—Stanley Du Bois in Los Angeles Times.

He bears misery best who hides it most.—Shakespeare.

He Knew English. Book learning, strictly speaking—that is, learning solely from books—leads one into many a hole. In "The Balkan Trail" Frederick Moore tells the story of an Italian official of the Ottoman bank who had taught himself English and was enraptured at the chance to practice it on English people.

It was with much pride that he addressed us at supper, but we did not recognize the language he spoke and expressed in French our unfortunate ignorance of foreign tongues.

"That is your own tongue," said the Italian, but even of this statement we understood not a word.

He drew a pencil from his pocket and on the back of a letter wrote: "I am speaking English."

We were astounded. "Perhaps I do not pronounce correctly," he wrote next. "I have learned the noble language from books."

The hilarious Englishman in our party gave the unhappy Italian his first real lesson at once. He took the pencil and wrote:

"Always pronounce English as it is not spelt. Spell as it is not pronounced."

The Bite of a Rattlesnake.

The Cherokee Indians' cure for the bite of a rattlesnake is at once so common sense and scientific as to merit a widespread acceptance. Its common sense lies in the fact that the victim has or ought to have the necessary implement always at hand, there need not be an instant's delay, and that it is the scientific plan goes without saying because it carries away the poison at once. The Indian at once, when bitten, drawing his knife, pinched up the part bitten and cut it out, then, seeking the nearest stream, not often very far away, plunged the leg in the running water and kept it there until all bleeding had ceased and, as my informant, an old man, told me, seldom suffered any ill effects.

Usually, as we know, no physician can be reached or reliable remedy had until the case is too far gone for any effort to avail, but with a knife and, if not a running stream, water enough to keep the wound well washed and the blood flowing I believe there would be fewer deaths following rattlesnake bites.—Forest and Stream.

How to Settle Bills.

There is a young Harlem matron whose mental equilibrium is upset the first of each month by the prospect of letting her husband see the size of the bills that come in for food, drink and for her own personal adornment. Her four-year-old daughter offered her a valuable suggestion the other day as to the simplest means of settling bills.

The small child, seeing her mother examining with a clouded brow a bit of paper, inquired: "Is it a nice letter, mamma?" "No; it's a nasty big bill, dearie." The child's bright eyes closed as if she were searching her innermost soul for some word of comfort. Suddenly she flashed a glad look at her mother, and her voice had all the brilliancy of one voicing an inspiration: "Mamma, jes' tear it up. Then you don't have to pay it."—New York Press.

The Retort Aqueous.

Even in the midst of horror there is occasionally a rift of humor. It is said that at the time of the Johnstown flood a grocer to whom one of the citizens owed for an overlong time a good sized bill for provisions while floating along on the top of the waters in a raft made of two window blinds and a skylight caught sight of his delinquent debtor whirling around in one of the pools of the eddying current clinging to a large hoghead.

"Ah, there you are!" cried the grocer, businesslike to the last. "Been looking for you for several days. When are you going to pay that bill?" "Can't say just now, Sands, old man," returned the unhappy debtor. "I'm having all I can do to keep my head above water these times."—Harper's Weekly.

An Anecdote of Renan.

Renan while traveling alighted at Naples. One morning a servant of the hotel came to him and said that as she had heard the preacher at the cathedral make use of his name many times she would be thankful if he would choose for her a number in the lottery about to be drawn. "If you are a saint," said she, "the number is sure to be a good one; if you are a devil, it will be still better." Renan smiled and chose a number, but he never knew if the servant was lucky.

Tangible Asset.

"I believe I'll promote a transportation company." "Land or water?" "The latter, I think. For the former I'd need rails and right of way, but in a water proposition I'll have an ocean to start with."—Exchange.

For Future Reference.

"That lawyer is very tricky," said Mr. Cumrox. "I wouldn't think of meeting him socially." "Neither would I," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "but you might give me his office address."—Washington Star.

A Correction.

"Your hair wants cutting badly, sir," said a barber insinuatingly to a customer. "No, it doesn't," replied the man in the chair. "It wants cutting nicely. You cut it badly last time."

Almost Personal.

Celestine—And has Mr. Pryor's church such a small congregation? Hilda—Yes, indeed. Every time he says "dearly beloved" you feel as if you had received a proposal.—Bohemian.

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ONE TIME A WORLD BUGBEAR.

Then the Tide Turned, and One Great Misfortune Followed Another Till He Was Almost Swept Out of Europe by the Treaty of Berlin.

The "Terrible Turk," who may be taken as typifying the empire of the sultans, holds one record at least which he is not likely to be deprived of. He has won and lost more territory than any other nation.

There was a time when the sultan was the bugbear of the world. Even little children in England shook in their shoes when they heard his name mentioned, and those people who lived anywhere near him dared not call their lives their own.

But at last the tide turned. The Turk began to lose, and one great misfortune followed another.

Spain was the first big bit of the Turkish empire to break free. The Moors, who were subject and paid tribute to the sultan, were driven from province after province until at length they were cooped up in the solitary kingdom of Granada.

The last Moorish king to reign in Spain was Boabdil-el-Chaco, or Boabdil the Unlucky. In 1482 Ferdinand and Isabella, the king and queen of Aragon and Castile, declared war on him, and in 1492 he had to surrender everything.

Hungary, which now forms half of the dual monarchy of the Emperor Francis Joseph, was a province of the sultan for 150 years. Then it was torn from him by the sword.

After this came the turn of the czars. The Russians, whom he once despised, have been the Turk's worst enemies. They have either robbed him themselves or encouraged others to rob him.

Peter the Great set the example, but was not, on the whole, very successful in his wars against the Moslems. At one time the Turks could have captured and massacred Peter and his army, but were frustrated by the slave girl, Catherine, whom Peter had married.

Catherine the Great took the Crimea from the unhappy Turk, together with thousands of square miles of territory along the shores of the Caspian.

In 1821 the Greeks, who had been slaves of the sultans for many centuries, rose in rebellion and drove the Turks out of the country. But then the Greek leaders began to quarrel among themselves, and civil war followed. The Turk took the opportunity to seize the country once more.

But the massacres and other horrors which followed aroused Europe. In 1827 the Turkish fleet was destroyed at Navarino. The combined fleets of Britain, France and Russia took part in the operation.

In 1828 Greece was acknowledged as a free and independent kingdom, with a king of its own.

For nearly a century Egypt, which the Turk conquered in 641, has been part of the sultan's empire in little more than name, and since 1882, when the English occupied Pharaoh's country after Arabi Pasha's rebellion, the Turk has had practically nothing to do with Egypt.

The Moorish corsairs who had their lair in the pirate city of Algiers acknowledged the sultan as their suzerain, but were defiantly independent as regarded all the rest of the world.

Their swift sailing dhows preyed on the commerce of all Europe, and from start to finish they seized many thousands of white captives, many of whom they ransomed, while others they doomed to slavery.

When asked to keep his piratical subjects in order the sultan declared himself helpless to do anything. The freebooters went on doing as they liked for a long time. Then France became weary of patience and forcibly took possession of the city in 1830.

Since then she has annexed 307,080 square miles of Algerian territory once subject to the sultan.

Then came the Turk's worst time. Russia made war on him, and the Balkan states, which had been held as provinces by Turkey for hundreds of years, revolted, flew to arms and did everything they could on the side of Russia. Had the czar been left to him-

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