We had weathered the western is lands and entered latitudes where the prudent mariner shortens sail and tells in the bird's flight is not known. keeps a wary eye on the barometer. for the seafarer may talk lightly of mountainous seas off the Horn, but not of a winter gale in the mouth of the English channel when the coast is to Beachy and his imagination, accustomed to vast expanses of lonely sea. pictures all sorts of craft jostling one another in dangerous proximity.

A favoring gale from the northwest, not more vicious than the ordinary north Atlantic gale, had kept the ship lively all day and set all hands figuring on pay day. It was not until the afternoon watch that the weather out look became really threatening. Mountainous walls of green water swung out of the darkness and buffeted her aside as they passed. Fierce squalls smote her in rapid succession, enveloping her in a smother of spray, heeling her until the yardarms dipped in the crests of the waves.

At eight bells the wind lulled and hauled a point to the westward, then hurled itself against the ship with accumulated fury. There was a sudden confusion of flying cordage, over whelming seas bammering upon the decks and the cannonade of canvas stripped from the spars and blown like thistledown to leeward.

Relieved of her top hamper, she stag gered erect, dripping like a half tide rock and shaken with the shock of the seas pounding her sides. Halfway on the upward oscillation she poised, checked by the renewed onslaught of the gale as if by the impact of a material obstacle. Rags of canvas streamed from ber empty yards. Every wire under the strain.

The deck round the mainmast heav ed and was starred with white fissures running along its well oiled planks. The heavy steel spar dimpled on one side, then buckled and crashed over board in a tangle of wreckage.

The ends of severed wire whipped the air, and twisted shrouds sawed to and fro along the ruined bulwarks and left, right. struck showers of sparks from the tortured iron work. The hatch covers cowering under the break of the poop. and useless if audible.

done. Men worked for their lives, find- with great speed and extraordinary ing a foothold on the sea swept deck. power of flight.-Scotsman. hacking the jagged ends of iron wire. ut the day of cutting wreckage adrift is gone with wooden spars and hempen cordage. Although the plates gaped and rivets started, the heavy spar held fron bull as she rolled in that trough of the sea.

A couple of spare spars were lashed together and launched with infinite ped. danger through the gap in the broken the tumuit of such a sea. She was cold?" no longer a ship, but a ruined fabric. the weight of the elements.

worthy?"

"Carpenter reports that it is, sir," re- | see the power of me reasonin', mum?" plied his subordinate.

The skipper stood for awhile in silence, noting the sluggish life of the deck under his feet. "Suppose we've think?"

ter mariner will deign to consult and be advised by his inferior officer.

"She can't float much longer, sir." replied the other sympathetically. It lock them in?" might be that in his time he, too, would require to seek similar advice.

on M. fondling it affectionately. "All right, mister," he said at last. "We're right in the track of shipping. Pass the word along to put a bag of biscui: aboard and fill the breakers with wader."-Pall Mall Gazette.

Short and to the Point. One of the shortest speeches record ed in forensic annals is that of Taunton, afterward a judge. Charles Philips, an Irish orator, had made a flow ery speech in an assault case.

Taunton, who was for the defend ant, said in reply, "My friend's elo quent complaint amounts, in plain English, to this—that his client has received a good, sound horsewhipping—and my defense is as short—that he richly deserved it."

The Boy and the Bear.
"Have you ever heard the story of Algy and the bear?" asked a boy of his father. "It's very short. 'Algy met a bear; the bear was bulgy; the bulge was Algy."-London News.

I do not know of any way so sure of making others happy as being so oneself .- Sir Arthur Helps.

Confidence.

Mr. Golding-So you want to marry my daughter. Do you think that you can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed? Jack Winsome-No, sir, but I can support her in a good deal better style than you lived in the first five years after you were married.-Somerville Journal.

Rapid Wing Movement Does Not Always Imply Speed.

Birds have different modes of flight just as men have different gaits in walking or running. Rapid wing movement does not always imply speed in flight any more than rapid leg movement implies speed in walking or running. With us it is the length of the stride that tells ultimately. What, apart from wing movement,

Speaking broadly, long winged birds are strong and swift fliers; short winged birds are feeble in flight. When we consider that a cumbrous, slow moving bird like the heron moves strewn with wreckage from the Lizard its wings twice per second when in flight it is evident that many birds have a very rapid wing movement. Most small birds have this rapid wing movement with feeble powers of flight. The common wren and the dipper, for instance, have a flight like that of a young bird.

Many of our smaller migrants seem but to flit from bush to bush or from tree to tree. Members of the thrush family are low fliers, the blackbird in particular, with its hasty, hurried flight, often just avoiding fences and no more. Wagtails have a beautiful undulating flight with little apparent use of their wings. They look like greyhounds bounding through the air. Nearly all birds sail or float occasionally without the slightest movement of their wings. Even a large bird like a pheasant will glide in this way for more than two hundred yards.

Grouse have a rapid wing motion without any great speed, but when they sail, coming down with the wind, as they prefer to do, they go very fast. Before alighting they flap their wings several times very rapidly, like the clapping of hands. Most birds after gliding do this. Does it correspond to putting on the brakes or reversing the engine in the case of mechanical locomotion? With little apparent use of its wings the wood pigeon flies very strongly and rapidly. It never seems to "bring up" much before alighting. of her rigging twanged and stretched but crashes into a tree at full speed. When it rises its wings crack like pistol shots.

Ducks are strong on the wing and often fly in single file. Geese will fly wedge or arrowhead shape, generally at a considerable height. So do many gulls and other sea birds, in a stately, measured fashion, their calls occasionally sounding like "Left, right,

Kestrels have a beautiful, clean cut. clipping motion of their wings and were stripped from their coverings, look like yachts sailing through the boats smashed to firewood and all the air, while their hovering in the air is intricate superstructure of the vessel one of the mysteries of bird life. swept and broken. Shouted orders Peesweeps, which are so graceful in were blown back, inaudible to the men their motions on the ground, look like enormous bats when in flight. Swallows and in a very marked degree What seamanship could contrive was swifts have rapid wing movement

One Cold Saved.

Logic is logic, whether it touches the affairs of nations or a cold in the head. The conviction, says London fast alongside, pounding against the Tit-Bits, was forced upon a Liverpool woman whose coachman, although he had been ill for several days, appeared one morning with his hair closely crop-

"Why, Dennis," said the mistress, bulwarks. But no improvised sea an- "whatever possessed you to have your chor could hold her to windward amid hair cut while you had such a bad

"Well, mum," replied the unabashed crushed and sagging to leeward under Dennis, "I do be takin' notice this long while that whiniver I have me hair Morning brought an abatement of cut I take a bad cowld, so I thought the fury of the gale. Standing on the to meself that now, while I had the poop, surveying her shattered bulk, cowld on to me, it would be the time her skipper turned quietly to his mate of all others to go and get me hair cutand asked, "Is the port lifeboat sea- tin' done, for by that course I would save meself just one cowld. Do you

Littlest Father.

The woman who came to clean up was telling how she left her boy to got to leave her," he said. "What d'ye take care of the baby. The boy was two and one-half years old. The baby It is the sole occasion where the mas- was six months.

"That's the youngest little father I ever heard of," said the flat dweller she was cleaning up for. "Do you

"Yes," said the cleaning woman. "Poor little fellow!" said the flat "Ah," said the skipper heavily, "and dweller. "Locked in to burn in case saw her launched." He crossed over of fire! Some day when you are of fire! Some day when you are to the teak afe rail and laid his hand cleaning up for me I want to go over and see that little father, who ought to be in the cradle himself, taking care of the six-month-old baby. I want to just sit there and look on awhile. Poor little fellow!"-Chicago Inter Ocean.

> Accountancy is not and never can be a matter of abstract knowledge to

What Accountancy Means.

be transferred by means of lectures. but is the art of knowing how to apply that knowledge to the requirements of business under very varying conditions. It is essentially something that cannot be taught in lectures or classes, but can only be acquired as a result of careful individual study and a reasonable amount of actual practice.—Bookkeeping.

"Well, Garge." exclaimed the farmer as he greeted one of his laborers one New Year's day, "and 'ow did 'ee get on last yeear?"

"Aye, maister," was the reply, "it wur a bad yeear for I. I did lose my missus, I did lose my canary, and I did lose my dog. And it wur a good cog too."-London News.

An Easier Dose. Johnny-The medicine ain't so nasty as it useter be, mommer. I'm gettin' used to it. Mommer-Do you take a whole spoonful every hour? Johnny-No'm: I couldn't find a spoon, so I'm usin' a fork .- Cleveland Leader.

The Advice a Discerning Woman Gave Unto Her Daughter.

My daughter, wouldst thou know a man's secret? Go to the florist, then, O simple one, for in him every man reposeth his confidence.

Yea, by the flowers which he sendeth a woman shall ye judge the quality of a man's love, likewise the quantity and exact stage.

As violets pass unto roses, and roses unto cheap carnations, and carnations unto naught, so passeth his grand passion from the first throes into matri-

Lo, at the beginning of a love affair mark with what care a man selecteth his flowers in person, that not a wilted violet shall offend thine eyes!

Yet as time passeth he telephoneth his orders and leaveth it all to the clerk. And there cometh a day when he murmureth wearily. "I say, old chap, make that a standing order, will

Then the florist heaveth a sigh, for he knoweth that the end is at hand. Yea, this is the mark of an engaged man who doeth his duty. So after the wedding bouquets all orders shall cease together, and until he seeketh flowers for his wife's grave that man shall not again enter a florist's shop.

For stale carnations, bought upon the street corner and carried home in a paper bag, are a fit offering for any wife. Yet a funeral rejoiceth the florist's heart and maketh him to smile. for he knoweth that a widower's next order shall be worthy of a new cause and the game shall begin all over

Verily, verily, my daughter, I charge thee, account no man in love until he hath gone forth into the gardens and the fields and plucked thee a few dinky pansies or stray weeds with his own

For when a man sendeth thee violets it may mean only sentiment, and when he sendeth thee orchids it may be only a bluff, but when he doeth real work for any woman it meaneth business. Selah!-London Tit-Bits.

The English Thicf That Dropped In to

See His Lawyer. Here is a story of a genuine instance of the kind of business which fell to the lot of a once notorious London "thieves' counsel." One day a thickset man, with a cropped poll of unmistakably Newgate cut, slunk into this counsel's room, when the following dialogue took place:

"Morning, sir," said the man, touching his forelock.

"Morning," said the counsel, "What lo you want?" "Well, sir, I'm sorry to say, sir, our

little Ben. sir, has 'ad a misfortin. Fust offense, sir, only a wipe." "Well, well!" interrupted the counsel. "Get on" "So, sir, we thought as you'd 'ad all

the family business we'd like you to defend him, sir." my clerk"--

"Yes, sir," continued the thief, "but I thought I'd like to make sure you'd attend yourself, sir. We're anxious cos it's little Ben, our youngest kid." "Oh, that will be all right! Give

Simmons the fee." "Well, sir," continued the man, shifting about uncomfortably. "I was going to arst you, sir, to take a little less. You see, sir"-wheedlingly-"it's little Ben-his first misfortin"-

"No, no!" said the counsel impatiently. "Clear out!" "But, sir, you've had all our business. Well, sir, if you won't you won't, so I'll pay you now, sir." And as he doled out the guineas, "I may as well tell you, sir. you wouldn't 'a' got the counters if I hadn't had a little bit of luck on the way."-From "The Recollections of a K. C.," by Thomas

Funny For Her.

A New England lad was intently watching his aunt in the process of making pies and cake. He seemed very much inclined to start a conversation, an it clination, however, which the aunt in no way encouraged. She

continued in silence to assemble the

ingredients of a mammoth cake.

Edward Crispe.

"Tell me something funny, auntie." finally ventured the boy. "Don't bother me, Tommy," said the

aunt. "How can I when I am making "Oh, you might say, 'Tommy, have a

piece of the pie I've just made.' That would be funny for you."—Exchange.

Habit Enables Him to Scale Ice Clad Heights With Ease.

"In all my experience I had never encountered a rougher, more difficult country in which to hunt than in Ellesmere Land," writes Harry Whitney in Outing. "Ordinarily I should have believed these mountain sides, with walls of smooth rock sheathed with a crust of hard ice and snow,

quite unscalable. "In places they were almost perpendicular. Rarely did they offer a crevice to serve as foot or hand hold, and jutting points and firm set bowlders were too widely scattered to be of much help.

"In this his native land the Eskimo has a decided advantage over the white hunter. His lifetime of experience has taught him to scale these ice clad heights with a nimbleness and ease that are astounding. He is quite fearless, and even the mountain sheep is not his superior as a climber.

"As if by magic and with little apparent effort the two Eskimos flew up the slippery walls, far outstripping me. How they did it I shall never know. Now and again I was forced to cut steps in the ice or I should inevitably have lost my footing and been hurled downward several hundred feet to the rocks beneath.

"I was astonished even at my own progress, and when I paused to glance behind me I felt a momentary panic. But there was no turning back, and one look robbed me of any desire to

try it. "The Eskimo has no conception of distance. He is endowed with certain artistic instincts which enable him to draw a fairly good map of a coast line with which he is thoroughly familiar, but he cannot tell you how far it is from one point to another. Often when Eskimos told me a place we were bound for was very close at hand it developed that we were far from it. This they are never sure of and cannot indicate.

"The Eskimos have a white man 'stung to death' from every point of view. They not only can go to sleep promptly, but sleep soundly and well as they travel when circumstances permit. They get sustenance, too, by eating hard frozen walrus and seal meat or blubber. This I could never do, for it is so strong in flavor that it invariably nauseated me, though I did succeed very well with raw hare or deer's meat when I had it."

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