

ATTACKED BY SHARKS.

A Swimmer's Plucky Encounter With Two Big Man Eaters.

John T. Clark, a well known swimmer, in 1882 had a narrow escape from serving as a meal for two hungry sharks while giving an exhibition at Pensacola, Fla. He had agreed to be sewed up in a big sack, heavily weighted with sand, and be thrown into the bay near the navy yard, from which he was to escape by cutting his way out with a knife and swimming ashore.

At an appointed time a fatboat took him out some distance from shore, and after being tied up in the sack he was thrown overboard. He had hardly got more than thirty feet below the surface when something bumped against the sack, and almost instantly the idea flashed through his mind that it was a shark. Before he could do anything there was a bump from the other side of the bag. In a moment or two he had cut his way out and was rising to the surface, still clutching the knife in his hand. Once something cold grazed his leg as he was rising.

On reaching the surface he was greeted with cheers, but noted with dismay that there were no boats near. He started to swim toward the nearest one when the water parted a few feet to one side and he could make out the long black fin of a shark. The monster headed at once for him, and as he was about to dive to escape its clutch another shark dashed in. As the first shark turned over on its side in order to bite Clark dived below the surface, then up under the shark, and drove the knife time after time into its vitals, and it sank to the bottom. As he came to the surface gasping for breath a yawboat manned by excited sailors from the navy yard ran alongside, and he was pulled aboard just in time to escape the second shark.—Detroit Free Press.

They Charge From a Penny to Sixpence For a Bill of the Play.

At the London theaters when the young woman shows you to a seat she asks if you wish a program. If you do you pay sixpence in the orchestra or dress circle for a program handsomely printed on fine paper. The price ranges down through "thrippence" and "tuppence" as the galleries ascend to a penny in the cockpit. The quality of paper and the general artistic merit of the program declines with the price, but exactly the same information is conveyed for a penny as for sixpence. The fastidious theater goer might prefer to pay a dime for a neat and simple program rather than to have a bulky bunch of advertisements gratis, as in New York, but these London programs, although not so thick as those of New York, are not devoid of advertisements. This gives the purchaser the feeling that he is being worked at both ends. A lady reminds me, however, that a program in a New York theater costs her 10 cents, as the sneaky printing rubs off on her white gloves, the cleaning of which costs a dime.

The quality of the performance at the better London theaters certainly averages no higher than that at similar theaters in New York. The music halls are the resort of the great middle class. These are great auditoriums with tier on tier of galleries, the seating capacity ranging perhaps from 3,000 to 5,000.—London Letter in New York Sun.

Chaldean Tablets.

The clay tablets of Chaldean, probably the very earliest writing materials used by man, were of different sizes, the largest being flat and measuring 10 by 1 1/2 inches, while the smallest were slightly convex and in some cases not more than an inch long. In the same ruins with the tablets have been found the glass lenses which were used by their readers. The writing was done, while the tablets were still soft, by a little iron tracer, not pointed, but triangular at the end. By slightly pressing this end on the soft moist clay the inscriptions were made. The tablets, having been inscribed on both sides and accurately numbered, were baked in ovens and stored away in the state libraries.—New York American.

A Mistake Somewhere.

"Is it true, Miss Gertrude," he said, "that there are just two things a woman will jump at—a conclusion and a mouse?"

"No," she answered; "there is a third, Mr. Philip." After thinking the matter over a few moments he tremblingly made her an offer, but she didn't jump at it. He was not the right man.

Two Men.

A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds.—Emerson.

High Class.

Teacher—What class of birds does the hawk belong to, Tommy? Tommy—Birds of prey. Teacher—Now, Johnny, to what class does the quail belong? Johnny—Birds on toast.—Chicago News.

A Sure Cure.

"Doctor, my wife has lost her voice. What can I do about it?" "Try getting home late some night."—Boston Transcript.

MANY KINDS OF FLEAS.

About 400 Different Species Are Known to Naturalists.

One of the first naturalists who devoted themselves to watching fleas, with such microscopes as were then available, was Leewenhoek, a Dutchman, who lived at the end of the seventeenth century. Leewenhoek discovered that a small mite fed on the flea, and it was this discovery which inspired Swift's familiar lines:

So, naturalists observe, a flea Hath smaller fleas that on him prey, And so proceed ad infinitum.

The flea's parasite, however, to be accurate, is not another flea or even another insect, but is a mite-classed among the sarcoptidae. Linnaeus, writing in 1758, described only two species of flea. The first, which was the human flea, he rightly named Pulex irritans. The second was the chigoe of hot countries. To this, on account of its burrowing habit, he gave the name of Pulex penetrans. At the present day about 400 different species of fleas have been described and named by the small band of scientific men who have devoted themselves to their study. Most of these have been discovered within quite recent years, so it is probable that many new forms and varieties will be collected and observed.—Harold Russell in London National Review.

OLD TIME HAT STAMPS.

Death Used to Be the Penalty in England For Forging Them.

Hats have in England been subject to very severe protective enactments. The blocked beaver hat, for instance, imported by Sir Walter Raleigh from the Low Countries, won its way so rapidly that in 1571 Queen Elizabeth passed an act to protect the making of "thrummed" caps, made from wool, for the advantage of the landed proprietors, whose sheep furnished the material. The statute provided that every male person "shall on Sundays and holidays wear on his head a cap of velvet wool made in England, penalty, 3s. 6d. per day.

About a century later the law, for which there is nothing too high or too low, having taxed men's shoes, turned its attention once more to their hats and soon put a check on all improvements in the trade by requiring every vendor of hats to take out a license under a heavy penalty. Subsequently a stamp duty was imposed on all hats, which were officially marked inside where the maker's name now appears. The penalty for selling a hat without a stamp was £10, and the penalty for forging a hat stamp was death, whence, no doubt, the modern custom of the man who goes to church, sits down, looks into his hat—to read his maker's name!—London Chronicle.

An English Sanctuary.

Beverley minister, 180 miles north of London, is the shrine of St. John of Beverley, who died in the year 721. In 938 Artheistan, king of England, gave several privileges to the monastery, one being the privilege of sanctuary. This was not merely for man slaying; it was open to all wrongdoers except those who had been guilty of treason. For ordinary offenses, such as horse stealing, cattle stealing, being backward in accounts or being in receipt of suspected goods, a man came into sanctuary about a mile from the monastery or church. There used to be four crosses on the main roads leading to Beverley marking the limit of the area. In cases of manslaughter and murder it was not sufficient to be within one of these crosses. Before the fugitive could claim sanctuary he must enter the church and seat himself in a stone chair known as the "frid stool" or "fred chair." To this place many fled for refuge from all parts of the country.

Appropriata.

The worshippers in a certain chapel had some trouble to keep their faces straight a short time ago. During the service some commotion was caused by a gentleman who accidentally ignited a box of wax matches in his pocket and was trying to put them out, while his alarmed neighbors struggled equally hard to help him. The minister, being shortsighted, could not make out the reason of the disturbance, and, thinking to diplomatically cover the incident, he innocently said: "Brethren, there is a little noise going on. Until it is over let us sing 'Sometimes a Light Surprises.'"—London Answers.

A New Reason.

Annette, aged three, has two very talkative little sisters, and sometimes she finds it difficult to make herself heard at the table. One day when the others had been monopolizing the conversation longer than she liked Annette raised her finger with a warning gesture and whispered half aloud: "Everybody keep still. My foot's asleep."—Dellinator.

True Charges.

She—Did you see where some man declares that women are not honest? He—Well, he's right in saying so. She (fiercely)—When did you ever know me to do a dishonest thing? He (tenderly)—When you robbed me of my peace of mind and stole my heart, you dear little thief!—New York World.

The Language.

"This is a pretty state of affairs, isn't it?" "Yes, it is a very ugly matter, but somebody will have to pay handsomely for it."—New York Journal.

A good way to be happy is to try to be useful and helpful.

Every Incident in the Remarkable Sequence of Events Seemed to Point Conclusively to the Guilt of Harry Blake, Who Was Accused of Murder.

It began in the Blue Horse tavern, on the highway leading to Albany. Toward the close of an autumn day a half dozen men sat in the old bar-room discussing events which then were leading to the outbreak of the American Revolution. At such a time arguments were very likely to be rather more vigorous than ordinarily would be the case. And this was no exception. Fearing that trouble might result, one of the men exclaimed: "Come, Wickliffe, stop this. Such a dispute is nonsense."

Wickliffe was an ugly looking fellow, short and stout, with a dark, sallow face, black eyes, low, wrinkled forehead and lips that bared his teeth on occasions like a dog preparing to bite. "My quarrel is with Harry Blake," he snarled. "It is none of your affair." "Well, Wickliffe," Blake cried good naturedly, "if you will quarrel, I won't. I'll say no more."

Evidently Wickliffe was bent on trouble, for he muttered something which brought a cry of "Shame!" from every one in the room. Blake's face became deadly pale. "Wickliffe," he said steadily, "I didn't hear what you said, but I dare you to repeat it. If you do and there's one improper word in it, this hour will be the bitterest of your life."

Once more the offensive words were fung at him, and in an instant Blake had seized Wickliffe and thrown him across the room. For a moment he lay stunned, but presently, his face dark with hatred, he rose and, shaking his fist at Blake, exclaimed: "You may take your measure for a coffin. You will need one." "Not before you," was Blake's reply. Shortly after the quarrel Wickliffe left the Blue Horse for his home. Blake, whose road lay in the same direction, followed soon. Ten minutes later two more of the loiterers, also going over the highway taken by Wickliffe and Blake, started on their homeward way.

The last two travelers had ridden several miles, talking earnestly of the stirring events which then engaged men's minds, when a loud cry was heard at a little distance. In a moment it was repeated. "Mercy!" the voice pleaded, and then, "Oh, Harry!"

"Can Blake be settling scores with Wickliffe?" exclaimed Grayson, one of the two riders. In a moment they had galloped around a cove of trees at a bend in the road. Within twenty yards of them, on his back in the dust, lay Wickliffe dead. Bending over him stood Blake, grasping a knife driven to the hilt in his bosom.

"Taken red handed," Grayson cried while Walton, his companion, himself a magistrate, sprang from his horse, exclaiming: "Blake, I charge you with murder."

"Why, I didn't kill him," Blake said earnestly. "You are mad, I found Wickliffe lying dead and was about to pull this knife from the wound when you came up."

Grayson shook his head. "I wish I could believe you, Harry," he said, "but as I hope to be saved I saw you stab him. I did." It would be hard to imagine a situation more likely to convince a jury of the prisoner's guilt. Conan Doyle in his wildest fancies in deduction never presented more damning evidence to Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson—the quarrel in the Blue Horse tavern, the epithet resented, the fight, the counter-threat of death, the departure of both while their temper yet was warm and then the terrible tableau on the highway.

Medical.

After reading the public statement of this representative citizen of Bellefonte given below, you must, come to this conclusion: A remedy which cured years ago, which has kept the kidneys in good health since, can be relied upon to perform the same work in other cases. Read this: William McClellan, 244 E. Lamb Street, Bellefonte, Pa., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills fixed me up in good shape and consequently I think highly of them. I suffered for a long time from a pain and lameness across my back and some mornings I could hardly get out of bed. My back ached constantly and the kidney secretions were irregular in passage. Hearing a great deal about Doan's Kidney Pills, I decided to give them a trial and procured a supply from Green's Pharmacy Co. They cured me and I am now enjoying good health. My advice to anyone afflicted with kidney complaint is to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial." (Statement given October 21, 1907.)

RE-ENDORSEMENT.

Mr. McClellan was interviewed on November 23, 1909 and he said: "I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills once or twice during the past two years, while suffering from backache and they have given me prompt relief. You are welcome to publish my testimonial at any time you desire." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Acknowledge it.

BELLEFONTE HAS TO BOW TO THE INEVITABLE—SCORES OF CITIZENS PROVE IT.

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Children Cry for

Fletcher's Castoria.

What might a man expect even now with the thousand loopholes that the law provides for escape? There could be only one conclusion now, as then, and that conclusion the jury reached without leaving the courtroom. Blake's protestations were vain. He died on the scaffold declaring his innocence.

Three months after the execution the judge who presided at the trial was summoned to Albany to see a prisoner under sentence of death. Grayson, whose testimony chiefly had convicted Blake, also was summoned. Much in wonder, they entered the cell together. "You," the prisoner said to the judge, "presided at the trial of Harry Blake."

"I did."

"And you," turning to Grayson, "swore you saw him stab Wickliffe. On your testimony he was hung."

"I saw Blake stab him," Grayson said. "You did not," the prisoner sneered. "For I killed Wickliffe. I sprang into the wood at Blake's approach. His story was true."

The confession was so clear and full that it left no doubt in the judge's mind that a fearful wrong had been done Blake. As for Grayson, the chief witness, he committed suicide. The records contain many instances of the law's mistakes, but few so pathetic as the case of Harry Blake.—Kansas City Star.

Method is like packing things in a box. A good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one.—Cecil.

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